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THE

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A Magazine for Boys and "Old Boys."

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MR. HENTY AT WORK IN HIS STUDY.

Drawn from life for THE CAPTAIN by Walker Hoggson.



WHEN I WAS A BOY

I.—An Afternoon Talk with G. A. Henty.

BY GEORGE KNIGHT.

WANT to know about my boyhood, eh?" said Mr. Henty. He is a big, "comfortable" man, whose clothes "fit where they touch him." A well-worn sofa stood by the window side of his writing table, and he lay upon it in an attitude suggestive of a strong inclination to doze. He might have been asleep for the thirty seconds which followed his remark, only that people do not smoke in their sleep, and the white puffs were stealing out between Mr. Henty's grey moustache and flowing grey beard, which parted elsewhere to admit the stem of a charred brown briar.

"Yes, please," ventured the interviewer. The observation recalled the novelist from his reverie.

"I spent my boyhood—to the best of my recollection," he began, "in bed."

The interviewer tried to look as if that were the usual way of getting through the period in question. Mr. Henty smiled genially and explained.

"I was a very weakly youngster," he went on; "they did not expect me ever to see 'man's estate' at all. Until I was fourteen I was practically a confirmed invalid. The life of one invalid is pretty much like that of another, isn't it? So now you know all about my boyhood."

And Mr. Henty returned to his pipe and his lounge with infinite relish. After the

lapse of several moments, he looked up and found the interviewer still waiting patiently.

"Haven't I told you enough?" he asked.

The interviewer sighed, and Mr. Henty melted.

"I'll try and remember some more," he said, and fell to sucking thoughtfully at his briar.

"I was born in Trumpington, near Cambridge," he decided, upon reflection, "in 1832—December 8th—went to Canterbury at the age of five, and remained there till I was ten years old. We lived in a fine old house whose garden went down to the River Stour. There were grand trout in the Stour in those days; I have seen a score of them together off the bank at the garden end. No doubt the stream is polluted now—I fancy I have heard so. But it was through living in such a spot that my mind was turned towards the study of plants and insects. Not that I know much of botany—I am more of an entomologist. But both helped me to beguile many a long day in the saddle or on foot in after years, when I was far enough away from dear old Canterbury.

"My first school? Oh, when I wasn't (as I've told you I generally was) in bed, I used to attend a dame's school. But that didn't amount to much. When I was laid up I read ravenously—all sorts, romance, adventure, indeed, anything and everything. My grandfather was deeply interested in general scientific matters, and when my tastes showed them-



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selves in sympathy with his, I got all the assistance I wanted. With the microscope and its workings I soon became familiar.



AFTER THE CRIMEA—AGED 23.

The result was that at fourteen, though I knew little of Latin and Greek, my head was crammed with a store of general knowledge which I should not have had time to acquire later in life, but which has helped me greatly in writing my books. Indeed, my early life as boy and man might, as I look back on it now, have been expressly designed to equip me for the profession which I have followed so long.

“From Canterbury I came, when only ten, to London, and went to a private school which was kept by a Mr. Pollard. It stood, by Brompton Church, on the spot where the Oratory is now, and contained about sixty boys, mostly boarders. But my ill-health still interfered with my education.

Before I was fourteen I had had a formidable list of more or less serious ailments, among them being rheumatic fever. Also, I suffered from a curious and rather rare affection—a tendency to profuse bleeding from the gums. I forget how many physicians consulted over me, but they dosed me so thoroughly with ‘camphine,’ which was then the specific for my particular trouble, that Dr. Southy (a well-known specialist of the time) gave an extraordinary warning to my nurses.

“‘I don’t say,’ said he, ‘that if you put a light to him he will catch fire, but I advise you not to risk it.’ He told them also that I was not to be allowed to handle pins, forks, or other sharp instruments, for if I pricked myself in my then condition, I should infallibly bleed to death.

“At fourteen I went to Westminster School, then under Liddell, afterwards, of course, Dean

of Christchurch. I was not a boarder—only what they called a ‘half-boarder’—had my breakfast and dinner at school and slept at home. While at Westminster I had a very painful experience. Before I went there, I am ashamed to say, I wrote poetry, and what is more—owing to the well-meant, but mistaken, kindness of a friend—published, or rather printed it. There was an assortment of verse in the book. I forget most of it

now, but the long poem—of course there was a long poem!—told of a ‘fair lady’ who was beloved by a regular ‘bad lot.’ He arranged that a band of ruffians should sweep down on her, and make as if to carry her off, when he was to appear on the scene and ‘rescue’ her, trusting that her gratitude would lead her to relent and become his bride. Obviously the true lover—all fair ladies have a true lover, haven’t they?—got wind of the plot, and everything came right.

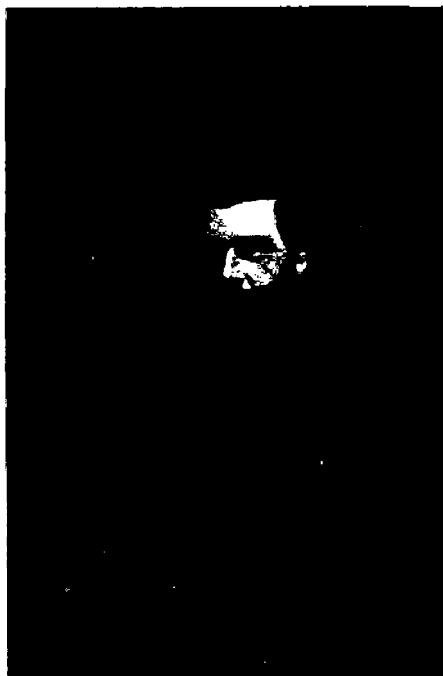
“Well, I was very proud of having my work in print, and mentioned the subject at Westminster. I wished I hadn’t for a long while after. How I was bullied! It seemed as if the whole school bore a personal animosity towards poets and poetry. But perhaps they meant no harm—I expect they looked upon my publishing the unlucky book as a bit of ‘side’ unworthy of a self-respecting scholar of Westminster, and so resented it accordingly.

“It was at Westminster that I first realised the incompleteness of an education which does not include a knowledge of boxing. Very early in my Westminster career I met a bully, defied him, challenged him, and was licked off-hand. Well I

might be, for fisticuffs was a new science to me. But I soon changed all that. When I got out of Westminster into Cambridge



MR. HENTY AT 28.



MR. HENTY AT 45.

I improved myself still further. Nat Langham gave me some very useful lessons. He was the only man, by the way, who ever beat Tom Sayers. So it would have gone hard but he could teach me a great deal.

"Boating in my time was the great feature of Westminster athletics. Boating or cricket, you had your choice, but once you had made it you had to make yourself perfect in one or other game. If you did not attend to business you were licked. Fellows rowed then, and played cricket then. They had to.

"Where did we row? On the Thames, off Westminster. Where St. Thomas's Hospital is now was then the site of the boat-houses. The 'jacks' used to come across for us and take us over. But when the embankments were built the current was greatly increased. Then the steamers cut up the Westminster rowing awfully, and it went all to pieces. The old Westminsters' Club tried to move the sport to Putney, and gave the school boats and launches, but it never regained its old standing as a rowing centre.

"For all we were known best as a boating school, we were a great cricketing one as well. At one time we had five Westminster men in the All England eleven. That is a record

that will take a lot of beating, I think. I know we were proud of it.

"No, I wasn't a cricketing fellow myself. I chose rowing to begin with, and you couldn't manage them both at Westminster. The standard of each was too high. But I have played cricket—under pressure. Once at Cambridge a team of boating men were to play one of cricketers. The boating men were short, and I went in to make up. To my surprise and delight, I got together a score of four against one of the 'Varsity bowlers! I had made sure of getting a duck's egg. Another time I had even greater luck—though I don't know if it ought not to be called by a stronger term. I was playing in a scratch team, 'Married v. Single,' down at Porchester. I was a 'married,' and in my first over put up a ball into the hands of my groom, who was among the 'singles.' He dropped it—I do not pause to ask how; he did drop it, and that was enough. I went on and hit up the largest score on our side. But the 'singles' put my hapless servitor where he couldn't do any more harm—at all events, while I was batting.

"When I was at Cambridge I was a sort of walking skeleton, though I did measure 42ins. round the chest. When, later on, I



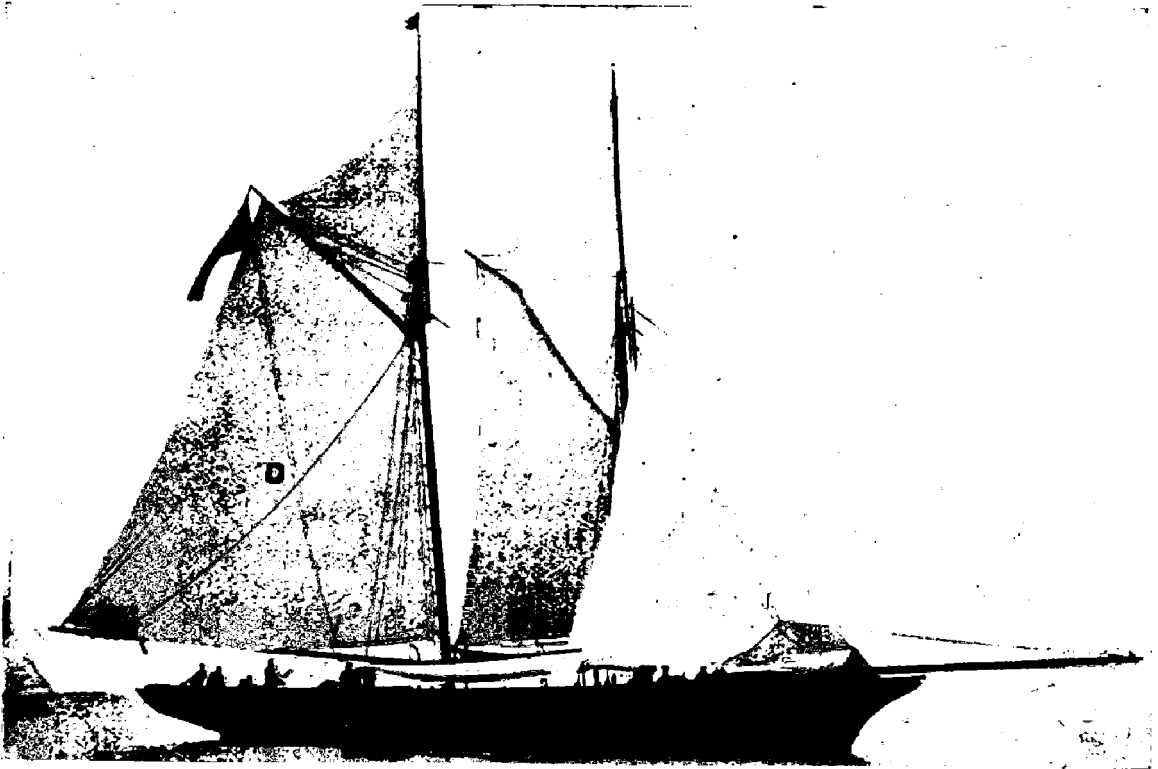
INVITATION CARD OF SAVAGE CLUB DINNER TO LORD KITCHENER, AT WHICH MR. HENTY PRESIDED.

filled out to something like my present proportions, and when, since then, I have been down to the Caius annual dinners—that was my college—while I knew most of the fellows of my own standing, not one recognised me. When I was nineteen I had only weighed nine and a-half stone—now, unhappily, I am over seventeen.

“When I came to take to the wild trade of a war correspondent I thanked my stars that my youthful experience had made me a pretty good man with my hands. I learned to wrestle before I was twenty—from Jamieson, of Newcastle. He was at one time champion of the Cumberland style. Those experiences came in

every-day, colloquial stuff. The school was great on Terence, and then, as now, used to act the comedies—the Queen scholars were the players, but everybody else had to get them up. When I went out to the Crimea, and, later, to Italy, I found that every-day Latin perfectly invaluable. It was the key to modern Italian—and a very good key, too. But more than that, it meant that wherever I could come across a priest I had a friend and an interpreter. Without my recollections of Terence I really don't know where I should have been when I first tackled life as a war correspondent.

“Boating, to which Westminster introduced



Photograph by

MR. HENTY'S YACHT "THE EGRET."

Kirk, Cowes.

handy with the Garibaldian camp-followers in Italy. I learned from experiment that, if necessary, I could deal with about four of them at once, and they were the sort of gentry who would make no bones about getting one down and stabbing one, if they got the chance. And when, coming down country from the Abyssinian business, the Gallas stopped us, and proposed to loot the entire caravan, I was able to half-choke the life out of the gentleman who tackled me personally.

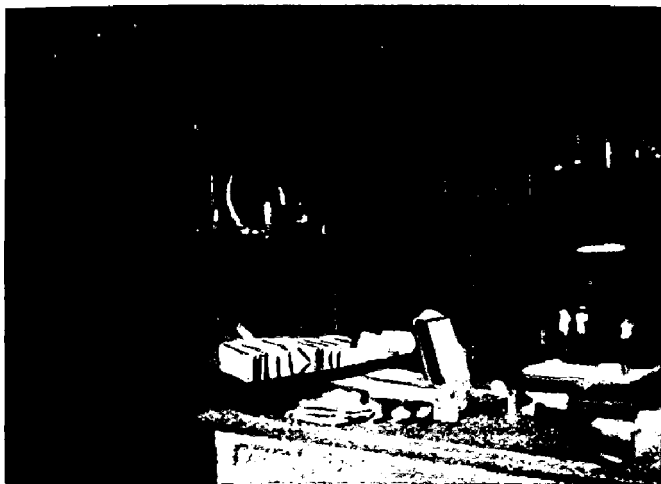
“By the way, I ought to credit Westminster with one thing. She did give me a good drilling in Latin—not elegant Latin, but good,

me, has always remained a passion with me. Roberts, the man from whom we got our boats on the Surrey side, had a half-decker which I learned to handle. When I was stationed at Belfast I had a ten tonner. When I gave up going abroad some twelve years ago, I started again with a sixteen tonner, went on to a thirty-two, and finished up with one of eighty-three, my present possession, the ‘Egret.’ And now I really think I have told you all I can remember about my boyhood, as well as a great deal that doesn't really come under that description.”

“And what happened next?” demanded the

interviewer mercilessly. Mr. Henty resigned himself to the inevitable, refilled his pipe, and lit it.

"I went in for a burst of hard reading at



WHERE MR. HENTY WRITES HIS STORIES.

Cambridge. I hadn't been as industrious as I might, and when I realised that I had to buckle to I read night and day for about three weeks. It knocked me over, as you may guess, and I went down for a year. That spell of 'rest' had a good deal of influence upon my career, for in it I went into Wales to a place where my father had a coal mine and iron works. Once, in the future, at a critical time in my career as war correspondent, that experience gave me a sort of right to call myself an engineer. It was when the Italian fleet sailed into Ancona harbour after the Lissa fight. Reporting myself as an English engineer who wished to study the effects of the gun-fire in what was practically the first battle between iron-clads, I got on board, and was able to write home a series of articles for the *Standard*, which ran to fourteen columns, and was quoted and discussed all the world over. A curious connection, isn't it—between iron in Wales and a fleet in Italian waters?

"Soon after I went up to Cambridge again the war with Russia broke out, and, being offered an appointment in the commissariat department of the army, left the 'Varsity for good in order to get out to the Crimea—everyone was wild to go. A year later I was invalided home, unfortunately, but remained in the service for five years alto-

gether, being stationed first at Belfast and then at Portsmouth, where I was in charge of the whole South-West of England. Seeing no great prospect of promotion, I left the Army and took, in the end, to the profession of a war correspondent. I had acted as correspondent for the *Advertiser* during my experience in the Crimea, and, thanks to that and to my knowledge of Italian, I obtained an appointment on the staff of the *Standard* and went out to Italy."

"How was it you understood Italian?"

"Oh, I had been out there twice. Once, when I was in the service, I was sent out to organise the hospitals in the Italian Legion, and once to look after a mining property. I was about nine months away on each occasion.

"That was in '66—in '67 my first novel appeared, in '68 my first boy's book—'Out on the Pampas,' it was called. Then came 'The Young Franc-Tireurs.' Since then there have been—those!"

Mr. Henty pointed to a compartment of a massive bookcase. Three feet or so wide and five or six shelves deep, it was filled with rows of volumes bound in green calf and gilt lettered.

"How many?" asked the interviewer.

The author laughed.

"On my word, I don't know," he said, "ninety or thereabouts."

What a show in a library catalogue!—only to be challenged by that of Miss Braddon.



A GATHERING OF THE CLANS.—SOME OF MR. HENTY'S PETS.

"You like writing?" the interviewer put the question, yet felt that it was a foolish one.

"I do three books a year," was the answer, "and I wouldn't leave them undone if I had

to do them for nothing. But I can't work anywhere else but here.'

"Here" was Mr. Henty's "room"—a fine bay-windowed chamber, hung with a wonderful French paper, for all the world like tapestry. Against it the trophies of arms from the Crimea, Japan, Ashanti, India, and Abyssinia look handsome without being "shoppy." Mr. Henty is very proud of that paper.

"Like to see the dogs?" suggested the novelist, and forthwith a canine invasion took place. Nice little beasts, Mr. Henty's dogs are, rough-coated Scotch terriers, Pompey, Cæsar, Jack, and Rough, respectively. But don't they yelp when they scent a stranger! Mr. Henty has to be extravagantly friendly to the visitor in order to assure them that he is not, at the least, a ticket-of-leave man or a pickpocket. Jack has to be muzzled on his first introduction—five minutes after, he is as friendly as the rest. Rough is a yellow fellow, with wonderful eyes, and a knack of sitting up with his paws on your knee that would—the knack, that is—melt the heart of a stone idol. There is another dog—Prince. Prince is a mystery. He is own brother to Jack and Pompey, and yet he is a graceful little dandy of a Yorkshire-terrier-Italian-greyhound cross. He has the most engaging manners, and had he been small enough to go into the deep pocket of a frieze overcoat, Mr. Henty would have missed him when the interviewer took his departure.

One question Mr. Henty had yet to be asked, though with tact. It came in his form:—

"Are war correspondents ever afraid—under fire, for instance?" Mr. Henty pondered.

"No," he decided. "At first you are too flustered really to be afraid, and when you get used to that you've got your business to think about. You're there for a purpose, you must remember. Besides, use enables one to estimate danger very quickly, and often that estimate reveals the fact that there is no danger at all. You know, I got out of Paris during the Commune, and went to join the Versailles people. We used to go up on to Meudon to watch the enemy's firing. When the flash showed at the far-off battery, one listened for the shell—that horrible whistle growing louder and louder as the shell travelled towards one. Until it was about thirty yards away it was impossible to tell if it was coming within dangerous proximity or not. Thirty yards off

the sound altered if it were moving at an angle that would carry it out of range. If the sound didn't alter one fell flat on one's face, if it did one stood still. A matter of nerve, perhaps, but nerve backed up by knowledge.

"But in no case is artillery fire really dangerous except at point-blank range. With elevation, shells don't do much damage unless they drop straight on top of you. Why, in the Turco-Servian war I was with some four thousand men on a knoll twice the size of Lincoln's Inn Fields. Into that space the enemy dropped three thousand shells in

eight hours and killed—three or four men! One chance in a thousand wasn't worth being afraid of. Well, good-bye, and good luck to THE CAPTAIN!"



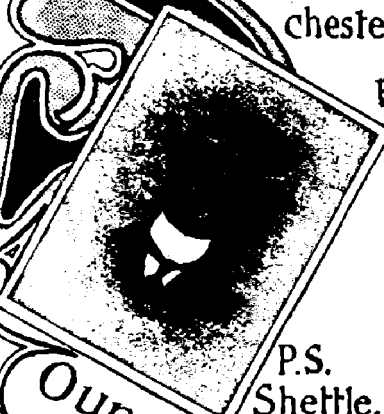
Photograph by *Treble, Clapham Junction.*
MR. HENTY AS HE IS TO-DAY.

The subject of next month's interview will be

Dr. W. G. GRACE.

SCHOOL CAPTAINS

Winchester.



P.S. Shettle.

Oundle

F. D. H. JOY



Ernest Shears

ETON

Hurstpierpoint



ROSSALL



H. FYSON

Brighton College

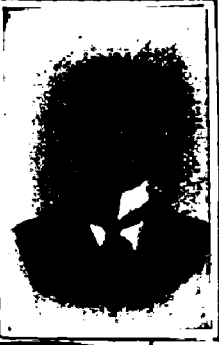
Sherborne



L.C. Sunderland.



Norman R. Campbell



P.L. King

Radley



G.H. Marell.

Leatherhead
C.L. Woolley



Charterhouse
W. D. Sturrock



Eastbourne
G.E. Soames.

(FIRST SERIES.)

The Poets' "Gentleman."

A man, a true gentleman, will always pay back small benefits, and he will always forget small injuries. That is essential to his own self-respect.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

SIR LANCELOT, as became a noble knight,
Was gracious to all ladies, and the same
In open battle or the tilting-field,
Forbore his own advantage; and the king,
In open battle or the tilting-field,
Forebore his own advantage; and these two
Were the most nobly-mannered men of all;
For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature, and of noble mind.

TENNYSON.

Olivia: "What is your parentage?"
"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman."—"I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and
spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon."

SHAKESPEARE.

He made
His answers with a very graceful bow,
As if born for the ministerial trade.
Though modest, on his unembarrassed brow
Nature had written "gentleman." He said
Little, but to the purpose; and his manner
Flung hovering graces o'er him like a banner.

BYRON.

Where virtue is, there is
A nobleman, although
Not where there is a nobleman
Must virtue be also.

DANTE.

A knight ther was, and that a worthy man,
That from the tyme that he first bigan
To ryden out, he lovede chyvalrye,
Trouthe and honour, freedom and curteisie.

And though that he was worthy, he was wys,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He never yit no vileynye ne sayde
In al his lyf, unto no maner wight,
He was a verray perfight gentil knight.

CHAUCER.

My mother! he, whom Nature at his birth
Endowed with virtuous qualities, although
An Æthiop and a slave, is nobly born.

COWPER.

He wounds no breast with jeer or jest, yet
bears no honey'd tongue;
He's social with the grey-haired one, and
merry with the young;
He gravely shares the council speech, or joins
the rustic game;
And shines as Nature's gentleman in every
place the same.

ELIZA COOK.

Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to
be?

Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
Plays in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be
won

This is the happy warrior; this is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to be.

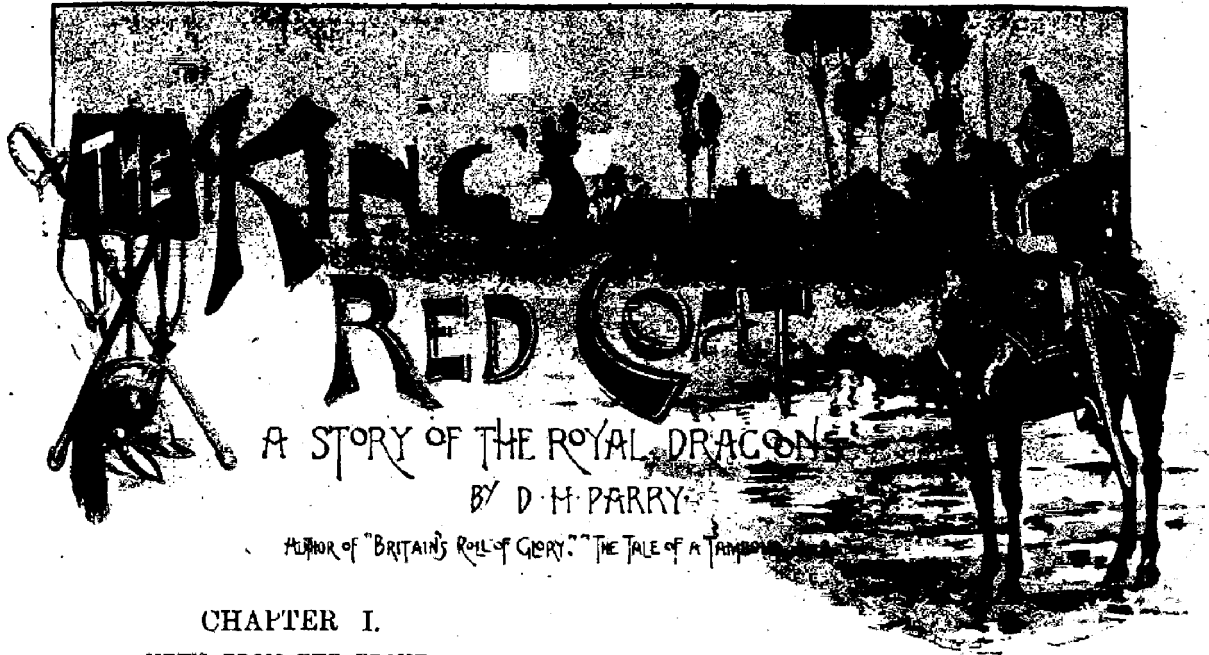
WORDSWORTH.

Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was
named,
And yet is most pretended.

MILTON.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let old and young accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses or who wins the prize?
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER I.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

THE London coach swung round an angle of the road and took the steep rise as it had never been known to take it before.

The three bays and the grey seemed to understand all about it, and in the twinkle of an eye the yellow-bodied vehicle had gained the top, and was rattling down the long mile of hill which led to the village at a hand gallop.

Dust flew in clouds on to the hedgerows, and half hid the white bills with which the coach had been placarded; the seven outside passengers got ready to shout again as they had been doing all the way from town; and Toby, the guard, blew such a blast from his horn that every living being within earshot started at the sound.

Old Mark, the shepherd, on the hill, and young Mark, his son, climbed on to a stile to look down into the road, and old Mark said, "Run, lad, an' get the news, for news there be."

And there *was* news, as the ancient stone-breaker presently heard, for the seven outside

passengers, and Toby, the guard, and "Amersham Joe," the driver, all filled their lungs as the coach swayed past him, seated in his usual corner, and yelled in chorus, "Another victory! a great victory! huzza for Old England, huzza!"

"Huzza!" cried the ancient stone-breaker, getting up as fast as his rheumatics would allow him. "Not another stroke will I do this day," and he hobbled after the coach.

He had drawn a sabre himself in Burgoyne's

Light Horse, but though that was "nigh on forty year ago," the fire re-kindled in his sunken eye as he shambled towards the distant gables of the "Peacock," before which the whole village would be speedily assembled to hear the news of the battle!

It was a fine September

morning, the September of 1812; with a light mist wreathing among the mellow woods, and the blue smoke curling straight upwards from the "Peacock's" twisted chimneys.

There was always a knot of people to see the



THE LONDON COACH SWUNG ROUND AN ANGLE OF THE ROAD.

coach change horses there, when that echoing horn had heralded its arrival, but as Toby was never known to sound until they had passed Dead Man's Copse unless for some very special reason, whisper went round in that mysterious way that whisper has, and the whole village poured out to see.

They came running, and laughing, and tumbling over each other across the green—at least the children did, and their elders were little more sedate.

Cobble, the tailor, did not stay to put on his coat, nay, he even forgot to lay aside the schoolmaster's black small-clothes which he was patching; and Humphrey Weld, the smith, who was shoeing a farm-horse at the time, ran up as the coach stopped with a bar of red-hot iron in his pincers, and a hammer in the other hand.

in as many plunges, and lunges, and terrified snortings, until the sergeant was fain to raise his hand and bid the drummers stop.

Then copies of the *Gazette* and the *London Evening Post* were handed down from the coach top, and those who could read retailed the two months' old intelligence to their less accomplished brethren, while the perspiring ostlers managed to put the horses to.

"We're eight minutes behind time; lot 'em go!" growled the driver. And with another joyous tooting from Toby, and frantic cheers from the crowd and the seven outside passengers—who had begun to look upon themselves somehow as heroes—the coach started forward with a jerk that shot a solitary old lady inside into the straw on the bottom, together with a bushel of packages.



"HIP, HIP, HUZZA!" CRIED THE CROWD.

"Victory!" shouted the seven outside passengers. "A great victory has been fought at Salamanca, and the French driven out of Madrid. We have captured two eagles, and six colours, and seven thousand prisoners!" And they summed up the whole thing, with all its remaining details, in a wild cheer, which was continued by the crowd.

A portly individual, in a scarlet coat with yellow facings, and a sergeant's sash girt about his ample waist, took off his shako—gaily decked with recruiting ribbons—and waved it in the air, at the same time motioning to three little drummers in yellow, who seized their drumsticks and beat an inspiring roll.

"God save the king, gentlemen all!" cried the sergeant. "And sing it with a will!" And they did sing it—in many keys; and the ostlers with the fresh team went capering madly all over the road for full five minutes. For the fresh team objected to the drums, and said so

She was a very deaf old lady, who could not understand the tumult in the least, and before she had recovered her seat and rescued her luggage, the coach had passed on its way, and was gone.

Scarcely had it disappeared beyond the school-house than a hale, middle-aged gentleman and a handsome, curly-headed lad trotted out of a by-lane on two well-bred roadsters, to be greeted by a loud shout of welcome.

"Three cheers for Squire Mortimer and the young master!" cried Humphrey Weld, and the hearty response showed the local popularity of the new comers.

"Thank you, my good friends," said the squire, laughing all over his clean-shaven, healthy face. "But perhaps you'll tell us what this uproar is about? All the world and his wife in front of the 'Peacock' at eleven of a forenoon savours of something unusual, and we could hear the shouting at the far end of the home meadow."

The recruiting sergeant, swelling with importance as beseemed a soldier under the circumstances, took on himself the office of spokesman, and advanced with a copy of the news-sheet in his hand.

"Sir," said the sergeant, "Boney is beat, and the Marquis of Wellington is in Madrid!"

He delivered himself of these words with such magnificent emphasis that the little tailor thought it would be a good opportunity to cheer again, and was in the act of waving the dominie's nether garments in the air, when the dominie himself gently rescued them.

"I am delighted to hear it, sergeant," cried the squire, running his eye quickly over the despatch as he sat in the saddle. "Good news, indeed; and not the least of the good in it is that we may now hope to see the backs of you and your drummers, sergeant, for you have hardly left us a young fellow in these parts. My son and I had to jump every gate this morning, since there was no one to open them for us."

"In truth, squire, we'd rather you saw our backs than the French," said the sergeant, slyly.

"A brave answer," laughed the squire, "and here's a crown to drink confusion to Boney. Why, there goes the flag on the church tower. Sexton John is keeping pace with the times in spite of his fourscore years."

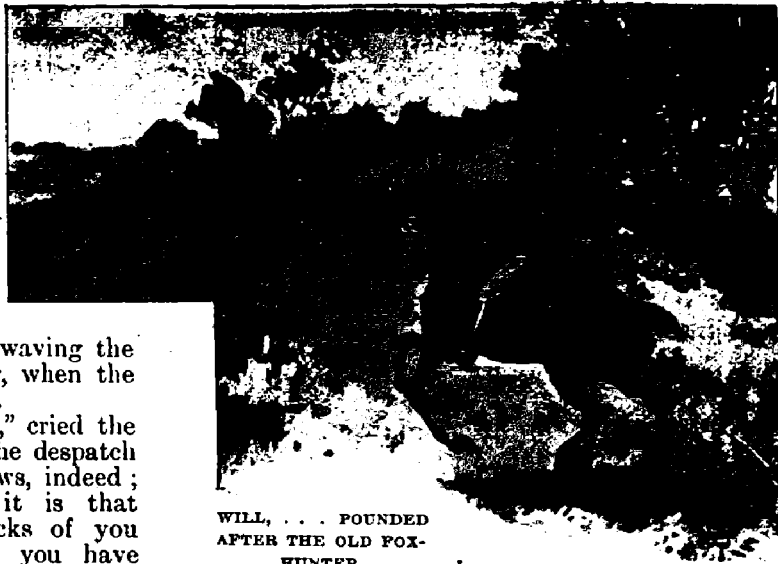
All eyes were turned towards the square of grey masonry, old as the Plantagenets, and there floated the British ensign above the tree tops, the fresh wind fluttering the folds against the rolling sky.

"Hip, hip, huzza!" cried the crowd, the squire leading with his hunting whip; but Master Mortimer sat silent on his horse, biting his ruddy lips, and devouring every detail of the sergeant's uniform, from the figure of Britannia on the front of his shako to the black cloth gaiters that clad his well-filled calves.

Behind the sergeant stood the three little drummers, and while they glanced respectfully at the young master, envying him his green riding coat and the silvered spurs on the heels of his top-boots, he in his turn was thinking how willingly he would have exchanged everything he possessed for one of those coarse, yellow jackets with the white tape braiding on the sleeves, and even have carried the heavy drum if it only would have made a soldier of him.

"Heigho!" he sighed to himself. "I will ask the squire again for the hundredth time before we return from our ride, and if he won't consent—I'll run away and take the king's shilling!"

But Will Mortimer's patience was to undergo more than one trial before the resumption of that ride; for who should come up but the doctor, and after him, the parson, which meant three cheers apiece from the villagers, and a three-cornered argument of some length from the squire.



WILL, . . . POUNDED
AFTER THE OLD FOX-
HUNTER.

When the argument was finished, the doctor, who was a jovial blade, looked first at the squire and then at the open door of the "Peacock."

"Squire," said he, "yonder, as we all know, is a cosy parlour with a rose-grown porch looking out upon the bowling green, where it would be a loyal act to quaff a tankard of 'nutbrown' in honour of our successes."

"Nay," interposed the parson, settling his cocked hat on his ample bagwig; "ale is well enough, but this is no vulgar victory. 'Tis but a step to the parsonage, where we will toast the conquerors in a magnum of my port." And he had turned to lead the way when the squire stopped him.

Mr. Mortimer had been watching his son out of the corner of his grey eye, marking the impatience in his face, and the ill-concealed admiration with which he regarded the sergeant.

"Parson," cried he, gathering up his reins, "I must excuse myself to-day. To-morrow we shall expect you to dine with us, and you, doctor, if you will do us the honour. Come along, Will, my son; a mouthful of this sweet morning is worth all the port in Christendom," and with a wave of their whips they started off at a brisk trot.

"Parson," said the doctor, as the two cronies watched them put their nags at a hazel hedge and vanish out of view, "there go the pride of the county—a man with the heart of a boy still, and a boy who is the mauiliest lad from here to London town."

At the gate of the parsonage the worthy old gentleman stopped and looked at his companion with his hand on the latch.

"Think you yon lad's shoulders are broad enough for the King's Red Coat, doctor?" he said.

"Aye, surely," replied his friend; "and that is where he and his father are at outs, as all the village knows."

"Then, mark me," said the parson, with a smile, "they will be at outs no longer. This news from Spain will conquer the squire's last opposition—but not a word in the meantime," and the good man led the way into a trim garden full of mignonette, and sweet scents, and tortoise-shell butterflies hovering gorgeously wherever one looked.

When Squire Mortimer and Will took the hazel hedge together, they found themselves in a large tract of pasture land, known as Ten-acre Mead, through which the little river came winding in great bends under the pollard willows.

Will, a thoughtful frown on his face, and the tell-tale colour coming and going in his cheeks, had opened his mouth three times in as many horse-lengths to speak, but the squire kept persistently ahead, and as often as Will got level with him, so he would touch the roadster with his heel and start away again.

"Father!" cried Will.

"We'll breathe them as far as the mill," shouted the squire, breaking into a hand gallop.

"But, father!"

"Halloo, halloo!" cried the squire, who either could not or would not listen to him, and poor Will, his heart swelling with vexation, pounded after the old fox-hunter, until the rushing of the wind and the glorious exhilaration of the pace banished the frown altogether.

Into the lane, over, and out again; sending a flock of black-faced sheep helter-skelter up the hill-side, where they clustered together and bleated their disapproval; starting a hare from her form in the stubble, and a covey of partridges, which latter made the squire rein in on the ridge of the field and watch their flight.

This was Will's opportunity, and he was not slow to grasp it.

"Father," said he, riding up alongside and allowing his black mare to slant out her neck, "I have been trying to speak to you ever since we left the Peacock."

The squire looked at him, and said: "What is it, my boy?" and then gravely pretended to count the covey.

"You know what it is, sir," said Will, very red from a variety of causes. "The war will be over before you have made up your mind. Three of our fellows received commissions at Bartlemy-tide; fourteen of the village men have listed for the 9th Regiment only this week; everyone is going, and I have to return to Westminster and hear all about other fellows' brothers storming trenches—and fellows, too, that I've licked over and over again—why, sir, Roger Massey wasn't fourteen when he got his ensigncy in the Guards, and I shall be sixteen next week!"

Poor Will's voice was very pathetic, and his eyes were suspiciously moist as they fixed themselves on his father's face with anxious expectation.

"Oh," said the squire, suddenly turning towards him. "So everyone is going, eh? I intend to

stay where I am, and I don't think the parson has any thoughts of enlisting."

"You always make fun of it, father," said Will. "But it is very serious to me."

The squire leaned forward and laid a kindly hand on the lad's shoulder.

"Will," said he, "for many centuries this valley as far as eye can reach has belonged to us—in fact, from the Norman Conquest there has always been a Mortimer here.

"There has also never been a time when one of our family was not fighting his king's battles either by land or sea, as you know, Will, until my own day," and the squire's mouth twitched at the corners as though at an unpleasant memory.

"As you are well aware, your grandfather inherited an estate squandered and mortgaged by his father, and when a bullet laid him low I was a mere child, as full of dreams of glory and prancing chargers as you are to-day.

"Fortunately, though I felt it very hard, your grandmother was a wise woman, and, instead of sending me out into the world with a gilt gorget and a crimson sash, she set herself to disencumber the property; kept me at home to be initiated into all the mysteries of farming and the duties of a landlord, and so well did she succeed that to-day every acre we originally held is ours again, with the exception of the Moat Farm.

"Now, my boy, I am getting on in years; there is no one to put his hand to the plough when mine is relaxed, and I had hoped to see you settle down in my place, loved by your people, taking your pleasure in horse and hound, and rod and gun a country squire to the end of your days."

Mr. Mortimer spoke so quietly, yet with such emotion that Will hung his head as though he had committed a crime.

"I never knew you wished to be a soldier, father," he faltered at last, for want of something better to say to break the awkward silence.

"No, I never told you," replied the squire, smiling, "but I have felt all you are feeling, and I have lived my young days over again in you"—the squire's grasp tightened on Will's arm until it almost hurt him—"you have thought me hard, I know, but I wished to make absolutely sure that it was no passing whim, but the stubborn determination of the Mortimers that possessed you, and the money is already lodged for a cornetcy in the cavalry!"

"Father, dear old father!" cried Will, his mouth opening wide and then refusing to emit another sound.

"Yes, I thought it would astonish you," said the squire, clearing his throat. "Now, not another word either to me or to your mother; I had not intended you to know until you were gazetted, but your long face, and the presence of that confounded sergeant in the village—there, let us for home, unless the news has taken away your appetite for dinner," and Mr. Mortimer rode straight down into the valley at a pace that astonished his horse not a little, accustomed as that gallant animal was to hard going!

CHAPTER II.

MORTIMER HALL.

IF you have ever longed for something apparently unattainable, and had the wish suddenly gratified at the very moment when it seemed farthest from your grasp, you will understand Will Mortimer's feelings as the squire galloped off like a highwayman when the hue and cry was hot.

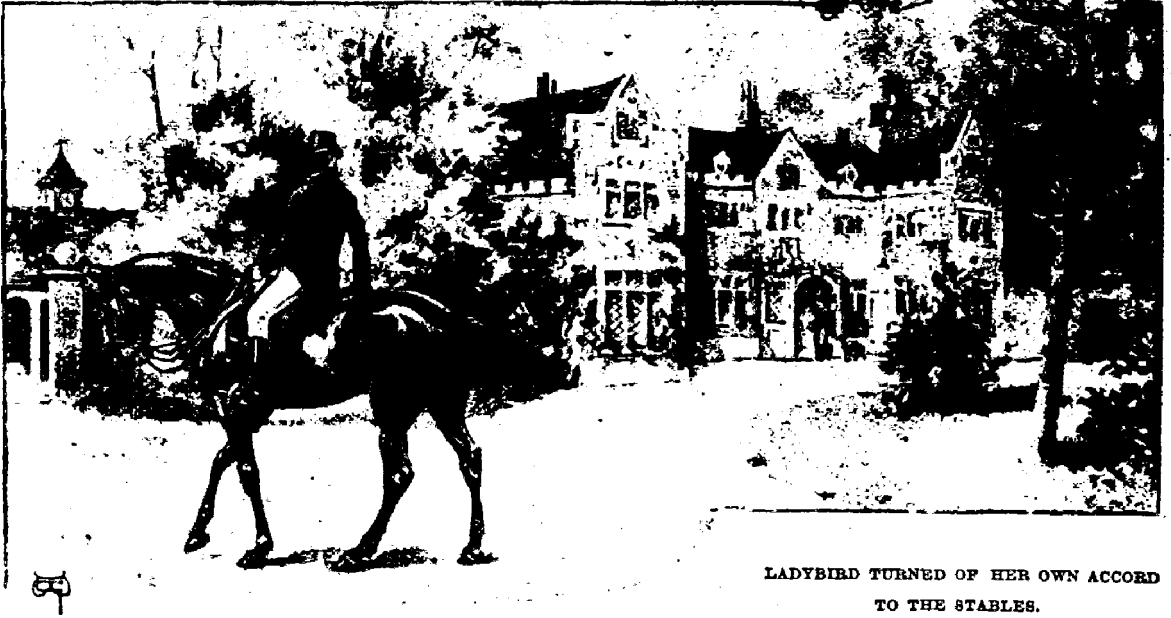
Manly and self-reliant, with a fearless, open brow and a square chin, Will had a very sensitive heart, and that break in his father's voice caused a great revulsion to come over him.

For an instant, as the well-known figure grew smaller and smaller, and finally passed out of sight beyond a clump of elder trees, he set himself down as an unfeeling brute, wishing the thing undone and the money back in the squire's pocket; but the next moment the distant "dub-a-rub, dub-a-rub, dub, dub" of drums came on the

charlock along a hedgeside, and how beautiful they were; and the greeny blue sky beyond the red-tiled roofs of the village, though he could not have told you why he did so, for he had seen them all a thousand times before.

He was simply happy, that was all—happy in the magnificent inconsequence of "sixteen next birthday," with the great absorbing desire of his life about to be fulfilled.

"What would the other fellows at Mother Grant's say?"—Mother Grant's, by the way, being the boarding-house where he lived during the Westminster term—"Why, of all the envied ones, not one had been gazetted into the cavalry!"



LADYBIRD TURNED OF HER OWN ACCORD
TO THE STABLES.

breeze, and the revulsion passed like a cloud from the sun.

"Whoop, Ladybird!" he cried to the mare, who had been wondering why the young master lingered alone on the ridge; "I'm off to the wars at last, and I only hope you will go with me."

Will's face was radiant with joy, and the whole landscape seemed to smile at him.

The distance to the park gates was certainly not half a mile, but the memory of it, and the things he noticed before he reached the avenue, returned to him more than once in other lands, when, cloaked to his ears, he watched the French camp fires glowing in the darkness, or rode with his troop into some gloomy defile where the enemy were thought to be in ambush among the rocks.

He remembered particularly a great belt of white campion, and another belt of yellow

His thoughts were interrupted by a gate, which Ladybird cleared nimbly, and, slackening her pace, she crossed the high road and trotted up the avenue of Scotch firs that led to the house.

A more delightful home than Mortimer Hall it would have been impossible to find in this dear old country of ours, where delightful homes have ever been plentiful.

One's first glimpse of it suggested gardens and old red walls set about with sculptured urns, round which the delicate tendrils clung and roses grew.

The house was not of great size, yet large enough to contain a handsome banqueting-chamber with a musicians' gallery, and to have many panelled corridors, and a ghost-room, and a fine porch that was a room in itself, with a sun-dial above the Tudor doorway.

There was the east wing, and the west wing,

and in front of the house a terrace garden that led down to a large meadow, from which it was separated by a sunk fence called a "ha-ha." Most of our old country mansions boast one of two traditions: either Queen Elizabeth or Oliver Cromwell have visited them; but Mortimer Hall was said to have been honoured by both of those personages, and it *must* have been true, for there was the very bed Good Queen Bess slept in, and in the hall hung a rapier, which the Protector left behind him in a hurry when Rupert's cavaliers dashed unexpectedly up the avenue, and well nigh changed the fate of the nation.

Will's enthusiasm received another shock as he saw his mother and the squire standing together in the porch, his arm placed affectionately round



HE WAS TALKING EARNESTLY TO MRS. MORTIMER.

her, and a gaunt staghound rubbing against the squire's top-boots.

It required all the persuasion of those distant drums to prevent him from leaping from the saddle and running up to them, to vow he would stay there all his days; but the south wind brought the sound again, the blood of a hundred war-like Mortimers redoubled its wild coursing in his veins, and the opportunity was lost, as Ladybird turned of her own accord to the stables.

Will had scarcely flung himself out of his stirrups than a pink little hand was placed on his brown paw, and his sister.

Patty looked up at him with a troubled light in her eyes.

"What is the matter, Will?" she whispered. "Surely you and father have not quarrelled, for you both came back alone, and the squire went straight up to mother and drew her on to the terrace?"

Will crimsoned to the roots of his brown curls and hung his head, while Ladybird poked a velvet muzzle into Patty's neck and snuffed for apples.

"You know father and I have never quarrelled,

Patty, and please heaven we never shall, but I am a selfish pig, and I've got my own way and I hate myself for having it, and yet——"

"Rub-a-dub, a-dub, a-dub-a-dr-rub, dr-rub," came the rolling of the recruiting drums, as the sergeant beat up the hedge-bottoms where the ploughmen rested in the dinner hour.

"I'm going to be a soldier, Patty, and that's the end of it," he blurted out, rather savagely, and speaking at a great rate. "Now you needn't say a word—it *was* to happen; it's in the Mortimers to be where knocks are going, and I wish you were a brother instead of a girl. I'd just thrash you until you howled, and I'd feel better. Here, Martin, take the mare—what are you gaping at?"

Certainly Master Will was in the worst of tempers, and Martin said so to Sim Marrow, the gardener, who told Silas Bracken, who said nothing, because, naturally, he was a close man, being the gamekeeper; but Silas Bracken went out sadly into the wood and smoked a thoughtful pipe all by himself.

Patty, who was a very pretty young lady of fifteen, and as gentle as her brother was, for the moment, the reverse, went into the hall with a scared look on her face, and took her seat at table without a word, Will coming in shortly after, still red, and evidently struggling between inclination and heart.

Mrs. Mortimer, grey-haired, and bearing traces of the beauty that had proclaimed her the belle of a long-forgotten season, struggled bravely with the sorrow that was apparent in her face, and the squire drummed on the cloth with his fingers and kept his eyes on his plate.

It was the most uncomfortable dinner any of them could remember, and the unfortunate cause of it all fidgetted and fumed, and glanced furtively from one to another like a guilty culprit.

As for poor old Hopkinson, the ancient butler, who had been in the family more than fifty years, he was so unnerved by a state of things altogether beyond his comprehension that he spilled claret on the sideboard, tumbled over a dog, and by so doing shot a dish of partridge clean into the air, from whence they plumped down in all their luscious glory on to the squire himself.

"Upon my soul, those birds are strong on the wing still!" said Mr. Mortimer, sarcastically, mopping himself with a napkin. "You are out of health, Hopkinson, and must be bled to-morrow when Dr. Blister comes. If you feel well enough in the meantime you may carry the decanter and my pipe into the garden, whither I shall be glad if you will accompany me, my dear," and with the fine courtesy of that time, now only to be read of in books, the squire offered his arm to Mrs. Mortimer with a bow, and passed out.

"Oh, Will, must you really go?" cried Patty when they were alone. "Would not the Loyal



RENDERED BY THE SERGEANT, WITH WONDROUS VARIATIONS.

Light Horse do instead, and then you could stay at home always? I am sure the uniform is beautiful."

Will's sense of humour got the better of his rage, and he laughed aloud.

"No, Patty; I should disgrace our yeomanry. Besides, they wouldn't have me; a man must have the regulation girth round the stomach for the Loyal Light Elephants. Why, the squire is the thinnest officer of the troop, and I don't believe they would let him command them if he were not the squire."

He looked wistfully out of the window at the green seat that surrounded the hawthorn tree as he spoke.

The squire's long pipe was unlit, and he was talking earnestly to Mrs. Mortimer, who had her kerchief in her hands.

"I can't stand this!" exclaimed Will; "I'll go into the woods and think." Whistling to his dogs—there were five of them waiting patiently for the summons—he went out by a back door, a feeling ill-used, and wicked, and a brute, and a poor, injured creature, all at one and the same time, which sounds rather complicated, and yet is perfectly possible, because I have felt it all myself.

CHAPTER III.

GALLOPING HOOFS IN THE NIGHT.

WILL'S heart was beating like the proverbial sledge-hammer.

He knew his mother and Patty would cry—women always do, even when you are only going back to school and have next holidays to look forward to, but the knowledge that the squire was proud of him; nay, that he was even glad in a way, conquered the last quail, and Master Will Mortimer felt as if the ground were an air cushion and he were walking on the points of his toes.

He wanted to tell his good fortune to somebody; he wanted to talk about it, and to let them know how happy he was, but the only person in sight was one of the milkmaids with her kirtle pinned up, and she would not have appreciated the news, especially as her sweetheart had taken the king's shilling only the week before!

He told the dogs, but they treated the whole affair as a huge joke, and barked and rolled when he wanted to be taken seriously, so he sallied into the stables, to find Martin away on an errand, and nothing but the horses and an old hound, and a hutch full of ferrets, which latter sniffed superciliously at him with their little pink noses because he was not a rabbit.

"I wonder what has become of Patty," he thought. "I was horribly snappish with her, I know, but girls are so stupid," and he went off to find her, without success.

Patty had carried the news, and her own sorrows thereat, to her bosom friend, the parson's daughter, who was even a prettier young lady than Patty herself—at least Will thought so.

Although Patty had left no word, her brother

shrewdly suspected where she had gone, and, half in doubt whether to follow her, half regretting that he had not stayed with Silas Bracken in the wood, poor Will began to find time hang heavily, and set about for some new distraction.

Should he go and angle for bream in the lake yonder?—no, he did not want to sit still.

Or saddle Ladybird and ride over to tell Jack Lawrence?—again he found an objection, for it was market day at the county-town, and Jack always went thither with his father.

“Bother! What is a fellow to do?—and goodness knows how long I may not have to wait like this.”

Finally, he stated for the village—there would be plenty of folk there to congratulate him and, besides, if Patty had gone to the parsonage he could escort her home, which was all very brotherly and nice in its way, but perfectly transparent for the matter of that.

As he passed the “Peacock,” its doors and windows wide open, he caught a glimpse of the sergeant, his shako on the table, and a circle of admiring yokels sitting round him, while he beat time with a long clay pipe and sang that fine old military ditty, “Why, soldiers, why, should we be melancholy, boys?” which General Wolfe sang the night before he went up to the storming of Quebec, to die.

The quaint air, that suits the stirring words so well, was rendered very freely by the sergeant, with wondrous variations; and his face was flushed, and his stock unfastened, but it was all the same to the country yobbs, who tried to join in, and when they found the melody beyond them, imported an *obligato* of mug-rattling on the table top, and hobnail shoes on the sanded floor.

Will paused to listen, but he no longer envied the drummers.

A few hours had wrought a complete change in his ideas, and, though he did not know it, before the morning they were to be turned and twisted, and taken and shaken until he hardly knew what to think, and ended by not thinking at all, which is a mighty relief to the brain, if one can only do it.

He sauntered on until he came to the bridge, where a post-boy off duty was leaning on the wooden rail chewing a long straw, which he removed to wish our hero “Good evening.”

“Good evening, Peter,” replied Will, tapping his boot with his riding-switch and feeling tremendously important, “then you’ve not enlisted yet?”

“Nay, Master Will,” retorted the post-boy. “I can’t a-bear them soger chaps—it’s all flog an’ no fun, for all that ee tells ’em up yander.” and Peter jerked a knowing thumb in the direction of the inn.

“Oh, you’ll hear a different tale when I come back from Spain,” said Will, loftily. He had got it out at last, and watched the effect.

“Well, Master Will, I hopes I’ll drive ye the first stage out,” said Peter, absolutely unmoved, and then he resumed his straw and his contemplation of the little rushing river with it.

Will went on, his pride a trifle damped, until, beyond the hodge of sweetbriar that surrounded

Parson Robin’s garden, he spied two heads, which came to a sudden standstill as he approached.

Will straightened himself as he had seen his friend the sergeant do on important occasions, and, whether it was the effect of the sun which was just settling comfortably down into the horizon, I don’t profess to know, but his face grew very red as he marched up to the gate.

It grew redder next moment, and he stopped, for Miss Mary Robin turned and ran precipitately indoors with a great flutter of lace kerchief and a whisk of her pretty grey gown, which I also do not profess to understand, although I have certain suspicions nevertheless, and Patty came out of the garden looking as angry as it was possible for Patty Mortimer to look.

“Why, Patty,” exclaimed Will, “I wanted to tell Miss Mary the news!”

“I have already told her,” said Patty severely. “Please don’t say any more, Will; I want to go home,” and she put her little nose in the air.

The squire read prayers that night with unusual solemnity, and when the domestics had filed out the rest of the family took each a silver candlestick and mounted the old oak staircase to bed.

Not a word beyond the usual “Good night” was said, though Will was sorely tempted to linger over his mother’s passionate embrace, and open his heart to her; but the squire was impatient and, somehow, the opportunity was lost, just as it had been when Ladybird turned to the stables.

Then there came the sound of closing doors, and a great silence fell upon the Hall.

Perhaps a dog downstairs moved uneasily on its mat, or a mouse scuttled along behind the panelling, but that was all, and the round full moon outside had it all her own way.

Will’s room was at one end of the picture gallery, and he turned to look at the great window through which the moon was shining on to a long array of painted Mortimers, from the famous Admiral Anthony, *circa* 1587—he lost his nose while boarding the flagship of the *Armada*--down to Will’s grandfather, who was killed under Tarleton in the American War of Independence.

They were a brave company, those gorgeous gentlemen in their carved frames; especially Brigadier Philip, who served with Marlborough in Flanders, and who was depicted in a steel cuirass and black peruke, with a deadly combat going on behind him to which he did not seem to be paying the slightest attention.

And of the Brigadier they told a fearsome tale; for his was the spectre that stalked the terrace outside; nay, his scarlet sleeve with the gold lace cuff was known to have issued from the canvas and grasped at the terrified passer-by—generally, it was noticed, about the time when the maids went timidly to their rooms.

Somehow, he had behaved better since the squire cut down the sycamore whose branch used to sway against the window just beyond the picture, but I make that observation for what it is worth, and without any prejudice to the Brigadier and his legend.

The sight of his fighting ancestors dispelled

the gloom which had again been dulling Will's happiness, and placing the candlestick on a chest of drawers in his own room, he opened the window and leaned out into the moonlight.

Everything was as bright as day.

He could see the flag drooping pendant from the church tower, the glint of the stream, and the feathery elms that fringed the high road.

A barnyard cock, deceived by the brilliance, crowed drowsily, and was answered by another from a farm in the valley.

Along the water's edge a silver mist muffled the willows, and not a soul was abroad, unless that black spot on the edge of the hazel copse yonder were Silas Bracken, which was not improbable.

When the cocks gave it up as a bad job there was not a sound to be heard, until the south wind began to whisper up the meadows, bringing the scent of roses, and rustling the sleeping leaves; and after a time another far-off noise, very faint, yet growing louder, until Will was listening with all his ears.

"There's someone on the road, and riding hard," he said, settling on to his elbow and leaning farther out.

"He's passed the cross-ways, and isn't he spurring!—I wonder if it is a highwayman? I don't hear any pursuit after him!"

Then—after a pause—"He hasn't stopped at the 'Peacock,' so he must be coming on—there he is—why, he's jumped the fence, and he's a soldier!"

The horseman evidently knew his ground, for he made direct for the avenue across the field, and almost before Will could cry "Hallo, there!" the horse was pulled up on to its haunches under the window, and its rider looked up.

"Hallo you, sir!" cried the night rider in a loud, cheery voice, at the same time throwing open his cloak and showing a dazzle of gleaming lace, and a pair of mud-spattered leathers in the moonlight. "Is it Will?"

"What! It can't be you, Uncle Dick?" replied our hero in amazement.

"Can't it, though? And on your business too, you rascal," said the new comer. "So, Cornet William Mortimer, of the First Royal Dragoons,

perhaps you'll let me in like a dutiful nephew, and wake the squire. To-morrow you return to town with me, for in four days we're off to Spain together!" and he sprang to the ground with a mighty clatter of spurs and clanking sabre!

CHAPTER IV.

SHOWING HOW CAPTAIN DICK DATCHETT TURNED NIGHT INTO DAY AND HIS NEPHEW INTO A SOLDIER.

"Who's there, and *what* does he want?" called the squire, gruffly. He was standing on the landing in his night-shirt, having been awakened by the knocking.

"Father," cried Will, "it's Uncle Dick with my commission, and I'm to go to-morrow!"

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Mortimer. "Wait until I get some clothes on." But Will had flown down stairs in half-a-dozen bounds and was shooting back the heavy bolts of the hall door.

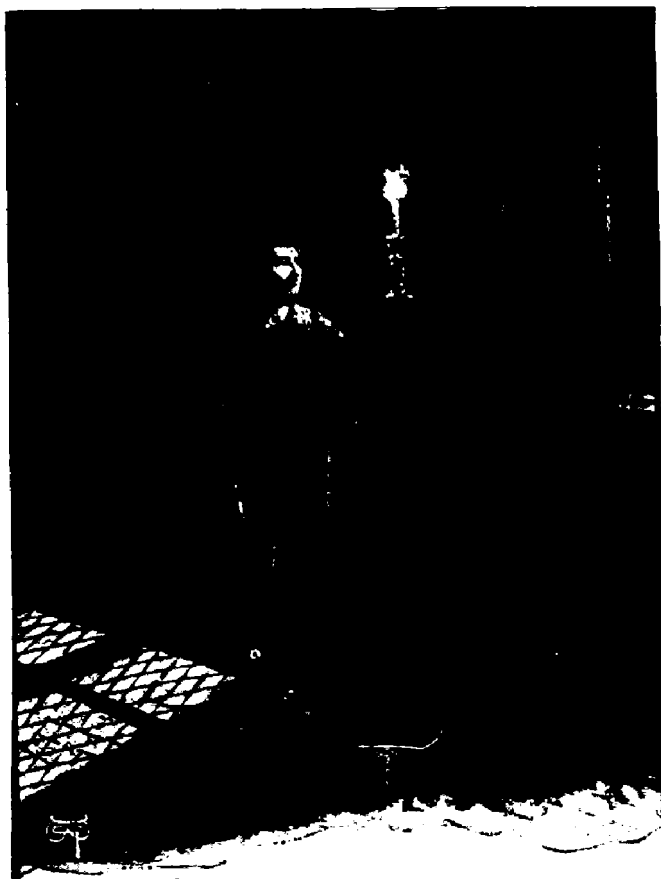
As he flung it open a gloved hand grasped his own, and a tall, good-looking man in hussar uniform shook him backwards and forwards, crying in a loud, hearty voice: "Good luck to you, my boy!—the best of good luck, Will!—egad! and it has been quick work, too, for your papers were only signed this morning. I

heard of it by accident at the Prince Regent's *levee* this afternoon, and here I am, spoiling my best uniform in order that you may be in time to go with me to the front on Thursday!"

He did not give our hero any time to express either thanks or astonishment, but rattled on in a manner that was peculiar to him, bending down as he did so to pat the yelping dogs that welcomed him with noisy greetings.

Dick Datchett's stories of the retreat to Corunna, in which he served with the 10th Hussars, were sufficient to excite military ardour in any breast, and he had taught Will the cavalry sword exercise, and how to use his fists, and sundry other little accomplishments dear to the heart of a manly schoolboy.

He looked particularly magnificent, standing



A LONG ARRAY OF PAINTED MORTIMERS.

there in the moonlight; his blue cloak thrown back to show the smart pelisse buttoned on as an extra jacket, glittering with silver braid, and trimmed with grey fur; his tall bushy set rather on one side with its pendant bag of scarlet cloth and gold lines, and his tight white leather breeches and tasselled hessians, against which dangled the steel scabbard and blue embroidered sabretache.

"I'll tell you what it is, youngster," laughed Captain Dick, "you're a fortunate young dog; you might have been gazetted to some never-heard-of corps broiling in India—or heaven knows where—instead of which you blossom out into a scarlet draagoon and face the enemy almost before the ink on your commission is dry."

"I wish it had been your regiment, uncle; it would have been good fun then."

"My dear fellow, you may thank your stars it isn't," replied the captain, pulling the moustache which in those days was only worn by the hussars. "We are tired to death of garrison duty after our taste of campaigning, and that's why I have badgered the bigwigs until they've given me a staff billet to get me out of the way. I'm nothing if I'm not persistent—but here's the squire, yawning like a twelve-pounder."

Mr. Mortimer came down the staircase, candle in hand, looking rather touzled and very agitated.

"What is all this about, Dick?" he cried to his brother-in-law. "He cannot possibly go to-morrow. The thing's absurd—Mrs. Mortimer in a dead faint up there, and the whole place upside down."

"Squire," replied Captain Dick, opening his sabretache, "nothing is impossible to the British Army. See, here is the document which proclaims Will an officer in His Majesty's service, and here is a note requesting that the aforesaid Cornet shall join at once. I've set the ball rolling already, for I called at Laurie's about his horse furniture on my way here, and my snip promises to have his uniform finished in time, provided he can run a measure over him to-morrow!"

"What is the uniform?" asked Will, eagerly, hoping it would be after the fashion of his uncle's.

"Oh, very smart, but plain," said the captain. "Scarlet and gold, and blue facings, and all the rest of it. But what about my horse? Your front steps are undoubtedly good, squire, but I've slept on softer ground, even if I had the sky for a canopy and a dead man for a bed-fellow."

"I beg your pardon, Dick," said the squire absently. "Come in while Will takes your nag round to the stables; this sudden news has staggered me," and, walking like a man in a dream, Mr. Mortimer led the way to the dining-room, his candle throwing curious undulations of light and shadow about the brown panelling.

His brother-in-law followed, with a musical jingle of spurs, and threw off his cloak, hung his sword-belt on the back of a chair, and began to unbutton his pelisse.

"Dick," said the squire, placing the candle on the polished table, which shone like a mirror, "this is a great wrench, but you are right; the lad must go out into the world one day, and the sooner it is over the better."

"Now you are talking like yourself, squire," chimed in the captain. "I'll take him under my wing, I promise you—all the better, as I happen to be on the staff of his brigade."

"And you'll keep him from extravagance—and cards—and wine, and all the—"

"Squire," interrupted Captain Dick, resolutely. "I'm not going to make a booby of the lad, and he'll have to take his chance like everyone else. He's got enough good sense to steer him clear of serious mischief, and if I see him kicking over the traces I'll pull him up short; but I never heard of a Mortimer yet who could live in a glass case, and I hope I never shall."

The paternal bosom heaved forth a great sigh, but the captain brought his spurred heel down with a bang.

"Now, my dear squire," said he, "the die is cast, and we must march with the first streak of dawn, or soon after. Leave moralising to the parson, and think what has to be done in three days, for on the fourth we sail. Don't let my sister cumber the boy with a chaise-load of shirts and woollen comforters, and home-made dainties, as though he were going back to Westminster School; but just have a valise packed ready, be prepared with money enough to buy him a good horse, and to pay the tailor, with something over for his own use, and cut the leave-taking as short as possible. I'm nothing if I'm not practical!"

Poor Mr. Mortimer looked alternately from the captain to the empty fire-grate, quite bewildered at it all, and finally took up the candle as though he were going to pack the valise there and then.

"I think I will go upstairs, Dick, and see how Mrs. Mortimer is getting on," he said, and away he went, leaving the captain in the dark if Will had not come in at the moment, smelling strongly of the stables, with a horn lantern in his hand.

"Ha, lad! I've an idea," said Captain Dick. "You were riding a likely filly when I was here last Christmas—have you got her still?"

"What, Ladybird?" cried Will. "I should rather think so. She's the cleverest and the best, and the neatest fencer anywhere round. I've been half hoping—"

"So have I!" laughed his uncle, winking knowingly. "Let us go and have a look at her. They want blacks for the Royals, and you might do worse than trust to a horse that loves you. I'll settle it with the squire."

They went out again into the moonlight, Will swinging his lantern in high feather, and in the stable they found Martin rubbing down the husar's nag, more than half asleep, and not in the best of tempers.

He brightened at sight of Dick Datchett though, for the captain's crown pieces had a habit of finding their way into other folks' pockets, and moreover, he had a profound knowledge of all things appertaining to the horse, which is a certain passport to a stableman's heart, if he be an honest stableman.

Ladybird was not quite so cordial in her greeting, having, in the first place, a violent antipathy to strange animals near her stall, and secondly, being rather shy of the captain's silver lace, which glistened in the lantern light.

But in five minutes they were good friends, and the captain straightway presumed on Ladybird's generous nature to open her mouth, look into her ears, lift each shapely leg in succession, and take all manner of strange liberties, while Martin held the lantern, and Will his breath, waiting anxiously for the verdict.

"Boy! She'll beat any charger in the dragoons, and you'll be the envy of all your brother officers, if the squire will let her go," said the captain, enthusiastically.

"She's yours, Will," said a quiet voice behind them, and, turning round, they saw the squire, a gentle smile illuminating his serious face, as only the smile of a gentle father can.

The captain followed Martin hastily into the

I'm not as hungry as a wolf!" and they went along the terrace to the house as the village clock chimed eleven.

It was over—that parting—and they owed it to Captain Dick that, if it had been sharp, it had, at any rate, been short, which is what all partings should be.

From early morn the hussar had kept everyone busy, giving no one time to brood, and inventing all manner of errands and odd jobs for all and sundry whenever a handkerchief appeared or a sob made itself heard in the dread silence of expectancy that pervaded the hall as the hands of the solemn timepiece at the head of the stairs



"OFF TO THE WARS!"

outer stable, for the squire's arm was about his son's neck, and Will's head was buried in his shoulder to hide the unbidden tears that did our hero honour!

The captain glared for two whole minutes at the animal he had ridden as if he had never seen a horse before, and then the squire came out and Will with him.

"Well, Dick," he said, "we can respond to the summons of war, you see, even at sleepy old Mortimer Hall; the charger is provided, the shirts were even being packed when I came away, and Hopkinson has so far risen to a sense of his situation as to lay some cold sirloin in the dining-room for you."

"Squire," cried the captain, "I'm nothing if

drew nearer and nearer to the moment of departure.

The squire had been very nervous on Mrs. Mortimer's account, but, strange to say, when she came to the great door with Patty beside her, she was calm and collected, though her eyes told a tale of weeping.

There were tears, and kisses, and blessings, long, yearning looks and tender promises, and the dogs, lifting up their noses, howled, and the maids, lifting up their aprons, cried; and old Hopkinson was detected wiping his eye with the handle of the corkscrew, which all the morning he had been offering to anyone who expressed a wish for anything, no matter what.

And then Silas Bracken, and Sim Marrow, and

Martin, and Tompkins, and goodness knows how many more, had a last word for the young master until Captain Dick lost all patience, and vaulted lightly into his saddle.

In another minute Will had torn himself from his mother's arms, and, with a very red face and a misty vision of other very red faces, he had mounted Ladybird and was following the squire, who blew his nose like a trumpet, while Captain Dick brought up the rear, making his horse curvet beautifully to show off his dangling

jacket, which nobody paid any heed to as the trio filed down the avenue into the road.

A last glance over his shoulder, a long wave of his hand, a great drop which trickled down his upper lip and tasted very salt as he set his teeth hard, and Will Mortimer had left the home of his ancestors behind him and was on the road to glory

St. Paul

(To be continued.)

BIG GAME.



The huntsman he
Had a talk with me,
And we argued long to
find
The argument good:
If an elephant could
Or couldn't kick up be-
hind.



"Be gently brave!"
I cried, "Behave!
Politely during a hunt!
'Tis etiquette,
I believe, to let
The elephant go in front

"For a man has got

Two hands, but not
(A fact you won't deny)
A tail. Whereas
An elephant has."
So the huntsman hung thereby.

In the jungle's jaws
I muttered,
"Pause!
I'm not in a bit
of a funk.



It seems absurd,
But I think I heard
An elephant blow its trunk!"



The elephant bucked,
And jibbed, and ducked;
And thus we managed to find
The argument good:
That an elephant could,
And did, kick up behind.

YE MICROBE.

Going to School Seventy Years Ago.

BY A VERY OLD BOY.

WELL do I remember, seventy years ago, when I lived with my father in Gate Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, getting up at five o'clock in the morning, and endeavouring, between my tears, to eat hot rolls and to drink still hotter coffee. Then off to the "Old White Horse" Club, Piccadilly, to meet one of "Cooper's Coaches." There we found the other passengers, all huddled together, big, farmer-like men most of them. Myself, a small, pale boy, sitting there so lonely and forlorn, and vainly endeavouring to smile at my father, who was standing on the pavement trying to look as cheerful as possible, and urging upon me to be a good boy and to always say my prayers; because, you see, in those days we were much simpler in our ways and words. Nowadays a father would not stand on the platform of a railway station, and, before half-a-dozen cold-looking passengers, remind his little son of his religious duties; but then the world did not go round so fast, and it took fifteen hours to get to Bristol, instead of two and a half as it does now.

Presently, out rolled Mr. Weller, senior, with Sam the ostler, cracking jokes in the dusky morning light, and by turns rebuking and caressing the horses.

"Right away!" shouted the guard, tootling on his horn, and up Piccadilly we rolled. Not the Piccadilly of to-day, with its wood paving, its electric light, and its smart shop-fronts, but a very much more roomy thoroughfare. For instance, the present Royal Academy was at that time Burlington House—a splendid mansion standing in its own grounds.

On past Hyde Park Corner, and through Kensington, out to Hounslow, Uxbridge, Maidenhead, Reading, Newbury, and Bath.

The first stop would be at Brentford, where the panting team would be changed for fresh horses, but I myself would not stir from my perch until mid-day. At dinner-time I would gorge my small inside with boiled beef, potatoes, carrots, and dumplings, and a hunch of bread, followed by a big currant pudding

and fresh country water. - In those days you could get a rare good dinner for half-a-crown at a wayside hotel—and, mind you, it was good stuff.

Then on again, through the gathering gloom of the afternoon, bounding past bleak meadow and hedgerow—on and on, our horses galloping up hill and down hill.

Mail coaches in those days were splendidly horsed, but horribly harnessed. The horses we had were of a kind superior to the finest coach horses of the present day.

During most of the journey I sat shivering, for in those days we did not wear such thick clothes as you have now.

I will tell you how we dressed. First we put on our little shirts, and then our coats; after this we would pull our trousers on and button them over the coats. The trousers were what you would call peg-tops, and reached down to our ankles, after which there was an expanse of sock, and then came the long, broad-bottomed shoes. We wore our hair long, and smothered with pomatum—how different to the close-cropped boy of the present day! Instead of a collar, we wore a broad starched frill, and "cheese-cutter" caps adorned our heads.

Ah, well! I daresay, fifty years hence, that the boys of 1949 will be laughing at you youngsters, and thinking what guys you were in your Eton jackets and your curious knickerbockers, and your extraordinary football costumes. And now to finish off my journey to school.

Picture me, after a long ride of twenty hours, arrived at my destination—a little frozen boy deposited with my trunk at the porter's gate; picture me being solemnly patted on the head by the head master's wife, and heavily patted on the shoulder by the head master himself.

Then a hasty basin of soup, into which my tears flowed freely, and off I would be bundled into a cold, long dormitory at the top of the house, to forget the pangs of home-leaving in a long night's slumber.



MR. C. B. FRY.

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How to Train for Sports.

By C. B. Fry.



THE term "training" covers the whole preparation for an athletic contest—manner of life, diet, and exercise. There is no such thing as a method of training, absolute and fixed; the course of preparation to be pursued in a particular case depends

both upon the object in view and upon the person concerned. Each athletic event requires a special method of training, and this again must be modified to suit individuals. It is possible to give a general idea of the way to train, and some general hints upon the special requirements of certain events or groups of events, but nothing save observation, common sense, and experience can teach an athlete how best to adapt the recognised methods of training to his own case.

DIFFERENT RULES FOR MAN AND BOY.

It is well worth notice that the advice given in athletic books, being intended for adults, is liable to be misleading for the purposes of school sports. The *régime* and exercise suitable to a grown man are quite the reverse for a boy. A man can both stand and requires stiffer work; he is stronger, his muscles are more set, his habit of body is less adaptable, and in most cases his general condition is inferior. Then, again, in after life, an athlete is usually a specialist, confining himself to one event; at school, however, one usually trains with a view to competing in several events. The following remarks are made from the point of view of school athletics.

DON'T BOTHER ABOUT FOOD.

First, as regards *régime* and manner of life. Training demands, as a primary condition, regular, healthy habits, and a proper amount of simple, wholesome food. A man, on going into training, may have to alter his habits and diet; but with a boy at school the case is different. It would be impossible to invent a system of living better suited to training than the ordinary *régime* of an English school. To bed early, up early, regular hours in every way; the food of exactly the sort required for training.

Boys often make a great mistake over this point. Knowing that at the 'Varsities, and in general, athletes make alterations in life and food, they think the same course incumbent on themselves; they overlook the fact that their daily life is precisely similar to that in favour of which a man makes a change on going into training. It is almost universally accepted nowadays that, for athletic purposes, the less the ordinary diet is altered the better. Certainly a boy at school has no need to bother himself on the point. He is always, as far as food is concerned, in training. If a boy tries to refine upon his school life and diet he is almost sure to do himself far more harm than good; instead of improving in health he simply becomes jaded and peaked. Of course, it is a great mistake to eat between meals; the "grub-shop," or whatever you call it, must be abjured; heavy afternoon teas are out of order, along with pastry, stodgy puddings, and such like. But beyond a few such obvious prescriptions, the best course for a boy is *to forget that diet in any way affects athletic prowess.*

BOYS ARE ALWAYS FIT.

Now let us turn to the question of exercise and practice. First observe that here again there is a difference between school and after life. Before beginning special exercise and practice for an athletic event a certain basis of solid health and fitness is necessary. This can only be acquired by a preliminary course of training, varying in length and rigour in different cases. A man who leads a sedentary life needs at least six weeks' gradual but regular training to get his muscles into the required state of fitness; a 'Varsity man needs about three weeks; at school the necessity may be disregarded. Boys play games and take any amount of hard exercise week in, week out. They are in just the right fettle to begin straight away upon special practice.

WHEN TO BEGIN.

At most schools the final Sports Day is at the end of the Easter term, the heats and one or two long races being run off during the preceding fortnight, so there is generally a month or two clear of football which may

be devoted to training. But, if possible, it is better to begin training about six weeks before the "final" day. A well-spent month suffices, but as "slow and sure" is one of the secrets of training, the extra fortnight is worth while.

Here it is well to emphasise an important point. Your object in training is to be at your very best on a certain date, and to secure this result you must do exactly the right amount of work, neither too little nor too much. But impress upon yourself thoroughly that to overtrain is the worst you can do. Overwork is the commonest and most fatal mistake in training at school. Boys overtrain in two ways—either they begin too late and crowd so much work into so brief a space of time that they simply exhaust themselves, or else, though starting in time, they are in such a hurry that they wind themselves up too soon. It is infinitely better to be under than overtrained; indeed, many boys perform better when half than when fully trained. To avoid overtraining you must give yourself time, and set about your preparation gradually and systematically. It is a mistake to start vaguely and, as it were, train from day to day. If keen, you are sure to get training fever; you will suddenly imagine you have not time to get fit and are short of work; you will fidget, grow nervous, and overdo yourself.

MAKE A TIME-TABLE.

The best way is to map out your work on paper, arranging your daily bit for the time you have at your disposal. The main lines thus settled, you can, if necessary, from time to time make alterations. In this arrangement you should aim at distributing the work evenly, so that the different kinds of exercise may alternate.

With six weeks before you the first fortnight may be devoted to general work, the second to specialised practice, the third to winding up. This is a skeleton outline that suits every kind of work; the detail must be filled in according to the particular events in view.

It is impossible within the limits of this article to take each event separately and describe in detail the course of preparation required for it. But in any case that is unnecessary, as at school there is not much specialising; a competitor rarely takes up one event alone—he goes in for a batch. For our purpose athletes may be divided into classes—sprinters and long-distance runners. To the former belong all distances up to the

quarter; to the latter all beyond it. The quarter is common ground; the hurdles and the jumps are extras.

SOME ADVICE FOR THE SPRINTER.

Let us take the sprinter first. His main object is to cultivate sheer pace—incidentally, he must learn to start well. He must avoid such work as may render him stiff-limbed or slow, for he should come to the post springy, elastic, and fresh. His preliminary fortnight may be arranged somewhat thus. The first week should include two brisk five-mile walks—say one on Sunday and one in the middle of the week—and three days of light running work. If the training is on a cinder track, running must be gingerly and carefully begun, to avoid sore feet. In any case, two easy sprints of 50yds. and a slow striding 150 is enough work each day. In the second fortnight he may devote four days to running. The work may be increased slightly; three or four high-pressure dashes of 40yds. and either a fairly stiff 200 or an easy striding lap make a typical day's work. This is quite enough. Runs across country are bad, and heavy work of any kind is bad—they take the edge off a sprinter's pace. In the fifth week three days' sprinting is enough; in the sixth two, and those light. The work should be divided evenly through the week; intermediate days may be filled with walks, or such games as racquets and fives. An occasional rest of a day or two is time well spent.

With regard to a sprinter's special practice, pace comes from an ability to repeat the stride rapidly—the quicker the repetition the faster you go. At the same time, the longer you stride the more ground you cover. Hence sprint practice should aim at quickening and lengthening the stride. The best way to cultivate sheer pace is to run frequently at top speed short bursts of 40yds. To improve the stride it is useful to stride through 200yds. or so, paying attention to form, poise of body, and lengthening of stride. The two processes should be followed together. A typical day's work would be to stride through 150yds. and then sprint four bursts of 40yds., or to begin with four short dashes and then race 80yds. In training for a particular distance, the best course is to supplement the short distances by racing two-thirds the distance twice a week and the full distance once. With a view to getting off quickly and into full speed at once, every start should be to the pistol, just as in a race.

AND FOR THE MILER.

For a long-distance runner, the essentials are stamina and stride; he must be able to last his distance without losing his form. His training must be based on this consideration.

During the first fortnight the long-distance runner should take three long, grinding walks a week. Two days a week is enough on the path. In the first week he should run half his distance one day, or, if he be training for several distances, half of his best distance and two-thirds another day; in the second, two-thirds briskly, and the full distance easily. During the next three weeks, four days a week should be devoted to the path, and the other three to moderate walks. The distance run each day may vary from half to three-quarters the full distance, the longer and shorter trips alternating. The full distance should be run in earnest twice, at the end of the third and the middle of the fifth week. Two light days is enough for the last week.

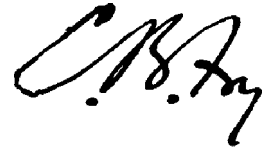
The runner must learn by experience, and know by heart, the best pace at which he can go his distance, otherwise he may either lag or get run off his legs in the race. A friend with a stop-watch is helpful. If stale, or over-done, it is a mistake not to knock off work at once for a day or two. The

great difficulty in training for long distances is to get fit without over-working. A runner must diminish or increase his work as he finds occasion; but let him not forget that *it is suicidal to overtrain.*

HURDLERS may follow in general the methods suggested for sprinters; they should practice over three or four flights, and run the full distance twice a week.

JUMPERS should not practise more than three days a week. Three or four serious jumps is enough at a time, but miniature jumps often and in small quantities is excellent training. The jumper must supplement this by running nearly as much as a sprinter.

It cannot be too emphatically repeated that every individual must look out his own training for himself. The general lines suggested above are intended rather as an example than a pattern, but some such plan should be followed. Vague training is of little use.



(Next month Mr. Fry will contribute an article entitled, "How to Bat and How Not to Bat.")

Pitchforked into Electricity.

A WELL-KNOWN electrical engineer has been grumbling about the number of youths who, to quote his words, are "constantly being pitchforked into electricity." "During the last two or three years," he says, "electrical engineering, as a calling, has been regarded somewhat like the Church—as convenient for younger sons when nothing else offers. And we all know what a lot of incompetent curates there are about! If a boy has bought a battery or two, and put up an electric bell, he is held to have indicated a 'decided taste' for electrical engineering. The 'decided taste' alone is not sufficient. There is no calling which requires a more thorough course of training. To start with, one should become a good mechanic first, and this means a year or two spent as an apprentice, or learner, in some general engineering works. A premium is generally

required, and, if the firm chosen be a good one the money is very well spent. In some of the large and widely-known engineering works so many pupils are taken that there can be no individual supervision, and the tendency then is rather to play than to work. A learner should go to a small firm, where only two or three pupils are taken. He should get to work at six in the morning with the other men, and have his time booked. Besides the practical daily work, time should be spent in the laboratory, where the technical side of the subject can be studied. If a training such as this be conscientiously carried out, a man will soon find himself in an excellent position, with the whole great field of electricity before him. There must be no half-heartedness about him. Only the absolutely earnest electrician can ever hope to succeed."

"WHAT I WANTED TO BE."

SOME BOYISH ASPIRATIONS OF FAMOUS MEN.

FOR the benefit of the readers of this magazine the editor has been at pains to collect the early impressions of famous men as to the callings they had a desire to adopt on reaching the estate of manhood. It is very seldom that the dreams of boyhood are realised in after years, as the following letters plainly show:—

From MR. H. M. STANLEY, M.P.

2, Richmond Terrace, Whitehall, S.W.,
January 28th, 1899.

DEAR SIR,—A boy's mind is too impressible for any fixity of purpose, and I have no reason to think that mine was an exception. But though, as probable enough, my expressed intentions were as various as the days of my boyhood, I have reason to remember one occasion in the year 1855, and the resolve that I then uttered.

I had been reading the life of a brave missionary, and, fired with admiration at his goodness and other virtues, I remember that while a sleepless group of us boys gazed out of a window charmed by a midsummer night's scene, we discussed what we intended to be when we should be men, and I was led to state my choice, and that was to be a missionary after the example of my hero.

Said to say, however, were it not for the glamour of that summer night, or something else, which has caused the memory of the scene to be indelible in the mind, I should have long forgotten the incident, and my resolution, as completely as I have forgotten my hero's name.

*Yours faithfully
Henry M Stanley*

MR. GEORGE R. SIMS, celebrated as an author and playwright, and one of the most popular men in this country, writes as follows:—

My ambition as a boy was to be a circus rider, and it was gratified to this extent—that night after night at school I used to lie awake and see myself in pink fleshings galloping round the ring and leaping barriers. So real was the impression that I heard the applause and smelt the orange-juice.

P.S.—I should still like to be a circus rider better than anything else.



The Royal Hospital, Dublin.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your letter Lord Roberts wishes me to say that he always intended to be a soldier.—I remain, yours truly,

H. STREATFIELD, Major.

Whilst recruiting at Bournemouth after his severe illness SIR HENRY IRVING wrote:—

I have no clear recollection of having ever desired to be anything except an actor—a clear case of monomania in the earliest consciousness! With all good wishes,

Henry Irving



But MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM had other dreams:—

Criterion Theatre,
December 20th, 1898.

Mr. Wyndham has much pleasure in complying with your request. As a boy his great ambition was to be a clergyman.



The creator of "Sherlock Holmes" draws the following out of his memory's lumber-room:—

I remember my master asking me what I would be. I said, "A civil engineer." He answered: "You may be an engineer, Doyle, but from what I have seen of you I should think it very unlikely that you will be a civil one!"

Alonzo Doyle

The following is from that marvel of versatility, Mr. Grant Allen. He got up one morning and found our letter waiting for him. But before attending to it he had to finish a chapter of a new novel, add a bit to a play, knock out some jokes for a comic paper, write the introduction to a guide book, correct the proofs of a paper entitled "Ants that Sing Songs," indite an angry letter to the *Tims*, pay a plumber's bill, oil his bicycle, and poke the fire before finally

settling down to answer THE CAPTAIN'S letter. And this is what he said :—

From my earliest boyhood my one desire was to be a poet. I never had the slightest inclination for soldiering; and, as I was brought up in a remote part of Canada, I never saw a gamekeeper, a station-master, or a bishop. But I can't remember the time when I did not read and love poetry, and want to be a poet. My first literary attempts were in verse; and to this day only the accident that I can't make other people think as well of my rhymes as I think of them myself has prevented me from printing reams of them.—Faithfully yours,



Grant Allen

LORD BRAMPTON (until recently known as Mr. Justice Hawkins) sent this terse reply :—

'What I want'

SIR JOHN BRIDGE, of "Bow Street" fame, Chief Police Magistrate for London, beat Lord Brampton by one word :—

I cannot tell you.

J. Bridge

From the "Society Clown" :—

My ambition at the age of five or six was to be a Prince of Wales and have my portrait in the *Illustrated London News*. I had a hazy notion (gathered by early pantomime recollections) that it was a recognised profession, obtainable by the consent of a king and queen. In one important respect I was evidently right. This fleeting ambition was followed by a desire to be a tight-rope walker, in consequence of a profound admiration for Blondin, whom I had seen. This dream vanished when (still a small boy) I used to see Tom Sayers and his beautiful big dog walking in the Camden Town district. Accordingly, I settled on pugilism as a profession. After half-a-dozen encounters with my school-

fellows, and an equal number of black eyes, I decided that the prize-ring was not my destiny. I then casually began to sing songs to my own accompaniment, and I have been doing so ever since, and I shall continue this vocation as long as a kind and indulgent public tolerates me.

Geo. Propert

MR. L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., says :—

I always wanted to be a painter, and by hard work and perseverance I became one.

*you faith fully
L. Alma-Tadema*

THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, P.C., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., D.L., M.P. (head of the banking firm of Robarts, Lubbock & Co.), sums up his youthful hopes thus :—

SIR,—My great desire as a boy was to be a naturalist.

*I am Yours ob. Serv.
John Lubbock*

MR. JOHN M. LE SAGE, editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, pined for the sword, but had to be content with the pen. He says :—

My one ambition when I was a boy—and much later in life—was to be a cavalry officer. Although I never had the honour of becoming one, I have often been on the field of battle when acting as Special Correspondent for this journal.

John M. Le Sage

From "our leading dramatist" :—



omnibus conductor.—Yours faithfully,

MY DEAR SIR,—“What I Wanted to Be?”—AN OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR. When I was a boy, the conductor stood upon a little circular step at the back of the omnibus on the near side, holding on by a strap. It was a position, to my juvenile mind, fraught with much excitement and peril; and, after all, my present mode of life does not deviate materially from my earlier ambition. There is much in common between dramatic authorship and the perilous slippery perch of the old-fashioned omnibus conductor.—Yours faithfully,

W. G. W. G. W.

From SIR THOMAS LIPTON, who means to lick the Americans at yachting:—

When I was a boy of thirteen or fourteen years of age my idea was to go to sea and be a ship captain. I was so much imbued with this idea that I ran away from home and went to sea, but when I returned, after being away from home for some time, my parents prevented me from going back, so that I was compelled to give up my ambition in this respect.—Yours faithfully,

Thomas Lipton



Madame Tussaud & Sons,
Ltd., London, W.

I enclose herewith a pencil drawing made by a friend of mine. As the drawing indicates, I had, as a youngster, a desire, among many other things, to be a poet.

John Keats

From the author of *The Mikado*:—

Harrow Weald,
January 31st, 1899.

DEAR SIR,—At the age of seventeen, when I first saw, at the Chobham Camp, a field battery "unlimber and action front," I made up my mind to be a Horse Artilleryman. A year later war was declared with Russia, and for two years I studied classics, mathematics, chemistry, engineering, and land surveying, with a view to obtaining, by competitive examination, a direct commission in the Royal Artillery. The examination for which I was reading was to have taken place at Christmas, 1855. The age limit was twenty, and I was due to be twenty on the 18th of November, in that year, but, owing to the exercise of a little indirect influence with Lord Panmure, my overplus of six weeks was forgiven me. But (unhappily, as thought I then, but most fortunately as I think now) Sevastopol fell into the hands of the allies on the 9th September, 1855, and as it was supposed that peace would soon be declared—or that, at all events, there would be no immediate demand for more gunners—the examination was postponed for six months. My influence, effective enough up to six weeks, was not equal to this further strain upon its powers, and I had to give up all hope of ever wearing the "jacket." I went to the bar and, in a few years, sacrificed my infant practice on the altar of dramatic literature. And I am very glad I did.—Yours faithfully,

W. S. GILBERT.

From MR. S. R. CROCKETT:—

DEAR SIR,—My desires were, I think, quite normal. I wanted to be an engine-driver. And I nearly realised the ambition, too, for I used to spend most of my time on good old George Williamson's engine at Castle Douglas Station for several years. I was only discouraged by the thought of having to be a stoker first. If they had given me an express to run during my first week I might have been running it now. Possibly not, however.



*Yours kin
S. R. Crockett*

From MR. WILLIAM WHITELEY:—

Westbourne Grove, W.

In reply to your letter, I have been trying to review that part of my life which would come under the designation of "the knickerbocker period." At the moment I do not recall any aspiration or desire asserting itself, in my case, to be of any particular craft or profession when I reached manhood's estate. I daresay, like most boys, certain very singular ideas occasionally flitted through my mind, but it is quite evident that I was not, at that time, impressed with a longing to be anything in particular. The old proverb, "What's worth doing at all is worth doing well," has, so far as I can remember, been uppermost in my mind almost from my infancy onwards, and anything I have undertaken I have striven to carry into effect upon such lines. I am sorry not to be able to furnish any suitable contribution for your article, but am much obliged to you all the same for inviting me to do so.

*Yours truly
William Whiteley*

St. James's Theatre,
January 7th, 1899.

DEAR SIR,—I find your letter on my return from abroad. From my cradle I always wished to be an actor.—Yours faithfully,

*Yours always
George Manville Fenn*

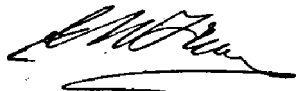


MR. GEORGE MANVILLE FENN says:—

Syon Lodge, Isleworth,
December 24th, 1898.

DEAR SIR,—My ambition as a boy, due, no doubt, to my home being near the Horse Guards

was to be a soldier; and for years my tastes were distinctly military. When out, I attended parades and troopings of colours, walked with the Guards across the park, and at home I studied army lists and Ackerman's illustrations till I could have passed a very fair examination in the uniforms and facings of most of the regiments in the British and East India Company's services. I need hardly say that nature had found me in the most unsuitable mould for mounting the ready breach, and seeking glory in a cavalry charge. But, of course, boys will be boys until the end of the chapter.



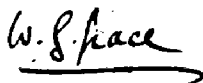
From "MARCUS SUPERBUS":—

DEAR SIR,—An actor.

Faithfully yours,



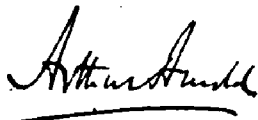
I do not remember ever being told.



From SIR ARTHUR ARNOLD:—

Hyde Hill, Dartmouth.

DEAR SIR,—“What I Wanted to Be” when I was a boy was a member of Parliament. Sometimes I would, as a boy, have exchanged this ambition for the power of writing logic and political economy like Mill, or of history like Macaulay. But the lesser and the lower ambition was more veritable to my capacity, and after a defeat at Huntingdon in 1873, I reached success at Salford in 1880.—Yours faithfully,



From the organiser and “boss” of the Barnum and Bailey Show, Olympia:—

I am requested by Mr. Bailey to say to you in reply to your note of inquiry, that from his earliest days he had no other desire than to be the proprietor of a big show. That when a boy he was drawn towards that life by seeing for the first time a “show,” which came to the little village of Pontiac, Michigan, in the United States. And so, when an opportunity occurred, which was the following year, he sought and obtained employment with the ‘advance manager’ of a travelling show, remaining with it for many years. He worked himself up from the smallest position, through all the stages, to his present place. He also thanks you for the privilege of conveying this small bit of information.

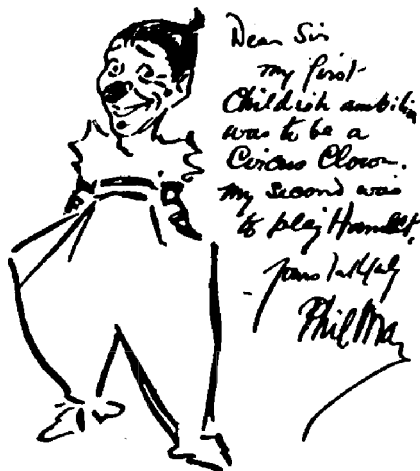
From SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT, K.B.:—

18, Berkeley Square,
December 8th, 1898.

DEAR SIR,—I can remember no earlier wish than to be an actor, although I never knew one until I went upon the stage.—Yours faithfully,



MR. PHIL MAY obliged us with a piece of cardboard containing the following sketch and confession:—



SUMMARY.

H. M. Stanley	Missionary.	A. W. Pinero	Omnibus Conductor.
George R. Sims	Circus Rider.	Sir T. Lipton	Ship Captain.
Lord Roberts	Soldier.	John T. Tusaud	Poet.
Sir Henry Irving	Actor.	W. S. Gilbert	Horse Artilleryman.
Charles Wyndham	Clergyman.	S. R. Crockett	Engine Driver
Conan Doyle	Civil Engineer.	William Whiteley	Couldn't say.
Grant Allen	Poet.	George Alexander	Actor.
Lord Brampton	Judge.	George Manville Fenn	Soldier.
Sir John Bridge	Couldn't say.	Wilson Barrett	Actor.
George Grossmith	A Prince of Wales.	W. G. Grace	Couldn't say.
Alma Tadema	Painter.	Sir Arther Arnold	An M.P.
Sir John Lubbock	Naturalist.	J. A. Bailey	Showman.
John M. Le Sage	Cavalry Officer.	Sir Squire Bancroft	Actor.
	Phil May		Circus Clown.



"GREYS! GREYS! KEEP 'EM OUT, GREYHOUSE!"
(Drawn by J. FINNEMORE, R.B.A.)

The Storming of Greyhouse

by P. S. Warren Bell

It was all on a June day—on a day when the topmost branches of the great oaks in the avenue were nodding and bowing to each other in most decorous fashion, when the drowsy hum of working bees came from among the flowers in the Head's garden, when the birds sang gaily, and when all was peace and sweet summer-tide.

Upon this fair scene there broke a horde of savage men. Their curses drowned the peaceful buzzing among the roses; as if in dismay the birds decamped, and even the bees flew away to another garden. But slowly—the men are not yet come.

The strike at Petershall—situated four miles from Greyhouse School—had lasted several days when the mob, setting at defiance the handful of police which had been told off to watch them, swooped down upon the residence of the biggest manufacturer. His residence was quite close to Greyhouse. He had chosen it on this account, wishing to educate both of his sons at a big public school, and yet at the same time keep them under home influence.

There were about fifty Day-greys (otherwise Greyhouse day boys), and on this particular morning several of them had been molested on their way to school. The Head—Dr. Graham—and his staff, on hearing the tales of these adventures, had promptly held a council of war, and it had been decided that sleeping accommodation should be provided for the Day-greys in the school dormitories. The Head knew this would be a matter of much inconvenience, and went round during the lunch hour to see Mr. Winslow, who, being the biggest manufacturer in Petershall, had been chiefly instrumental in resisting the strikers' demands.

The Head was a strong man in every sense of the word. He had his faults, as all men of forceful character have, but they were over-balanced by his virtues. His temper was quick—but what man of real character wears a perpetual smile?

The Head was a man of action—and decisive action. Had he entered the navy as a boy he would have risen to a high command; had he adopted politics as a career he would have become a minister before he was fifty; as it was, he was a schoolmaster and a man.

"Now, sir," said he, entering Mr. Winslow's study abruptly, "when is this strike going to end? Are you prepared to feed and lodge all my day boys?"

"Dr. Graham!" retorted the manufacturer. "I must request you to remember——"

"Request be *hanged*, sir!" thundered the Head. "This is no time for ceremony. You know as well as I do that the strike is costing thousands of pounds—that the men are becoming brute beasts, and that the women and children are starving. They are begging of the cottagers out here; they have wandered all this way to look for bread. You are the leading man in the district—cannot you arrive at a compromise? I will act as mediator, if you like——"

"I will not trouble you——" Mr. Winslow was beginning, when the butler entered without even knocking.

"If you please, sir," he exclaimed hastily, "there's a boy come to say that a huge crowd of strikers is marching along the high road. People are hiding in the fields; they've raided every public-house they've come to, and are mad with drink."

"Bring the lad in," commanded Mr. Winslow. "Thank God!" he added, as the servant left the room, "I've sent my women-folk away. I am prepared for the worst."

The lad—a little country boy—corroborated the butler's statement. The strikers were advancing in a dense crowd—shouting and singing, waving sticks, and calling out the name of the chief manufacturer in the district.

"They can come if they like!" exclaimed Mr. Winslow, recklessly. "I'll shoot a dozen of the



blackguards before they can break in. Barricade all the doors and windows," he concluded, thinking the butler was present.

"He's cut!" observed the boy informer, with a snigger, "and took a bag wi' him."

The Head had been thinking. He had made up his mind.

"Mr. Winslow, come with me! They can smash up this modern villa of yours, but Greyhouse is made of sterner stuff. Will you accept the shelter of my school, sir?"

The manufacturer hesitated, clasped his hands nervously, looked from the head master to the boy and back again, and at length inclined his head.

"Yes," he said, dejectedly.

"Just as well," returned the Head, shortly. "Because if you stay here they'll kill you."

The manufacturer was not a coward, but the trying events of the past week had unmanned him. Without a word he followed Dr. Graham's towering form.

Immediately on re-entering his own domain, Dr. Graham had all the gates closed, and caused the bell to be tolled for attendance in the great school-room. Three hundred Greys sat mute as mice; a rumour of the strikers' approach had reached them, and they suspected that this unusual summons was due to it.

The Head came in, his strong jaw set more rigidly than ever. He swept his eye over the serried ranks of his young army.

"Boys, there is a likelihood of our having to fight to-day. I have invited Mr. Winslow to accept the shelter of Greyhouse. The strikers are bound to find out that he is here, for several

QUICK AS THOUGHT DR. GRAHAM WARDED OFF THE FLINT WITH HIS "SQUARE."

malcontents in this village saw him enter our gates. It is not safe for him to endeavour to escape in any other direction, for gangs of strikers are all over the country side. Therefore he must stay with us, and we will defend our guest against any odds. You must arm yourself with stumps, bats, and everything that is likely to be serviceable. The members of the cadet corps will arm themselves. As long as possible we will keep on the right side of the law, but if the worst comes to the worst we must meet madmen with the only weapons that will awe them."

At this moment old Joe, the school porter (a Royal Navy veteran), hobbled into the school-room.

"They'se coomin'! they'se coomin', sir!" he cried, his broad accent betraying his excitement. "They'se bin told Maister Winslow's 'ere, and they ain't gone near 'is 'ouse, but are keepin' straight on to 'ere!"

"Dismiss!" thundered the Head, and the assembled Greys broke away from their places like hounds from the leash. Anything that would hit—and hurt—was a good enough weapon. The door

of the armoury was rushed by the school cadets (a hundred in number), who strapped on belts and bayonets, and, with their rifles at the trail, hastened to join the younger fry in the playing fields which fronted the main buildings. Soon the whole school was assembled there awaiting the foe's arrival. The masters, with equal alacrity, swelled the defending host, and came equipped with heavy walking-sticks, golf-clubs, and such like weapons. Even Mr. Kitt, the little music master, proved himself equal to the occasion, and came striding along by the side of his sworn chum—Herr Klook, who taught foreign tongues—carrying a "brassey" over his shoulder.

Now along the foot of the playing fields ran a stone wall—Greyhouse was once a monastery—almost 6ft. high. The entrance to the drive was guarded by two solid iron gates, full 10ft. high, hung on two immense stone pillars, the summit of each of these being crowned by a stone urn. The gates were closed and bolted. At the back Greyhouse was surrounded by a wall of gigantic dimensions and practically unscalable. Half-a-dozen boys were posted at the various dormitory windows to give the alarm in case any attempt was made to climb this wall.

The strikers did not advance like Russians—with stealthy tread, mute, watchful—but they came on more in the manner of Dervishes, with hoarse, raucous shoutings, oaths, and cryings-out of the name of "Winslow!" The distant murmur swelled and grew into a near roar, and soon a dense cloud of dust told that they were close at hand.

Arrived at the gates the foremost of the mob hammered on the iron railings and demanded admittance. In his scholastic robes, dignified and stern, Dr. Graham walked down to interview them.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"We wants Winslow," roared a hundred voices. "Give 'im oop and we won't touch the laddies."

"What do you want Mr. Winslow for?"

"Never mind what!" returned the leader of the mob. "Mebbe to make a hangel of 'un!"

This coarse sally was received with a hurricane of drunken cheers and laughter.

"You can't have him for that or any other purpose," replied the Head, coolly. "So you had better go away."

So saying, he retired, wisely keeping his face towards them. The leader bent down, and, seizing a stone, flung it through the bars of the gate at the head master. Quick as thought, Dr. Graham warded off the flint with his "square."

The disappointed mob-leader seized the gate, and shook it as a wild beast claws its bars. The strikers had struck the first blow. The battle had commenced.

The strikers began to swarm up the wall and gate—"legged up" by their companions—but the Greys were ready for them. Laying down their rifles for the nonce, the cadets—being the biggest fellows—seized stumps and bats, and, whenever a hand or head appeared, smacked at it with a hearty goodwill which elicited shrieks and evil words from the host without. Up came a close-cropped head. *Thwack!* The head disappeared, its owner

having sustained a broken scalp. Up came a horny hand. *Bang!*—a yell—and the imprecations following told that the beaten-off one had fallen amongst his comrades. It was the same all along the staunch fortress wall. Heads and hands appeared and disappeared with marvellous rapidity. The Greys and their masters were guarding the wall from one end of the playing-fields to the other. Several strikers toppled right over; in a trice they were pounced upon and pinioned by the Greys in their neighbourhood—old Joe having thoughtfully procured about a mile of rope from the box-room. These topplings-over became more frequent, and soon a score of strikers had been taken prisoners. When bound, the little fellows in the First were caused to stand guard over them—a duty the "Midgets" undertook with tremendous satisfaction, and it is to be feared that they were not very kind custodians, judging by the way they speared at a prisoner with their stump-points if he so much as stirred a limb.

The mob must have been a thousand strong, but so gallant was the defence of the Greys that it looked as if the men from Petershall would not effect an entrance by the over-the-wall method. The Greys thwacked hard and accurately, and many broken heads and hands must have gone back to Petershall that night.

The strikers, however, surged most thickly round the gates, guessing that this was the weakest point in the defences. Here half-a-dozen of the masters, helped by several of the Sixth, had posted themselves, and the fight may be said to have been hand-to-hand as far as a fight of that sort could be carried on through gate bars.

"It'll give way soon, lods!" yelled a man in front, who was hacking at one of the hinges with a crowbar, "and then we'll have 'em!"

"And make 'em pay for this!" was the savage addition of another, whose head was bound up in a red handkerchief.

"With a will, lads, with a will; we'll have 'em soon!" growled the mob outside.

"Greys! Greys! Greyhouse for ever! Keep 'em out, Greyhouse! Never say die, Greyhouse! Greys! Greys!"

Such were the cries that came from all over the field while the fight raged.

The strikers' blood was up; they were sweating and gnashing their teeth; in their heat and gore they looked more like wild animals than men. No wonder the more timid of the schoolboys shuddered as they gazed on the scene—too frightened to fight and not daring to run away. Truly an unenviable predicament!

Of a sudden, to the wonder and dismay of all who perceived it, the Captain of Greyhouse and half-a-dozen of the biggest fellows started running at top speed towards the school buildings. The strikers saw them, too, and raised a hoarse chorus of triumph.

"They're frightened! Coom on, lods! Down wi' this gate and we'll dance on they—sure!"

But the rest of the Greys, though they felt a bit damped by their leader's disappearance, didn't intend to let their assailants in. Still they

guarded the walls, hammering intruding hands and heads and legs with increased vigour, and sustaining many wounds from stones and sticks in their turn.

But the old gate was shaking; the strikers were plunging themselves against it in masses. The masonry was ancient, and the hinges none too secure. It seemed certain that the mob would effect an entrance sooner or later, and then—where would the Greys be?—three hundred boys, the majority of them in knickerbockers, against a thousand grown men, wild with drink and rage against the manufacturer the school had given

They helped him, and in a trice he was sitting astride the wall, bombarding the mob with the water which spouted furiously from the muzzle—thanks to the energy of the pumpers.

I defy any man to stand up against the volume of water which a good fire-hose throws. The strikers round the gate skedaddled pell-mell to escape this formidable onslaught, and no man in the front of the mob could feel secure, for the Captain dodged the muzzle about most impartially, and let them all have a taste of it.

But, alas! Gazing on the retreating figures he forgot the space immediately beneath him.



shelter to.

"It's givin'!
it's givin'!"
was the yell,
as a huge slab
of mortar fell

away from the top hinge of the right gate. The mob bayed like wolves, and their eyes gleamed with the hope that soon they would be fighting at close quarters with their boyish opponents.

But at this juncture the little fellows in the rear raised a loud cry. Oh, most happy inspiration! The Captain and his companions were tugging the school fire-engine down to the gates; and, by Jove! another fine idea—all the fellows who had run off had hastily donned fencing-jackets and helmets, which, as you know, are made of wicker and padded with leather.

They had often practised out in the front here, where was situated a fire-plug in connection with Petershall reservoir. The hose was attached, a score of chaps started pumping, the Captain took command of the muzzle, and brought it to bear full upon the crowd at the gates.

Swish—Swelsh! The great stream of water was drenching and bathing them. But the bars of the gates lessened its force.

"A leg up, some of you!" cried the Captain, running to the wall and beginning to scramble up.

THEY MEANT TO SAVE THE CAPTAIN.

Even as his fellow Greys were cheering and clapping him on, they saw him drop the hose and clutch desperately at the coping of the wall. It was loose, and gave way beneath his desperate strength. He grabbed again—a score of Greys rushed forward—but those on the other side were too powerful and too quick, and before he could be rendered any assistance he had been twitched over the wall into the road—one boy alone amongst a thousand savages.

For a moment the Greys were tongue-tied and limb-tied; the catastrophe had unnerved them. Their Captain was gone!

But another leader was at hand. A master who had only joined the staff that term—fresh from

Oxford—romped up to the spot where the Captain had been pulled over.

"To the rescue—come Greys!"

He was a famous footer man—an International. To get over that wall was the work of a moment with him. As the others surged after him, he dropped into the road and dashed head-first into the crowd, rushing straight for that spot where the fencing-helmet was swaying and reeling amidst overwhelming odds. Had it not been for that helmet and jacket the Captain's life would not have been worth five minutes' purchase.

Over they went, not stopping to count the cost. Over—over—over! Their blood was up; they meant to save the Captain.

"Come on, Greys! To the rescue, Greys! Greyhouse for ever! Follow up, Greys!" and the cry was echoed back and back. Greyhouse knew how to cheer!

Thus they made that mad and desperate charge against an overpowering host.

It was, perhaps, the most anxious moment the head master of Greyhouse had ever experienced, although, goodness knows, he had passed gallantly through some trying ordeals in the course of his career. The flower of his flock—the Captain of his school—was fighting for his life amid that maddened mob—a mob ready to go to any lengths—as ready to commit murder as to rob a beer-house. One of his masters and a score of fellows had gone to the rescue. The gates could not hold out much longer; they were ancient gates, put up before Greyhouse was a school even, and the pressure put upon them was fearful. The pillars upon which they hung had been standing for centuries; they were rotten old pillars.

He must act promptly and with judgment. The safety of hundreds of boys, of his own family, and of the women servants, fearfully watching the fight from afar, depended upon *him*! He was the Wellington of this miniature Waterloo! He made up his mind in two seconds. His great voice roared out and could be heard even above the din and tumult of the conflict.

"Greyhouse! Battalion! Form into half companies—fix bayonets! Steady a moment!"

The cadets fell in and obeyed the word of command as coolly as if they had been on parade. The gates were swaying; the mortar had given way; the strikers were surging against it in a still more compact mass. Their weight had told.

"Steady, Greys!" rang out the Head's voice again. "Stand away from the gates!"

Now a tremendous cheer came from the strikers, and was answered staunchly by the Greys. The mob charged at the gates again, and yet again. Then with—as it seemed—a dying groan, the enormous hinges came away from their three-hundred-year-old beds, and the gates—the pride of Greyhouse—fell with a crash!

"Battalion! Forward!"

As steadily as trained soldiers the Greys ad-

vanced; the line of glittering steel completely filled the yawning space lately occupied by the gates.

The strikers drew back a little, and many of them scaled a bank on the other side of the road. Still they kept up a hail of sticks and stones. The Greys were bleeding, but they stood up gamely.

"Halt!"

The front rank pulled up between the shattered pillars. Behind it the sloping bayonets glistened in the sun, and looked business-like. The leader of the mob was on the bank.

"Coom on, lods! Doan't 'ee be frightened by a pack o' babies playin' at soljers! Coom on!"

So saying, he picked up a half-brick and flung it at the front rank. It struck a Grey, who reeled back. He was passed through to the rear, his place being quickly filled. The leader rushed forward, brandishing his cudgel.

Now the Head's voice rang out again:—

"Battalion! CHARGE!!!"

Though his voice was so clear, Dr. Graham was trembling. On the next few moments depended the issue of this conflict. Could the boys hold their own? Would the strikers stand or fly? If the latter kept their ground their numbers could not but give them the victory. They were ten to one.

The captains of the half companies took up the word.

"Right half company—right wheel! CHARGE!"

"Left half company—left wheel! CHARGE!"

The Greys set their teeth. The sun danced on the steady line of steel. They advanced at the double, wheeling to the right and to the left, and charged full tilt at the mob.

"Greyhouse! Greys for ever! Greys!" The old cry rang out; they dashed forward. Now Greys—steady, and the day is yours!

The strikers wavered—broke—fled—still the steel lines followed, and behind them the whole host of Greys, uttering ringing shouts of victory.

The strikers tore away—anywhere to escape that cold, glittering steel! *Greyhouse was saved!*

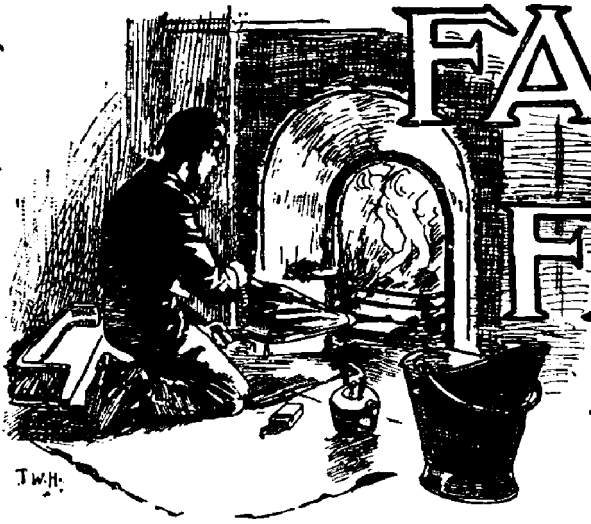
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The Captain was picked up half dead. But he was well by Prize Day. For a fortnight the school infirmary was packed from top to bottom with invalids, and in addition there were forty out-patients.

As for the strikers from Petershall, they weren't out of the wood when they bolted, because they ran straight into the jaws of two hundred picked London policemen, sent down that day for the especial purpose of keeping them quiet.

But that didn't matter. The Greys had defended Greyhouse against an overwhelming host, and the Greys got an extra week summer holidays. So let us fling our caps on high and sing—

"BRAVO, GREYHOUSE!"



FAGS AND FAGGING.

BY AN OLD BOY.

I

is safe to say that not more than one British boy in five hundred has any other meaning for the verb "to fag" than this: "To field at cricket or rounders." And doubtless, in a good many instances, the better informed young gentleman has gained his superior knowledge from the pages of some

enthraling story of public school life. For while in the famous educational establishments where "fagging" still, to some degree, reigns as a system, there are probably at no time more than a few thousand boys, their brothers of the Board and Primary schools are literally to be counted by the million.

Whether the odd four hundred and ninety-nine in our five hundred would take at all kindly to "fagging" in the public-school sense, could they, as Charles Lamb would say, "be brought acquainted with it," is, I think, very doubtful. The Board school youth is, in general, a wild and whirling rebel against constituted authority. Is he in the deeps of the fourth or fifth standard, he treats their highnesses of the sixth and seventh much as the London street arab treats the majesty of the law—he jeers and dodges them. Nor is there any power in the gentle class-monitor, the harassed pupil-teacher, the cane-wielding head master—no, nor in the mysterious, all-embracing "Code" itself, to make him do otherwise. In that contempt for all and sundry he grows up, and sometimes the result is not quite a pleasant one. In the lump he becomes the Democracy, with a very large D.

Yet not so long ago his youthful betters—using the word in its worldly and no doubt somewhat snobbish sense—were going out, generation after generation of them, from luxurious houses to take their place in a school system which made them literally "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to boys often very little, if at all, their senior. It was no use

resisting. Shelley tried it and, it is even said, Byron, but tradition and custom were too strong for them. And brutal as were the "fag-masters" of that time—things are better now by all accounts—the arrangement crushed snobbery and begot a lasting reverence for law and order in the minds of the youthful servitors. Perhaps that is why we have drawn from Eton a Chatham, a Wellington, and a Gladstone; from Harrow a Palmerston and a Peel; while Winchester produced that Napoleon of public school masters, "Arnold of Rugby" himself. Those best bear rule who have earliest learned to serve, and the unpaid servitude of "fagging" still affords one of the most valuable lessons the public school can teach. The lesson is not so severe as it once was, for all that.

"Fagging," whether at Eton, Rugby, Harrow, Winchester, or elsewhere, has always included two sets of duties—those which the "fag," owed to one particular "upper boy," and those which he must discharge, in common with all other fags, when called upon by any "upper boy" whatever. In addition to these there were, and probably still are, tasks which fell to one or more fags either arbitrarily or in rotation. Such, as a rule, was the duty of attending to the fires in the general apartments. The fire of each "upper boy" was kept up by his own special fag.

Fires, indeed, whether public or private, have provided whole generations of fags with more or less unwelcome labour. In the old day of the Winchester School, every "commoner"—there were twelve of these august persons—had a "boiler fag" of his own, whose business it was to provide his master each morning with a sufficient quantity of hot water for that worthy's needs.

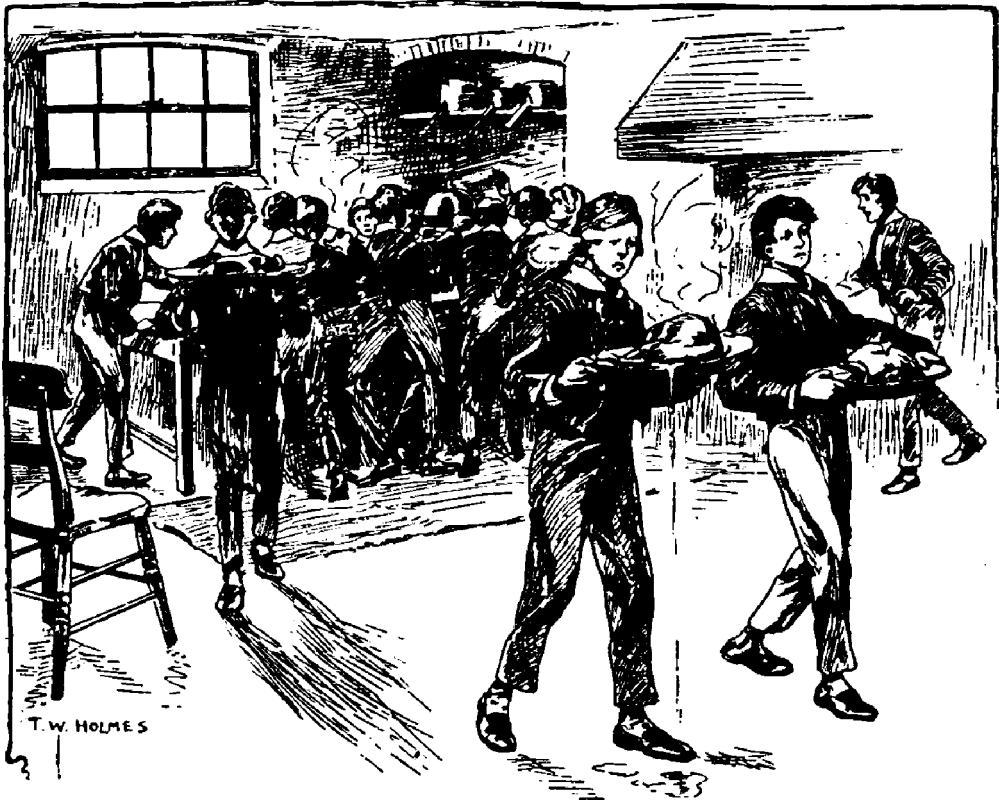
Upon the stroke of "first peal"—a dismal bell, rung by an even more dismal "fag"—the "boiler fag" started from his slumbers, tossed about his shivering form a species of horse-cloth with a hole in the middle to permit the

passage of his head, and started downstairs for the newly-kindled fire in "Writing School." Eleven other "fags" raced with him and fought for the hottest corner of the smouldering coals, into which to thrust their dingy metal funnels, filled with water that seemed as if it had forgotten how to boil. A curious sight those twelve wretched little figures must have been, crouching over the smoky fire in their "ponchos."

A great responsibility rested also upon the shoulders of the two fags who were told off to the upper fireplace in the Long Chamber at Eton. They were the high priests of that strange institution known to the Windsor School as "Fireplace," and which reigned nightly from 10 to 10.30 between October and Easter. As

and the fire was "passed." Once approved, or "let off," the fire was surrounded by a ring of beds, and the inhabitants of "the Long" settled down thereon to enjoy a second and unofficial supper—at least, those did who had the wherewithal. The others hung round or "cadged" for unconsidered trifles.

Time was when poker and tongs were unheard-of luxuries at Harrow, and a stout hedge-stake did duty for the absent steel. Such substitutes, however effective, could not, in the nature of things, see very long service, and at the call of "lag poker" from one of the studies, or from a general fireside, the junior fag had to rush off into the cold to requisition a new "iron" from a faggot stack or hedgerow. Uncongenial as



A DIVE WAS MADE FOR THE TRENCHERS.

early as 7.45 the fire was built up, and for the next hour the fags coaxed their charge into a glowing red. Then a couple of large blocks—if inevitable three, but no more—were carefully fitted on top, and at 9.15 to the minute, the lower coals were raked out. A quarter of an hour later the ceremony was repeated, and then the captain of "the Long"—who was also captain of the "Fireplace,"—was called upon to judge the result. If the precious top-blocks had caved in, woe to the unlucky fags, who were sent on duty for the next night, and, if necessary, the next, until they learned to do adequate justice to the dignity of "Fireplace." But if a kindly sixth form boy chose to break down the unsatisfactory "crust" with his heel, they were held guiltless

this sudden dive into the inhospitable night may have been, the fag who had it to make was in better case than his fellow at Eton, who had to "saw logs" for the open hearth in "Carter's chamber" or run up from "school" to a shop by the Windsor Bridge, and bring back "two or three pecks of coal" in his gown, slinging this useful article of apparel over each shoulder by a lightly-grasped corner.

Not only was the fag an expert stoker—he was a valet, a cook, and, in some cases, a waiter and a chamber-maid. In the days of "the Long," that famous Eton dormitory whose glory departed with the invasion of the cubicle, the fag made his master's bed, and was liable, we are told, should he get the thick middle seam of the

ticking inwards, and so disturb his master's repose, to be hauled out of his own warm couch about 11 p.m., and run up the room to rectify his error.

The "valet fag" was at one time to be seen in all his wretched glory in the Gownboy's Hall of the Charterhouse. There the twelve lower boys took it in turn to serve the four monitors in the capacity of "basin fags," or "basinites." Their business was to call up these sleepy magnates at five minutes to the hour of "first school," to rush their lords at a violent pace into their vestments, and "get them there"—somehow—in time. If any "basinite" failed in this exacting duty he was called up and made to run the gauntlet of a flicking, administered by all four monitors with wet towels.

"Flicking" on the body or the palms, with the alternative of a smart series of slaps on the cheeks, during which the delinquent "held down" his hands, was, and possibly is, the favourite punishment of the offended "fag-master." Flicking was, on the whole, the more painful of the two.

If the care of the fire is one of the invariable duties of the fag, preparing toast is another. All "upper boys" at public schools eat toast and have done so from time immemorial. The Charterhouse boasted—it may do yet—a special kind of toast, demanding much skill on the part of the fag.

This consisted of a roll, closely rasped, thickly buttered, and then toasted all over an even brown. The fag who could turn out this delicacy in perfection was a treasure beyond price. At Eton the fag with a genius for cooking ventured on bolder flights and prepared, we are credibly assured, sausages, and even steaks, in the sanctity of "the Long." But anyone who has any knowledge of the culinary perversity of milk can sympathise with the "milk-fag" of the old Charterhouse who had to wrestle with a mighty saucepan, humouring the contents upon an awkward fire and beseeching Providence that it might not burn. For burnt milk in the coffee of the "uppers" meant sorrow for the amateur cook who was responsible for the disaster.

The "lower boys" at Eton who were "collegers" had to play the part of waiters on an

inconveniently large scale. They were "paraded" before dinner in a kind of cellar ante-room leading to the main kitchen, where the joints of mutton legs, necks, breasts, and shoulders were set out on pewter dishes, swimming with gravy. At a given moment the waiting "lowers" were admitted to the inner room, and a dive was made for the trenchers. It was merely the office of the fags to carry the joints upstairs to the "messes" in hall. But the dishes were heavy and "hall" long, and the cunning "lowers" knew that if they could get a favourite joint—a leg or a breast—they would be relieved of it almost as soon as they crossed the threshold of the great dining-room. Hence the scramble, after which, supplemented

by a climb with a joint and a tilting dish, the smaller fags found themselves plentifully besmeared with grease and gravy.

Stoker, cook, valet, chamber-maid and waiter—to these functions the dauntless fag added (at least he did at Eton) the duties of a charwoman. After four, every Saturday, a detachment of fags scrubbed down the three big tables and removed—no light matter—the complicated stains of the preceding seven days. Once a week, in the cricket season, these same deal tables had to be carried down to Poets' Walk for the "Upper Club" tea. The cumbrous things appeared to move of their own volition—

it took a second glance to discover the thin legs of the supporting fag wading defiantly with his burden. Once arrived at Poets' Walk, a gipsy fire had to be built, a kettle boiled, and the "uppers'" rolls and butter purveyed. When the tea was over the tables had to be carted back again.

That the fags' work became at times positively menial, our instance of the scrubbed tables will show. Sometimes its menial quality partook of the quaint, as when the Winchester fags cleared out their coffee boilers with grass sods, and when the Eton ones dried the plates of the lordly sixth on their—the fags'—surplices after using these ecclesiastical vestments for tablecloths.

General "fagging"—that is, casual obedience to the orders of any "uppers" who might not have their own fags handy, or who desired



MADE HIS MASTER'S BED.

further assistance—was usually of the “fetch and carry” order. Sometimes it involved “fagging-out” at cricket, racquets, fives, or even football. In Dr. Butler’s time at Harrow, a feat often attempted at the last game was to kick the ball over the school into the road beyond. Should it fail to clear the ridge, it fell back to the parapet, where, of course, it remained. For this reason a fag was usually posted behind the parapet to return the strayed “leather.” On a bitterly cold December day the position was not inviting, and might even have been described as dangerous.

One duty of the Charterhouse fags, that of “keeping goal” when playing football in the “Cloisters”—the resort of the school on a rainy day—was, however, not less risky and much more exciting. Doors at each end of the “Cloisters” formed the goals, and these the fags guarded in a compact body. The game resolved itself into a series of scrimmages “in goal,” some of which scrimmages, we are told, lasted as long as three-quarters of an hour. No wonder the fags emerged from them with rent garments and bruised limbs! The license of the sport was great—when some invader of the goal put a hand on a piece of projecting masonry, or some such convenient point of leverage, the watchful fags might hammer his knuckles with their fists to make him abandon it. It is not

surprising to learn that this kind of football was peculiar to the Charterhouse.

Add to these arduous tasks and enforcedly desperate “recreations” the fact that the lower boy” knew what it was to be hungry, and the finishing touch is put to this sketch of the fag as he used to be. An old collegier has written that he often, by reason of his fagging duties and other luckless accidents, had nothing from dinner at two till ten o’clock the next morning, and that he has gnawed the chump end of a loin of mutton—shared with another fag, and obtained by sheer good fortune at the end of an unprosperous day—with a dog’s manners and a dog’s appetite.

Many, if not all of these things, have been done away with. Fagging survived them, because in its essence it was right; it taught the world of boys to recognise that, as in the world of men, the way to power is through service. It did more than that—it taught them that there is nothing really ignoble in the discharge of necessary commonplace domestic tasks, and it taught that lesson to those who were mostly likely to need it—the sons of the noble and the rich. I see grave reason to doubt whether, if it had not been for fagging at our public schools, our aristocracy would have been as vigorous and as free from snobbery as it has. And I am not suggesting that it has ever attained perfection in either of these respects.

OLD BOYS' DINNERS.

We generally find that Old Boys’ dinners are melancholy affairs. The Old Boys regard each other with suspicion. The man who has left only a term or two wonders who on earth the bearded pard on his right may be. Then men who were also contemporaries very often don’t know each other. You stare and stare at the man opposite to you and wonder who the Moses he is. It is the fault, gentlemen, of his drooping yellow moustache which hides what you would recognise him by first—his mouth. Some of us are recognised by our noses first, some by our laughter, and some by our legs. As you warm up towards the end of the evening you discover that the yellow-moustached gent occupied the bed next to yours for several terms in Dormitory 41. You also recollect that he has owed you fourpence for eight years—with accumulated interest. But, ah! how do the mighty fall! See the school bully now! He, a tremendous and fearful object in our first-form days, has now an insignificant appearance, and a subdued—not to say frightened—manner. Is this the monster who seemed to have eyes all round his head? Is this the heavily-booted ruffian who could kick his fag half across his study? You feel surprised to find yourself

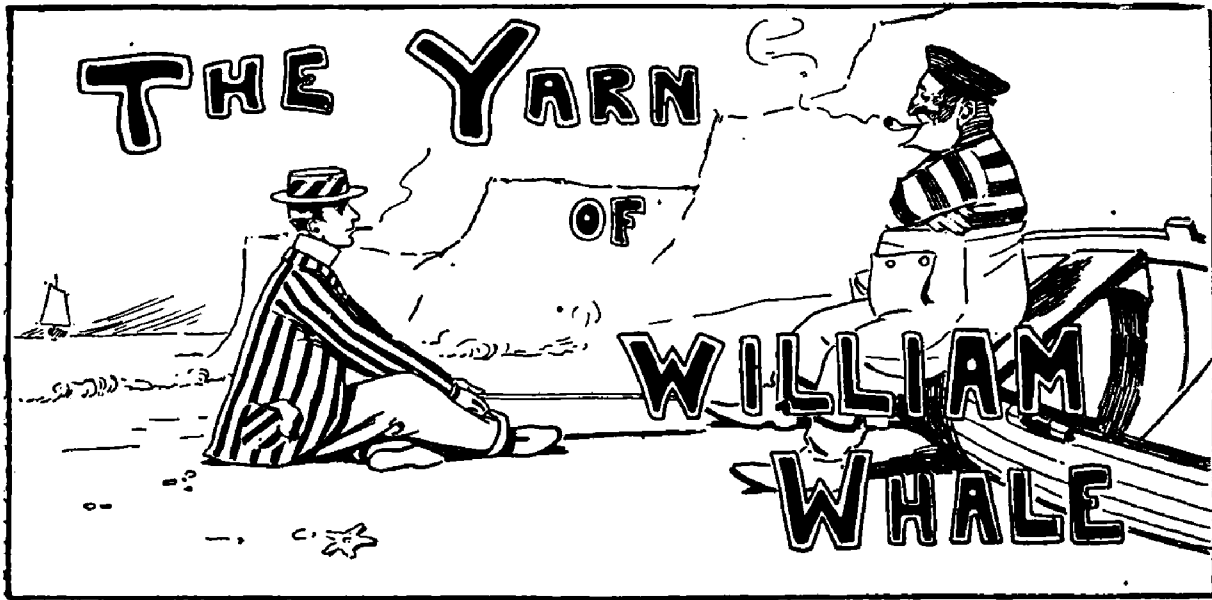


THE BULLY THAT WAS.

chatting with him on quite confidential terms—though it strikes you as curious that you are not “waiting” on him, or trembling lest the pudding should have given him indigestion!

But there is no reason why Old Boys’ dinners should not be functions as merry as our dormitory suppers were. You should imagine that you are travelling on an Alpine railway, and that an avalanche has effectually boxed you up for forty-eight hours. Under these circumstances it is obvious that to treat your fellow passengers in a cold and distant manner would be the height of impudence, since they may be able to provide you with the means of subsistence; so you all thaw, and before eight of the eight-and-forty hours have passed you will be calling each other Jones and Smith, and playing “cat’s-cradle” with each other. So let us apply that remedy to an Old Boys’ dinner. Imagine that you have got to stay in the dining-room for two days and two nights, that your diet will be largely vegetarian, and that your acquaintance with the grape will be entirely in its unsqueezed form—then you

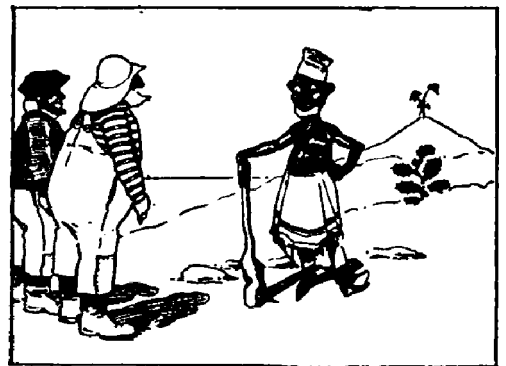
will all be the best friends together, and what begins so solemnly will end up in an atmosphere of hearty good fellowship.



WRITTEN BY FRED GILLETT. ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GILLETT.

I'm a genuine ancient salt.
 My name is William Whale.
 Our ship was at sea
 In latitude three,
 'Twas blowing a fearful gale.
 Our vessel was nearly drowned :
 Her bulwarks were badly cracked,
 Her lee-scuppers split,
 And her masts in a fit,
 But her anchor remained intact.
 This anchor, I'm glad to say,
 Pneumatical was inclined ;
 With air all a'bloat
 It kept us afloat.
 What? Never yet seen that kind?

The rest of the crew,
 The passengers too,



The man at the wheel and I
 Three nights and a day held on.

On divers affairs had gone.
 "Ah, Jacob!" said I to him,
 "A longing for home I feel."
 He shifted his eye,
 Which seemed to imply,
 "Don't talk to the man at the wheel!"
 Unsociable was that man.
 I never yet met a more
 Unsociable—Stay!
 Belay, there, belay!
 Behold ye! We reached the shore.
 Well, then we dismounted and walked,
 Delighted to reach the land,
 When, lo and behold!
 A gentleman old
 In front of us took his stand.

He said, in his native tongue,
 "No bathing is here allowed!
 One shilling, please, each!"



We stood on the beach
 And paid the above. He bowed.
 "Delighted," said he, "you've come,
 For trade is by no means large.
 I trust you will stay—
 Two guineas per day
 For lodging is all I charge.
 Two houses I have to let,
 Magnificent sea-front view!
 Prime ozone in slabs!
 And thousands of crabs!
 Exactly the thing for you!"

The man at the wheel and I,
 Had never been known to miss
 An offer so fair,
 Unselfish and square,
 And so we accepted this.

The elderly native man
 Conducted us round the isle,
 And showed us the sights
 And desert delights—
 At seven-and-six per mile.



He showed us the raging surf
 (Not charging to see it twice)
 The sun as it set
 (For two shillings nett),

And the sand (which was cheap at the
 price).
 He showed us the fish and fowl,
 The flora and fauna, too;
 And Jacob and me
 We never did see
 So much (at the price) in the Zoo.
 We lived like two fighting cocks;
 Though we didn't fight, so to speak.
 That elderly cuss
 Was a mother to us,
 And sent in his bill each week.

Things went very smooth and straight
 Till Wednesday, June the third.
 On (or after) this date,
 I'm orry to state,
 A luckless event occurred.
 A penny saloon steam-boat
 (Twice daily from Rosherville
 To Cape of Good Hopc,
 With cargo of soap),
 In front of our isle stood still.



The captain he came ashore,
 And offered to take us back
 To England, Yeo-ho!
 But I answered, "No!"
 Though Jacob was on that tack.
 So Jacob and he went off.
 I gazed at the boundless blue,
 And argued, "Ah! this
 Is what I call bliss."
 I was monarch of all I surview.

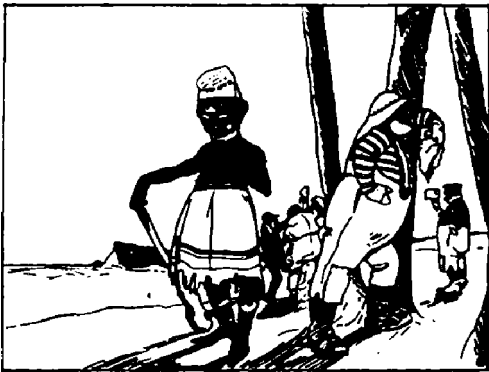
How hollow is earthly joy!
 How little did I foresee—
 Why didn't I guess
 What a thundering mess
 Mate Jacob would make of me
 As soon as he reached the land
 He let the whole secret out
 To Sammy and Ben,
 Two young fishermen,
 And that's how it got about.

He told them in glowing terms
Of that island beyond the sea,
And said that he thought



That seaside resort
The place for a sumptuous spree.
He told of the ancient man
Who lived on that balmy isle,
Whose charges were so
Unusually low,
Viz., seven-and-six per mile.

Said Sammy, on hearing this,
"Say, Ben, shall we take the trip?"
Said Ben, "Let us go
To this very nice show!"
So they started to man a ship.



They took with them other chaps—
Not gentlemen, I surmise;
But men of the kind
You frequently find
In burgling enterprise!

Strolling the sands one day,
Enjoying the sad sea's moan,
Surveying the larks
Of oysters and sharks—
I fell with a hollow groan.

"All over!" I cried in grief.
"All over! My dreams of bliss!
I was always afraid
A trip would be made
By trippers as cheap as this!"
They reddened the coast with rows,
Bad language, and fights, and beer.
I stood it a week,
Then felt I must seek
A sadder but milder sphere.
One morning I packed my kit,
Shed tears at the farewell touch
Of the elderly gent,
And settled the rent.
(His charges were never much.)
But just as I left the place,
Some cannibals passing by,
War-hooted, "Menu!"
The excursionists slew,
And feasted on burglar pic.



MORAL.

If ever you chance to find,
True bliss on some earthly spot
Don't tell it to men
Like Sammy and Ben—
Monopolise all you've got!



THE RED RAM.

BY ASCOTT R. HOPE.

Author of "Hero and Heroine," "Cap and Gown Comedy," etc., etc.

Illustrated by Dudley Cleaver.

CHAPTER I.

THERE came a sharp knocking at the door of our schoolroom, as the hopeful hour of noon drew near. At this end, Dr. Worgler, the principal of "Cambridge Hall," was conducting a lesson on history. At the other, Mr. Nunn, the second master, presided patiently over a class of backward Latin scholars. Between them a great clattering of pencils arose round Mr. Delaney, the junior master, little more than a schoolboy himself, who was perhaps watching the clock as impatiently as any of his pupils. In the general hum and restless stir that knock passed unheeded at first, but was repeated till a small fellow at the end of the form stood up to call attention to such a welcome interruption.

"There's someone at the door, sir."

"Very good. See who it may be," commanded Dr. Worgler, with the dignity he put into his slightest order, for our Head, though a little man in body, was great in demeanour.

Even under the eye of this potentate there was a general movement of curiosity, while the small boy, glad of a chance to stretch his legs five minutes before the rest of us, scuttled towards the door, from which three or four steps led awkwardly down into the schoolroom. No sooner had he opened it than the head of another boy popped in, after an abrupt jack-in-the-box fashion, as if he had been caught peeping at the keyhole. His head did not so much interest us as his cap, that purple badge by which we recognised him as one of our proud neighbours, the College boys, whom we vainly affected to belittle by calling them Cauliflowers, but looked up to them in our envious hearts.

Head and cap were so quickly drawn back that we might well guess them unwilling to trust themselves in any strange school, but as suddenly reappeared again, this time accompanied by the body and sprawling limbs that belonged to them. Propelled from behind, where a subdued titter could be heard, the stranger came tumbling down the steps and fell in a heap on the floor, making a

fine mess of his Eton jacket and broad white collar. He had not done us the civility of doffing his cap, but that came off of itself, and he also dropped a letter he was carrying in his hand. The chuckling without swelled to a laugh, and a grin spread over our faces within, at once repressed by a rebukeful glance from that great little master of ours.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked, in his most withering tones. "Is this the way you are taught to enter a room?"

Covered with dust and blushes, the College emissary had picked himself up, also his cap and the letter. Whether in confusion or impudence, the first thing he did was to stick the purple cap on the back of his curly head, then he threw down the letter on the nearest desk, and, without an audible word, fled from before Dr. Worgler's frowns. He did not take the trouble to shut the door behind him; and we heard how three or four of his invisible comrades laughingly scurried off along the passage, having thus discharged their mission at the gates of a hostile tribe.

"I should be sorry if the youngest boy in this school did not know how to behave himself better," quoth our master, grimly. "Close the door, and bring me that letter. Ha!—to the Secretary of the Football Club. This must wait till school is over."

He looked at me, the reader's humble servant being that official. Everybody looked at the letter,

knowing what an important decision it brought. Dr. Worgler himself was more concerned than it became him to confess. After a perfunctory attempt to go on with the lesson for a minute or two, as if we were not all eyes and ears for another subject, the hand of the clock pointing now almost to the hour, he shut his book, and took up the letter, his fingers as well as mine itching to open it. Without any apology to me he tore across the imposing armorial bearings on the envelope, which I should like to have kept for my collection of crests. As he glanced over the contents his black-bearded face lit up, and in an exultant voice he read out aloud:—



CAME TUMBLING DOWN THE STEPS.

"The College,
"November 16th.

"DEAR SIR,—I have to acknowledge your challenge to our second team. Their match for next Wednesday having been scratched, they could play you that day on our ground. Kick-off at 2.45. Kindly let us know at once if this will suit you.—Yours truly,

"F. JONES, Secretary.

"P.S.—Masters barred.

"To the Hon. Secretary, Football Club,
"Cambridge Hall."

When the reader gets on a little further, he will understand why this communication was received with a cheer, which Dr. Worgler—himself in high excitement—repressed for the instant, only to raise louder applause by giving out:—

"There will be a half-holiday this afternoon. Boys, you must practise—the credit of your school is at stake! This is nothing less than an event in our history!"

As soon as the bustle of taking marks and putting away books was over, the boys streamed out to the playground, all but myself. At a word from the head, I hobbled after him into his "Library," as he somewhat grandiloquently called the little room in which he sought retreat from the cares of office. You may as well know at once how I could not play football. It is my misfortune to have a club foot, and to stump about all my life in a peculiarly-formed boot. Dr. Worgler was great on every boy taking part in the games, but all I could do was to be secretary, as writing a good hand, and giving coarser spirits an opening for a jest against my infirmity. Luckily, I was not very sensitive on the point, and got on well enough with my lameness so long as left to my own devices. Luckily, also, in my case, I was a studious lad, and, though not nearly the oldest in the school, I stood at the head of the highest class, sometimes even put to teach the younger ones, so that what Dr. Worgler called his "staff" could be criticised as consisting of two men and a boy.



I HOBBLLED AFTER HIM.

Under his dictation, it was now my duty to write an answer to the College team, in my best hand and on the master's best notepaper, where our heading of crest and motto swelled itself like a frog to rival the elaborate seal of that time-honoured neighbour. To me, Dr. Worgler did not conceal his satisfaction that our challenge had been accepted, and, though at first he talked of sending a complaint on the manner in which the missive from the College had been delivered, he gave up that idea for fear of spoiling the contest now in train. Another thing that ruffled him was the postscript as to masters being barred.

"Mr. Delaney is the captain of our team," he observed to me. "At many schools his age would make him a pupil rather than a master. I might just as well call him a senior prefect."

This point, however, he would not insist upon, too glad to be allowed to play the College on any terms. When the letter was finished he put a stamp on it, saying:—

"Let us show them that I don't use my pupils as page-boys. You can take this up to the post before dinner; that will be a little exercise for you. And while you are about it, you may send off this telegram for me." He scribbled a few words on a telegraph form. "Be as quick as you can about that."

Always pleased to get a walk up town, I started off

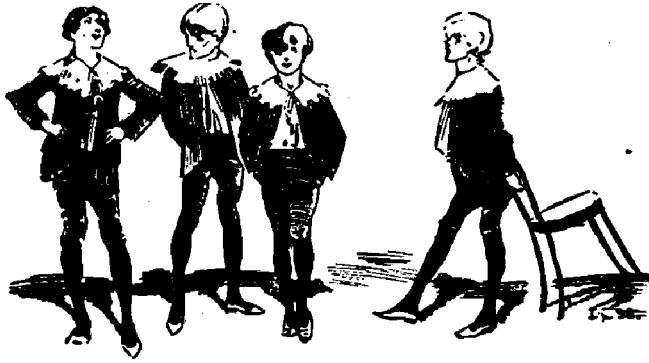
through the streets, which at this hour were so lively with youngsters, but only twice a week might the light blue colours of Cambridge Hall be seen here, unless worn by our handful of day boys. It is at nine in the morning that these streets present the most remarkable spectacle. Two minutes before the hour they are thronged with boys and girls, on their way to different schools: the "creeping unwillingly" seems to be much a matter of the past. The clock strikes, and in two minutes more, save for a hurrying laggard here and there, all is as still as the side of Ben Ledi when Roderick Dhu's warriors disappeared at a wave of his hand. For it is well

known how this town has richer educational endowments, in proportion to its size, than any other of the kingdom, unless perhaps Edinburgh and Bedford. Then its healthy and pleasant situation has gone towards making it a place of schools, with instruction for its staple, as coal is at Newcastle or steel at Sheffield. It gets thus a considerable floating population of retired officers, Anglo-Indian and other unattached families who come to settle here for a time, at least, while they have children to put to school. The rest of the inhabitants, I fancy, must be chiefly teachers, school book-sellers, professional cricketers, school servants and such like.

In my time the Mayor of the town was a drawing master, the captain of the volunteers an I.L.D.; the belle of the balls taught gymnastics to girls; and, of course, the Rector took pupils to read for the universities.

There is, first of all, the original foundation, grown so wealthy that about a generation ago it split up into three establishments—the College, which lifts its head proudly above the rest; the Grammar School, for what is called middle-class education; and the Endowed School, for humbler scholars, such as the pious founder had originally held at heart to benefit. The pupils of these three branches of the same stem, hold, or are held, much apart from each other, facetiously distinguished as “Nobs,” “Snobs,” and “Roughs.” In our own day has been added a High School for girls; and preparatory schools have sprung up for the younger members of the families who fill these institutions—so numerous that playing fields form the commonest feature of the surrounding scenery. An observant foreigner, who once visited the town in the football season, is said to have gone back with the impression that we brutal islanders kept a gallows standing on every open space!

Various private schools naturally pitched themselves about such a camp of education. There was Holly Lodge, nicknamed the “Juvenile House of Correction,” its master ill-famed as a prickly disciplinarian. On the other side of the road stood that “Refuge for the Destitute,” which the postman knew as Milton House. Rugby House was further down, near the station; and in a sheltered situation beyond lay Lilac Lawn, the Misses Dalton’s establishment for delicate boys, rudely spoken of as the “Dollies.” There were several other schools, of which I need only mention, as last and newest on the list, Cambridge Hall, which had me as its most advanced pupil—and that was not much to boast of. I have heard since that our nickname among our neighbours was the “Dunces’ Delight,” our master being understood to lay himself out for big stupid boys who might be good at games.



THE “DOLLIES.”

Why Dr. Worgler, on removing here from Margate, had christened his new school after Cambridge, there is no saying; nor why he affected to take that university as a model, devoted himself to the cult of the light blue, and professed to look down on all things Oxonian, even to the Oxford locals. His doctorship certainly came from neither of these two universities; its origin was as much a mystery as his own. He did not like to be called anything but an Englishman, and got quite angry if you talked to him about Austria. He spoke English almost too perfectly, while some slight accent still betrayed him as a foreigner by birth; but he sought

to carry that off by seeming more English than a born John Bull, especially in his zeal for cricket and football. Not that he played at any such games himself, but he posed as a critic and amateur of them to the point of fanaticism. I am afraid it will appear, before we have done with him, that our Doctor was a bit of a humbug, though he had his good points, and succeeded in impressing himself on many parents as an eminent educationalist. I never could be sure whether his athletic enthusiasm was genuine or only a matter of policy. At all events, he fell in with a fashion of the day by seeking to make athletics the strong point of his school, and a good many of his scholars quite agreed with him that lessons were an affair that might well be thrown into the background.

In the scholastic society of the place Cambridge Hall had not yet been received with open arms, a fact Dr. Worgler was inclined to put down to the “Oxford prejudices” he found prevalent here. Our challenge to the cricket eleven of the Grammar School had actually been refused. Holly Lodge and Rugby House also had looked haughtily on our advances; and even the poor Dollies were not allowed to encounter us, on some feeble pretence of our field being damp. Looking further afield, we offered ourselves as rivals to a public school in the next county, which replied by the practical insult of offering to send us a house eleven. But the Cambridge Hall Doctor was not to be easily rebuffed. When the football season came round he had prompted our team into aspiring to match themselves with the second eleven of the College, that House of Lords in our little world. A day or two had passed without an answer, which came at length in the manner of which the reader has been a witness. All this about the circumstances of the impending contest, he may as well learn while I am limping up town to post that letter which sealed our triumph, for, whether vanquished or victorious, to have played against the College would of itself be glory enough, and might teach those stuck-up

Grammar School boys what they ought to think of us.

I duly posted the letter and sent off the telegram, the wording of which I naturally looked at, but it did not much interest me, beyond the queer name of the person to whom it was addressed—one MacGubbin, in some street of Birmingham. "Come by first train," ran the message, which should bring him soon, the metropolis of the Midlands being only an hour or two's journey away; but, of course, his coming was no business of mine, and I had a vague notion of MacGubbin as a builder who had done some repairs about the house.

As I turned back across the market place I met Mr. Nunn coming out of the "Red Ram," that well-known house which made in our small town as noted a landmark as the "Grand Hotel" or the "Elephant and Castle" in London. You must not suppose Dr. Worgler's chief assistant a man to frequent public-houses; the "Red Ram's" license having been taken away by the magistrates, it had lately been turned into a reading room, a daily visit to which made Mr. Nunn's only relaxation. Being very short sighted he took no part in our sports, but was the mainspring of what work went on at Cambridge Hall. It was whispered among us that he gave private lessons to Mr. Delaney when the boys had gone to bed. We all guessed that Dr. Worgler himself did not know half as much as this self-taught B.A., who had begun life as a Board School teacher, and risen to be a London graduate. We were rather proud of Mr. Nunn in a way, though he did not lay himself out for popularity.—a quiet, dry man with a great talent for holding his tongue and minding his own business. But to me, as a hopeful pupil, he sometimes grew confidential; and now, catching sight of me, he waited at the corner that we might walk back together. I told him what my errand had been into the town.

"Good job it is to be over on Wednesday!" was his remark. "I fear there will be no work got out of any of you till then."

"Don't you approve of football matches, sir?"

"H'm!" said Mr. Nunn—a favourite ejaculation of his, charged with as much meaning as Lord Burleigh's celebrated nod.

"All work and no play, you know, sir?" laughed I.

"H'm, it's all play and no work with some of you here. Boys come to school to learn other things than football."

"Yes, but isn't it a good thing to teach fellows to play manly games?" quoth I, who, as an outsider, had read up the question in newspapers.

"Teaching them to kick and to hack, which they learn fast enough of themselves," said Mr. Nunn, and, as I looked puzzled over this deliverance, he added, "That's a quotation from a standard author. Don't you misunderstand me. Football is a first-rate game, no doubt about that; though neither you nor I are fit for it. Play is natural to young people, and good for them. But play in its right place, not made a serious business of, as is coming to be the way now. Your heads are so full of competitions and challenges that there is no getting you to attend to anything else;

and in this school—" Mr. Nunn pulled himself up abruptly; indeed, it was seldom that he made so long a speech.

"All the papers say that the rage for football is a good thing," persisted I, since this master had often encouraged me to argue with him.

"H'm—yes! There are more unhealthy forms of excitement. The Romans took theirs in the form of seeing 'professionals' matched in deadly combat against men and animals; and that was no sign of manly virtue in them. The Spaniards to-day pay gate-money to see a maddened bull done to death; and their children are encouraged to practise cruelty upon a calf, when they ought to be attacking vulgar fractions. We haven't gone that length; perhaps in the next generation it may be the fashion at schools to turn a young referee out on the playground to be knocked about."

There was a sly twinkle in Mr. Nunn's eye, which showed me what to make of his humorous complaint; and I could only laugh, having nothing more to say. Then he dropped into a serious tone.

"No, never say that I don't like to see boys at play, especially those who have deserved it—and those who are good for little else. But I grumble at them thinking of nothing but 'footer,' as they call it, from morning till night. I am behind the times, you see, and I can't help remembering that most of you fellows have to make your living. The question is, will the business of professional football player be good enough for all the athletic ignoramuses that are turned out of schools nowadays?"

"We don't give more time to 'footer' than they do at other schools—the College boys, say?"

"H'm! The College boys manage to get in some other work. The captain of their team won a Trinity scholarship last term."

"Surely, sir, you agree that it's a grand thing for our school to play the College?"

"We'll see," quoth Mr. Nunn oracularly, as the sound of the first dinner bell called on us to make haste towards Cambridge Hall. The doubt in his tone would have been justified, could we have foreseen all that was to come of Dr. Worgler's ambition for athletic renown.

CHAPTER II.

At dinner-time nothing was being talked about but that match with the College fellows. Those of us who had it not were bound to assume the virtue of interest in football during its season. Dr. Worgler, upon public school precedents, went the length of frowning down what he called "childish sports," as trenching on those solemn functions which he exalted as "*the games*." There were only some three dozen of us all told, and nearly half the boarders had "got their blue," as he expressed it. All of them, and as many of the day boys as could be pressed on half-holidays—some, of course, needed little pressing for this task—had to play football, willy-nilly, or at least to look on at the prowess of the two sides picked by Croft, our best player, who on that score ranked as captain of the school, and Mr. Delaney, who

might have been put down in the prospectus of Cambridge Hall as its football master. Some of our "prefects" were not above being bribed by inactive urchins to let them off, but Mr. Delaney would be no party to such corruption.

This instructor of youth was a dashing, good-looking young man, with an eyeglass and a London tailor, not a bad fellow in his rather uppish way, who seemed never to have got over his astonishment at finding himself an usher in a far from first-rate private school. Only that year he had been "superannuated" at one of our most famous public schools, where he seemed to have profited less in mind than muscle, and found nothing for it but to put down his name on the books of a Scholastic Agent. Thus he came to be engaged by our head, with so little discrimination that it turned out Mr. Delaney had always played "Rugby," and great was his contempt at discovering that we were what he stigmatised as a "Socker Shop!" But, since the College and our other neighbours favoured the Association rules, Dr. Worgler would not hear of a change, so this Rugby champion had to adapt himself accordingly, and soon took kindly enough to that other form of the game, in which it was his business to coach us.

Us, say I, who for one was out of it. When all the others went out into the field that raw, damp November afternoon, I alone might be privileged to sit by the schoolroom fire, poring keenly over "Marmion," or "The Last of the Barons," or some other tale of warlike deeds, in which a cripple could have taken no part, unless the knights of old had any need of a secretary. I was allowed to spend my half-holidays as I pleased, poor compensation as that seemed for not being able to run about like the rest of them. It was only when the gathering dusk made me hold the small print of Scott's verses close to my eyes that I put down the book and strolled out to see how the game was getting on.

They were at it still, the two teams dovetailing in and out of each other, as the ball thudded backwards and forwards, while the residuum of the school made only a small knot of chilly spectators. The more noticeable became the arrival of a stranger, who entered the field at the same time as myself, but from the opposite side, vaulting a gate by which ran a footpath to the station, so that we met half-way beside that group of onlookers.

He was a short, thick-set lad, well on in his teens, dressed in a knickerbocker suit of coarse tweed, and carrying a heavy Gladstone bag on his shoulder, which he set down as he stopped to watch the game. A weather-worn cap, stuck saucily on the back of his head, showed the

most extraordinary shock of hair I ever saw. It was a vivid red, the colour of a new brick, and twisting over his forehead into stiff curls that might almost be called horns. His face, too, was red, in the shade of raw beef, and the same hue on his bull-neck contrasted with a dirty blue collar. One's first impression of him was that he seemed on sanguine terms with himself and his digestion, and that this permanent blush gave no sign of over-modesty. Not in the least disconcerted by the silent stares which greeted him, he squatted down on the end of his bag, and, with one eye knowingly half-closed, addressed himself to critical observation.

Mr. Delaney had the ball, and was dribbling it along in his scientific way, well willing to show off before a judicious spectator, while the opposing halves and backs of the other side were not too bold to tackle him. We always called the master's side the "Government," and their adversaries were the "Opposition." But the play of both sides failed to arouse the stranger's admiration, if one might judge by his expressive snorts, and the clever dribbler himself he apostrophised sarcastically.

"Give 'em a pass, can't you? Let the kids have a chance, man! Go for him! Play up! Why don't you take it from him?" he shouted to the "Opposition."

Thus inspired, more than one of the shrinking backs charged Mr. Delaney, who for his part let his attention wander for a moment to that unexpected critic; and, somehow or other, the master, forgetting that he had renounced Rugby rules, gave a push to his foremost assailant.

"Foul! No handling!" was the cry from the other side.

"Not a bit of it!" replied Mr. Delaney. "He ran against my hand."

"A beastly foul!" pronounced the stranger, with authority.

"Of course they must have a free kick!"

If you can imagine the head master of Eton corrected in a quantity by some school boot-boy, you will have a faint idea of Mr. Delaney's amazement at hearing such a judgment passed against him; and the very way in which he put up his eye-glass against this red-headed Daniel was a silent question: "Who asked your opinion?" But the stranger loudly reiterated his verdict, the "Opposition" players clamorously echoing it; and as he seemed to speak the voice of public opinion, not to say of justice, our athletic arbiter was fain to give way.

The ball was placed then for a free kick. Forwards and backs on the respective sides moved up, their captain directing them to the point of danger. Croft advanced, trippingly measuring the space with his eye. It was a



CARRYING A HEAVY GLADSTONE BAG.

momentous crisis, for a good kick, well followed up, might give him the game.

He kicked true and strong. The ball rose above the heads of the players in front, describing a graceful parabola straight towards the goal. Its watchful guardian lost his head, overcome by a sense of responsibility, and by the fierce yell sent at him by his captain:—

"Don't touch it, you idiot!"

It was too late. The goal-keeper had come a yard forward with hands stretched out as awkwardly as those of a scarecrow. He made a feeble kick, the result of which was that the ball just grazed his knee, turning aside and rolling between the posts into the net.

"Goal!" bellowed the unknown critic, like a bull of Bashan. "Goal!" roared the victors; and goal it was since the ball had been touched. All Mr. Delaney could do was to lose his temper a little, and he was running up to box the ears of that witless blunderer. But now some of the other side had taken to punting about the ball in their exultation; and the stranger coolly advanced upon the field, with a cry:—

"Here! Let a chap show you the way to kick!"

Thus he found himself confronted by Mr. Delaney, who turned his wrath upon this volunteer referee.

"Drop that ball, will you?"

"All right," grunted the red head in a tone of quasi-apology, as if recognising that the other was within his rights. "It's getting too dark to play, I'm thinking. But if you're after going on with the game, I'll clear out in a jiffy."

"Who asked you to interfere? This is a private ground. You have no right here."

"They tellt me you was Cambridge Hall," quoth the stranger in excuse, speaking in a queer broad accent which seemed to me something between Irish and Scotch.

"Have you any business at Cambridge Hall?"

"Ay, that's it!"

"Then you have come the wrong way. You should have kept on the path and through the green gate round the house. That's the way to the kitchen door."

"Kitchen, your granny!" retorted the stranger, nettled into giving back scorn for scorn. "I'm the new chap. I've come to school here."

"School!" exclaimed Mr. Delaney, examining him from top to toe with that freezing eye-glass of his. "To learn manners?"

"I'll learn you a thing or two, my fine man, if you can't talk civilly to a body. Who's you?"

"I am one of the masters here, if you wish

to know," answered Mr. Delaney with snubful superiority, while some of the big fellows grinned to see their officer bearded so impudently, and the more reverent small boys looked rather for the unknown being chilled to stone. But, not at all abashed, he replied:—

"Och! If you're a' that, ye should carry a bit board round your neck to let folks ken no to say *cheep* before the like o' you. But I'm seeking him that's the head teacher here. My name's MacGubbin. Wasna I expectit?"

Mr. Delaney, taken aback by this announcement, gave up the contest of rude wit, in which he had hardly got the best of it. Affecting to ignore the intruder, he beckoned to me.

"Take this fellow to Dr. W.," he gave orders.

"Who's he calling a fellow?" growled the other. "My name's MacGubbin, I tell ye all." But this was said in such a low tone that the master could pretend not to hear it; and, without more ado, MacGubbin took up his bag and accompanied me to the house, followed by the curious eyes of the

whole school, their tongues behind us let loose on this un-announced school-fellow. I was not so much surprised as the rest, for now I remembered his queer name on the telegram.

"That lad thinks a fine lot of himself," remarked he, jerking a coarse thumb over his shoulder. "His style isn't that bad, too, but losh! I've forgotten more tricks than he ever knew."

Not having any opinion on this subject, I offered none; but, by way of keeping up conversation,

shyly asked if he was really come to be a boarder here.

"Aye, am I! D'ye think I'm too wee a little ane to tak' care o' mysel'? The lads are not very throng at this school. They'll no be vera rough on me, I'm hoping," said he, with a wink and a chuckle. "Fact is, I have an awfu' lot to learn, and I doobt there'll be some o' the boobies that'll mak' grander hands at writing and counting. But I'm better at the kicking." Here he burst into a sly laugh, as if out of some secret fund of amusement. "And what kind of a billy is this doctor of yours?" was his next question.

"Haven't you seen him?"

"I have, just the once. He didn't look as if he could lick worth a bawbee, much less kick a goal. But maybe he makes a good enough dominie. There's all sorts o' that cattle. I always liked the ones best that tore about them and roared it out at you like a bull with the flies at him."

"Where were you at school before?" I ventured to ask.



"DROP THAT BALL, WILL YOU?"

"Ask nae questions, and ye'll be tell't nae lees," answered he, dropping into his broadest accent and winking jovially with his shrewd eye. "The least said, laddie, is sometimes the soonest mended. And what's your name?"

I told him, wondering inwardly if he would resent being asked how old he was.

"And you're a lameter, I see," he remarked, not unkindly. "Man, it's a pity of you! Ye'll no be able to play footer a' your born days. I wouldn't have a foot like that, not if you gave me a note for a hundred pounds. But that's no fault of yours, and you seem a decent-like body. I'll play up for you if you want backing; and you give us a bit wink, will ye, when you see me getting over the line—eh? I'm not just that well acquaint with the rules of being at school."

But this offer of mutual alliance was cut short by the appearance of Dr. Worgler, who had seen us from a window, and now came out at the front door to greet his new pupil. My mission thus discharged, I discreetly dropped off to wait for the other fellows at the boys' entrance.

For the nonce that College match had ceased to be the main subject of interest. We talked about nothing but the new fellow. Mr. Nunn was appealed to, but he knew no more than his colleague about this MacGubbin, who had dropped among us so unexpectedly. Mr. Delaney superciliously declared that there must be some mistake—that the red-headed clown had come to be gardener or boot-boy. Then I offered my evidence to the contrary, and told how the Principal had shaken hands with him, saying, "Wh' didn't you come up in the omnibus?"

"They said it would be saxpence, and what's the good of my legs?" had been MacGubbin's answer.

When tea-time came, sure enough there was the stranger sitting beside Mrs. W. at that cross piece which her husband liked to call the "high table." MacGubbin had put on a rather less dirty collar; he had washed his hands, and made an attempt at plastering down his bristly red hair. But these bits of toilette only brought out in him the air of a plough-boy with his Sunday clothes on. A more marked change was that now he sat mum, constrained by the presence not so much, I think, of the master as of the mistress, that good-natured soul whom none of us were the least afraid of. Before the lady he seemed shy and awkward, yet found courage to play a vigorous knife and fork.

There was a special chop brought in for him; and over our bread and butter we nudged each other to watch the hearty way in which he shovelled the gravy on the point of his knife into a capacious mouth garnished with two rows of teeth that would have looked well in any dentist's show-case. He had needed little pressing to fall to, and, once started, went straight to the goal of satisfying his appetite.

Beyond "yes" and "no," which he seemed to bring out by an effort for "aye" and "na," in answer to civil questions, he never spoke but once, and that was when Mrs. Worgler offered to cut him a fresh slice of bread.

"Never mind, ma'am," he answered. "I'll just help myself, and no bother ye."

Thereupon he stretched a long arm, and, handling the bread knife like a clumsy ogre, hacked off a hunch that would have made half-a-dozen of her slices. We beheld with amused astonishment; Dr. Worgler looked uneasily askance, but proffered no rebuke; and it was fine to see the scorn of Mr. Delaney's eye-glass, gleaming in the gaslight from the other end of the table.

After tea we expected to make closer acquaintance with that queer character. But we had no such satisfaction; he did not appear among us all the evening; and we were left to vague conjectures over what seemed nothing short of a sensation. Pink-cheeked young Bloxam, who was such a favourite with Mrs. Worgler, penetrated to her sanctum on some pretence or other, and professed to have picked up an inkling of the mystery; but then Billy Bloxam was an urchin of quick imagination, who made much out of the smallest hints.

The notion he conceived was that here we had a horny-handed son of toil who, in some romantic manner, must have come into a great fortune, and now sought, in belated school life, the culture called for by his altered prospects. Billy went the length of giving him out a highland chief, the stranger's tongue and his name having already accused him of being a Scotchman of sorts.

This explanation we received as plausible; and found it natural that, under the circumstances, he should be a kind of parlour-boarder. Driven now to speculate on his personal appearance and peculiarities, we already began, behind his back, to consider a nickname that might fit him. A fellow called MacGubbin ought to be glad of a good nickname. "Sandy," or "Saunders," was the first proposed, but that lacked invention. "Butcher" found more favour, in allusion to his over-ruddy complexion. Then those bristling red curls of his gave someone the happy thought of comparing his head to that familiar sign of the "Red Ram"; and this *sobriquet* became fixed upon him by general acclamation before most of us had exchanged a word with our new companion.

At this rate, indeed, he would not be much of a companion, for we went to bed without seeing him again. But when I got upstairs to the room in which I slept with nearly a dozen others, the largest bedroom in the house, lo! another phenomenon. Two beds had been moved from the furthest corner, where was erected a screen, behind which a bedstead, basin-stand, and dressing-table had been placed in such semi-privacy for the favoured boarder. But still there was no sign of him beyond the well-worn bag in which he had brought his belongings. We peeped in at one or two articles of attire he had left lying about, which gave us the impression that the young heir could not yet have come into his fortune.

Josephs, the captain of the room, who was responsible for the gas being turned out in ten minutes, had just performed this duty, after laying a hair-brush handy to his pillow, with which he announced his intention of smacking any fellow who snored. He had even shown a disposition to administer a little warning discipline in

advance, when the sounds of footsteps sent him flying into bed, and in came Dr. Worgler with our new inmate.

"Boys," he said by way of introduction, "I have brought you a school-fellow who is to be with us on a special footing. He is an excellent hand at football——"

"Not *hand*, I say," interrupted MacGubbin, with a guffaw. "That's Rugby!"

"He is first-rate at all sorts of games, and I am sure he will be a great addition to the school," said our Principal with dignity. "But now, I'm sure you must be tired."

"Right you are, sir!" gaped the free and easy MacGubbin, giving himself a good stretch. "I was up till three this morning."

"Hush!—no more of that, if you please! I daresay you can go to bed without a light."

"Oh, aye, I'll cuddle up before you could say *buff*."

"Well, good-night! Now, Josephs, remember there is to be no talking."

"Good-night, sir. Good-night to all you chaps!" cried the new comer, ending with a hearty yawn; then behind his screen we heard him hurriedly undressing.

Nobody spoke to him, and he said nothing more. After a minute or so, a thump and a creak announced that he had got into bed; and soon loud and regular snores from that corner showed him to have fallen fast asleep. Josephs did not offer to chastise his snoring.

On leaving the room Dr. Worgler had left the door ajar, and he had a trick of stealing about in carpet slippers, which seemed scarcely in harmony with his pretensions to public school

discipline. So Josephs, not always so attentive to his duties, would allow no talking that night, which did not prevent us thinking all the more. I, for one, quite forgot the approaching match by wondering what manner of pupil this might be. At Cambridge Hall we were used to a strange sprinkling of outlandish youths from all parts of the earth. We had lately had a Bulgarian, who ran away before we knew much about him; and a Brazilian, who had to be sent

away after a fortnight because he tried to stick a knife into the Principal on the proposal of a little fatherly correction. We still had a negro of sorts, from some part of Africa, a good-natured fellow, who got on very well with us, as he did not in the least mind being called Sambo, and having wag-gish whites peep into his basin to see "if it came off." We had two dusky Eurasians, who were by way of looking down on this frankly black brother; also a flat-faced lad, whom we nicknamed "The Chinaman," but I believe he was a half-caste Burmese. There was an Italian boy, whom we, in our rude way, professed

to take for the monkey of an organ; and for a time there was a Pole, who turned out not so different from other people when once he had learned enough English to give an account of himself, as he did with astonishing rapidity. But of all the queer characters in this Noah's Ark of ours, I thought there could never have been such an odd fish as the fellow snoring so vigorously within six feet of my head. It remained to be seen who would first call him "Red Ram" to his face.



TRIED TO STICK A KNIFE INTO THE PRINCIPAL.

(To be continued.)

Gone Before.

"WHERE are the boys of the Old Brigade?"
I hear them sing to-night,
And the strain makes the mist of memory
To dim my sight.

"Where are the boys"—on the breeze the song
Floats gently to my ears,
And makes me feel, as ne'er before,
My weight of years.

Where are the boys I knew as boys?
Their memories green I keep,
Altho' the voices I loved so well,
Are hushed in sleep.

"Where are the boys of the Old Brigade?"
Such is the old refrain
Which tells me that they have gone before
While I—remain.

L.F.H.

Distinguished Dunces.

"DUNCE he is, and dunce he will remain," was Professor Dalzell's opinion of Sir Walter Scott while he was one of his students at Edinburgh University.

Charles Matthews, the distinguished actor, was another dunce. In the story of his life, telling of his education, he says:—"I was a dunce; it is a fact; there is no disguising the truth."

Sir David Wilkie, when at school, was one of the most eccentric and idle boys.

Robert Chambers, the pioneer of cheap literature, was also a dull boy. We are told by his brother, William Chambers, that Robert occupied a situation in Leith. "From that place," he says, "I was discharged for no other reason that I can think of but that my employer thought me too stupid to be likely to do him any good."

Charles Darwin is among the dunces. He says, in his autobiography, that he had great zeal for subjects which interested him. Darwin first went to school at Shrewsbury,

which was at that time a strictly classical institution, and verse-making received great attention. Darwin did not care for any of these, but he was in love with chemistry.

Henry Ward Beecher, we are told, was very dull as a boy. It was the custom in his father's family for the children to learn the catechism on Sunday. Henry's brothers and sisters were good memorisers, but Henry himself always broke down.

The dunces claim yet another, and this no less a person than the distinguished author of "She," and "Alan Quatermain."

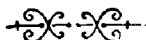
As a boy at Ipswich Schools, Mr. Haggard is spoken of as a "tall, lank youth, with a thick crop of unkempt hair, sharp features, prominent nose, and eyes which had rather a wild look about them." He was looked upon as a rather stupid boy by both his masters and schoolmates.

Isaac Newton, as a boy at school, was generally to be found at the bottom of his class.

"Including Chinaman's Hair."

WHEN Edison was scheming out his Incandescent Lamp, he first used a platinum wire as a filament, since he was then treading in the footsteps of the earlier experimenters, doubtless in the hope of improving and perfecting their earlier attempts. Tennyson, it will be remembered, did the same thing in the poetry business. But laboratory experiments soon showed that the glowing platinum wire would not long withstand such high temperatures. No sooner was Edison aware of the defects of his Platinum Lamp, than, taking up carbon, he, with inexhaustible perseverance, examined every carbon-producing substance, including Chinaman's hair, until finally he fixed upon strips of carbonised bamboo as the best filament for his lamp. Several experienced assistants were at once despatched to Japan and different parts of

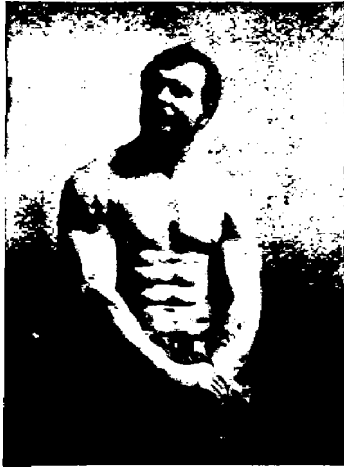
America in search of varieties of bamboo; while Edison himself was perfecting the processes in the laboratory, by which the filament should be enclosed in an air-tight globe with a view to prevent combustion. At last, after much arduous work and many disheartening failures, the Edison Carbon Incandescent Lamp became a commercial reality. He now tells the tale of those struggles with much excitement. Often, when he was on the verge of success, some unforeseen catastrophe would destroy the work of days, and the whole process had to be repeated again and again, until finally, as hour after hour went by and the experimental lamps still burned brightly, it was joyfully recognised that a filament had been obtained that would last. Then the tired workers went happily to their beds.



(1) POSITION
SHOWING
PECTORAL AND
ABDOMINAL
MUSCLES.

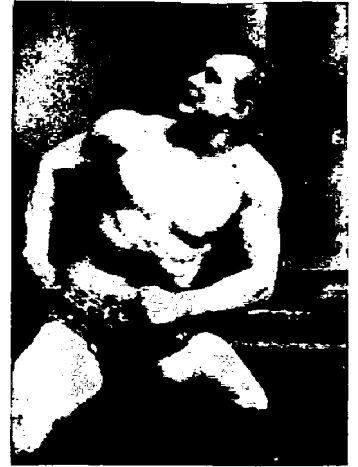


(4) A BACK
VIEW, SHOWING
THE
CONFORMATION
OF THE
SHOULDERS
IN REPOSE.



(2) DITTO, FRONT VIEW.

EUGEN SANDOW.



(5) "IN REPOSE."

(3) THE
TRICEPS ARE
HERE WELL
SHOWN.



(6) BICEPS
SLIGHTLY
CONTRACTED.



From Photographs by

Warwick Brooke, Manchester.

MUSCLE AND THE BOY.

By SANDOW.



SOME time back, when writing on the subject of physical culture, I ventured to assert that, until quite recently—indeed, until I came here—the systematic cultivation of the powers of the body was practically unknown

in this country. For that statement I have been taken very severely to task, but my opponents have not succeeded in materially affecting my case. On the contrary, their arguments and illustrations only strengthen it. When they point to university and public school athletics, and tell me that, at all events among the middle and upper classes, nearly every lad goes in for some sort of sport or exercise, I can only agree with them. But that does not prove my assertion to be incorrect. The plain fact of the matter is that my opponents—friendly opponents many of them—demonstrate convincingly by their obvious inability to distinguish between sports and physical culture how novel is the idea of the latter.

WHAT THE GREEKS DID,
YOU MAY DO.

However, I do not propose to go in for a lengthy discourse on this aspect of the question.

What is physical culture? The art of bringing the body to its highest state of perfection. To develop every organ, every muscle, in fact every little scrap of tissue to their greatest limits, or to strive to approximate towards that ideal—that is physical culture.

Bearing in mind this definition I again confidently assert that the idea is a novel one, which is only just beginning to make its way in this country. Of course, the idea is

not really new; only the revival of a very ancient one indeed. The Greeks, as we know, believed in the cultivation of the body, and were past masters in the art of bringing out all the latent physical powers with which nature had endowed them.

HALF YOUR MUSCLES LIE IDLE.

Most schoolboys, I am willing to admit, live fairly healthy lives, and their sports and games are not open to the objection which can be urged against those of their elders. I mean they do not as a rule specialise so much; that is to say, a schoolboy will often go in for several forms of exercise, and consequently is not so far off the true lines as the older athlete, who, if he is of any "class," is almost bound to specialise. But even the enthusiastic schoolboy who indulges in two or three different forms of sport scarcely ever does more than exercise a very small portion of his muscles. As for some of the most important organs—those organs upon which everything depends, and which must be in a perfectly sound condition if arduous effects are to be attempted without incurring the greatest risks—in ninety-nine cases

out of a hundred they are left out of consideration altogether.

THOSE WEAK SPOTS!

One does not need to have profound medical knowledge to see that this cannot be good. An apparently strong man with one weak spot is in reality weaker than a much less powerful man who is all over, inside as well as outside, alike. Unequal and imperfect



SANDOW.

(Drawn from life by Cecil Cutler.)

development is practically worse than no development at all.

Now, although I naturally hold that by my own system can the best results be obtained in the direction of building up a strong and harmoniously developed frame and vigorous organs, I do not deny that the same results could be arrived at by other methods. But they would be infinitely more laborious, and, in nine cases out of ten, would not prove very satisfactory.

I will leave that for the moment, however, but shall return to it later on.

EACH EXERCISE DEVELOPS ITS OWN MUSCLES.

Although, as I have said, the average school-boy is not such an offender in this respect as the university man, he, too, nearly always specialises when he begins to get well into his "teens."

The consequence is, while he gets a certain amount of development in those muscles required for his particular sport, the remainder of his body is practically neglected. The runner will have strong legs but a poor chest and shoulders (indeed, I have heard so-called "trainers" assert that a big chest is a disadvantage to a runner as it means extra weight to carry!); the gymnast fine arms, shoulders, and chest, but bad legs; the oarsman well-developed forearms, legs, and back, but miserable upper arms, and often a narrow chest—so on the list might be continued at large, but I do not wish to make this article too technical, and therefore refrain from enumerating the different muscles which different exercises do or do not develop.

CRICKET AND FOOTBALL ARE A 1.

The boys who play cricket and football are likely to be better developed than those who do not, for these two games certainly bring into play many more muscles than the exercises which have been referred to. But even they are not perfect exercises. My point is, that no *one* form of sport or game will develop an individual evenly and symmetrically. The only way in which the ideal development could be obtained by means of the ordinary pastimes in vogue at public schools would be by a judicious and carefully regulated course of *all* the sports and games. Obviously very few boys would do this. Most of them have a natural bias in one direction or the other, and that, added to the desire to excel, leads them to pay special attention to the form of exercise in which they can hope to surpass their fellows. And a very healthy and manly trait this spirit of emulation is; it is, I think,

one of the distinguishing and most characteristic parts of the young Englishman. But it does not lead to physical culture; very frequently in quite an opposite direction:

THE ANTI-GREEK CHORUS.

"But," I can hear an indignant chorus of athletic public school boys exclaim, "does this chap mean that our games are harmful, and that we ought to chuck them up? Rot! Who wants to get like a Greek statue?" Patience, you young cricketers and footballers, you heroes of the cinder path and the river. "This chap" doesn't mean anything of the sort. If I *did* mean it, knowing your temper as I do, it would be very foolish of me to say it. I will say what I *do* mean very plainly. Far from wishing to stop you playing your games and indulging in all forms of manly exercises, I want to teach you how you may get your bodies in such condition as to enable you to do these things better. I suppose you will all admit that if a man or a boy wants to shine as an athlete, he needs strength, activity, plenty of nervous energy, what we call "dash," "go," sound lungs, digestion, and heart, and an almost inexhaustible supply of "stay," or endurance. Very well. I can teach you how to get these desirable things.

Indeed, I should like to give them to you *before* you commenced to go in for your games and sports. I should, in a word, like to see you all general practitioners in health and strength before you become specialists, to give you a thoroughly sound equipment, which you could apply to *any* form of bodily exertion or exercise.

WILL POWER AND DUMB-BELLS.

In course of time that may be possible; at present it is out of the question for most of you. Whether you will or no, I believe participation in the ordinary pastimes is compulsory, not that most of you need any compulsion. So that if you are to become what I have termed "a general practitioner in health and strength," you must do the necessary work in addition to your sports and pastimes. What about the time? you ask. Well, that ought not to stand in the way; some twenty minutes' or half-an-hour's work daily on my system with light-weight dumb-bells (beginning with bells weighing 2lbs. each and increasing the weight to 3lbs., 4lbs. and 5lbs. month by month) is all that is required for any growing lad who *wants* to build up a fine physique—that is if he puts his *mind* into the work, puts every ounce of will power he

possesses into the muscles used in the various exercises. This putting forth of the will power is even now comparatively little understood; indeed, many good folks seem to imagine that it is, as they express it, "all a lot of bogey."

Possibly some of my schoolboy readers may be inclined to entertain the same idea: To such I would say: "Try for yourselves; see which takes most out of you—merely *going through* an exercise, say, fifty times with 6lb. dumb-bells, and then *doing it*, putting *every ounce* you know into it, the same number of times with bells weighing but 1lb. each. If you are blessed with only ordinary determination, you will speedily find out which is the more arduous of the two."

THAT EXTRA INCH!

It always should be remembered that when I speak of the benefits derived by young men and boys from steadily following out my system, I speak from actual experience. Since I established my schools I have had several thousand pupils pass through my hands, and consequently, I am able to speak with the utmost confidence, my assertions being based upon actual experience. Here is a striking proof that the system does what is claimed for it.

Nearly one hundred cadets who have either actually failed to pass the army "medical," or who knew they stood a great chance of failing to do so, have put themselves into my hands. Sometimes the time before us has been very short; indeed, on more than one occasion it has become necessary to put an inch on

to a young fellow's chest in ten days or a fortnight. But not in a single instance has there been a failure. Let that fact speak for itself.

DON'T OVER-DO IT.

Now I shall conclude with a word of warning. In the case of the "grown-ups" it is frequently a troublesome business to get them to work with determination and vigour.

With those to whom I am especially addressing these remarks exactly the reverse is true. So to the enthusiastic growing lad I would say, "Put all you know into your work while you are at it, cultivate the habit of working regularly, but *don't over-do it!* don't allow your zeal to lead you to overtax yourself. Never mind how much your muscles ache, go on as long as you are not thoroughly distressed and 'blown,' but when you begin to feel jaded and worn, remember that is Nature's reminder that you are doing too much. But if you use your discretion, and keep your work with the dumb-bells or developer within bounds, you will soon—in a short month or so—

begin to find a difference. You will not only find that your muscles are harder, your skin firmer and brighter, but you will experience a delightful sense of physical well-being and of buoyant health. Your nervous energy, dash, and go, will be correspondingly increased. Your work on my system will materially help you when you come to put forth your powers in the football field, on the cinder path, and the river.



MRS. AND MISS SANDOW.

Photo by Warwick Brookes, 310, Oxford Road, Manchester.

THE IDEA MERCHANT.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHEN this magazine had found an office, an office boy, a lady typewriter, a telephone number, a telegraphic address, and, last, but not least, a name, its doors were thrown open, and the editor set about the preparation of his first number.

The doors above referred to were thrown open on New Year's Day, at 9.30 of the clock, a.m. The blotting pad hadn't a blot upon it; the American roll-top desk was fresh from Birmingham; the lady typewriter, in the outer room, sat before her new Remington, awaiting her initial summons to take down a letter; the office boy, with a clean face and nicely-combed hair, was sitting at his little table, looking as guileless as a cherub on a church wall. All was in readiness.

At precisely 9.35 of the clock, a.m., there came a knock at the door of the outer office.

The office boy was heard to jump up and turn the handle, and then a murmured colloquy took place. At 9.36 of the clock, a.m., the office boy applied his knuckles in a subdued way to the editor's door, entered, and observed that there was a gentleman outside, named Mr Paul Perryman, who wished to see the editor. At 9.36½ of the clock, a.m., Mr. Perryman was shown in, and the editor sat in the presence of the "Idea Merchant."

I saw before me a person of at least 77ins. in altitude. He was not handsome, but his round, boyish face wore a pleasant enough expression, and there was an attractive freshness about him. He was clad in a frock coat, and he carried a tall hat, a pair of old gloves, and a Malacca cane. He had no portfolio, no bundle of manuscript, no magazine containing a specimen of what he *could* do if put to it; so the editor's spirits rose in anticipation of a short, sharp, and business-like visit.

"Good morning," I said; "er—Mr.—er—Perryman. Pray sit down. What can I do for you?"

"Good morning, sir," he replied; "I have come to lay before you some suggestions for a series of articles."

"Ah!" I replied. "I shall be very happy to hear them."

Mr. Perryman smiled and took a half-sheet of notepaper from his inside breast-pocket.

"I want," he said, "to get away from the beaten track. *Novelty*, sir," he added, sinking his voice to an impressive lower C, "is what I'm going to give you."

"Pray proceed," I said politely.

"My first suggestion," he continued, consulting the half-sheet of notepaper, "is, that you commission me to crawl round the world on my hands and knees for a wager of £10,000."

"My dear sir——" I began.

"That's all right—I know what you are going to say," interrupted Mr. Perryman, "You are going to say that the idea is preposterous. Sir, to be successful nowadays a new magazine must deal in preposterous subjects—or subjects that, at first blush, appear to be preposterous. The literary palate of the public is jaded, and must be tickled with out-of-the-way delicacies."

"But," I objected, "you would have a crowd of half-a-million people round you

before you got to Waterloo Bridge."

He laughed, and the laugh seemed to begin in his throat and descend by stages to his boots.

"Well?" I said, somewhat impatiently.

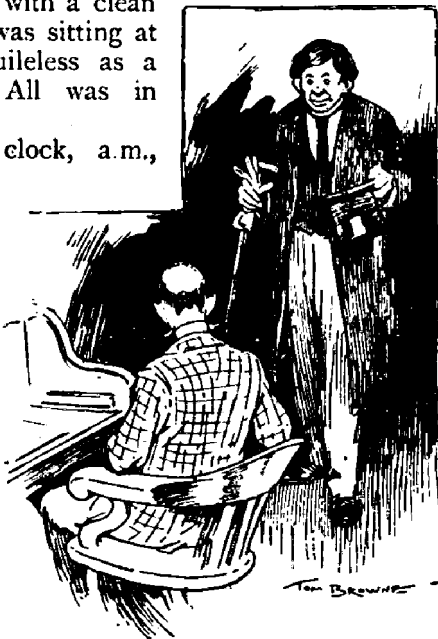
"The thing is," he slowly explained, "to get somebody to *make* the wager. Then I will undertake to crawl round the world on my hands and knees, and win the wager for your magazine."

"Oh! the magazine is to lay the wager?"

"Quite so—with a rival."

"And in the event of your failure?"

"My dear sir, I *shan't* fail. This is *my*



"ER—MR.—ER—PERRYMAN."

idea. I will get a bearskin, clothe myself in it, and crawl round the world as a dancing-



"CRAWL ROUND THE WORLD ON MY HANDS AND KNEES."

bear. It's far-fetched," he added, with a sigh, "but the public *will* have novelty."

To cut this incident short I told Mr. Perryman that I was afraid I couldn't entertain his idea, and asked him to suggest something else; but he said he would call again in 'a few days' time. I saw nothing of him for twenty-four hours, but on the following day, at 9.40 of the clock, a.m., he was again announced. I received him with a smile. Out came the half-sheet of notepaper.

"I propose," he said, fixing his eyes on my face, "to hop from London to York, and afterwards write my experiences for your magazine. What do you think of *that* idea?"

I said that I thought the police would stop him before he got to Ludgate Hill.

"Of course," he said, "I should hop late at night and in the very early morning. An umpire on a bicycle would accompany me. Think of the astonishment I should cause among the rustic population along the road!"

"You would probably be arrested as a madman."

"All copy," he cried, "all splendid copy! Article II. would be 'A Night in a Padded Room: Our Contributor Struggles with Ten Attendants.'"

"But suppose you were kept there?"

"Then I could contribute 'Letters by a Lunatic' until I came out."

I shook my head.

"No; I am sorry, Mr. Perryman, but it can't be done. Have you anything else to suggest?"

"Er—I'm afraid not—to-day. But won't you commission me to write something for you?"

"My dear sir," I said, rather warmly, "it is a contributor's duty to suggest articles, not an editor's."

"Then you have no orders for me to-day?"

"I am afraid not. We want to know a man's work before we *order* anything from him."

He retired then, but came back, to my annoyance, five minutes later.

"Another idea?" I asked.

"No," he said; "I left my gloves. Thank you. *Good-bye!*"

Three weeks passed, and every day at 9.40 of the clock, a.m., Mr. Perryman sent the office boy in to ask "if there were any orders."

My invariable reply was that there were not. Then his visits were discontinued for a month. At the end of that period I came in from lunch (at 2 p.m. of the clock precisely) one day to find Mr. Perryman airing himself before the fire and making himself agreeable to the lady typewriter.

"Want to see me?" I asked pleasantly

"Yes, er—I have an idea——"

"Ah! Come in."

I was feeling good-tempered, so I gave him a cigar.



"TO HOP FROM LONDON TO YORK"

"Now," quoth I, lighting one myself, and leaning back in my chair, "what is it?"

"I want you to commission me to climb

the Alps wheel-barrow fashion—thus! Will your clerk kindly hold my boots? Thank you! Now, what do you think of it? Make good photographs, eh?"

"There would be a certain sameness about them," I demurred.

"What? When I was falling down an abyss or"—as he dropped his cigar and made a grab at it—"dodging an avalanche?"

"It is a novel idea——" I began.

"Then you'll commission it?"

"But," I concluded, "as I understand that it is quite difficult enough to climb the Alps when one is in an upright position, I really don't think you could manage it wheel-barrow fashion. No," as he craned his head round to remonstrate with me (the clerk, blushing furiously, was holding his boots all this time), "I cannot accept this suggestion. That will do, Springs."

Springs is my clerk's name. He went to his seat at once, thereby letting Mr. Perryman's legs fall with a crash. The Idea Merchant rubbed his knees, and while thus engaged, he asked:—

"Then it's useless my suggesting to you that my young brother and I should go to Klondyke on roller skates?"

"Quite useless."

"Or that I should photograph famous statesmen with the Röntgen Rays and give you pictures of their skeletons to publish?"

"I'm afraid the statesmen would object. Photography with the Röntgen Rays is a very tedious process."

He sighed. "I can think of nothing else to-day," he said, as he rubbed his sore knees again, scowled at Springs, and stole away. Springs actually sniggered.

About a fortnight later (we were getting well ahead with the first number) I came in from tea (at 4.30 p.m. of the clock, or thereabouts) to find Mr. Perryman making paper boomerangs, and discharging them in every direction, greatly to the entertainment of Springs and the office boy.

"Splendid notion!" he cried, as he caught sight of me. "I want you to issue a notice

saying that your representative will play an eleven of England by himself."

I put up my hand, but he disregarded me and continued:—

"I am to have a bat as broad as this wicket, but when *they* go in the wicket must be double as wide as it ordinarily is, and the bats they use half the usual width. You are to pay £1,000 if I don't win."

"Thank you," I said icily; "thank you for your kind offer, but I'm afraid we can't quite afford to lay such a bet. You might be run out, you know."

"Running out to be disallowed when *I* bat," he put in hastily.

I didn't get rid of him for two hours. He was in what he called his "social mood," and insisted on showing me a watch he wanted to sell as a curiosity. He called it "The International Ticker." It had Swiss works, and, though of French manufacture, was made in Russia, and imported by a German dealer into England. It was sold to *him*, Mr. Perryman explained, by a Scotchman, in Wales, stolen from him by a Jewish pickpocket, and regained by an Irish policeman. Several American millionaires had scratched their initials on it, and an Italian nobleman had offered him £3 for it. He wanted £300, and would I buy? I said I would not buy, and so, after reducing his price by degrees to 3s., he put the thing in his pocket, asked if there were any orders, and finally went away, as he said,



"CLIMB THE ALPS WHEEL-BARROW FASHION."

to keep an appointment with the Duke of Cambridge.

When he was gone I called in the office boy and forbade him to admit Mr. Perryman again. The office boy promised he wouldn't, and so I felt secure from invasion.

During the next three weeks he asked to see me (according to the office boy's computation) eighteen times, but the boy was too smart for him. Then there was a suspicious absence on his part for four days. Entering my office on what I thought would be my fifth day of rest, *there* sat Mr. Perryman in

my chair. In the clerk's chair was an evil-looking little man with bushy black locks and trousers frayed out at the bottom. Springs was standing uneasily by the window.

I looked coldly at Perryman, but he rose with his most pleasant smile and waved his hand towards his companion.



"GO TO KLONDIKE ON ROLLER SKATES."

"Allow me," he cried, "to introduce Mr. Sikes Peace Ketch—"

I stared at the shabby individual, and Perryman pleasantly added:—

"Mr. Ketch is an anarchist; the parcel by his elbow contains a bomb."

I bolted into the outer office, and Springs followed me. The lady typewriter and the office boy, becoming alarmed, flew into the passage.

I heard Perryman laugh loudly as we all scuttled.

As he still tried to argue his point, I ordered Springs to throw him out. Springs hesitated. I told the office boy to help Springs. The office boy hesitated. I removed my coat, made a rush at Perryman, got him round the waist (his weak part, being such a long man),

and carried him out into the passage. Arrived there, I kicked him down the first flight of stairs. He was using dreadful language all the time.

As I was returning, out came Springs and the office boy with Mr. Sikes Peace Ketch in their grasp. They flung him after Mr. Perryman.

Then an awful thing happened. There was a tremendous explosion. We were thrown to the ground, and when we arose we found Messrs. Ketch and Perryman brushing fragments of bomb off their coats.

I gazed at them in amazement.

"How is it," I cried, "that you are not blown up?"

"Oh, one of my ideas," returned Perryman airily; "these clothes are bomb-proof. I invented them."

"Then it was a *real* bomb?"

"Of course it was. Mr. Ketch never plays at killing."

"And what are you going to do now?"

"I am going to offer my bomb-proof clothes to all the crowned heads in Europe. I shall probably make half a million out of them. By the way!"

"Yes?"

"Could you lend me a shilling?"

I lent him the shilling, and he went off, Mr. Ketch trailing after him. I have not yet heard of the result of his visit to the crowned heads, but in the event of his offering me any further Ideas I will make mention of the fact next month.



THE END.

The Chief of the Boondi Blacks.

AN AUSTRALIAN YARN.

BY G. FIRTH SCOTT.

I.



IN THE Antipodean land, where things go mostly by contrary, the north has a warmer climate than the south; and, although the year is proverbially

separated into the seasons, winter and summer are chiefly distinguishable by the fact that in the summer—that is, at Christmas and New Year—the rainy

season fills the air with cyclones, rain at the rate of an inch an hour, and general discomfort; while in the winter—that is, during July and four months on either side of it—the sky is cloudless, the wind steady and light, and the earth dry and dewless. It is a different land to Sydney, and a new country compared with New South Wales, and when Tom Gidley, who was a young Queenslander, asked Teddy Swan, his chum at the North Sydney Grammar School, to spend the winter holidays at his father's station on the north coast of Queensland, Teddy jumped at the offer.

He had heard too much about Boondi Station to miss the chance of seeing it. There was a wonderful stretch of sand—hard ocean sand—below the house, over which a horse could gallop for miles, just skirting the little rippling waves of crystal water that broke upon it. A wonderful track for a race, Tom said, with the clear blue sea on the one side, and the deep, dense green of the scrub on the other. There were sharks to be caught in the clear water that rippled on to the sand, and looked so tempting for a swim—great sea monsters that would seize and rend a man to fragments without making more than a swirl on the water, till the tell-tale red spread over the green and marked where the prey had been dragged down. In the creek that flowed from the interior into the ocean, just beyond the station homestead, alligators were seen more often than was desirable. The range came down steep to the coast line, and the only pass from the narrow strip of open land where the homestead stood to the fertile plains—where the Boondi cattle grew rolling fat—was along the bank of that creek. Tom told a story of a favourite dog which had gone one day to the edge of a pool to drink, when there was a mighty splash, and before the dog could yelp it had disappeared under the water. For days Tom had waited beside that pool, rifle in hand, to be

revenge for the death of his pet, but the great sleepy-looking saurians were too crafty to be caught by that means.

There was a method used by the wild blacks from the range behind the station for the capture of alligators, and some day Tom was going to get some of them to come and help him catch and slaughter a few of the monsters, just to balance the account between himself and them for the death of his dog. But it was an awkward matter to arrange, for the blacks were really wild, and there was no saying what they might not do if they got a white boy in their possession and carried him off to their camping places in the mountain scrubs.

"Perhaps kill him," Teddy remarked when Tom told him the story.

"Yes, and eat him, too," Tom replied. "They are cannibals, the blacks in the Boondi Ranges."

II.

INSIDE the great Barrier Reef which guards the north coast of Queensland from the big rollers of the Pacific, the sea, saving when cyclones lash it into mad fury, is placid, calm, glimmering and shimmering in all the hues that range from deepest purple to palest green. Outside the reef the breakers foam and thunder, so that when the soft sea breezes float in towards the land they bring the murmur of the distant roar mellowed into a low, booming note that is pleasant to the ear, and soothing even unto slumber.

The "City of Brisbane" had made a good run up the coast, and was ploughing her way steadily through the oily sea inside the barrier. On her port side the land was so near that the miniature breakers could be seen curling on to the sandy beach, the high, scrub-covered spurs of the range rising from the back of the strip of yellow sand in a dark, mysterious wall of olive green, which formed an excellent contrast to the blue of the sea and sky.

Gidley and Swan had been busy all the morning, standing right up in the bows of the steamer, shooting, from a small-bore repeating rifle the former was taking home with him, at a school of bonito which swam along just ahead, leaping from the water every few moments as they rose to breathe. It was at such moments that the boys had a chance of "knocking them," as Gidley expressed it, and more than one smooth-skinned "puffie" leapt from the water to fall back with a bullet-hole through it, to become food for the sharks.

The shooting lost its zest when Gidley pointed

out to his companion a high ridge looming over the coast line.

"That's Boondi Range," he said. "You'll see the whale-boat waiting for us when we're round that point."

They had all their traps on deck by the head of the companion ladder long before the point was reached, and when the steamer swung round it (Gidley said a white spot on the summit of a small hill just above the beach was the station, while another speck, which lay on the surface of the smooth sea directly ahead, was the whale-boat waiting to take them ashore.

As the steamer rapidly approached, the white spot on the shore grew in size until Swan could clearly make out the long, low-roofed house with a wide verandah running all round it. The speck on the sea became a white-painted whale-boat with a white man standing up in the stern of it, and three black fellows for a crew. The steamer stopped her engines, a line was thrown to the boat, and in a few minutes Swan found himself in the stern sheets listening to Gidley's father telling them about the big alligator that had been seen in the creek, while the three black fellows sat grinning at him, and the "City of Brisbane" rapidly steamed out of sight to the north.

III.

THE long stretch of ocean sand below the house was all that Gidley had described it, Swan thought, as, on the day after his arrival, he cantered along it. There was to be a trip to one of the outlying paddocks, where kangaroos were to be had in abundance, and Gidley had suggested that Swan might like to try the paces of the horse he was to ride before starting on the trip. The first experience of a gallop on that hard sand was so pleasant that Swan had returned to where his chum was standing, only to say that he was going for a longer spin.

"All right," Gidley answered. "Keep close to the sea, and I'll come after you."

Swan turned and rode off at a long, swinging stride. Winter though it was, the air was still too warm for the Sydney boy to wear either coat or vest. A broad-brimmed felt hat, with a white puggaree round it, a white flannel shirt and trousers to match, and a pair of tennis shoes, were quite enough clothing for comfort, and, Boondi being entirely free from feminine society, comfort was the first rule of the inmates. The soft sea breeze, as it came off the wide, open ocean, struck refreshingly cool against the boy's cheeks as he raced along, only holding the bridle sufficiently to keep the horse skirting the verge of the waves. The delicious rush of air past him, the clear transparency of the water on one side, and on the other the bright yellow gleam of the sand up to the line where the scrub grew in all its tropical wealth of foliage, the brilliant blue of the sky overhead, and the warm flood of sunshine all around him, drove everything from his mind save the pleasure of the moment. When he came out of his palace of delight he glanced back to see if Gidley were coming after him. To his surprise he noticed that the beach swept

round in a curve, so that instead of his being able, as he had expected, to command a view to the station, he could only see the dark wall of foliage made by the scrub. Intending to turn back, he pulled his horse's head suddenly—and was flung over its ears on to the sand as it stumbled. He had ridden it off the hard wet sand on to the loose dry bank, and as it sank over its fetlocks and stumbled, it threw him.

He scrambled up and turned to catch the horse, and saw that it was already halfway to the scrub. He started to run after it, but the soft sand, giving at every step, compelled him to walk instead, while the horse made the most of its opportunity and disappeared into the thick mass of foliage. Swan dashed through after it, just catching a glimpse of it as he pushed his way into the tangled growth of vines and shrubs. There seemed to be some sort of pathway where the horse was walking, and he struggled to get clear of the dense undergrowth that lay between them. When he reached the narrow winding track—it could not be called a path—the horse was out of sight, but he could hear it trotting ahead of him, and he dashed forward, as fast as he could run, to overtake it.

The cool sea breeze did not penetrate the outer growth of foliage, and the air under the dense vegetation was humid and enervating. The track turned and twisted, alternately ascending and descending, now smooth and sandy, now rough and uneven, but always covered in overhead by wide-spreading branches, always blocked in front by big tree-stems wreathed round and round with clinging vines and crowded with clustering shrubs. The run soon winded him, and, with the perspiration streaming out of every pore of his skin, and with his limbs and muscles as limp as though they had been boiled, Swan came to a stop as the track turned straight up a steep rise in front of him. The surface was soft black earth where the turn occurred, and upon it there was no sign of the horse's hoofs. He listened. A mosquito hummed past his ear and settled on his cheek, stinging him. As he brushed it off, his hand touched his face, and he realised how hot he was. Over the tree-tops he caught a faint echo of the murmur Gidley had told him on the steamer was the roar of the breakers on the Barrier Reef. Away up the steep, where the track led, another sound came to him; the peculiar half-dull, half-ringing sound caused by an axe striking a tree in the midst of a thickly-timbered spot.

He almost laughed as he heard it. What a fool he was! The horse had taken a short cut through the scrub to the station. He only had to go up the ridge in front of him and he would be there also. He knew where he was, he told himself, as he started up the rise. The sea was straight behind him, and when he had climbed a little way the trees would cease, and he would look across an open space on to the station verandah. He would be back long before Gidley. In fact, Gidley would be wondering how he had slipped him. Gidley had chafed him on the way up about being a new chum to Queensland scrubs, and had warned him never to go into the bush off a track, because he would get lost in ten minutes,

and it was an awkward thing for a new chum to get bushed. Get bushed! Why he was——

He stopped dead. Casually he had glanced down. The track had ceased. He looked back. It was not there. He looked to the one side and then to the other. The track was not anywhere—only trees were around him, trees and vines and shrubs, and rank and weedy grass. He ran back, as he supposed, until the rising ground warned him that it must be the direction in which he had been going; so he turned, and in ten paces found the ground was still rising. Again he tried, and again the ground rose. Whichever way he turned he was going up hill; whichever way he looked he saw trees and foliage.

He stood still once more, listening. He was in absolute quiet. The leaves did not move to any breeze; there was no echo of the breakers' roar, and so calm was the air that he was startled when a little bush bird flew out of a shrub and settled on a twig near him. If the heat had been trying before it was now overpowering, and he flung his hat from his head and tore the front of his shirt open in his efforts to get some relief from the stifling feeling that was upon him.

He was certain he was going straight for the station. It was directly in front of him, he told himself half angrily, as he plunged into the undergrowth again. Suddenly it gave way before him, and he found himself on an open space some ten yards square, and entirely free from vegetation. The surface was smooth, soft earth, and in the centre of the space was an oval mound about a couple of feet high and six feet long. All round the edge of the space the foliage was dense.

Swan looked round with a good deal of astonishment. It was evidently the work of man, for by no other means could the vegetation be kept away from the open ground on which he stood. He started to walk towards the mound when the sound of a breaking twig caused him to look behind him. Then his blood ran cold, for, staring at him with wide-open, glittering eyes, were the heads of three black fellows, hideously daubed all over with yellow and white lines and spots, and with their black hair and beards wild and unkempt. They were watching him with a hungry intentness, and through his brain there flashed the tales Gidley had told him of the cannibal blacks to be found in the Boondi Ranges.

Forgetful of the heat, fatigue, and everything else in the terror of the moment, he dashed madly forward, and into the dense growth of vegetation. Through it he struggled, fighting the clinging vines, breaking down the smaller bushes, stumbling and falling over roots and low-growing branches, tearing his clothes to tatters, and cutting and bruising himself at every step. A snake, sleeping coiled round the fork of a small branch, hissed angrily, and shot out a foot of glistening body towards him as he blundered against the limb, and the spectacle added to the fear that was upon him. He darted away to one side to avoid the reptile, and as the branch swung back he fancied the noise it made was the signal of his enemies' approach. With a short, sharp cry of terror he rushed on again, feeling nothing, seeing nothing, knowing nothing but the horror of fear.

How long he struggled through the dense thicket he did not know, but he felt he had been running for hours when once again the undergrowth ceased, and he staggered—cut, bruised, bleeding, and almost naked—*on to the very spot from whence he had fled.* There was no mistaking it. There were his footsteps on the soft earth; there was the mound over which he had rushed; he had staggered almost up to it before he could recover himself, and he fell, exhausted, face forward, on to it.

A harsh, raucous shout, coming from every side, made him start up. All round the edge of the open space stood the forms of black fellows, their limbs and bodies painted in such a manner as to show a white skeleton on each chocolate-coloured form. Each one stood with his left foot planted in front of him, his left hand holding a couple of spears, and his right arm thrown back, the hand holding a long, thin spear, pointing at Swan and quivering in the air. As the white boy raised himself on his arms and looked, dazed and awestruck, at the scene before him, the blacks gave another great shout and advanced towards him, chanting a weird, melancholy tune as they approached, and stamping the left foot on the ground in time with their song.

They advanced until the narrowing circle compelled them to stand three deep. Then a shrill cry came from the thicket, and at once the blacks echoed it, turning at the same time to the right-about, and sinking down to a stooping position, in which, still chanting, they retired to the edge of the space. Here they again faced towards the centre, and, with legs stretched far apart, they danced round and round, beating their spears together and making a most hideous uproar of shouts and shrieks.

In the midst of the dance the three men whose faces had first terrified him dashed out from the scrub and rushed up to within a few feet of Swan. One held a long flat piece of dark-coloured wood, something like a sword, but the end of which formed an acute angle. He leaped in front of his two companions and held up the weapon, whereupon every man stood absolutely still and silent. Pointing it at Swan, he spoke rapidly and fiercely, gesticulating angrily all the while. Then, reaching out, he caught Swan's neck in the angle of the wood and jerked him forward. A great shout went up as the boy came to the ground again, and the black fellow stepped back to his two companions.

Swan slowly gathered himself up. The jerk he had received hurt him, and pain is an excellent thing to put a plucky boy on his mettle. It was one thing to be terrified at discovering that he had got bushed; it was quite another to be hurt by a naked savage. The black fellow had let go the hooked piece of wood when he stepped back. It was a clumsy sort of a weapon, but it was better than nothing; and Swan, acting on the impulse of the moment, seized it and sprang at the three men, who stood silently watching him, waving it round his head.

"You lot of——" he began, in a not too steady voice, when the three men turned and ran, shouting to the ring of black fellows, all of whom took

up the shout and recommenced to dance round and round, yelling and shrieking as though they had gone mad, brandishing their spears and stamping on the ground.

The noise and the movement confused him, and he looked from one to the other of the grotesquely-painted, bounding figures; each man, directly he looked at him, leaping forward a couple of yards, shaking his spears in the air, and shouting: "Tungan! Tungan!" The noise, the excitement, and the whirling figures made him giddy; the dust which the men's stamping raised made the air still more stifling to him, and he sank down on the mound again, gasping for breath.

Before he could quite realise what they were doing, some of the men rushed up to him and then back to the ring. The reek of wood smoke stung his eyes and nostrils, reviving him sufficiently to see that, in their rush, the men had placed five little piles of wood around him, from each of which smoke was rising. He understood in a moment. They were going to roast him alive!

For the first time the horror which came to him prompted him to shout for help, but his throat was so dry and parched that he could only utter an inarticulate, hoarse cry, which was at once drowned by the roar with which the dancing throng replied to it. He clutched his wooden sword with both hands, for his dizzy mind became partly conscious that some other men, white-haired and bearded, were slowly approaching him. He tried to rush at one as well as his whirling brain would allow, when he felt himself seized from behind. The wooden sword was jerked out of his hands, his arms were stretched out and held on each side, while his legs were also seized and lifted up as he was carried back and laid upon the mound, the savages who had hold of his limbs retaining their grasp and pinioning him immovably to the ground.

Above him he saw the form of one of the white-haired men carrying, in his right hand, what looked like a long, jagged flake of flint. Swan struggled with all his strength to break loose from the grip that held him, but he might as well have tried to move the earth under him. His efforts were absolutely useless against the iron muscles of his captors, and, in a death-like silence which had succeeded the pandemonium of yells, he was held motionless as the old man stretched out his arm and brought the jagged flint slowly down upon the captive's breast.

Into Swan's mind there came a last and desperate resolve. As he could neither escape nor fight, at least he would show no fear if he had to die, and with teeth hard set, he felt the rough edge of the flint knife grate on his skin. A film gathered over his eyes, until a burning, scorching pain across his chest roused him from the stupor he was falling into, and he saw held out over him the flint knife red with his own blood.

The sight of it was greeted with a tremendous shout from the men around him, a shout which at first sent a shudder through him, and then a thrill of delight, for with it, above it, and after it, he heard the shout of white men. The noise of the black fellows ceased in an instant; those who

were holding him let go their grasp as they sprang up. He heard old Gidley's voice cry out: "Don't shoot! Charge them!"—and he was in darkness.

* * * * *

A soft, cool breeze on his cheek and the murmur of a distant roar, mellowed into a low booming note, pleasant to the ear and soothing, formed his next recollection. He opened his eyes and saw Gidley and Gidley's father bending over him. He essayed to move, and a sharp twinge of pain in his chest stopped him—and made his memory clear.

"Where am I?" he exclaimed.

"You're all right, old chap. You're at the station, on the verandah," Gidley answered quietly:

"But the——" he exclaimed, starting up.

"They're all right, too," old Gidley said. "You never need fear a black fellow after this. Just swallow this, and then Tom will tell you all about it."

He swallowed what was offered to him, and then old Gidley, saying that it would soon put him on his legs again, left him alone with Tom.

"They'll help us to get the alligators now," Tom said. "You see, we've only got to——"

"Yes, but—what was it?" Swan interrupted to ask.

"What they were doing? Why, that's it. You see, I saw you go into the scrub and yelled to you, but you took no notice, and by the time I had got up you were out of sight. I knew you'd get bushed, and so should I if I had followed you alone, so I rode back here for some of the stockmen, and Dad came along too. If you'd followed your horse's tracks you would have been all right, because it was home as soon as I was. But you went—well, we followed *your* tracks, and you were going all over the place, up and down, and round and round—why you could not go straight I don't know. Then we heard the black fellows yelling, and Dad said they had you, so we hurried a bit, I can tell you, and—well, we found you."

"Yes, but," Swan began, "they were——"

"No, they were not," Tom said quickly. "You didn't know, being a new chum; but you stumbled on to the grave of one of their great chiefs, an old chap named Tungan, who said when he died that he would soon come back—as all black fellows think they will—a white fellow. They say, 'Lie down, black fellow, jump up white fellow'; that's their religion. Well, when they saw you on Tungan's grave, they thought you were him come back, so they came to salute you, and to tell you that they knew you all the time. It was their way of saying, 'How are you, old chap?'; only, being a new chum, you didn't understand. They told Dad all about it. They put the mark of chief on your chest, and they would have covered you with them if we had not come when we did. Oh, it's all right. You're not Teddy Swan any more up here. You're Tungan, Chief of the Boondi Blacks," Tom said laughingly. "And you've got to bring your tribe down to help me catch alligators," he added with a laugh.



NATURALLY my first difficulty was the selection of a camera. Why is it that a compact, handy, and small camera is not put on the market? Hand with most wonderful com-

plexities — rising fronts and swing backs, different focus lenses, marvelous adjustable finders, tricky double shutters, no better in any way whatever than the thousands of good ones at half the price, except that they are about fifty times more complicated and easily put out of order.

The only instrument which at all approaches portability for the war artist is Eastman's Two Guinea Kodak, which folds up instantaneously into a tiny

space, and is light and difficult to put out of order. Unfortunately it is not good enough for the purpose for which I require it.

I had to make up my mind, however, and chose an apparatus costing close on £30, absolutely *perfect*, all wire fittings and springs, beautifully finished and warranted to stand

any climate, nor was it possible for it to get out of order.

The ordinary pattern camera is a small black box, full, for the most part, of emptiness. The lens naturally must be a certain distance from the plate while the picture is being taken; then why not have that distance, as it were, collapsible when not in use — bellows system or anything else?

But no, one must carry about that regulation square, bulky, unreasonable, and unnecessary.



KITCHENER'S DESERT RAILWAY IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

I had my first difficulty at Port Said at the Custom House, as I got off the gangway. "What is in that leather box?" inquired a stern



HAULING 40-POUNDERS INTO BARGES.

official. "My camera," I replied, and it being a new one I was obliged to pay duty. Why wasn't it collapsible—then I could have carried it under my waistcoat and felt I had done my duty towards my paper and conscience?

A tedious journey to Cairo and Assuan by rail, and to Wady Halfa by steamer, took five days, and then across the desert by Kitchener's wonderful railway towards Atbara. In the picture one can see the rails being laid over the sleepers, and bolted together while the train is advancing in the distance. The greatest difficulty which the engineers had to contend with was the lack of water, for only at No. 6 station was water found by boring—other than that it was only procurable from the Nile.

At Atbara, which was rail-head, we had to remain ten days before the final advance. Only a brother snap-shottist, perhaps, could understand the difficulties of photography where sandstorms raged continually and the water was perpetually warm. Frequently I would develop a dozen or so of plates at night in my tent—the weather being very calm—and lay them on a box to dry. In the middle of the night I would be awakened by my tent being wrenched up wholesale. My first thought would be to save my plates. Sometimes this was possible, more frequently not. Perhaps the few pictures I show will give you an idea of what a sandstorm in the

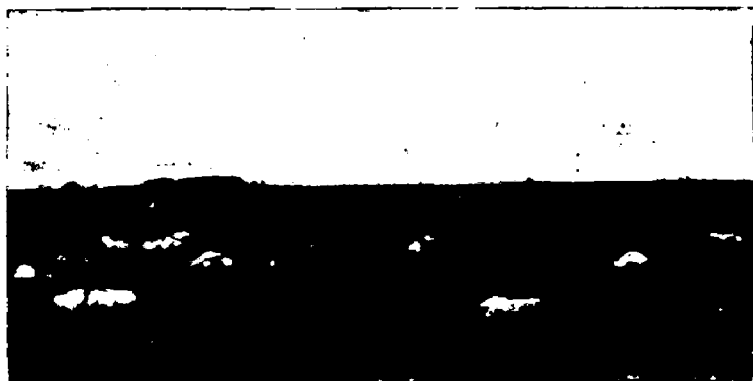
desert is like. In an instant the whole camp would be enveloped in one huge cloud of sand and camp-sweepings, with Heaven knows how many pounds to the square inch of a hurricane blowing. The plates being damp after developing were naturally destroyed. How many good pictures were lost in this way I hardly dare to think. These storms raged all the way to Omdurman and Khartoum—and back.

When one of these storms comes along the first thing to do is to strike one's tent. Articles of any value we buried in the sand, and sat on top of them to mark the spot. Blankets, bully beef tins, books, clothes, were swept up in this vast whirlwind. It was laughable to see the Highlanders making vain efforts to hold down their kilts.

The difficulties of our cuisine are better imagined than described—words fail. Talking of cooking, it is wonderful what the native servant can manufacture out of a tin of bully beef and a few pots and pans. A pound of beef he places in a saucepan, and covers it over with Nile water. Nile water in colour and consistency resembles chocolate more



THE MAHDI'S TOMB AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.



DERVISHES DEAD ON THE FIELD OF OMDURMAN.

than anything else. When the concoction is boiling the liquid is strained off and served up as soup; some of its residue appears on

the menu as "Boiled Beef"; a portion of the rest is fried in slices; and the remains, rolled and patted into shape, figure as "Rissoles." Of the empty tin the native will frequently make a pipe.

At Nasri Island I left the bulk of my photographic stuff with the reserve ammunition and transport. We started with a ten days' supply of necessaries. Among mine were three hundred plates. I may say here that all my photographs were taken on plates, films being almost impossible to manipulate. Indeed, most of the plates themselves were destroyed and blistered by the intense heat of the sun, and I consider myself lucky in getting so many moderate results.

On the day of the battle the heat registered 120 degrees in the shade.

I have little to say of the tedious advance from Atbara to Omdurman by water and land. I will proceed to the morning of the battle itself. At 4.30 a.m. on September 2nd Burleigh and I quitted the square, one side of which was formed by the Nile, and rode towards where the enemy were supposed to be.

Our cavalry, the 21st Lancers, were out ahead of us, scouting; we could see them on the ridge in the distance. There reached us, too,

a deafening hubbub of thousands of voices, and tom-toms beating. The enemy were not far off. Otherwise everything was very still.

Suddenly a horseman galloped from our lines, a few of the lancers galloped back, a bugle-call sounded, and in an instant the sand was thrown up in clouds — our cavalry were returning. Burleigh and I swung into our saddles, and were soon back inside the fighting line.

A bugle beside us gave us a

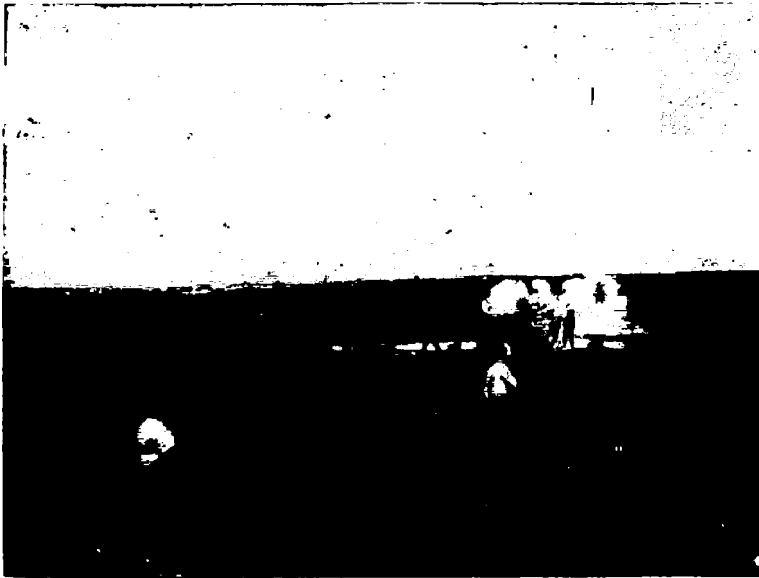
call. It was passed on to the next regiment, then the next, till at last it was but a faint echo in the distance.

Day was breaking, and it was getting lighter and lighter; everyone strained their eyes towards the horizon. I searched with my glasses, but could see nothing except that the horizon

seemed more and more to waver. It was a living line of enemy charging down in three enormous lines, 50,000 strong. At 5.30 the crash of a gun rang out, followed by a long hiss, then a puff of smoke in the distance, and the echoing report. The first shell of the battle was fired. In an instant the range was found, and the air was lashed with shell.



THE SIRDAR DIRECTING THE BATTLE



HOWITZERS IN ACTION.

Battery No. 1 on our left flank was in action.

When the fire had dwindled down and

practically ceased, our army advanced and marched towards the battle-field, and, when about half-a-mile out, half turned to the left and marched *en echelon* towards Omdurman, Macdonald's brigade being behind and on the extreme right. I rode past the different regi-

hidden among the hills towards Kerrari were charging down on Macdonald's right, and would cut off his retreat to the river. All hope seemed to be lost. Reinforcements were tearing up, but would never arrive in time. Quicker than it takes to tell you, Macdonald broke his line in half and formed a right angle, the cannons and Maxims were run back by hand, and the new onslaught was met by a deadly fire.

As Burleigh in his telegram put it, "Had the brilliant and splendid deed of arms wrought by Macdonald been done under the eyes of the Sovereign, or in some other armies, he would have been created a general on the spot. If the public are in search of the hero of Omdurman, there he is ready made. One who com-

mitted no blunder to be redeemed by courageous conduct afterwards."

But why should I repeat that which has been already so ably described?

I was there to take pictures. This article I am writing to explain how I took them. I used all the plates in my changing boxes — that is,



A DUST STORM RISING.

ments, and caught up the Sirdar and his staff, who were making for Signal Hill. When we arrived near the top the din of battle rose again, and then came the second and big attack. Being high up we had a magnificent view of the



COMING NEARER.

encounter. It was a grand sight to see the deadly duel between these two great armies, one three times as big as the other. The Dervishes came on again in huge masses, waving their great flags and banners. Macdonald's brigade alone had to resist them. The enemy's cavalry were galloping for all they were worth into Macdonald's "thin red line." The sight was fascinating, and it was impossible to un rivet one's eyes from the scene. One sheet of flame and lead poured from Macdonald's line. Steady as a gladiator, with what to some of us looked like inevitable disaster staring him in the face, Colonel Macdonald fought his brigade for all it was worth. The Sirdar stood on the hill with his glasses to his eyes. One could see the anxiety on his face. All this was bad enough, but there was still worse in store; a huge body of Dervishes which had been



WELL UPON US.

thirty-six—and only sixteen gave any results whatever.

We marched into Omdurman about 5 p.m., after one of the hardest and heaviest days, and the biggest battle, I had ever been through. There was no rest even then

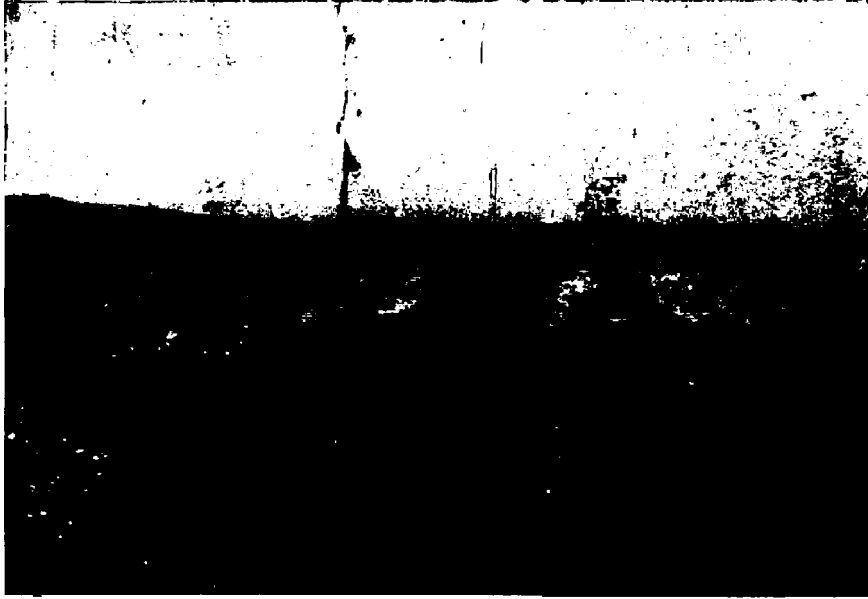
Our transport camels were a long way behind; besides, we had to fight our way into Omdurman, and street fighting is very de-

well-drilled company. The gunboats were ranged along the river-bank in front of the palace, and, at a given signal, the British and Egyptian flags were run up over the ruins to the strains of "God Save the Queen," and the Egyptian National Anthem. It was an impressive moment—almost terrible in its impressiveness—and the heart beat none the less quickly because the hand that raised the British Standard was that of Gordon's nephew. It was then that Father Brindle, acting for all the churches, came forward and read the prayer. It was an occasion to move strong men, and I am safe in saying that it was the first and only occasion on which Kitchener, the soldier, let fall a tear.

Two days afterwards I left Omdurman, being ill. I developed most of my plates on the gunboat going down, and my finished

moralising, though that, perhaps, is beside the question. Howard, correspondent of the *New York Herald* and *Times*, was killed by a piece of shell. It was the third casualty among the small corps of correspondents. The camel transport arrived on the next morning with the necessaries for developing my pictures. The night of the battle we slept as we were, lying in the sand with our horse's reins over our arms. The stench from the battle-field, and hunger and thirst, kept us from sleeping.

Neufeld, who had just been liberated, was lying beside us, and, with improvised tools, Burleigh and I struck off his chains. The anklets were afterwards removed on one of the gunboats. The Sunday after the battle we visited the ruins of Khartoum. The Sirdar's boat arrived first, and, as regiment after regiment came in, we could easily recognise that from the highest officer to the humblest rank-and-filer, the bloody event of fifteen years before, on the steps of the palace which was now in view, was being recalled. Military order and system were never more perfect; the vast body of men fell into their places with the ease of a single



MACDONALD'S BRIGADE RESISTING THE DERVISH CHARGE.



FATHER BRINDLE READING THE PRAYER IN FRONT OF GORDON'S PALACE.

photographs were on their way to my paper in less than a week

Penic Bull 98.

Mary Anne's Convict.



by
W. W. Mayland.

Illustrated by

T. W. HOLMES.

"MARY ANNE" was the sarcastic *sobriquet* applied to H. Browne, otherwise Browne Major, of Casterbridge School. He was a big fellow of eighteen or so, soft all over, and even Browne Minor used to cheek him. That will explain what sort of a fellow Mary Anne was considered to be until—

Well, that's the story. Mary Anne belonged to "Donnithorne's"—Donnithorne being one of the assistant masters at Casterbridge. "Donnithorne's" wasn't cockhouse, but it took the lead in matters intellectual, always winning most prizes, chiefly because Mr. Donnithorne was a regular slave-driver as regards "Prep." and was serenely indifferent about seeing his House head of the river, or turning out the winning eleven or fifteen in the Inter-House contests. Those parents who were of the same way of thinking as Mr. Donnithorne sent their sons to his House, and among those parents was the Rev. Henry Browne, father of the aforesaid Mary Anne.

Now Mary Anne was as bad at his books as he was clumsy at games, so he had a pretty hard time of it. First he was badgered out of doors and in school, and then, when he got to his House, he was lectured by Mr. Donnithorne, who had an idea that he was incorrigibly idle. Thus it came about that one exceedingly hot night in July, just in the thick of exams, Mary Anne found himself—by Mr. Donnithorne's command—stewing up his Euclid long after all the other fellows had gone to bed. Mary Anne's father had decided to take him away from school, and wanted him to do as well as possible his last term. Thus it came about that Mary Anne was sitting up late that night, yawning and twitching about, ruffling his shock head of hair, and alternately nodding and waking up with a start.

During one of these dozes the prefect of the House came in.

"Here, clear off to bed, Mary Anne!" he said, turning out the gas. "If you want to cram get up in the morning."

Mary Anne gave a drowsy mumble, and the

prefect, thinking no more about him, quitted the class-room and went off to his dormitory. So dead fagged was Mary Anne, however, that, instead of obeying the order, he settled his head more comfortably on his elbow, and went bang off to sleep. Soon he was snoring as soundly as any fellow in the House.

The clock of Casterbridge Cathedral boomed out eleven—Mary Anne slept on. The assistant master, who lived at Donnithorne's, came out of his sitting-room and strolled off to bed. Although the class-room door was ajar, he never imagined that anyone was in there, the gas being out. Soon Donnithorne's was in complete darkness. Everybody was fast asleep—including Mary Anne.

The cathedral clock solemnly tolled the hour of twelve. All was silence at Donnithorne's—Mary Anne's intermittent snoring alone disturbed the stillness of midnight. The moon's rays fell full upon Mary Anne's uneven profile; it showed up, in plain distinctness, the slight, nervous lines which six years' bullying and "rotting" had left on Mary Anne's young forehead; even in his sleep he would give, at times, a little apprehensive start. His school term, you see, was one long course of badgering, and he lived the events of the day over again in his dreams.

The cord of the lower sash was broken, and so, some hours previously, Mary Anne had propped the window up with a cricket-bat. A slight breeze sprang up, and coming through the open window fanned Mary Anne's shock head of hair; the breeze was kind and gentle, and Mary Anne sighed softly as he slumbered.

Presently—as the cathedral clock struck a quarter to one—something appeared at the open window. Mary Anne didn't see it, because just at that moment he was scooting away for dear life from his chief tormentor—in his dreams, of course. The something grew larger, and finally took the shape of a man's head and shoulders—a round, close-cropped head and burly shoulders. Then appeared two arms, a waist, and two legs.

It was, in short, a man—the sort of man that frequently enjoys Her Majesty's hospitality. And what curious clothes he had on, to be sure! What were those broad-arrow marks on his stockings?—truly a rum get-up.

The convict—for a convict it was, and an escaped convict to boot—had removed his shoes, and so, as he clambered over the window-sill, he made no noise. Mary Anne snored—the convict glanced towards his corner. The convict's face lit up. As lightly and noiselessly as a cat he leapt over the intervening desks, and effectually awoke Mary Anne by clapping a huge, rough hand over the sleeper's wide-open mouth. Mary Anne tried to yell, but the convict's hand stifled the cry.

"Stop that—d'yer 'ear?" And the ruffian backed up his command by placing his disengaged fingers round Mary Anne's wind-pipe.

When the boy was almost black in the face the convict relaxed his grip—slowly and reluctantly. He had it in his mind to throttle Mary Anne—this being a quick and sure way of silencing him—but second thoughts prevailed. He saw that he could put the lad to a variety of uses.

"Not a sound—d'yer 'ear? Breathe a word and I'll murder yer. Now, off with them togs—quick! You're wide, and so am I! 'Urry up—an' look slippy!"

Before Mary Anne quite knew where he was or what he was doing, he was standing in his shirt and stockings, and the convict, having rid himself of his prison dress, was hastily donning Mary Anne's clothes, which he found a tight fit—a very tight fit. In fact, he only got them on after a tremendous struggle.

"Sharp, now!" said the man. "You know the run of the place. I want *grub*, and anything that's worth taking. Lead the way. One sound from you," he added, savagely, placing his lips close to Mary Anne's ear, "and I'll *coruse* you!"

Trembling with terror, Mary Anne led the way and showed the convict where the pantry was. The convict regaled himself like a famished wolf. Then Mary Anne conducted the convict into Mr.

Donnithorne's study and into the drawing-room. At intervals of two minutes the convict repeated his ferocious threat, and each time Mary Anne's hair stood on end. Meanwhile the convict crammed his pockets full of all the valuables that would go into them. At length he was satisfied and bade Mary Anne conduct him back to the class-room—an order which Mary Anne obeyed with alacrity.

"Now, young feller," growled the visitor, a little thickly—for he had flirted extensively with the beer-barrel in the butler's pantry—"look you 'ere."

With a massive forefinger and thumb he embraced Mary Anne's neck. Mary Anne blinked and stood perfectly still.

"I'm goin' to do a guy now. See?"

"Yes, sir," quavered Mary Anne.

"But befaw I goes I wants to give you a word of advice. If you stirs out of this room one inch, or raises any alarm wot-ever, I'll nip back and keep my previous promise. What did I say I'd do?"

"You said you'd 'corpse' me, sir."

"Aye," chuckled the convict, "so I did; an' I mean it now. Well, just to see that you stay 'ere I'm goin' to stick by the wall and watch yer. See?"

"I shan't move, sir," said Mary Anne, hurriedly.

"If you runs I can 'op through an' catch yer hup in no time. You've got a soft neck," he added, increasing the pressure of his thumb and finger, "and you'd throttle nice. Now --not a sound."

Releasing Mary Anne, the convict proceeded to stow everything he had taken securely in his pockets—or, rather, Mary Anne's pockets. Meanwhile Mary Anne shivered in his shirt.

"That's all c'rect," muttered the convict; "so I'll be trotting. If, young feller," he added, again applying that affectionate pressure to the nape of Mary Anne's neck, "you so much as say a word concerning my visit, I'll come back and kill yer—I don't say when, but I'll come!"

So saying, he picked up his discarded prison dress and crammed it into a lock locker near by.

"Time I was gittin'," he muttered, shooting a



"YOU SAID YOU'D 'CORPSE' ME, SIR."

final menacing glance at Mary Anne ere he leaned over the window-sill and proceeded, in this attitude, to peer into the garden beyond.

Mary Anne had left off shivering; the blood was coursing furiously through his veins. More even than the convict's appalling threats he feared the morning chaff of his school-fellows. He pictured the frown which would decorate the face of Mr. Donnithorne when that gentleman found all the smaller valuables in his study and drawing-room *had been stolen!* He, Mary Anne, was responsible for the whole job! He had gone to sleep and left the window open, and had shown the convict round the place like a professional guide! He—he was irresponsible; on his shoulders would rest the entire blame!

Then—agonising thought!—what would the fellows say when it was noised all over Casterbridge that he had deliberately stripped off his clothes and given them to an escaped convict?—he, a great strapping fellow of eighteen!

Perish the thought! He wouldn't stand it! Life wasn't very sweet to him, and he didn't care much if he gave up living. He felt that he would rather die than face his school-fellows and masters in the morning!

His eyes roved wildly round the class-room in search of a weapon. He could see nothing but books and ink-wells. At last—the convict was still leaning out of the window and gazing intently into the garden—Mary Anne's desperate glance fell on the cricket-bat with which he had propped up the lower sash of the window.

Without another moment's reflection he dashed forward and grabbed the bat.

Crash! Down came the great window, bang on to the convict, catching him in the middle of his spine. Such was the weight of the great frame that it pinned the ruffian to the window-sill. As he was guarding his pockets with his hands, the window imprisoned his arms as well.

With muffled imprecations he struggled with all his might to free himself. But, powerfully built as he was, the window was too heavy for him.

Mary Anne was surprised—astounded—delighted! He had not contemplated this result of his hasty snatching away of the bat. For several seconds he gazed upon the panting, furious scoundrel, and then rushed into the passage, uttering yell after yell. So shrill and piercing were his cries that masters and boys came trooping downstairs, all agog to find out what was going on.

"What's up?" cried a score of voices.

"A—a—man!—a villain!—a robber!" howled Mary Anne.

"Where? Where?"

"In the upper class room. He's caught! The window fell on him!"

A rush was made for the class-room, and in less than a minute the window had been pushed up and the convict secured. It was an easy task; had he remained much longer in that position the weight of the window would have squeezed the life out of him.

Mary Anne was the hero of the last fortnight of term. On Speech Day he was carried shoulder-high round the playground, and the

fellows who had badgered him most were now most eager to stand him ginger-beer and tarts.

The incident put fresh life into Mary Anne's flabby body. He thought the matter over, and decided that he wasn't such a jay after all. When he left Casterbridge he got his father to get him an appointment in the "Cape Mounted"—and the rough, bustling events of a Colonial policeman's career made a man of him.

It happened years ago, but still every new fellow that enters Donnithorne's House is told the tale of that night, and every new fellow repeats at home the story of—

"MARY ANNE'S CONVICT."



CRASH! DOWN CAME THE GREAT WINDOW, BANG ON TO THE CONVICT.

HAUNTED SCHOOLS AND COLLEGE GHOSTS

BY C. L. MACLUER · STEVENS ·




ALL houses wherein men have lived and died are haunted, says Longtellow; and apparently most, if not all, schools wherein boys have lived, and learned, and played, are similarly afflicted. At all events, there are but few of our older and more pretentious seminaries to which some ghostly legend is not attached.

Even the great universities are not exempt, both Oxford and Cambridge boasting an exceedingly choice and unusually varied

collection of spooks. At the former, for instance, there is a "Radiant Boy," who appears at odd intervals to neurotic undergraduates, clad in pure white and surrounded by silver flames; an ancient "scout" of lugubrious mien, who haunts the courts and quadrangles at dead of night; and an unspeakably loathsome apparition of a misshapen being, having a

human countenance, but devoid of eyes, nose, or mouth. Luckily this monstrosity among spectres only puts in an appearance once in seventy years—a sort of "span-of-life" spook, so to speak.

One peculiarity common to many university ghosts is that they haunt only certain well-defined and often exceedingly circumscribed areas. Thus the spectre of a certain Mr. John Bonnell, a former commoner of Queen's College, Oxford, who died suddenly and mysteriously on the night of November 18th, 1750, is seen nowhere but in Queen's College. Similarly, Trinity College, Cambridge, is the

happy hunting ground of a ghostly child, which wanders from room to room, moaning, its eyes fixed on the floor and the palms of its hands turned downward. Curiously enough, an exactly similar wraith is said to haunt the Duke of York's School, Chelsea. The benefits of this institution are now, as most people are aware, confined to the sons of soldiers. But in the old days



THE LAUNCESTON GHOST.

girls also were admitted. One of these latter, a pretty, blue-eyed, golden-haired little witch of seven, the pet of the school, fell while sliding down the banisters, and was dashed to pieces on the stone flags below. To avert any further accidents of a like nature, stout, bluntish spikes were driven into the banisters aforesaid, the theory being that the girls would refrain from further sliding for fear of tearing their frocks. The surmise proved correct, at all events so far as the living children were concerned. But the spectre of the dead girl persists to this day in repeating her performance on each anniversary of her fatal escapade.

Eton boasts of two ghosts. In 1529 a boy was drowned at "le watering place," supposed to have been identical with the favourite bathing resort now known as "Cuckoo Weir." Anyhow, it is here that his wraith is said to disport itself on moonless summer nights, when all the countryside is swathed in darkness as with a garment, and the only sounds audible are the swirl of the tortured river and the hooting of a stray owl. The other spook is more modern and prosaic. It is that of a certain Major Sydenham, who entered into an unholy compact with his friend, Captain William Dyke, to return and visit him at Eton after death. He kept his word; at least, so the gallant captain always averred. But the taste for wandering, once acquired, was apparently difficult to eradicate. At all events, on many occasions since, his unquiet spirit has been seen gliding about the famous playing fields.

One of the weirdest and most circumstantial of scholastic ghost stories is that associated with Launceston Grammar School. The credit—if credit it be—of discovering this particular unearthly visitant, lies between the Rev. John Ruddle, who was head master of the school in 1665, and a scholar named Bligh. The master noticed that the boy, usually an exceptionally bright and intelligent lad, had suddenly become pensive, melancholy, and morose; and, very naturally, sought to ascertain the reason of the change. For a long time Bligh stoutly maintained that there

was nothing specially wrong with him. But eventually, on being pressed, he said that he had several times met, in a field near the school, the apparition of a woman whom he had personally known when alive, but who had then been dead close on eight years. The ghost, he averred, was dressed in ordinary feminine apparel, and looked sorrowfully at him as though it were minded to speak. It never did so, however, notwithstanding that Bligh several times called it by name, beckoned to it, and otherwise essayed to engage it in conversation.

At first the worthy clergyman, if we are to believe his own statement, received this remarkable story with incredulity; but, the lad persisting, he was at length induced to visit the place himself. On the first occasion her spookship did not deign to put in an appearance, but a second trial proved more favourable. The master not only saw the ghost—he succeeded, after several attempts, in "laying" it; although exactly by what means does not clearly appear. All that he tells us is that he spoke to the spectral woman, and inquired the cause of her trouble. "Whereupon," he continues, "the spirit approached me, but slowly. I spoke again, and it answered in a voice neither audible nor very intelligible. I was not in the least terrified, and therefore persisted until it spoke again



THE BEAMINSTER GHOST.

and gave me satisfaction. But the work could not be finished at this time. Wherefore, the following evening, an hour after sunset, it met me again near the same place, and after a few words on each side it quickly vanished, and neither doth it appear now, nor hath appeared since, nor ever will more to any man's disturbance." In this latter assertion, however, if we are to credit local tradition, the good man was mistaken, for the apparition is still to be seen at odd intervals near its old trysting-place.

Beaminster School is haunted to this day by the spectre of a murdered boy, and this despite the fact that the place has been entirely rebuilt since the alleged crime was committed. The story of this apparition

presents many unique features in ghost-lore. The spook, it would appear, was first seen on Saturday, June 22nd, 1728. The master had dismissed the boys as usual, but twelve of them loitered in the churchyard, which adjoined the school-house, "to play ball."

The hour was just about noon. After a while one of the lads returned to the schoolroom for his book, but soon came shrieking back, crying out that there was a coffin just inside the doorway. His playfellows all thronged back with him to the doorway indicated, and *five* of them, peering within, distinctly saw the apparition of one John Daniel, a former schoolfellow of theirs, who had at that time been dead and buried some seven weeks. The ghost was sitting on a bench within the room, and about the same distance beyond the coffin as the coffin was from the entrance. *All twelve boys saw the coffin*, and it was conjectured that the reason all of them did not see the apparition was because the door was so narrow that they could not approach it together.

Needless to say, this weird story caused great and general excitement. The lads were interviewed, jointly and severally, by the local magistrates, but they one and all persisted in their story. Indeed, under cross examination, several additional details came out. One of the party, for instance, had noticed that the spectre wore round its right hand a white linen rag, and inquiry elicited that the woman who laid out the body had swathed that particular hand in just such a bandage. Another of the five boys who had actually, so they said, seen the ghost, happened to be Daniel's half-brother. He was quite positive as to the identity. "'Tis no use you trying to moider (muddle) me, gentlemen," he remarked, at the end of an hour's questioning. "'Twas our John right enough, a coffin by him, dressed in just such a coat as I have on at this minute,

with a pen in his hand, and a book before him." In the end the body was exhumed, when it was found that, instead of dying in a fit, as had been supposed, the poor little lad had been strangled. It does not appear, however, that anyone was ever brought to account for the crime.



THE GUILDFORD GHOST

Guildford Grammar School, an ancient and weather-beaten structure, possesses an equestrian ghost, an old huntsman, to wit, who, mounted on an iron-grey steed, clatters cheerfully around the flagged courtyard at dead of night. He is, however, a good-natured spook, and quite different in this respect from the one that was wont, not long since, to so persistently trouble the Castle School in the same town. This establishment is situated within the grounds of the ancient castle of Guildford, and the spectre was supposed to be that of a too venturesome explorer,

who, accompanied only by his faithful dog, essayed to penetrate within the labyrinth of subterranean passages lying beneath the keep, and never returned. The writer well remembers, some five-and-twenty years ago, throwing stones down the almost perpendicular passage through which the unfortunate man was said to have descended to his doom, and listening with bated breath for the series of muffled plashes which heralded their arrival at the water far below. Curiously enough, within comparatively recent years an entrance was effected into a series of artificial passages lying some seventy feet below the surface of a meadow adjoining the castle grounds, and beneath some rubbish was found a number of human bones mixed with those of a hound. These were reverently buried, and since then, so it is said, the ghost of the Castle School has ceased from troubling. This is lucky, as, according to tradition, the person seeing it is doomed to a violent death within a year.

Not infrequently ghosts work havoc with the

reputation of an otherwise altogether excellent school or college. Watton Abbey, in Yorkshire, for instance, where once were educated more than seventy boys, had to be relegated to private use owing to a couple of apparitions which would persist in frightening the scholars. One of these represented a headless nun, supposed to be the ghost of a certain Elfrida, a beautiful novice, who had been first cruelly scourged, and afterwards beheaded, in punishment for an alleged breach of conventual regulations. The other was that of a fair Royalist lady, who was cruelly murdered, together with her hapless infant, by a band of roving Puritan marauders. This latter must have been a very awe-inspiring spook, quite sufficient, indeed, of itself, without any aid from wandering nuns or other intruders, to cause the abandonment of the abbey as a place of instruction for the young. She was described as "headless and bloody, bearing in her lacerated arms the sword-slashed and pike-pierced corpse of a little child."

In another instance a large private school at Cheshunt, kept by a well-known and highly-respected clergyman, was practically ruined in a similar manner. The cause of the trouble was, however, not two ghosts only, but three. Number one was an apparition of a short man in a fustian jacket, with a red woollen comforter round his neck; number two was an elderly and very ugly woman, dressed in the costume of a bygone age; and the third was a young female, in rustling black silk, with long dark hair. This trio, it is said, played all sorts of mischievous pranks, blowing out candles, pinching and pricking the boys after they had retired for the night, and even stealing and tearing in pieces their night-gowns and other personal belongings. Boy after boy was withdrawn, and eventually, as has already been stated, the school had to be given up. Nor was this all. Other

tenants had similarly suffered. Consequently, the owner, who was no less a personage than the late Sir Henry Meux, found it impossible to let the place again, and it stood empty for a number of years. In the end the entire structure was pulled down, and the spell thereby broken.

The above are, however, but common ghosts, modern, undistinguished, of bad manners, and probably worse lineage. The old, genuine, crusted variety of spook rather lends tone and distinction to a college than otherwise. Westminster School, for example, is proud of being haunted by the spectre of one "Wiseman, a Knight of Kent," the leader of a mob of Puritans which attacked the place in 1642, and who was killed by a tile hurled by one of the scholars. Marlborough boys, too, invariably point out to the visitor the famous Littlecote stile, where at Wild Darrell, the principal of the terribly weird tragedy of Littlecote Hall, ceases his ghostly rides round about the college. He is represented as galloping madly along on a phantom steed, followed by the apparition of a babe burning in a flame.

It is a constant tradition in Rossall school-lore that the ghost of a certain Lady Fleetwood "walks" at intervals near the old chapel;

and there are not wanting, even to this day, veracious boys who affirm that they have seen the notorious phantom. There was also once a certain assistant master—although that is another ghost story—who, returning late from a supper across the square, confessed to having both seen and heard the spectre. But this gentleman's tale lost something in effect owing to a later confession by three big boys that they had purposely personated the long-dead lady on the very night in question.

Similarly, Canterbury King's School scholars faithfully believe that the ghost of the unhappy Nell Cook still haunts the "Dark Entry"; Radley College boys whisper together



THE MARLBOROUGH GHOST.

of the spectre whose alleged presence there dates from the days of the Bowyers of Leamington, the former owners of the mansion; and students at Marischal College, Aberdeen, watch on each succeeding New Year's Eve for the ghost of the murdered Downie. This latter worthy, it may be mentioned, was a former sacrist, or janitor, of the college, who incurred the enmity of the students owing to the strictness with which he performed his

duties. To be revenged, a number of them seized the luckless man, and, after a mock trial, blindfolded him, and "beheaded" him—with a wet towel. It was intended, of course, as a realistic joke. But it proved to be something far different. Poor Downie died of shock; and as his unintentional murderers could not possibly be brought to justice, his unquiet wraith walks abroad to this day on each anniversary of his strange "execution."

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS.

CONDITIONS.—The Coupon on Page II of advertisements must be fastened or stuck on every competition submitted.

The name and address of every competitor must be clearly written at the top of first page of competition.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work, and we hope that everything submitted will be your own work, and absolutely your own.

GIRLS may compete in all competitions.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like (providing you come within the age limits), and have as many tries as you like for each prize, but each "try" must be sent in a separate envelope and must have a coupon attached to it.

Address thus:—Competition No. —, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions must be in by April 24th, except Nos. 1 and 2, which should reach us by May 24th.

No. 1.—**THREE GUINEAS** for the reader who sends the best drawing of his school. There will be ten Consolation Prizes, consisting of Half-yearly Volumes of the "Strand Magazine" and the "Wide World Magazine." Age limit: Twenty.

No. 2.—**TWO GUINEAS** for the reader who sends in the best photograph of his school. Five Consolation Prizes, as above. Age limit: Twenty.

No. 3.—**TWO GUINEAS** for the best list of what you consider the fifty best books for a school library. Age limit: Twenty.

No. 4.—**A HANDSOME STUDY CLOCK** will be presented to the reader sending the best parody on the well-known ballad entitled, "Mary had a little Lamb." Age limit: Nineteen.

No. 5.—**THREE PRIZES OF ONE GUINEA** will be awarded, respectively, to readers in (A) England and Wales; (B) Scotland; (C) Ireland. You know that every county is celebrated for some particular article of good cheer, such as "Yorkshire Pudding," "Devonshire Cream," etc.,

etc. There you are, then. Lists of English counties (including Wales) must have English (or Welsh) addresses on them; the same rule applies to Scotland and Ireland. Only place one article of good cheer, opposite the name of each county, thus:—

Yorkshire.....Pudding.

Devonshire.....Cream.

Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 6.—**TWO GUINEAS** will be given for the best coloured map of the Soudan, showing Khartoum, Atbara, and other places of like interest. Age limit: Seventeen.

No. 7.—**TWO GUINEAS** for the best essay on: "What I would do with £1,000"—if somebody were to present you with that amount. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 8.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best bit of coast-line most resembling a man's face. Any part of the world. Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 9.—**SIX MAGNIFICENT FOUNTAIN PENS** (excellent things to write lines with) for the six best letters criticising No. 1 of THE CAPTAIN. Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 10.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best drawing of a postage stamp, omitting perforated edges. Drawings must be four times the size of a stamp. Age limit: Thirteen.

No. 11.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best written copy of the first column of this magazine (Henty Interview). Age limit: Twelve.

No. 12 is a competition for "Old Boys." **TWO GUINEAS** for the best account of the way you spent your first year after leaving school. No age limit to this.

Naval Cadets at Play.

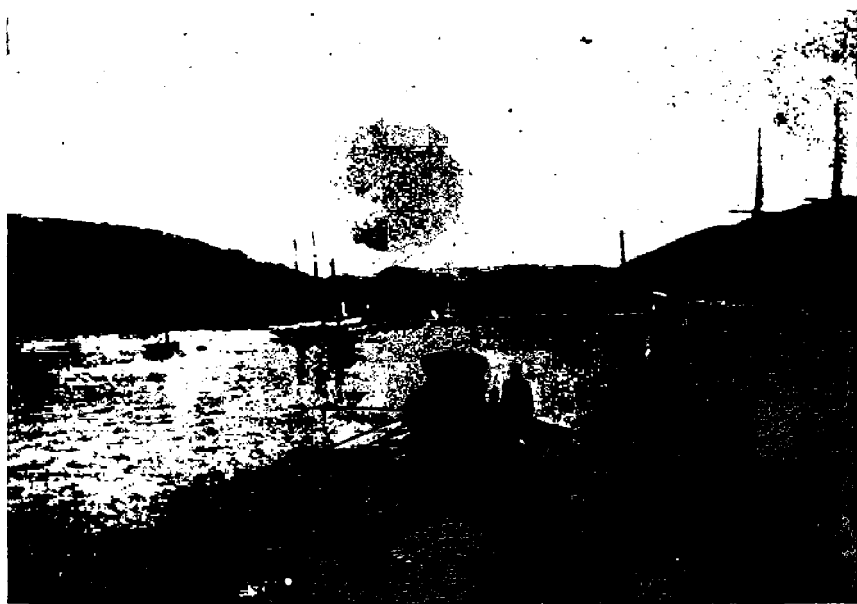
BY HAMILTON WILLIAMS, M.A.

Instructor in Naval History, H.M.S. "Britannia."



AH, ha! that's the bugle for "Dismiss studies." No need to explain this to cadets, however; almost before the last blast has left the mouth of the bugle studies are empty, and their late occupants—flinging X and Y, cosine and haversine, celestial concave and meridian altitude—stream down the hatchways, over the bridge which joins the two ships, and along the middle deck, chattering, shouting, "ruxing," tumbling over each other, in haste to stow their small but capacious holds, and then bolt for the shore, for this is a half-holiday, and the rest of the day is their own.

For a moment silence holds them in its grasp as the gong sounds and the chief captain says grace: and then—but no matter. I was not asked to describe three hundred hungry boys at dinner. Let it



A RACING CUTTER.

be granted, as Papa Euclid observes in that profusely illustrated work of his, that dinner is over. The exodus is about to commence. The animals are coming out of the ark and going ashore. Figure to yourselves, as our lively neighbours say, that it is summer—a long half-holiday in July. Some favoured ones—favoured, that is, not only by the Officer of the Day, but also by the circumstances of the pocket—rush down the steep side of the ship, discharge

themselves (there is no other word) into watermen's boats, head first, feet first, any way first, and hurry off to the shore, armed with cricket bats, racquet bats, fives bats (generally somebody else's, picked up by chance), in haste to be first in the field. Long before the boat has touched the steps they are springing out to face the heavy three-quarters of a mile of hill which lies before them ere they can reach the cricket-field and the "stodge shop." But these are only the advanced

guard, the skirmishers of the great army. Two huge black pinnaces drop alongside, and into them pour, in a steady and apparently endless stream, the main body of the cadets, jumping over each other, on top of each other, crashing down among the oars, and shoving right and left as

they gain their seats. They toss the oars aloft, and wait impatiently.

"Shove off!"

The great boat's nose drops away from the ship's side, and points towards the shore. "Down!" and the oars splash into the water, and, like a tremendous water-beetle, the boat makes its heavy way to the landing-place, literally seething with cadets. Then follows the climb up to the cricket-field, high upon the hill,

overlooking the mouth of the Dart, the road shaded with trees, and affording lovely views of the harbour—but “fain I” stopping to look at views. On past the racquet courts, on past the tempting seats inviting a rest, on past the site of the new College, where troops of busy navvies are hard at work, mostly having their dinners; on past the kennels where the beagles reside—as your nose will tell you this hot summer’s day—then turn to the left, and there you are, with the pavilion right in front of you, flanked by the scoring shelter and the bandstand.

Cricket matches are on the point of commencing—the First Eleven *v.* the Plymouth Garrison; the Second Eleven *v.* Totnes; the Third Eleven *v.* some neighbouring school—and everyone is on his mettle to keep up the honour of the “Nursing Mother of the Queen’s Navy.”

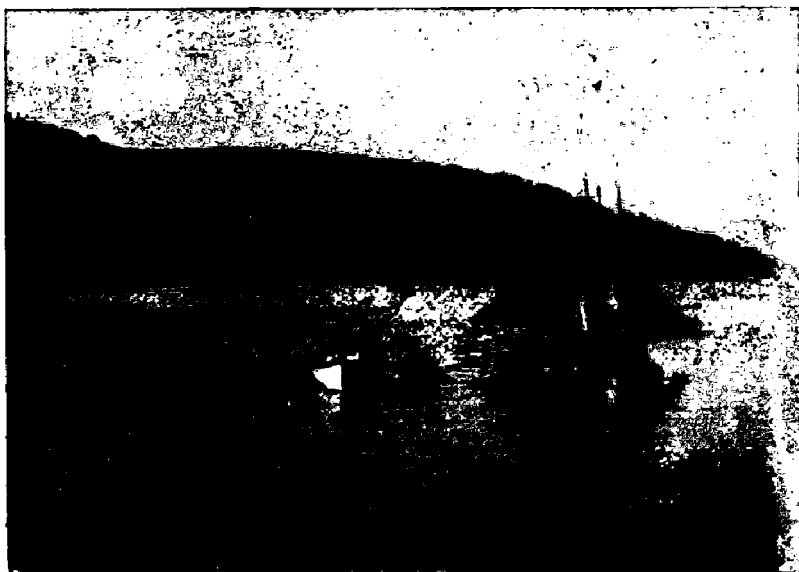
officers; a few active-looking, bearded naval men; a ponderous private, and a professional—surely the boys can’t tackle these? Aye, but they can



CADETS ASHORE.

though, with the help of their own “pro” and two lieutenants; and you see if they don’t send the Garrison back to Plymouth with their tails down! We take great pride in our cricket, and we work at it quite as hard as, and with much greater goodwill than, we do at the elements of geometry and spherical trigonometry.

When the match is over the elevens stream off down the hill again to plunge into the river from the bathing stage, which adjoins the “dockyard” and its quay. Everything is done by bugle-call. “Advance!” sounds the bugle, and instantly a perpetual shower of pink units “advances” head-first off the stage, disappears in the depths, pops up again, splutters, and bubbles, and gurgles, and then strikes out for the sailing cutters, moored at some distance off, or careers wildly around in pursuit of nothing. Eventually the units col-



A SAILING CUTTER.

But, I say! the Plymouth Garrison look a hefty great team as they stroll out of the pavilion—some smart, long-limbed, deep-chested soldier

lect again by the stage, they clamber up, they run about on the wet planks laughing, jeering, chaffing, and applauding their fellows still in

the water, while all the time over their heads passes an intermittent stream of naked bodies, hurling themselves from the spring-boards above, and churning the river into foam as they fall, apparently without misgiving, right into the midst of their spluttering chums below. Just one dive more! but "Prup-pup-pup!" goes the bugle, and out they unwillingly come, leaving one or two of their less heedful mess-mates still clinging to the bowsprit of the sailing cutter.

Ah, yes! the sailing cutter!—that reminds me. The "Britannia," remember, is the great and only training establishment for the greatest service in the whole world (foreign nations please copy), the service which occupies its business in great waters. In electing to join the Navy the Queen's boys pledge themselves to abandon

the land and take to the ocean. So their play is made to bear a resemblance to their work. The little "dockyard" contains a whole fleet of "blue-boats" (four-oared gigs and skiffs) which are entirely at their service as soon as they have passed the swimming

tests, and on a fine half-holiday the broad stream of the Dart and its tributary creeks are alive with these rowing boats and their happy crews, pulling hard when they have a mind to (which is not very often, and does not, as a rule, last more than half a minute), but often lazing along under an oar held up aloft and tastefully decorated with articles of apparel.

But it is the sailing cutters which are the chief prize. Eight of them there are, small cutter-rigged yachts of from three to four tons, which any three boys of the senior terms may take out, within certain bounds, without any supervision or interference, and in which they may sail to their hearts' content, and make all the mistakes and commit all the tomfooleries which a boy must of necessity per-

petrate to enable him to reach that perfection which is only attained by clambering over one's own back as it were. So the sailing cutters, with their smiling, irresponsible, happy-go-lucky trios, occasionally indulge in manœuvres of a kind unknown to the first lieutenant, and generally not anticipated by their own crews. When the wind is light and the ebb tide is strong they may be observed picturesquely arranged upon the mud, heavily listed to one side, painfully remote from aid or sympathy, while their ill-fated crews frantically plunge oars and boat-hooks into the slimy mass of black mud on which they rest. When the wind is hard and squally they may be seen trying the effect of ramming upon various objects on the surface or at the edge of the

water, such as coal-hulks, pontoons, quay-walls and the like, with a very creditable amount of success; their capabilities in the way of fouling buoys, getting across the bows of steamers, and entangling themselves in hawsers, are of a high order, and it



PHYSICAL DRILL.

is a pretty sight to see one of them "in irons" drifting gaily down the river, stern first, on top of the steam ferry.

One incident of some years ago I still recall with a smile of appreciation. I was walking on the sloping hill-side high over the river. There was a tearing breeze. Three of the cutters came romping down the stream close together, right before the wind, with sails boomed square out and main sheets straining, the three crews beaming with delight, roaring out chaff as they tore along, but with eyes and thoughts, alas, directed at each other rather than right ahead. On rushed the cutters, the foam creaming under their bows, and seething away in a white wake far astern, when all of a sudden the leading boat ran bang into a buoy or a hawser, or something

(I could not see what), stopped dead, swung helplessly over, and was instantly rammed in quick succession by the other two, all three bringing up as if they had been struck by lightning.

One second more, and then a mast and sail slowly and solemnly fell into the water. Presently one cutter broke away, with only the stump of a bowsprit left, and drifted down the river before the strong wind, stern first, leaving the other two

fast locked together in a general catastrophe, and with hopeful promise of a free fight. I nearly rolled off the high bank on which I stood with laughing, and when next I looked they were ruefully lowering the tattered wreck of their sails and signalling frantically to a steam pinnacle to come and tow them back to the ship, but not to safety, for, though they knew it not, the commander was grimly awaiting their return on board.

But it must not be thought that such accidents are the rule; in general, the cutters return unscathed to their moorings, and even manage to pick up their buoys—no easy matter with a swirling tide under you—with a fair amount of skill and accuracy.

Perhaps the climax of delight is attained when, on a "whole" (oh! rare and exquisitely precious thing a "whole"!) a party of five—four to row and one to steer—gets permission to take a blue gig, well and bountifully stored with provisions, up the river as far as a gig may win. Off directly after an early breakfast, with some twelve miles of lovely water, of tree-swept banks, of winding creeks and shining beaches before them, with none to hinder, none to question, none to interfere, and the only regulation, "Return at 7 p.m." What boy would not jump at such a chance? And back they come punctually, as a rule, half-a-dozen of them often towing in a long string astern of the Totnes steamer, whose good-natured skipper takes pity

on the tired boys after their long day on the river.

Of course the natural outcome of all this play with oars and sails is an annual regatta in which the "Termins" and "Studies," the gigs and the skiffs, compete with each other in countless races, and the cadets shout their throats so sore that they can't swallow easily for a week afterwards. But these delights are confined to



HOCKEY.

the narrow waters of the river; the cutters, the gigs, and the skiffs may not show their noses outside the harbour, and it is manifest that the heart of any rightly constituted cadet must yearn for the open sea and its boundless possibilities.

Nor does he yearn in vain. Quite apart from the 1,000-ton steam sloop "Racer" (970 tons, to be exact) which takes him out week by week, and watch by watch, on strict business, there are at his disposal the thirty-ton schooner yacht, "Syren," and the schooner-rigged launch, "Arrow," which on half-holidays in the summer carry him out to sea, and wallow around with him, and heave him in the air, and slide sickeningly away from under him, and wave him wildly to and fro till his whole internal machinery gives way, and his unhappy little boiler begins to "prime"; and when he gets back he swears that nothing shall ever induce him to go out in her again. Yet, the very next chance, away he goes, like the true son of Britain that he is. And that is the sort of boy we want—the eager, undaunted, persevering boy, whose aim, like that of his great model, Nelson, is to do not just as little as he may, but as much as he possibly can. "Now, had we taken ten sail, and had allowed the cleventh to escape when it had been possible to have got at her, I should never call it well done." That is the key-note of Nelson's character—thoroughness—and that is the note we wish to strike.

Let us be serious for a moment—only for a

moment—it is not in the nature of boys to be serious for longer. Let us see what it is that these boys unconsciously aspire to. They are to be the leaders of that great service "on which," in the grave words of the Articles of War, "under the good providence of God, the wealth, safety, and strength of the kingdom chiefly depend." They are to learn to command the hearts and hands of the thousands of gallant sailors of which that service is composed—men who know their own duties thoroughly themselves, but who must be directed and led (not driven) by officers whom they can both trust and look up to as their superiors. The skill, the courage, the steadiness, the resource of the leader should be greater than that of those he leads. No slight matter, this. And in these modern days, when the fighting ship is a mass of complex machinery; when her guns are as delicate as her engines; when the torpedo demands the most skilful of scientific handling; and when electricity permeates the vessel with its mysterious current, the demands on the intelligence of the young officer are greater than ever before. But we cannot all be in the front rank of intellect; what we want is the high average. It is the average man who forms the backbone of every service; it is not given to humanity to breed geniuses in shoals. The boy of high talent will always

rise to the top and find his work waiting for him, but we know that the supply is limited. I don't know that a service composed entirely of geniuses would be a success. Give us plenty of good manly boys of fair averageability, and we are quite content. They will

pull the Navy through when the next great struggle comes, and when it does come, perchance from some obscure country parsonage—as in the former century—will emerge one with

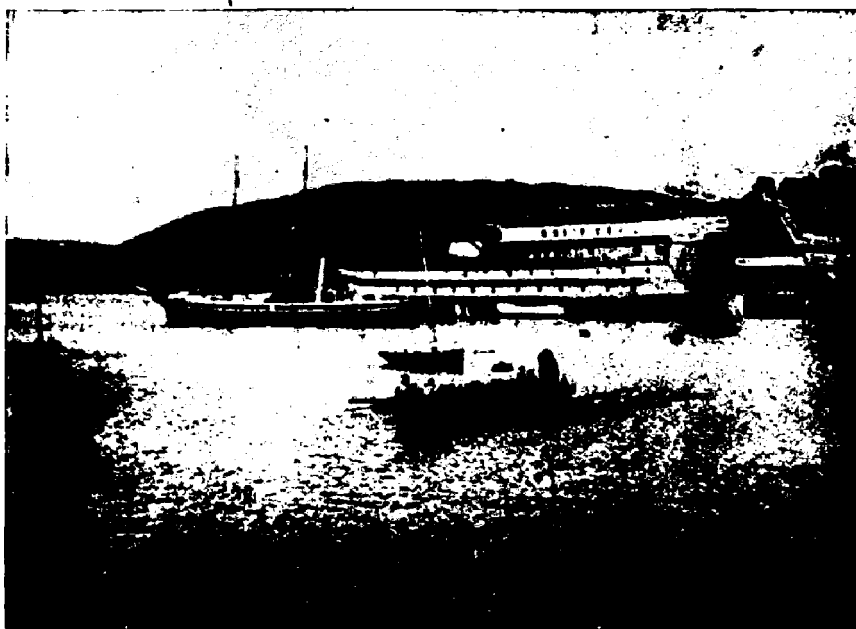
the dauntless spirit and the "thoroughness" of our immortal hero—and when he does come be sure that he will take the lead.

But it was play that we were talking about. Confess, ye boys of Eton and Harrow, of Winchester and Rugby, however much ye may beat us in Latin prose and Greek iambs, ye cannot match us in our play. And we play all your games, too. Racquet courts we have and "bat fives" courts. Football we play, both "rigger" and "soccer," well and hard against whomsoever may challenge us. Hockey also, and lacrosse, when the cutters are "hauled up" and dismasted, and when the face of the river is torn and scarred with the wild winds of winter, and the "blue-boats" snuggle closely under their corrugated iron shelter. Then, too, come out the beagles, of whom we spoke a while ago, a merry, noisy pack of dogs, followed by a still merrier and noisier pack of boys, who toil over the perpendicular country keen enough at the start to hunt a tiger if they could put one up, but generally so blown and exhausted at the end that they couldn't catch a broken-winded donkey hitched up to a five-barred gate—and then back to the ship again, there to emerge from the superincumbent plaster of red mud in which the are encased, and sit down clean, hungry, and happy, to the unlimited jam and cream which

occupies the place of the bread and scrape of my boyish days. After which the band—such a band! The best in England we think; certainly a band of unusual excellence; and we dance—yes, after running all the afternoon with the beagles over country tilted high as a church roof—we

dance as wildly and madly as if we had only just turned out.

Depend upon it we know how to play on board the "Britannia."



CADETS LANDING IN PINNACE.

The MISSING FINGER.

By
H. D. LOWRY.

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR ECKHARDT.

CHAPTER I.

OLD

JOHN TRELOAR was the last man living in Lanjestyn who had really been concerned in the smuggling, in the bygone days, when everyone in those parts had something to do

with the traffic. He was now well over eighty, and, as a Methodist of many years' standing, he talked of his exploits with a certain show of remorse. At the same time, he had a way of bragging occasionally of the reckless deeds of daring which he alleged he had once committed.

Willie and I were fond of his company, because he had fine stories to tell. But there came a time when we began to accept them a little doubtfully. We knew all about the old days of smuggling: how the "Nellie" once made fifty voyages to Roscoff in a year, and landed her cargo every time without being molested by the Revenue. Captain Billy, we had heard tell, had been a broken-hearted man at the end of the year because the

record of one trip a week had not been attained. Old John used to talk as if he had been almost as great a man as Captain Billy; but after we had heard a few score of his stories we knew that he was not speaking the truth. There were all sorts of contradictions in his tales—for he had a way of forgetting to-day what he had told us yesterday—and it was easy to see that he would have been quite useless in a boat. We soon came to the conclusion that he had been concerned in the smuggling only as a

carrier—one of the men who used to come down and wait when a cargo was expected, and help, after it had been landed, in conveying the kegs to the chosen hiding places.

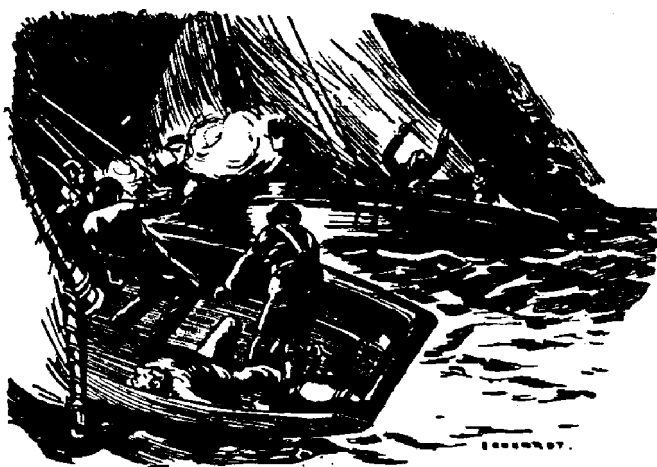
He had evidently not been in the confidence of the leaders, for there were a great many of our questions to which he could never return a satisfactory answer, and they all related to simple things that he must have known if he had been trusted at all. He had been simply a farm labourer, who helped the smugglers when he was able, and took such pay as they chose to give him. He knew no more of their real

secrets than the cabman does of the reason why you tell him to take you from St. Pancras to the Strand.

Still, he was the last of the smugglers in those parts, and that made him rather interesting. Willie and I were always exploring the cliffs, partly to get gull's eggs, and partly to find caves that nobody knew of. We had found many, and each of us had in his collections a couple of egg of his own procuring. We used to take old John pre-

sents of tobacco, and question him on any point that occurred to us from time to time. Sometimes he told us useful things, and there was one story that pleased us especially.

Once upon a time a certain boat had been betrayed. She had gone over to Roscoff to bring back a particularly valuable cargo, and only one or two people had known of the journey, or of the night on which she was to return. She got over to Roscoff safely, and that was something, for a boat that went more than



a certain distance from the shore in those days was liable to be overhauled and questioned. She came back in perfect safety until she got to Lanjestyn Bay. She was making for the appointed place when a challenge came out of the darkness, and the form of a revenue cutter loomed out of the night.

The captain knew that his boat could sail well, and shouted back an insulting answer. Shots were fired from the cutter as she followed the smuggling boat. The cutter was new to those waters, and she went more quickly than the smugglers had thought possible. They returned her fire, and on the decks of each

some men lay wounded. Finally, while they were still in the bay, the cutter bore down on her prey, took her amidships, and sank her. One or two of the wounded smugglers were drowned at once. The others hated the thought of being captured, and took to the water with the intention of swimming to the shore. They were all bad swimmers, and there are dreadful currents in the bay, and so there was not a man of them that reached the shore. The men on the cutter were much blamed for not giving help, but their boat had been so much damaged in ramming the other that they had all they could do to keep her afloat. Old John still blamed them, but Willie and I agreed that they could not have done anything to help the smugglers, and might have been lost themselves if they had made the attempt.

What made this story the more remarkable was that something almost as strange happened in the self-same week. The principal shop-keeper in the village was a certain John Martin. He sold everything that could be desired, from cakes to cheese, from flour to scrubbing-brushes, and he was supposed to be very well off. Besides the shop he had a small farm. The people of the village used to take their eggs and butter and poultry to his shop and exchange them for such other things as they wanted. Then, on Saturdays, he used to drive into Trenear, the nearest market town, and sell the whole at a profit. He was not popular, because he drove the hardest of bargains, and had little mercy on people who had the misfortune to get into his

debt. He had had an accident in the days of his boyhood, and the result of it was that his left hand lacked the little finger.

A night or two after the death of the smugglers he complained of having been too much indoors. Telling his wife to mind the shop, and reminding her that there were divers people in the village to whom she was on no account to give credit, he took his walking-stick and set forth for a walk, not stating his exact destination.

"I suppose I was the last that saw him," John would say. "I was just about ten then, and we lived in the last house in the village.

He had a bad name among the children, and when he came near to me as I was playing in the road-way I ran into the garden and watched until he was out of sight. He went in the direction of Trenear, and from that moment he vanished into space, like the flame of a candle blown out. His wife waited up for him that night until close upon midnight, and then she put some supper on the table and went to bed. She slept so well that she did not wake at all until the morning, and then she was surprised to find that he was not lying beside her, and that the supper was not touched.

"However, she knew one thing that no one else knew: it had been his habit to go out at night from time to time, and not get back until the small hours.

He was a stern man, and she never dared to ask him why he went wandering unaccountably in the night, and for similar reasons she held her tongue now. She knew that if he came back and found that she had been doing anything to let the world know what he had done in private, she would suffer many things from his anger.

"The day passed on and still he did not come. At dusk she began to fear that something had befallen him, and late in the evening she could not but confide in a woman who came to buy some tea. Of course the news was all over the village in a very few minutes, and nobody went to bed till late. The next day they heard my story, and mine was the latest news that could be got of the missing man. He had disappeared absolutely and entirely



from the moment when I last set eyes on him. The matter was talked of for miles around, and a reward offered for information. You know well enough that he had to go a good ten miles before he could get to either coach or ship if he wanted to leave the country. If he had done either he must have possessed the cap of invisibility, for he was not seen by anyone, though a man well known throughout the countryside, and one that would be hardly likely to be forgotten, even by a stranger who saw him for the first time.

"At last his wife put on a widow's cap, being sure that he must have been killed and put away, or that he must have been deep in meditation and walked over the edge of the cliff through not noticing where he was. She offered a reward for the body, and crowds of people went cliff-climbing for many a day after, being set upon getting the £10. But he was never found, and no man knows to this day what became of John Martin."

CHAPTER II.

WILLIE and I had heard this story a hundred times, and often used to wonder what was the secret of the disappearance of this man with the missing little finger.

There was something distinctly uncanny about some of the big empty caves we had discovered, with their occasional tokens of having been used by the dead-and-gone smugglers; and, in a sort of way, the lost man haunted all of them, though it was more than seventy years since the date of his disappearance.

One day we set forth, as usual, on an expedition to the cliffs. We carried a good supply of food, for we meant to spend the whole day in our favourite amusement; and we had also a stock of candles and matches in case we needed to enter a cave.

There was one place of which we were particularly fond. Great masses of the cliff had fallen away, and lay in a tumbled heap at the bottom. Now, if the rock falls away, it is usually because it is undermined by caves. We had made up our minds that there were caves hereabouts, but we had never been able to find them.

On this occasion Willie happened to stand on a big rock which had fallen at the base of the cliff and stood against it. Suddenly he gave a cry: "I can get down here."

The rock did not touch the cliff, and

there was room enough for him to let himself down on the inner side. I sprang on the rock and watched him as he did this. He descended, and then I saw him stoop, as well as he was able to, and feel at the face of the cliff. "There is a cave here," he said, excitedly.

Without further words he leaned against the fallen rock with both hands and slowly lowered himself, putting his legs behind him into the opening of the cave. He went backwards on his hands and knees, and as soon as he was lost to sight I followed him.

At first it was difficult work. The floor was all made up of rough and jagged stones. The roof was so low that we continually bumped



our heads against it. At last Willie cried out "It is higher here; this is the cave."

By the time that I had reached his side he had lighted a couple of candles. I did the same, and as we held them up we saw that we stood in a black-walled cave, about twenty feet in height, and the same in width. "This isn't much of a discovery," said he, in tones of disappointment.

At this moment my eyes lighted on a patch of darkness that seemed even more sombre than the utter blackness of the rocky walls of the cave. "What is that?" I asked, and we both sprang towards it.

"It is the entrance to another cave inside this one," said Willie. "We may have done better than we thought."

For some unaccountable reason we did not start immediately to explore the cave beyond

CHAPTER III.

We had been in places of this kind hundreds of times in the past, and had never felt the slightest touch of fear. But now a curious feeling came over me, and I was half inclined to suggest that one cave was enough for one day, and that we should come back on our next holiday to complete the investigation. Willie told me afterwards that he had felt exactly the same, but, of course, neither of us could own up to being afraid, and so we at last went on.

This time we were able to proceed head first, and the roof of the passage was so high that each of us could carry a candle. The passage was about ten yards long. When at last we had come to the end of it, and were able to stand up, we found ourselves in a gigantic cavern, so big that our lights produced hardly any effect on the darkness. Suddenly Willie gasped. "My boy," he said, "we have done it at last! We have discovered a real smugglers' cave!"

We lighted all the candles we had and looked about us. There were scores upon scores of kegs piled up on all sides, and we saw that they had still the ropes which used to be put on them by those who sold them to the smugglers in order that they might easily be carried when they were landed to the place of concealment. There were bales of silk, and cases containing we knew not what. We found a leather bag, and Willie opened it. It contained a great number of guinea-pieces, and we knew enough of the ways of the smugglers to recognise that we had come upon the money that a gang of dead-and-gone smugglers had intended to exchange in France for silk, lace, spirits, and tobacco. We wondered how it was that they had left it here, and remembered the story of the boat that was sunk by the revenue cutter. Then we made a terrible discovery.

At the back of the cave the roof had fallen in, and there was a huge pile of broken rock, mingled with the staves of casks, and covering a score of big cases.

Out of this mass, laid on a dark rock, and gleaming white in the light of the candles, there stretched a skeleton hand, and we saw at once that it had only a thumb and three fingers.

How we escaped from the cave I shall never be able to tell. I only know that I was bruised and bleeding when at last we emerged into the blessed daylight and started to run over the broken rocks towards the summit of the cliff. It was not until we were far away across the heather-clad moor that we stopped running and dared to speak. Each of us used the same words. "We have found John Martin!"

The rest of the story I must tell from knowledge that has come to me since then. Long afterwards I made the acquaintance of a man who had studied all the documents that are preserved as to the deeds of the Customs officers in the olden days. He told me that on the day before John Martin disappeared he was paid a large sum of money for having given information that led to the sinking of the smugglers' boat.

Obviously, he had intended to go on playing the traitor, but he did not tell the whereabouts of the cave, and it was not until he realised that all his associates were dead that he knew how well he had done. The spirits stored in the cave all belonged to him, for it was evident that the secret had been well guarded, and was his alone after the sinking of the smuggler.

On the night of his disappearance he had gone down to the cave to gloat over his ill-gotten wealth, and while he was still there the roof had fallen in, and he was buried under tons of rock. He had lain there for close upon eighty years, and if it had not been for the wanderings of two adventurous boys no man would have known to this day the secret of his treachery and its terrible reward.

That word "reward" reminds me that Willie and I, as the discoverers of the cave, received some £30 apiece as our share of the smugglers' gold, and of the price of such of the other things as had not been destroyed by the action of time. One of the guineas still hangs upon my watch-chain as a reminder of the adventure that killed all my ambition to shine as a discoverer of hidden caves.



ETON COLLEGE MUSEUM.



THE MUSEUM, LOOKING NORTH.

ETON COLLEGE MUSEUM.

BY HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE.

THE importance of a museum for teaching purposes cannot possibly be over-estimated, and it is now difficult, perhaps, to name any

last twenty-five years or so that their usefulness and practical utility as a medium for teaching purposes, have become to be recognised.



CORNER OF THE BIRD COLLECTION.

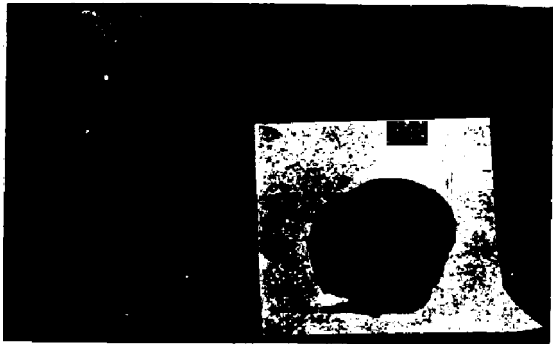
public school of note which cannot boast of this desirable equipment. Yet school museums are of recent origin, for it is only within the

Within that short space of time they have more than demonstrated their undoubted value and now almost indispensable aid to the science

These photographs are the copyright of Geo. Newnes, Limited.

master as the means of imparting knowledge, more especially, perhaps, in relation to biology and geology.

But it is not of the history of school



RHINOCEROS' LEG-BONE AND NEOLITHIC SKULL
DREDGED FROM THE THAMES.

museums, however interesting that may be, that we wish to narrate, but rather to describe briefly that admirable and interesting collection of specimens to be found in Eton College Museum. And Eton may well be proud of its museum, for, though it would be both unfair and unjust to allude to it as an ideal school museum, still we think we are right in referring to it as one of the most advanced school museums in the country. Its valuable specimens are constantly being added to, and everything is done to foster an interest in the museum, and in the study of natural history.

Eton College Museum is to be found in the new block of buildings known as the Queen's Schools, which were erected only a few years ago. Previous to this there existed, on the present site of the Queen's Schools, a large round building called the Rotunda. It was used for various purposes until 1875, when it was fitted up as a museum. About the year 1888 the Rotunda was pulled down, and the present Queen's Schools erected, which consist of a block of buildings on three sides of a quadrangle, with a grass plot in the centre. The museum occupies the eastern side of the block, with various class-rooms on the ground floor beneath. The museum itself consists of a large room, 87ft. by 30ft. It is well lighted—as all museums should be—by a double row of upright skylights, which extend along the whole length of the room, while in addition there are seven large windows.

At the further end of the museum there is a library, which is separated from the museum proper by arches and pillars. It contains a very excellent and extensive collection of books

on natural history, boasting of a complete collection of the Palæontographical Society's works, and also of the scientific reports of the voyages of the "Challenger." We would also draw attention to the magnificent stained glass window seen in our photograph, which formerly found a place in the old school library, where it was erected by Old Etonians during the head mastership of Dr. Hawtrey. The arms of Eton, as well as those of various personages and institutions connected with the college, are portrayed in this window.

On the tables at the northern end of the museum is a useful collection of invertebrates, most of the specimens having been brought from the Naples or Plymouth Zoological Stations. The collection intended to illustrate the vertebrate series cannot be said to be extensive, and our photograph shows the first division of the wall-case of this collection, which consists of a few skeletons and preparations.

One of the first things that would probably strike the casual visitor to the museum would be the very fine collection of birds. Indeed, Eton College Museum has a very excellent collection of British birds, though, of course, it cannot be said to be in any way complete. They are mounted in glass-fronted cases, and adorn the walls on both sides of the museum. The collection is interesting historically, having been formed by Dr. Thackeray, the late Provost of King's College, Cambridge. Yarrell is said



PALEOLITHIC AND NEOLITHIC IMPLEMENTS FROM THE THAMES
VALLEY.

to have made good use of the collection when writing his celebrated book, "The History of British Birds," and many of the well-known figures in that work would seem to have been drawn from the birds now in Eton Museum.



BUTTERFLIES.

Provost Thackeray left his collection to the school, and, as already stated, the specimens are very fine and in a fair state of preservation, thanks to the skill of the taxidermist. In addition to the mounted series there is a collection of British birds "in skins." These are much more useful for teaching purposes, as they can be more easily handled, and allow of a closer examination.

Of local exhibits, the most interesting, perhaps, is the case containing a collection of prehistoric implements of the neolithic age, which was obtained by Mr. Edward Hale from the men who dredge for gravel in the Thames.

Our photograph shows a skull of a man living in the neolithic age, which was dredged from the Cuckoo Weir, and is remarkable for its great length in comparison with its breadth. It is a very pronounced type of dolicho cephalic skull. There are also numerous examples of the ordinary type of adze, as well as chippings, arrow-heads, bone needles, and a rhinoceros' leg-bone, all of which were dredged up in the Thames, and are remnants of the neolithic period.

We also give an illustration of paleolithic and neolithic flints, which also came from the Thames Valley, as well as a sacrificial knife from Egypt, the latter forming one of a collection which were presented to the museum by Major W. J. Myers, to whom the museum is indebted for many other interesting collections and specimens. There is also a small collection

of anthropological implements, and our photograph shows some of the larger specimens of savage weapons, which occupy a portion of the wall in the library at the northern end. This collection was made by the late Sir John and Lady Franklin, and were presented to the museum by Mr. G. B. Austin Lefroy.

High up on the southern wall of the museum there is a fine specimen of a peacock, while directly beneath is a section of a boa constrictor from Brazil. A massive head of a rhinoceros, as well as a head of an antelope and other large animals, also adorn this wall. A large collection of Gambier Bolton's well-known studies of animals, mounted and framed, as well as maps, are also prominently displayed on the southern wall. Mention, too, might



AN ECQUADOR HEAD.

also be made of the diagram of the "Ascent of Man," the fossils in the museum being so arranged to illustrate the different periods shown between the thick lines in the diagram. In the right-hand corner a standard may be noticed which was used by Umrah Khan's men in the action against the Chitral relief forces, and which has been lent to the museum by Captain Warre. It is certainly an interesting curio, with its dirty red and yellow cloth, with a kind of tassel on the top.

Many other interesting objects find a home in the museum which have been presented by Eton masters and others at various times. In the library may be seen a "northern diver," given by Prince Albert, who



BUTTERFLIES.



THE MUSEUM FROM THE NORTH END.

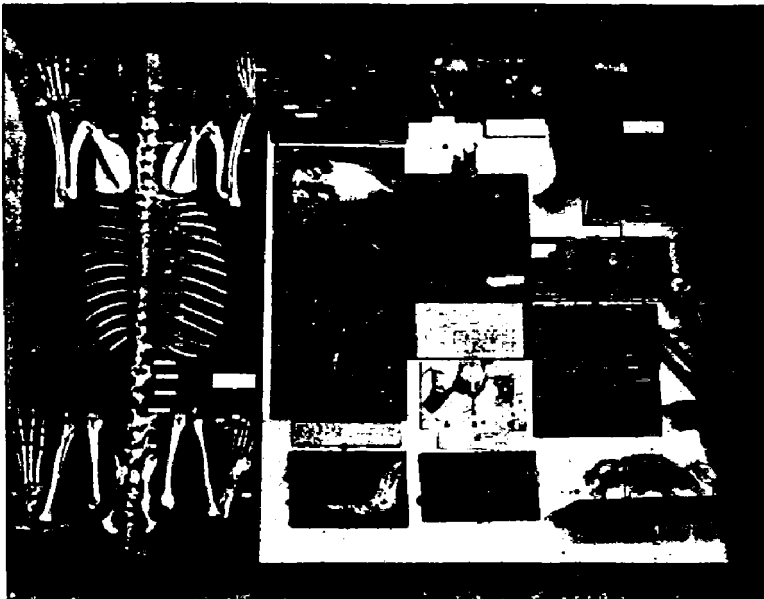
shot the bird in Windsor about the year 1851. A specially designed cabinet, containing the collection of birds' eggs, was also presented to the museum by Mr. A. C. Benson, one of the masters. There is also a very good series of British butterflies and moths, arranged in six cabinets, and are interesting on account of their having been given to the school in memory of Arthur Vernon Jones, an Eton boy, who got together the greater part of the collection himself.

The geological collections

are arranged in three long table cases, and take up the greater portion of the museum proper. In one case we find fossils stratigraphically arranged, most of the specimens

having been purchased from Mr. J. B. Gregory, who also named and arranged them. A fine collection of rocks and minerals fill another case, while a third is chiefly devoted to illustrating economic processes, such as ores, the manufacture of and, tin, copper, steel, iron, pottery, etc.

An interesting curio in the



FIRST DIVISION VERTEBRATE CASE.

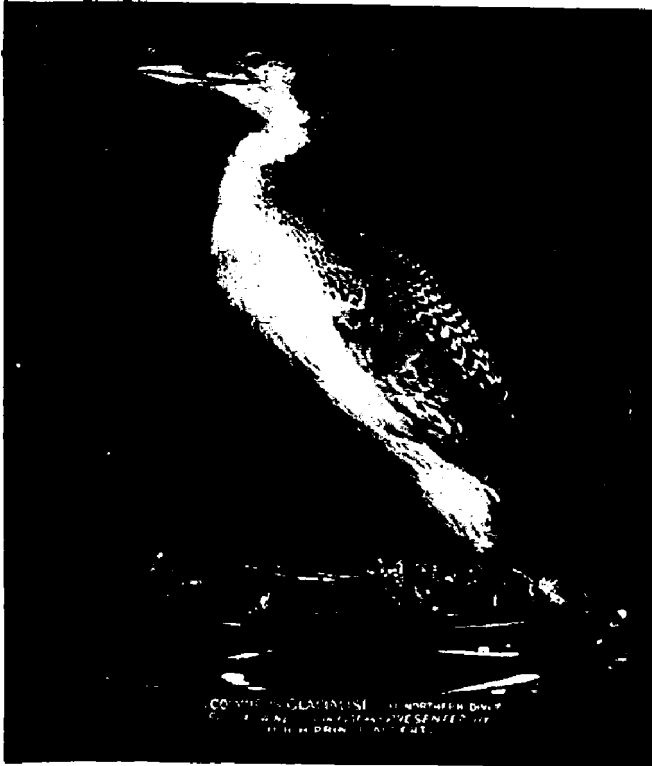
library is a shrunk head from Ecuador. It is prepared in a somewhat extraordinary manner by removing the skull without the skin through the insertion of burning sticks of a peculiar kind. The exact process, however, is unknown to Europeans, and the heads so treated are usually those of hostile chiefs killed in battle. The features of the living man are thus preserved in a wonderful way, though the face and head are very much shrunken and the lips are sewn together as seen in the photograph.

Space prevents us from dwelling at any further length upon the other specimens and collections contained in the museum. A description of the collection of local fauna, consisting of species recorded from the counties of Berkshire and Buckinghamshire would alone occupy more room than could be given to them in this short article. Under the new arrangement full data as to class, locality, and history will be found on the printed labels, and in this way the contents of the museum cannot fail to interest the ordinary visitor; and as the museum is open to

the public at various hours during the day, and is also thrown open on Sunday afternoon, this method will do not a little to stimulate an interest in the objects to be found within the museum walls.

Much of the success of the museum is undoubtedly due to the energies of Dr. Warre, the present head master, who has always shown a keen interest in anything connected with the museum. No master is more fully aware of the advantages of such an institution, and much credit is reflected upon his labours in this direction. The actual work of a museum, however, such as the arranging, planning, and attending to the specimens, naturally falls upon the curator; and the general arrangement of Eton College Museum would show its present curator, Mr.

M. D. Hill, to possess those qualifications necessary for the fulfilment of such a post; and, as the success of any museum depends, in a large measure, upon its curator, Eton Museum bids fair to occupy a prominent position amongst the school museums of this country.

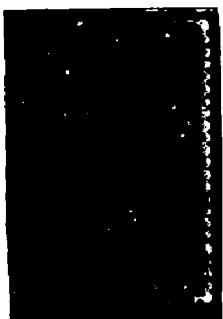


NORTHERN DIVER, GIVEN TO THE MUSEUM BY PRINCE ALBERT.



Method in Stamp Collecting.

By H. M. Gooch.



SCARCELY sixty years have elapsed since postage stamps were introduced as a method of prepayment for the conveyance of letters, etc., through the post. A still shorter period—less than forty years—marks the commencement of stamp collecting as a hobby. Today, every second boy at school is in some way interested in philately, while the subject of his pursuit—

the postage stamp—is a marketable article, a source of education and pleasure—a pastime; which, though necessarily of a sedentary nature, is nevertheless capable of great attainments.

Every boy has a hobby, but it depends upon himself as to how far his recreation is a source of lasting pleasure and profit. Stamp collecting affords both; but it will be the method of collecting which will be largely responsible for the amount of education and enjoyment derived from the pursuit.

Some advice as to the best means of ensuring a successful stamp collection—given by one who knows—may be of value. As a golden rule,

COLLECT WITH AN OBJECT.

Remember that the amount of enthusiasm, thought, and care bestowed upon the first efforts in collecting will largely affect the ultimate satisfaction derived from the collection. A cheap and nasty album is frequently the cause of disappointment; while a well-bound book, scientifically arranged, will go far towards attainment to the objective. Let your commencement, therefore, include a good album.

Given this, eschew any idea of promiscuous collecting. The number of varieties of postage stamps existing to-day—many of them, alas! “made for collectors”—is very large; therefore any special aim at completeness is superfluous. A decision at the outset as to the scope of the collection is to be greatly desired. “Specialism”—a philatelic technicality of later years—is almost essential in twentieth-century stamp collecting; and, whether it be a continent, group of countries, or a single country, a more satisfactory stamp collection will result if this point be taken into consideration. Let me illustrate by one or

two examples of collections. Here is a philatelist whose energies have been exerted towards the acquirement of a collection of

STAMPS OF OUR OWN COUNTRY

one of the most fascinating and instructive avenues of specialism it is possible to tread. He possesses Great Britain complete in singles, blocks, and pairs. The treasures have not been acquired without patience and research, but an object has been attained. Again, the stamps of Europe, inclusive of Spain, Italy, France, and Germany—pregnant with historical reminiscences of the highest utility and interest—are the subject for the prospective inclinations of another collector; while a third divides his interest between British Colonial issues, and, perhaps, a single country which, for some special reason, has attracted his attention. Completeness in a general collection being impossible to-day, the *raison-d'être* of specialism is apparent.

There are certain Medo-Persian laws pertaining to a successful stamp collection. Attention to these laws will be an effectual barrier to any ultimate disappointment in the study of philately. Among boy collectors the majority have not yet become instructed in them—evidenced by their collections. The most prominent lesson to be learned affects the condition of the specimens. In its varied travels, from the time it leaves the companionship of its fellows in the post office.

A POSTAGE STAMP SUFFERS MANY HARDSHIPS.

the greatest, not in being licked, but in being sat upon by the cancelling stamp! Though the label may emerge from this ordeal *more or less* besmeared with official grime, admit nothing but the *less* into your stamp collection. In short, fine copies, whether used or unused, are a *desideratum* in stamp collecting. A corner off, a thick black post-mark covering almost the entire design, or some other deteriorating influence, and the inclusion of the specimen in the album will result in disappointment and add no financial value to the aggregate. A lightly-cancelled, “immaculate” specimen, will, on the other hand, beautify the page it adheres to, and enhance its value. The school-boy in exchanging with his fellow-students will act wisely in remembering this.

The use of stamp mounts for the arrangement of the specimens in the album has now become so

general that it is almost needless to refer to the law of the gum-pot. We have seen collections—one at the time of writing with an appraised value of £800—every stamp in which was securely glued in its allotted space, without any certain hope of a return to original value. Stamps of extreme value have been sacrificed by this means. The adoption of

SCIENTIFIC METHODS OF MOUNTING

will ensure immunity from future loss. Small slips for the purpose of "hinging" the stamps can be obtained at a cost of something less than 1s. per 1,000. The accepted method of use for these hinges is to affix a small portion of the mount to the top of the stamp, turning over the remainder so as to form a hinge, which allows of the specimen being turned back for the examination of its reverse side. The substitution of any material other than the specially-prepared oiled paper is to be severely deprecated, especially the use of the edges of the sheets of stamps supplied at post offices.

The financial side of stamp collecting is an important factor in a successful collection. Every stamp has a marketable value, as already stated. The methodical philatelist will do well to bear

this in mind, and by the aid of some reliable modern "priced catalogue," frame his collection accordingly. The rarest stamp he can possess will probably be the "Post Office" Mauritius with a market value of £1,000, but little chance as there is of his acquiring this *rara avis*, there are ample opportunities of adding to his album, stamps, which, while to-day representing only a few pence in value,

WILL TO-MORROW BE WORTH SHILLINGS, OR EVEN POUNDS.

The new issue market alone is not without its opportunities in this respect; many a collector has by the methodical addition to his collection—at little cost—of new issues emanating from the countries he is interested in, reaped an unlooked for harvest.

One of the most desirable attainments in philatelic study is the cultivation of familiarity with everything that pertains to postage stamps—their design, colours, dates of issue, distinctive features, etc. A thorough grasp of all minor details; an efficient knowledge of everything; to be able to tell at a glance to what country any given specimen belongs—this will become possible in an incredibly short time by patient study.

Next month the subject of Mr. Gooch's article will be, "What to pay for Stamps," with numerous illustrations.

Dangers of Meadow Strolling.

If a dog, horse, cow, or bull comes at you, don't run unless a place of security is close at hand. Face the beast, and let it see that you're not afraid of it. Sometimes the fiercest animal can be quelled with a good steady gaze straight into its eyes.

As with a man, an animal's tenderest—although not weakest—anatomical portion is its nose. Everyone, or nearly everyone, has, at some time or other, experienced the sensation of being struck on the nasal organ, either purposely or accidentally, and so it will be readily understood that almost any animal can be cowed by a dose of this treatment.

There is a story of a man who was attacked and knocked down by a lion, which was just about to finish off his victim, when the latter, seizing a large stone which lay close by, struck the king of beasts with all his might on the nose. The lion, astonished and hurt, speedily relinquished his prey and retired. This in itself shows how tender the nose must be.

With regard to bulls—being run at and tossed aloft is one of the delights of rusticity. Now, a

bull generally gives one to understand that it is feeling angry by swishing its tail about and snorting with rising emotion. If the passer-by accepts these omens and "clears out," all well and good, but if he calmly goes on his way and treats the quadruped with disdain, squalls will probably take place. Frequently people are only made aware of a bull's proximity by hearing an angry bellow just behind them. Then, if a gate is close by, or a low hedge, they speedily make for it. Sometimes they succeed in getting over it in time, sometimes the bull helps them over. But in the unfortunate event of there being no gate or hedge handy, the attacked person should summon up all his self-possession and dodge. The best plan is to wait until the bull is close up, and then quickly step aside. As this animal charges blindly, time will thus be given to get nearer the haven of safety. When the bull renews his attack, the same course of action should be adopted, and so, dodging whenever the bull charges, a person can draw gradually nearer a gate, and at length climb over it.

HOW NOT TO TREAT YOUR SISTERS.

BY ROSALIE NEISH. ILLUSTRATED BY "JESSIE C."

OURSE, I am only a "sister" myself, so you may think I am not qualified to give an opinion on how you should or should not treat your sisters. At the same time, as a mere girl, I venture to give you a few hints—but offer them, of course, in all humility. My first piece of advice is to beg you to try and not despise your sisters—more than you can help! I know this will

whom you are so fond of was once a girl herself.

If you can bring yourself to do it (this advice is specially addressed to younger brothers), try and let your sisters kiss you when you return from school. I know this is rather a bother, and that you think being kissed is "beastly rot," but you must remember that all girls *love* being hugged, and you had better bear it, because you may want your sisters to fag for you, or do your holiday task.



TRY AND LET YOUR SISTERS KISS YOU.

be very difficult, but it is a state of mind to be avoided at all costs, because by the time you are men (I think fifteen and a-half or sixteen years is about the age, isn't it?) you will probably fall in love with somebody else's sister, and will then be very glad of the help of your own. Besides, even the "mater"

If you happen to go into the schoolroom one day and find your younger sister sitting in a disconsolate fashion on the floor, surreptitiously wiping her eyes, or openly sobbing over a dead kitten, don't dance an impromptu war dance in front of her and "whoop" loudly in derision, but remember how fond all girls are of crying.

It is the only way they have of showing their feelings, and you should try and be patient with them when you recollect that they are not allowed to blow off the steam by fighting—as you are.

It would also be quite as well not to poke her best doll's eyes in, if you can refrain from doing so, because some girls are rather spiteful, and it might result in a pin being stuck into your new football.

There are several other little things it would be as well for you to avoid. Don't, for instance, put dead mice in her bed, because, although it may cause you an immense amount of amusement, it is poor sort of fun to frighten a girl who can't even thrash you in return. Try very hard not to feel a contempt for your sisters when they are clean, but remember that most girls prefer being clean, and that you are even clean yourself, sometimes—on Sunday before church for instance.

If brothers care to be popular with their sisters, there is one thing they should be particularly careful not to do. When they have committed any special enormity, such as breaking the best plate-glass window with a cricket-ball, or smashing the pony carriage by furious driving, they should not leave their sisters to "face the music" with the governor. Girls may be used to rows, but they are not any more fond of them than boys are, and they have quite enough to bear as it is.

Another objectionable thing that boys should try to avoid is making fun of their sisters and ridiculing their personal appearance. Your sisters don't really enjoy being made fun of, and they may retaliate by refusing to clean a bicycle or field at cricket—which you would, of course, find very inconvenient.

You might also refrain from imitating the

rather laborious way your grown-up sister manages her first ball-dress train, and also from making game of her fashionable clothes.

It may help you to do this when you remember how funny you looked in your first school top hat.

Above all things, respect your eldest sister when she is in love. If you see her wandering round the garden with an admirer, do not rush up at that particular moment and ask him to play "footer" with you, and do not (this is even more important) ask her for half-a-crown to keep away. This is a species

of blackmail that you will greatly despise later on in life. You may, though, of course, feel perfectly justified in accepting a trifle—if she offers it. She will very likely do this, as most girls realise that boys will do anything for money,* and sisters are generally ready enough to offer a small sum to their brothers in return for so great a service.

Never give your sisters away. I know one boy who always did it, and he came to a bad end. If, for instance, your eldest sister's latest admirer is a golf enthusiast, and you hear her telling him sympathetically (and girls are very sympathetic when they are in love)

how fond she is of the game, do not say, "Why, Ciss, you told Mr. Walsingham you *hated* golf yesterday, when he said he thought it was a rotten game." Or, if a sporting admirer calls to show her his new hunter, and she timidly pats its nose and says she is "awfully fond of horses," don't say, jeeringly, "Look out, Ciss, you know you're really in a blue funk," because this is apt to make her look foolish, and she will be sure to repay you some day.



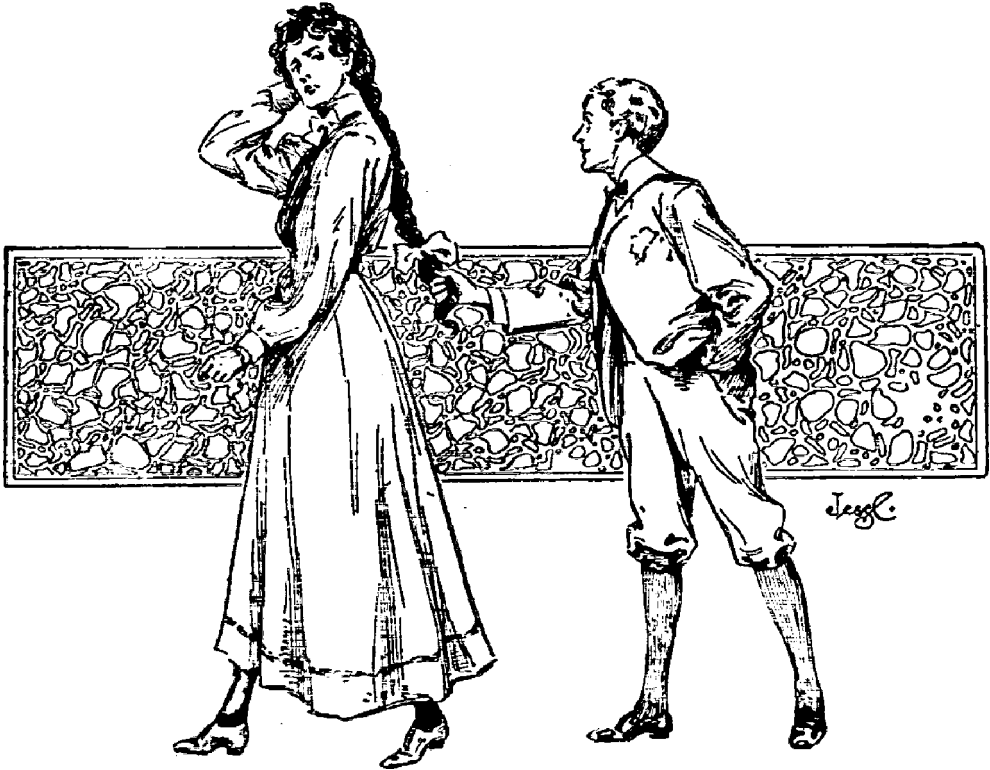
SHOULD NOT LET YOUR SISTERS "FACE THE MUSIC."

* "Oh! my dear Madame!"—Ed.

Try very hard to be as truthful as you possibly can be when you are telling your sisters about your school adventures, and remember that, although girls will believe a good deal, they will not swallow everything.

Lastly, remember that, although you now think girls very useless and peculiar creatures,

you will probably like them very much by-and-bye. You may even fall in love with one, in which case your own sisters (who are always ready to adore you if you will let them) will, if you have made them fond of you, prove quite invaluable.



HOW NOT TO TREAT YOUR SISTERS.



FAMOUS FLIERS.



A "YANKEE FLIER."



ALL ABOUT OUR EXPRESS TRAINS.

BY
J. A. KAY.



DURING the past few years there has been a great forward movement in connection with increased speed of "expresses" on most of our principal railways.

Not very long past the Great Northern Railway was considered very famous because some of its fastest trains regularly ran the whole distance of 105¼ miles from King's Cross to Grantham, without stopping, in less than two hours. During last summer, however, there were over eighty regular runs of more than one hundred miles without stopping made daily by express trains in Great Britain and Ireland.

Many readers, perhaps, do not know at what rate a train must run before it can be called "express." In Great Britain and the U.S.A. anything over forty miles an hour is usually termed "express," while on the continent a speed of thirty miles an hour is considered sufficient to gain this distinction.

To cope with the heavy summer traffic,

most of the larger railways run specially fast trains to certain popular holiday resorts. These, however, are only "put on" for the summer months, and do not run during the winter. The most notable train of this class is undoubtedly what is known as the "Cornish Express." It runs without stopping from Paddington to Exeter, a distance of 194 miles, in 3hrs. 43mins.; making an average speed of 52.2 miles per hour, or about one mile in every minute and nine seconds.

Most people have heard the name of Sir Daniel Gooch, of broad-gauge fame, and the leviathan locomotives he designed to run there on. He was always very strict with G.W.R. men who disobeyed any rule whilst on duty, with the result that all law-breakers had a wholesome fear of being called before "Dan I," as he was known to them.

An engine driver was one night being led home by his mate in a state bordering upon intoxication. As they passed along a certain street they

came to a chemist's shop with its red light. Upon seeing this the convivial driver came to a dead stop, and no persuasion on the part of his friend could make him move, as he said:—



THE "MARK LANE CANNON BALL."

The photographs by F. MOORE.

"What? Me pass that red light, and go afore Dan'l in the morning? Never!"

Of course, the long-distance runs of over a hundred miles without a stop could not be

can be easily lowered and raised from the engine. When this is lowered, the high rate of speed at which the engine is travelling causes the water to flow up the curved scoop and thence into the water tanks on the tender.

These troughs have been in active use on the London and North-Western and Lancashire and Yorkshire Railways for many years, and also on certain American lines, but it is only during the last two or three years that they have come to be generally used, the Great Eastern, Great Western, and other English railways having now adopted them.

The London and North-Western "Manchester Express" is a very famous train, and the engine which usually takes it is the "Charles Dickens." This wonderful locomotive has been working the train nearly every day since 1882, except, of course, when stopped for repairs. The engine

accomplished but for the "water-troughs," which are laid down at certain places along the line, so as to enable the engines to replenish their stock of water without drawing up. But with their aid some very long runs without stopping can be performed, as, for instance, the already mentioned run of 194 miles of the "Cornish Express."

A few years past, on the L. & N.W.R., a successful journey was made from London to Carlisle without a stop. This trip, however, was purely experimental, and the engine was fitted with a special lubricating apparatus, so as to obtain a constant supply of oil for the machinery.

The system whereby moving locomotives can be supplied with water is in itself remarkably simple, and the honour of inventing it belongs to Mr. John Ramsbottom, the late locomotive superintendent of the London and North-Western Railway. A narrow trough, about a mile long, is laid between the rails on which the engine runs, and is furnished with a constant supply of water. Attached to the tender of each engine is a sort of scoop, which just fits into the trough, and



THE CORNISH EXPRESS LEAVING BRISTOL.



THE CROMER EXPRESS RUNNING OVER WATER TROUGHS NEAR IPSWICH.

is stationed at Manchester, and takes the 8.30 a.m. express from London Road Station to Euston, a distance of 183½ miles, arriving at the latter station at 12.55 p.m. On the

return journey the train leaves Euston at 4 p.m., arriving at Manchester at 8.15 p.m. The same driver and fireman work the train on both the "up" and "down" trips, and as this would be too much to do every day, two pairs of drivers and firemen are appointed to work the train, and they take it in turn on alternate days.

A good story is told of an old lady who was travelling between Brookfield and Stamford on her first journey by rail, many years ago now. Curiously enough, in answer, as it were, to the

40mins., or at an average speed of forty-nine miles per hour. The return train leaves Cromer at 1 p.m., and is timed to reach Liverpool Street at 3.55 p.m. The total distance from Cromer to London is 138 miles.

The following is a table of the principal long-distance railway runs of 1898. This list does *not* include the special trains which were simply put on to cope with the summer traffic, but only those which ran regularly all the year—1898-9:—

COMPANY.	RUN.	MILES.	JOURNEY BY QUICKEST TRAIN.		SPEED MILES PER HOUR.
			H.	M.	
North-Western	Euston to Crewe	158	3	5	51.2
	Crewe to Willesden	152½	2	57	51.6
	Crewe to Carlisle	141½	2	40	52.9
	Euston to Stafford	133½	2	38	50.6
	Willesden to Stafford	128	2	32	50.5
Great Western	Crewe to Holyhead	105½	2	5	50.6
	Wigan to Carlisle	105½	2	3	51.3
	Newport to Paddington	143	2	57	48.4
	Paddington to Bristol	118½	2	15	52.6
Great Northern	Paddington to Bath	107½	2	0	53.6
	Leamington to Paddington	106	2	5	50.8
	Grantham to King's Cross	105½	1	57	54
Midland	Grantham to Finsbury Park	102½	2	1	50.9
	St. Pancras to Nottingham	124	2	23	52
North-Eastern	Leeds to Carlisle	112½	2	25	46.6
Caledonian	Newcastle to Edinburgh	124½	2	23	52.2
	Carlisle to Stirling	117½	2	23	49.3
South Western	Carlisle to Glasgow	102½	2	1	50.7
	Edinburgh to Carlisle	100½	2	3	49.1
Great Southern & Western (Ireland)	Waterloo to Christchurch	104	2	12	47.2
	Limerick Junction to Dublin	107½	2	18	46.6

old lady's grave forebodings of dire disaster, the train, on this occasion, met with an accident, and was pitched down an embankment. Not realizing what had happened, she quickly crawled from beneath the wreckage, and asked a passenger:—

"Is this Stamford?"

"No, madam," replied the man, who was pinned down by a piece of timber. "This is not Stamford—it is a catastrophe!"

"Oh, dear!" cried the lady. "Then I hadn't oughter get off here!"

The "Cromer Express" is represented in an accompanying photograph, and the engine drawing it is taking water from the troughs laid down at Ipswich. It is one of the new oil-burning "single-bogie" expresses which were only constructed last summer by the Great Eastern Railway Company, at their Stratford works, specially for working the Cromer and other long-distance trains. The Cromer special express only runs during the summer months, and it performs the journey of 131 miles to North Walsham in 2hrs.

It must be remembered, in comparing the speed averages of different companies, that on the Great Northern Railway no less than twelve trains daily perform the run of 105½ miles from Grantham to King's Cross, and *vice versa*, without stopping, in less than two hours.

To be able to get to Brighton from London within the hour was for many years past the dream of all the regular travellers between the Metropolis and "London-by-the-Sea." Last winter, however, their wishes were for the first time realised, and the initial train made a record by performing the journey in just fifty-six seconds under one hour, the distance from London (Victoria) to Brighton being 51½ miles. On the first trip the train completed the 20¾ miles between Victoria and Redhill in exactly 27mins., while only 32mins. 4secs. were occupied in covering the remaining 30¾ miles.

Few indeed of the people who talk so airily of trains running at ninety or even a hundred miles an hour, realise for one moment

what even the modest mile a minute really means. It is stated by competent engineers that at sixty miles an hour the resistance of a train

did the run at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The old van, of course, rocked like a cradle.

On pulling up, the driver went back to see what the guard thought of it, and found he had lashed himself to the brake-wheel, having previously chalked up on the van side:—

“If found dead—killed by furious driving.”

Scotland, owing to the severe gradients with which most of its chief railway lines are encumbered, is not particularly noted for high rates of speed, although some of its latest locomotives hold their own with any others in the world. It will possibly be remembered by some readers how much of the result of the last railway race to the North depended on the energies displayed by the rival lines north of the Tweed. Some very

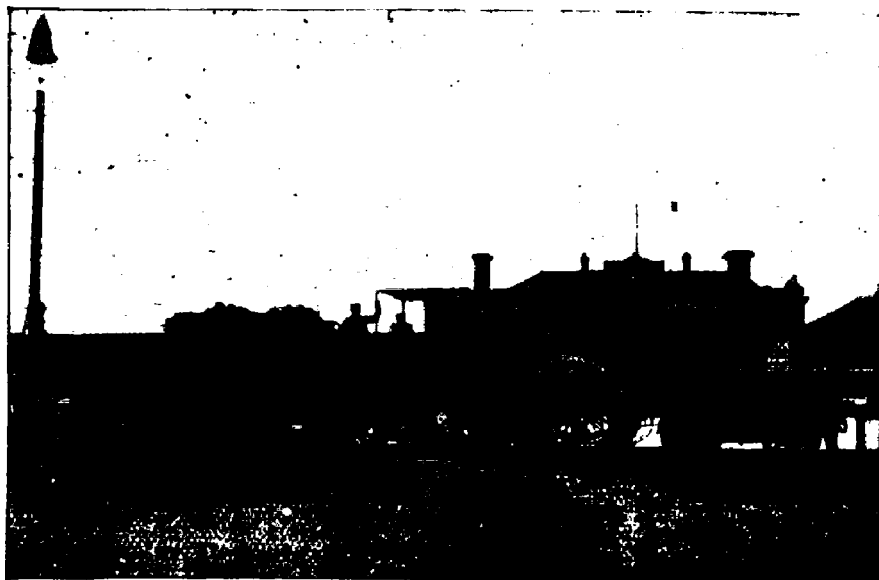
smart running is often performed by the Caledonian engines which take the newspaper train every day from Carlisle to the Central Station at Glasgow. The train leaves Euston at 5.15 a.m.,

is four times as great as it is at thirty. Running at this rate of speed, a driving-wheel measuring 5ft. 6ins. in diameter, revolves five times every second, which means that the reciprocating parts of each cylinder, including one piston, piston-rod, cross-head, as well as the connecting-rod, often together weighing some 65lbs, must move backwards and forwards a distance equal to the stroke—usually about 2ft.—every time the wheel revolves, that is to say, in this particular case, in the fifth of a second.

Speaking of high rates of speed calls to mind the following incident, which is said to have occurred on a railway in the north of England within the last two or three years. A guard who was in charge of a slow goods train one day reported the driver for slow running.

The driver meant to have his revenge for this, and a short time after, when running a fast goods train, and having a clear road for some miles, thought he would give Mr. Guard a startler, and

and before four o'clock in an afternoon, the London morning newspapers are often to be found on sale at the Central Station. On



LATEST DESIGN OF BRIGHTON EXPRESS.



THE WILFORD EXPRESS ROUNDING BRAY HEAD, IRELAND.

referring to the foregoing table it will be seen, too, that on the Caledonian Railway no less than three regular runs are made daily of over a hundred miles without a stop.

of the line, who was starting on his holiday tour!

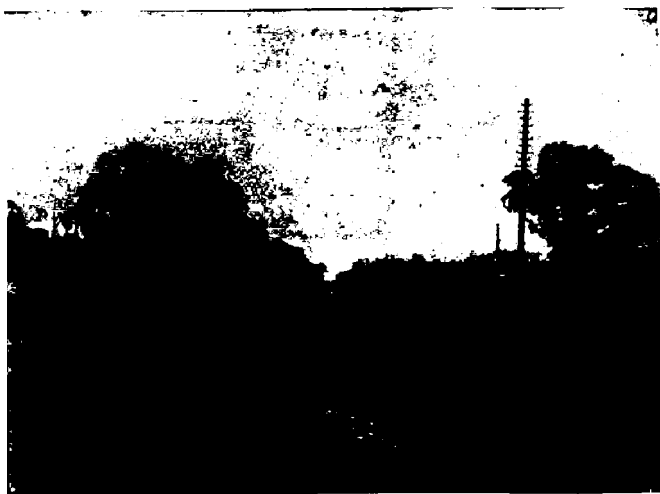
Whether America or England can justly lay claim to possessing the fastest regular trains is a



A YANKEE FLIER, PENNSYLVANIA LIMITED.

The mention of America recalls to us a rather amusing incident which happened to a commercial traveller during a visit to the States. One night, before going to bed, he requested the sleeping-car conductor to awaken him early, and put him off at a certain station *en route*. When he awoke next morning he was astonished to find himself more than forty miles past his destination. Thinking the attendant had forgotten his promise of the night before, he rang for him. Soon the conductor entered, showing very evident signs of a recent struggle, and imagine his horror when, on seeing the traveller, the truth flashed upon him that he had flung the wrong man off the train! And that man, moreover, it very soon afterwards transpired, was the assistant general-manager

rather sore question with many railway engineers, but it is now pretty generally agreed that for distances of from about 100 to 150 miles, English railways are certainly superior to those of our American cousins, while for long-distance runs of over 200 miles, America can justly claim the supremacy.



THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

So many people have heard of the marvellous speed and the luxuriousness of such far-famed trains as the "Pennsylvania Limited," the "Empire State Express," the "Lake Shore Limited," or the "Royal Blue" expresses, that it is only necessary to cursorily mention

them here. It may be there is something in the names that so catches people's attention; certainly, the name "Pennsylvania Limited," sounds far more imposing than so modest a title

as "Scotch" or "Manchester" express. In by-gone years there was a train nick-named the "Manchester Smasher," but one could hardly term this a very imposing title. The "Mark Lane Cannon-Ball" is, perhaps, England's best attempt at an awe-inspiring title, but the fact that this nick-name is not officially recognised by the Great Northern Railway, and is applied to a train that runs nowhere very near to Mark Lane, but to a very ordinary train running from Peterborough to King's Cross, somewhat detracts from its grandeur.

Several other famous expresses in this country are honoured with nicknames—the two best known being probably the "Flying Dutchman" and the "Flying Scotchman"; neither of these titles, however, are recognised by the companies that run the trains so called, and in fact, there are two or three northern running trains that are called "Flying Scotchmen."

Although on the Continent a train which runs at a higher speed than thirty miles an hour for the whole journey is termed an "express," it does not follow that some do not run very considerably faster. As a result of the recently-

accelerated mail-train service on the Calais line of the Northern Railway of France, the distance of eighty-two miles—from Paris to Amiens—is now covered in 1hr. 25mins. On some of the first trips the highest speed gained during the journey was at the rate of a few inches under seventy-seven and a-half miles an hour, and it is stated that this speed was kept up for about 20mins.; the average rate of speed for the whole distance being just 58 miles an hour.

A word or two about the locomotives which draw our modern "fliers" would not be out of place here. There are practically only two distinctly different classes of express passenger locomotives now running in Great Britain, as all fast express engines are either "single" or "coupled." The "single driver" is distinguished from the "coupled" express by being propelled by only one pair of driving wheels, whereas "coupled" expresses have two pairs of driving wheels, which are connected by steel rods. The former class of engine, as a rule, is employed on "roads" where there are not many stiff gradients to be encountered, while the latter is used on hilly lines, or to take exceptionally heavy trains.

Mrs. Rampledown Got Out.

"CONDUCTOR!" said Mrs. Rampledown, gathering up her parcels.

"Ma'am!" replied the conductor, putting his hand inside the doorway of the tram-car.

"Don't forget to put me down at Heyford's Corner—"

"No, ma'am, it's just—"

"Because I don't want to have to walk about a mile back, like I did last Thursday evening. Besides, in the wet weather, especially when you can't change your shoes after it, a walk might give you your death of cold, and two dear relations of mine—Mary, whose husband—"

"Excuse me, ma'am, but—"

"Whose husband was in India at the time, and was waited on by six black servants, who asked absolutely no wages if he only allowed them as much rice as they wanted, and perhaps gave them a few annas now and then. But they stole dread—"

"I was going to say, ma'am—"

"Stole dreadfully! Oh, *most* dishonest! He said he didn't dare to leave anything about because he was afraid of its being taken. But some servants are dreadfully dishonest! Why, I had a cook, when I lived in the north, who had twelve pounds a year and all found, and who even then—"

"Heyford's Corner, ma'am, is—"

"Yes, yes, put me down when we get to Heyford's Corner! Well, as I was saying, although

she had twelve pounds a year and all found, and was allowed to sell the dripping to the tradesmen, she was so dishonest and ungrateful that she—"

"Beg pardon, ma'am, but—"

"Yes, yes; I paid when I got in—she was so dishonest that she used to steal right and left, and taught Emily, the housemaid, who came from a home in Gloucestershire; she was recommended to me by Mrs. Jones-Leslie, whose son, you remember, was in that terrible—"

"If it's Heyford's Corner that you—"

"Yes, just so—Heyford's Corner; he was in that terrible accident in the south, and his wife said to him on that very night before he started, 'John,' she said, 'I have a sort of feeling, John, dear!—they were always very affectionate, you know—in fact, my Aunt Henrietta used to say that she never saw such a loving couple in her life. Haven't we reached Heyford's Corner yet, conductor?'"

The conductor looked hurt, and stopped the tram.

"I've been tryin' to iksplain, lady," he observed, "only you wouldn't let me, that we was opposite Heyford's Corner when you first started gabbin'; but bless me if I could get a word in, you was so bloomin' thick on yore haunts and huncles."

Then Mrs. Rampledown got out, and walked half-a-mile back along the wet street.

THE MEANEST THING HE EVER DID

BY KEBLE HOWARD.



TEDDY

you know, is my cousin. He's fifteen, and goes to a public school. I mustn't say which one, but I'm going there too when I'm old enough.

Teddy's parents are in India, so he spends his holidays with us; and on wet afternoons he tells us yarns about all the chaps at his school, and the things they do. I mean to write down some of the best, and send them up to this magazine. Only don't tell Teddy, because he mightn't like it.

Well, one day, Dollie (that's my sister; she's rather soft, but pretty decent at times) asked Teddy to tell us about the meanest thing he ever did. I wonder why girls always like those sort of yarns. But they do, don't they?

Of course I jumped on her for asking a thing like that, but Teddy didn't seem to mind. He simply picked up a chestnut that had just popped, and said:—

"Promise you won't rot about it after?"

We said we wouldn't, and so he told this tale. It's all about their sports that had just come off.

"To win the Junior Cup" said Teddy, "a chap must carry off the biggest number of events. There are seven events altogether—the hundred, the quarter, the mile, the long jump, the high jump, throwing the cricket ball, and the hurdles. Well, the last two were pretty certain for different chaps, but as neither of them could win anything else, we can put those out of it.

"That leaves five. Of those, Frank"—(that's his great chum)—"was the spot man for the quarter and the long jump; Moss, Frank's rival, you know, could make pretty sure of the hundred and the high jump. In the mile we put them down as about equal, so the cup turned on that. Do you follow?"

We nodded.

"All the fellows wanted Frank to win," went on Teddy, "because he's awfully popular, and Moss never hit it off with anybody. I think there was some tale about something his father had done. Anyhow, everybody agreed to cut him, and they kept it up.

"I was as keen as mustard on Frank winning, partly because he's my chum, and partly because I knew that his sister, who has been awfully ill, was tremendously anxious about it too. The doctor said it might make all the difference to her getting well or not.

"So I determined that Frank should win if possible, and I kept worrying to think how I could help him. But beyond keeping his times when he was training, and all that sort of thing, I couldn't hit upon any good plan. And at last the day of the sports came round."

"Why didn't you—?" began Dollie, but we soon shut her up, and Teddy went on:—

"They started off the junior events with the quarter. Frank is a good man at that race, and he pulled it off all right. Then came the high jump. Moss got that. The hurdles and the shying went to the fellows we expected. Neither Frank nor Moss were in for those.

"That only left three events—the long jump, the hundred, and the mile. Let's have another chestnut."

I gave him my best, not a bit burnt, and as he peeled it he went on with the story.

"I began to get nervous," he said, "when the long jump came on. If Moss won it by any chance he was bound to get the quarter too, and that meant the cup. But Frank was in grand form, and in his last jump did sixteen-five."

"What does that mean?" asked Dollie.

"Sixteen feet and five inches," replied Teddy. "A ripping good jump. Moss couldn't get near it. He stopped at fifteen-three. I was

delighted, and began to think Frank might pull off the hundred. I wish he had."

"Why?" said Dollie.

"Because I shouldn't have had to do the mean thing I did. I'll tell you what it was later on. Anyhow, Moss won the hundred in splendid style, and that left them two all, with the mile to decide which way the cup should go.

"I never saw our fellows so excited about

Rutley led until the middle of the second lap, and from that time Frank and Moss had the race to themselves. First one drew ahead, and then the other, but we knew that, unless Frank got a good start, Moss would beat him in the straight, because he had such a wonderful sprint.

"At the end of the second lap Frank was leading by about ten yards. In the third lap he increased this to twenty-five or thirty, and the



"FRANK AND MOSS WERE RUNNING SIDE BY SIDE."

anything before. All the big chaps were just as keen, and kept going up to Frank and giving him tips about spurting, and keeping his wind, and all sorts of things.

"I felt rather sorry for Moss. I saw him standing all alone near the tent, waiting for the bell to go, and all of a sudden I made up my mind to speak to him. So I did.

"Two minutes afterwards the bell went, and they all had to go to the starting point. Frank came up to me and asked me what I had been saying to Moss, but I didn't tell him, and then the race started.

"Frank led off at a pretty good pace—almost too hot to last, and a lot of chaps shouted to him to save his wind a bit. He pulled up then, and a fellow called Rutley took the lead, but we knew he couldn't stay. Frank and Moss were running side by side, and all the fellows were cheering on Frank. Moss seemed to be running very well, and he had a curious sort of smile on his face that I didn't understand.

"They had to do four laps for the mile.

roar our fellows made could have been heard for miles."

"Steady on," said Dollie.

Of course I suppressed her at once. You have to be very firm and decided with girls; they've got such a frightful lot of cheek. When I had removed the tablecloth from her head, and she had cooled down a little, Teddy continued:—

"Could have been heard for miles. But Moss soon made it up, and when they started the fourth lap they were exactly level. And, somehow, the fellows forgot to shout, so that there was a dead silence all over the ground.

"I don't know what was the matter with me, but I felt funny little cold shivers all down my back, and I believe I walked bang into one of the masters without seeing him. It was awful.

"And so they ran on, and we could hear their spikes going *zip, zip*, over the turf. All the ladies were standing up in their carriages, or on chairs, or forms, or anything they could get hold of. There was never anything like it before.

"Now they were half-way round the last lap—three-quarters—almost in the straight; and still they ran neck and neck. And then they turned the last corner, and everything depended on one glorious burst for home.

"'It's Moss's race,' said Turner, one of the sixth-form chaps, as he rushed past me.

"Yes,' I heard somebody else say, 'he's as fresh as a daisy, and bound to win on his sprint.'"
 "I felt awfully bad. All I could do was to jump up on top of something and watch the finish. But the most wonderful thing in the world happened. What do you think it was?"

"What?" we all gasped.
 "Why," said Teddy, slowly, "*Moss never sputtered!* He simply let Frank draw away, and quietly ran in second himself. And then there was a most tremendous hubbub. Most of the lower school were cheering Frank, but all the big fellows were asking each other why Moss had thrown the race away. Some of them called him up, and questioned him, but he wouldn't say a word.

"The next thing was that we all went into the big tent to see the prizes given. The seniors had their pots and things first, and afterwards came the Junior Cup. Some old Lord Somebody was giving the prizes away. Just as he was going to make a speech about the mile race, Turner got up.

"Excuse me, sir,' he said, 'but before that cup is given, I think, and most of us think, that we ought to know why Moss threw the race away.'

"Certainly,' said the old chap. 'It was most remarkable. Where is Boss?'

"Come here, Moss,' said the Head. 'Have you any reason to give for not trying to win the race? Don't be afraid to speak out, my boy.'

"Moss walked up to the table slowly.
 "Now,' said the Head, 'could you have won the race?'

"No, sir,' said Moss, quite distinctly.
 "Well, that was too much. I forgot all about the crowds of people. I only remembered that I'd done a low thing, and I wanted to confess it. I stood up and yelled out quite loud, '*It was my fault, sir. I asked him to.*'

"And then I wished I had never been born. I have often heard of people wishing that, and just then I understood. Everybody in that tent

was looking at me, and they all seemed to be saying with their eyes, 'You little cad!'

"Then I heard the Head speaking, but it sounded a long way off.

"Tell us about it,' he said.

"So I told them. I said that Frank was my chum, and his sister was awfully ill, and she had set her heart on Frank winning the cup, and what the doctor said. 'And so,' I finished up, 'I asked Moss to lose the race, and he did.'

"I quite expected that everybody would begin to hoot and groan at me. But that didn't happen. The old lord chap yelled out, 'Bravo! Three cheers for Boss,' and a tremendous shout went up. Everyone crowded round Moss and shook him by the hand, and I believe some of the fellows who had been especially beastly to him blubbed a bit.

"Well, then they talked, and at last the Head said they had decided to let Frank keep the cup, and to give another one to Moss. Of course they all cheered again, and I began to slink out in the confusion.

"But just as I had got to the entrance, somebody barred the way. It was Turner. He lifted me right up and said, 'And now three more cheers for Teddy.'

"I *did* feel a fool. But they cheered again like anything, and the old prize-chap patted made an ass of himself

me on the back, and generally.'

"Is that the end?" said Dollie.

"That's the end," replied Teddy.

"And is that the meanest thing you ever did?"

"Well," said Teddy, indignantly, "I should hope so. I'm not always mean, you know."

"I think it was splendid of you," said Dollie. "It wasn't a bit mean."

Which, of course, was quite right. I think, perhaps, with careful training, girls might have some sense *at times*.



"I STOOD UP AND YELLED OUT QUITE LOUD."





"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

JUST a word of introduction to this feature of our columns. We propose, in this monthly review of the school magazines submitted to us, to serve two ends—(1) to bring the members of widely separated schools into closer touch with each other, and (2) help, to the best of our ability, the editors of these little journals, enabling them, by a few kindly hints, to avoid those dangerous pitfalls into which the inexperienced are ever in danger of falling.

We know, only too well, the difficulties of getting out a school magazine. We know how it feels to be three days off the time for going to press, and still those long-promised contributions have not come in. We can remember the bitterness of soul aroused by the blue pencil of some censorial master remorselessly striking out the pithiest and most striking paragraphs in our editorial. And he is a lucky editor who cannot recollect some cruel instance of heartless ingratitude when the magazine is at last in the hands of its most critical readers.

Now I want you to accept any criticism you find here in the right spirit. We do not intend to be smart and witty at your expense. We hope that we really shall be able to help you, and that you will consult us in all your editorial difficulties. For this month, perhaps, it will be sufficient if I give you one word of advice.

Give *facts*, not fiction. The charm of a school magazine lies in its school notes, no matter how trifling they may be. Remember this, and your readers will live to bless you. And now to our criticisms:—

The Blundellian.—The readers of this magazine may congratulate themselves that they have got a really capable and energetic editor. We can detect his ready pen in most parts of the November number, and we note with satisfaction that he pays considerable attention to the doings of old boys. That is excellent. It is a great thing for a school to keep in touch with its past members. There is

also an interesting letter from an O.B. describing the battle of Omdurman, at which he was present.

The Britannia.—This publication is distinctly interesting as reflecting the life and habits on board a training-ship. A good deal of space, however, is taken up with irrelevant matter, such as a story entitled, "The Senior Snotty, the Dumpling, and Arabella," the genius of which seems to be wasted on a private publication. Apart from this, the contents are strictly in keeping with the motto—*Pro rege et patria.*

Calcutta University Magazine (price 3 annas) is chiefly composed of book advertisements. There are eleven pages of book advertisements and ten of magazine. Mr. Henty's story, "A March on London," has a three-column review. We learn that "The Duff College Football Club, which used to play twice every week in the Marcus Square, has been temporarily dissolved owing to the erection of a plague hospital in that place." Can't they get another pitch elsewhere? Buck up, you Duffers!

The Carthusian.—We cannot believe that the editor of this magazine finds any difficulty in filling his columns. We should have imagined that a record of the Charterhouse football alone would have sufficed to interest all his readers, and afford sufficient "copy" to fill a ponderous tome. And yet he devotes three whole columns to an extract from a guide-book to Waverly Abbey, which ruin, on his own admission, was visited by merely a "small party." Ye shades of Jo Smith! He also treats his readers to an editorial that reads like a rejected essay on "Artistic Culture in its Relation to the Carthusian Iconoclast"; then proceeds to review books, and finally inserts some humorous verses entitled, "The Lay of the Shooting Star." The first atom runs like this:—

I come, I go, I pass away,
I leave a light behind me;
But where I go no man may know,
No telescope can find me.

I think I have said enough to show that there is a lot of space wasted in the *Carthusian* for December. The remainder of the magazine is good, being concerned with school doings of all kinds.

The Chelmsfordian.—Some of the illustrations are rather suggestive of a parish magazine, and it would seem to the outside reader that Alderman

E. A. Fitch has been treated very generously in the matter of space for his article on Thomas Plume, D.D., a famous Chelmsfordian. But there is plenty of school matter, and the general get-up is good. The number of exam. successes in 1898 appears to have been stupendous.

Cranleigh School Magazine.—Full of life and vigour. Perhaps the key-note of the whole number (December, 1898) is struck in the following chorus to the football song:—

Oh, it's "Play up, school!"
And it's "Buck up, school!"
Play the game, and play together,
While we chase the merry leather,
In the brave October weather,
For the school—"Buck up, school!"

The Droghedean.—Being the chronicle of Drogheda Grammar School. A remarkable affair, if only for its Children's Corner, an article on the "Cathedrals of Ireland," and its five pages of tradesmen's advertisements at the end. Fie, fie, ye gallant Droghedeans! Are ye fain to run your little school journal at a profit?

The Eagle—which, for the benefit of the uninitiated, we may mention is a magazine edited by members of Bedford Modern School. Another advertising medium! Bootmakers, stationers, drapers, ironmongers, grocers, milliners and tailors, all rush in to contribute their shekels towards the production of a paper the private circulation of which should not be much under one thousand copies per issue. But the inside is good. No school matter is scamped, and the editing shows a careful hand.

The Eastbournian.—Quite one of the best. No irrelevant matter will be found in the December issue of this magazine, but the whole contents is kept close to the point, and is literally brimming over—as a school magazine should be—with cheerful optimism. Nothing could be more inspiriting than this swinging Rogger chorus:—

Then it's "College!" "Well played, college!" and "College don't say die!"
But use your weight, and go in straight, and don't you let 'em by.

They're fast, but you must pass 'em;
They're lumps, but you must grass 'em;
And if they don't fall easy you must have another try.

The Fire-Fly.—"Conducted by members of the High School, Newcastle-under-Lyme"—with the idea of saving all expense in printing by running in advertisements. Don't you see, dear *Fire-Fly*, that you are sacrificing the whole idea of your magazine—its privacy, unity, personality—by striving to make a few shillings out of hosiers and bookbinders? Don't do it, sir; please don't. We cannot say of this portion of your paper, *Hæc olim meminisse juvabit*.

The Haileyburian—We congratulate the editor on the evident interest in the school which his journal evidently fosters among old Haileyburians. The Oxford and Cambridge letters are distinctly good. We have not read "Professor Diosy on the New Far East," or "Mr. Frederic Villiers on the Reconquest of the Soudan," although these two gentlemen monopolise one-half of the December issue with their articles. But the other half we like very much.

The Johnian—Of St. John's School, Leatherhead. A modest but tasteful production, not straining after outside articles that interest nobody but the writers, nor descending to sordid means of swelling

the exchequer. We should, however, like to see some brightly-written school notes, whilst a summary of the football results would be distinctly useful.

The Ledberghian.—An enthusiastic account is given—we have observed this account in a large number of school magazines, by the way—of Mr. Frederic Villiers' lecture, entitled "Khartoum at Last." It is interesting to read that "Mr. Villiers . . . was dressed in his campaigning outfit, with decorations." Truly the life of a war correspondent is a glorious thing, and, apparently, remunerative. In comparison with this delicious extract the remainder of the contents is slightly monotonous.

The Leys Fortnightly.—Comes from Cambridge, and rejoices in an excellent motto—in fact, our own. We like the idea of the calendar of forthcoming events, particularly the triumphant notice for December 21st, viz., *Exeunt Omnes*. Here is an editor who is in sympathy with the fourth-form boy.

The Lyonian.—Since this publication represents the Harrow Lower School, it necessarily betrays the magisterial hand in its editorial, therefore we are not surprised to find it well and carefully written. We don't quite like the idea of the prospectus at the end, but, as Mr. Corney Grain used to say when he was sitting in a draught, perhaps it can't be helped.

The Malvernian.—Except in point of size perhaps, this journal is everything that it should be. The accounts of the matches are distinctly above the average; a great feature is made of the doings of old boys, no matter where they may be; the lighter articles all touch on school topics; every department receives its due notice, and the editing is beyond reproach. We congratulate Malvernians on their magazine and its editor.

Mason University College Magazine.—We approach this publication with awe, and leave it with depression. For we read that:—

Science passes to control
Of Nature and her hidden powers,
And reaps the fruit of strenuous hours;
So all shall prosper save the soul.

The Milhillian—An excellent number, full of school matters. There is a striking portrait of the Rev. Edward White, and an article, entitled "Christmas amongst the Lake Mountains." Rather chilly, we are told.

Mount Pleasant Revellie.—We welcome the *Revellie* as hailing from America, and congratulate the writers on avoiding the gaudy allurements of Yankee journalism. The accounts of the baseball matches are highly interesting. Here is a specimen:—"Sutcliffe was knocked out of the box in the first inning, and was replaced by Vander Veen, who struck out six men, and gave but one base on balls. Boyd, with two men out and two strikes, knocked a beautiful two-bagger over short-stop's head, bringing in the third and last run, and the spectators, what few there were, went wild with joy." That's the sort of stuff to make the blood leap and glow in your veins! No wonder the spectators tied themselves in knots.

The Olavian.—Remarkable for its lavish style of production, and the following announcement: "The Organ Fund has been started, and several subscriptions have already come in. We should like to see that pushed along by you, O boys, as the V. L. has it; and though we don't offer prizes, we

promise the boy with the biggest subscription list first go at the bellows." We like that. There is a true note about it.

The Pauline—The thing that strikes one most forcibly about this magazine is the enormous list it publishes of honours and preferments that have lately fallen to the lot of past and present Paulines. Truly their name is legion! For the rest, there is too much irrelevant matter in the way of general articles, though "On Guard" is brightly written.

Pratt Institute Monthly.—This is another American school magazine which has found its way to our office. The price is 10 cents a copy, and eight numbers are issued per annum. The monthly before us is beautifully printed on excellent paper, and is very neatly and carefully edited.

Psychology.—An American journal which appears to be edited from Clark University, Worcester, Mass., U.S.A. It has three editors, and it costs 6s. 2d. a number. In an article on "Migratory Impulse," we learn that some tramps are simply tramps because they are born with a roaming instinct in them. Here's a bit of it:—

I have known men on the road who were tramping purely and simply because they loved to tramp. They had no appetite for liquor or tobacco, so far as I could find, also were quite out of touch with criminals and their habits; but somehow or other they could not conquer that passion for roving. In a way this type of vagabond is the most pitiful that I have ever known; and yet is the truest type of the genuine voluntary vagrant.

From the same editorial sanctum is edited a merry little magazine (whose receipt we also beg

to acknowledge with many thanks), entitled "The Pedagogical Seminary"—say it six times with a plum in your mouth. These Worcester College gentlemen seem to be a deal more serious minded than the members of that college at Oxford which the irreverent call "Wuggins."

The Rossalian.—We like the *Rossalian*. It is quiet, gentlemanly, self-contained, thoroughly attentive to school matter, and makes a great point of the "Poets' Corner." May we extract one gem? It seems that the school dog has died, and thus the bard laments its decease:—

Lugete o juvenes et vos lugete magistri!

A nobis abiit, non revocanda, canis.

*Non pede praeipes eras, sed cara comesque fidelis,
Sit tibi terra levis, Brendula nostra, precor.*

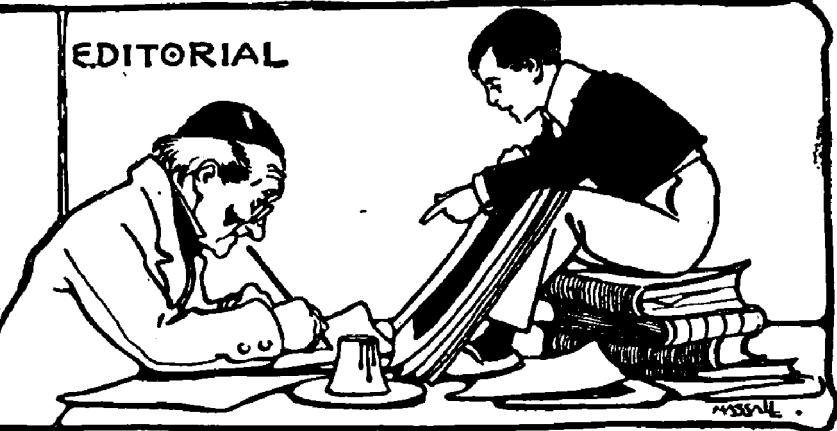
The Salopian.—The editorial stands out as a really clever bit of writing. Many of us know how hard it is to be original in a school editorial, and, in pointing out this fact, the editor of the *Salopian* proves himself to be a neat and promising scribe. The publication is a bulky one, and most of it is to the point. What a number of letters you appear to receive, sir!

St. Winifred's Magazine.—Welcome, little stranger! You give every promise of attaining to most excellent proportions, for you are not too light nor too heavy, you neither sulk nor scream; but live and move a happy, chuckling infant, giving joy to all those around you. May the ambitious hopes of your doting parents be in every way fulfilled!



THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



So far from apologising, after the manner of new papers and magazines, for adding our weight to the bookstalls, we hasten to beg pardon for not having done so sooner. True, there are several boys' papers, but there does not exist a sixpenny magazine for boys—that is to say, a sixpenny magazine which comes out once a month, and only once a month. Having expressed our sorrow that this has hitherto been the case, we can only add that we hope to make up for lost time by giving you such a good periodical that every number will make you hungry for the next.



We have spoken.

Our page of "School Captains" is a most interesting one, and particularly from the point of view of character as expressed by the features. Nearly every one of these Captains has, you will observe, a strong mouth and jaw. To attain such a position a fellow must possess brains and determination, and he must also be a real power for good. You never found a "bad egg" cock of a school yet—of any respectable school, anyhow. This series promises to develop into a fine portrait gallery, and when those who appear in it have left school, we hope they will keep their back volumes of THE CAPTAIN in an honourable position on their bookshelves. By the way, we wrote to a large number of schools, but only those portraits included in the First Series turned up. Will Captains kindly send their portraits along at once? When a Captain "goes down," we trust his successor will lose no time in posting us a picture of himself.

The "Captain" on our cover is sure to come in for a lot of criticism. Already a great many people have asked us questions about him. "What costume is he supposed to be dressed in?" "Why is the crowd behind cheering him?" "Why has he got red stockings on?" "Why aren't his knees bare?"



MR. HASSALL.—BY HIMSELF.

To all these questions we have replied by merely shrugging our shoulders and telling our questioners that we don't know anything more about the figure on the cover than they do. Mr. Hassall, the artist who drew the cover, probably made the stockings red to match the title, and endeavoured to make the "get-up" representative of several games. All we know for certain is that in the cricket season the "Captain" on the cover will be clothed in a bright new blazer and white trousers.

The same boys will probably go on cheering him all through the year. It's a matter of very little importance after all, when you come to think of it.

The Idea Merchant has just called up with an idea for a joke. He says that as the Old Fag has to control the doings of all the other fags who work for this magazine, he must rebuke them occasionally, and metaphorically hit their heads—by post, of course. He says that this is undoubtedly the origin of the word 'Editor'!

We shall have to get in a six-chambered revolver for the Idea Merchant, or a bowie knife. Perhaps, after all, a starving bulldog would prove most effectual.



Some people say that it is possible to develop the muscles at the expense of the brain. So it is, but I can assure you that Sandow would make a very capable journalist if he chose to give his mind to it; and as to C. B. Fry—here's the finest athlete Oxford ever turned out showing the soundness of his brain-piece by writing for No. 1 of THE CAPTAIN as neat an article as you could wish to read. No padding—straightforward, nervous, clean English—thinks out

an idea, expresses his views on it, and gets on to his next point in a way that all contributors to school magazines should mark and digest.

School yells in this country are, as a rule, of a sane order, and do not run to Bedlamite extremities as do those of American colleges. The difference in the cheers of Yale and Harvard colleges lies in the length of time it takes to give them. Harvard's cheer is long and deep; Yale's quick and sharp. Both have the same cry, which is: "Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah!" with the name of the college finishing up in a prodigious screech. There is nothing very Bedlamite about this, but take Lennox College, whose yell is: "Clickety! Claxety! Sis! Boom! Bah! Lenox! Lenox! Rah, rah, rah!" Then turn to Tabor College, whose cry consists of the following collection of monosyllabic madness: "Poom-a-lack-a, boom-a-lack-a, low-wow-wow, Ching-a-lack-a, ching-a-lack-a, chow-chow-chow, Boom-a-lack-a, Ching-a-lack-a, Who are we, Wh's from Tabor, We, we, we! Ho ra, Ho roo, Dipla Diploo, Ri si ki i, Hot or Cold, Wet or ary, Get there Eli Tabor College Flu high!"



Blackburn University encourages its players with the following poetic sounds:—"Za nee! Za nee! Zig Zoo Zoo Hommy Hancy! Hommy Hancy! Ling-a-linga-loo! B.U.!"

The girls also have their peculiar cries, and we are pleased to say that the Wellesley College young ladies sing their cheer, which we give in full:—



At the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, New York, they don't seem to encourage the reading of fiction. Here are three clauses from the "Privileges" extended to students of the Institute by the Free Library:—

(a) "Two books at a time allowed to each borrower, only one being fiction."

(b) "Three books at a time allowed to Normal Students of the Institute, none being fiction."

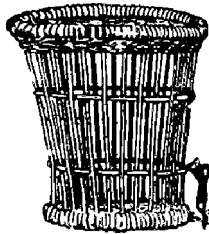
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Mr. C. B. Fry will answer any letters that arrive at these offices asking for information on athletic matters. Letters of this sort should be addressed to the Editor in the usual way, and not to Mr. Fry.

As regards MSS., we are, of course, always willing to consider stories, articles, poems, and such like, and if any boy has something of interest to say about his school or the district in which he lives, we shall be glad to read it. No MS. will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped-addressed envelope. We do not hold ourselves responsible for any contributions—pictorial or literary—which are sent to us. In knocking off matter for this magazine, please remember that our space is limited, and that we like to have as many features as possible every month. Our experience tells us that poems are apt to run to a great length—like the Idea Merchant. Any poems running to a great length will be promptly consigned to that yawning basket which is one of a vast tribe manufactured for the reception of waste-paper. We shall be glad to consider sketches, but these will not be returned unless stamps are enclosed with them.



But there, we will be as kind as we can. We will not nip a poet in the bud if we think the bud will bloom; we will not discourage if we can encourage. As to Rubbish—that appalling great basket above should surely be sufficient warning.

We know that boys have heaps of little troubles which would altogether cease to be troubles if they were shared with a confidential friend. And big troubles—which gnaw the heart, and cause an occasional sleepless night. A little boy will often confide in his mother, and sometimes a big boy will, but only sometimes. A big boy is apt to think it unmanly and womanish to tell his head master or his chaplain—let alone the folks at home—of what is weighing on his mind, and so he carries his heavy conscience about with him, and is miserable. Many boys will put on paper what they will not say aloud, and so, if the OLD FAG can help, advise, or comfort you, do not forget that he is here in his chair waiting to give you the best counsel in his power.

Write to us as much as you like—write freely and frankly. Let us be friends. In after years, when you are "old boys," middle-aged boys, and quite ancient boys, you will remember the pleasant times we had together, although we were here and you there, hundreds of miles away! For, you know, one can waft good wishes over a continent, and shake hands in thought across the sea.

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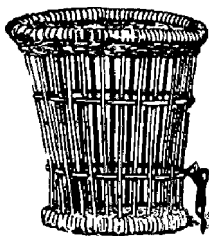
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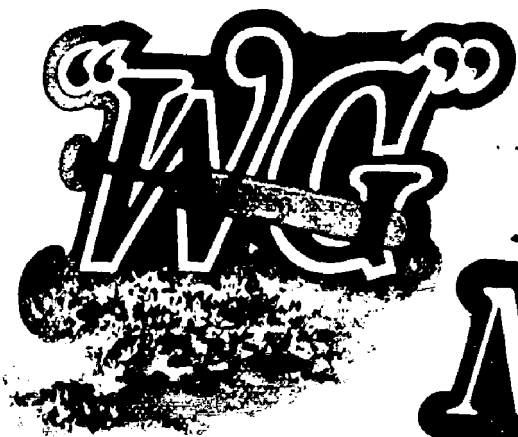
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THE OLD FAG.



Drawn from life for THE CAPTAIN by Walker Hodgson.

W. J. Hae



AND HIS NEW WORK

BY THE EDITOR.



SEIZED the terra-cotta envelope, and drew forth the message it contained.

"Can see you to-day." In five minutes I was hurrying down Burleigh Street. Arrived in the Strand I leapt into a cab and drove to London Bridge Station. Through fog and gloom into sunlight I travelled, for the pall which hung over central London could not reach as far as Sydenham, where

the Crystal Palace is, and where the London County Cricket Club has its headquarters.

I paced along a quiet street or two, and then turned into Lawrie Park Road, where, at a house called "St. Andrew's," I found Dr. Grace—a burly, genial giant, whose bulk makes his activity a matter of wonder—a giant in a wholesome

woollen waistcoat, and dark grey tweeds.

Dr. Grace was up to his neck in documents,

for, as all the cricket world must know by this time, he has given up his medical practice at Bristol to act as secretary and general manager to the club which has been christened "The London County Cricket Club." This is why the doctor's desk is littered with note-paper and envelopes; this is why the morning, afternoon, evening, and late-night postmen fill the doctor's letter-box with a never-ending supply of cricketing correspondence. But he loves not pen or ink, and so he arose and shook himself like a St. Bernard dog, put on a square felt

hat and a black overcoat, and led me away in the direction of the Crystal Palace grounds, talking gruffly, but good-temperedly, and with no little enthusiasm, about the new venture of which he is the head, the middle, and the tail.

"A good many people," I observed, "have only a faint idea as to what the London County Club is, and



DR. GRACE'S HOUSE AT SYDENHAM.

as to what it is going to do."

"I'll tell you," said the doctor. "There



THE LONDON COUNTY CRICKET CLUB.

The old pavilion, and the new one in course of construction.

are in London two great cricket grounds—the Oval and Lord's. Now, it has struck the Crystal Palace directors that this South-Easterly part of London is badly off for cricket. It is quite a little journey from here to Lord's or to the Oval (although, of course,

that an excellent game at his journey's end will reward him for his trouble), so the London County Cricket Club has been formed to provide first-class cricket, not only for the tremendous population of this district, but for the hundreds of thousands of people who want

to follow their favourite pastime, and, at the same time, breathe this lovely Sydenham air. Here we are, practically in the country, although within five-and-twenty minutes' ride of town."

At this juncture we arrived at a side entrance to the Palace grounds; the doctor opened the door with his private key. A few steps and a short walk brought us to a little park, where numbers of men were busy levelling and turfing, and building the new pavilion, which, I may mention, is to cost over £3,000.

In the old pavilion we found Murch (the bowler), who is head of

the ground staff of the new club. I cast my eyes round the extraordinary structure which,



THE LONDON COUNTY CRICKET CLUB (LOOKING N.W.).

a man who wants to watch good cricket doesn't mind how far he travels, so long as he knows

for so many years, has done duty as a pavilion. The doctor observed that it was more like a chapel, and I fully agreed with him.

As we strolled on I could not but observe how concentrated was the doctor's attention upon everything appertaining to and affecting in any way the ground upon which the new team of Australians will make its *début*. Mossy turf is bad for cricket. The doctor pointed out to me the places where moss unfortunately makes its appearance — nowhere near the centre of the arena, however. He explained that the mossy growth had been caused by the rain running down the slope from the path above. Some branches of the trees at the Palace side appeared to overhang the ground a trifle too much. Not much—but the doctor's hawk-like eye espied them, and he promptly gave orders that the ends of those branches were to be ruthlessly executed. Underneath the trees are seats—these will be the spots most affected by shade-lovers when the summer sun is hot.

"We can seat five thousand spectators," the doctor said.

We walked on, and surveyed the wide, green ground from every point of view. Now I am an Englishman, and, as such, I like my beef and beer—or their equivalents, according to the occasion. I therefore suggested to the

doctor that it would be a good plan to have little hand wagons (similar to those you see at railway stations) to be wheeled round the ground, so that cricket watchers may get a cup of tea and a bath bun without having to scramble for such commodities in front of the counter.

"Refreshments, sir," replied the doctor, discreetly, "are not in my department. We have an excellent caterer."

I said I would send the caterer a marked copy of *THE CAPTAIN*.

Then I got on to another topic.

"Will school-boys and Varsity men be allowed to join the L.C.C.C. during the vacation at reduced terms?"

"Yes," was the answer, "on payment of two guineas instead of

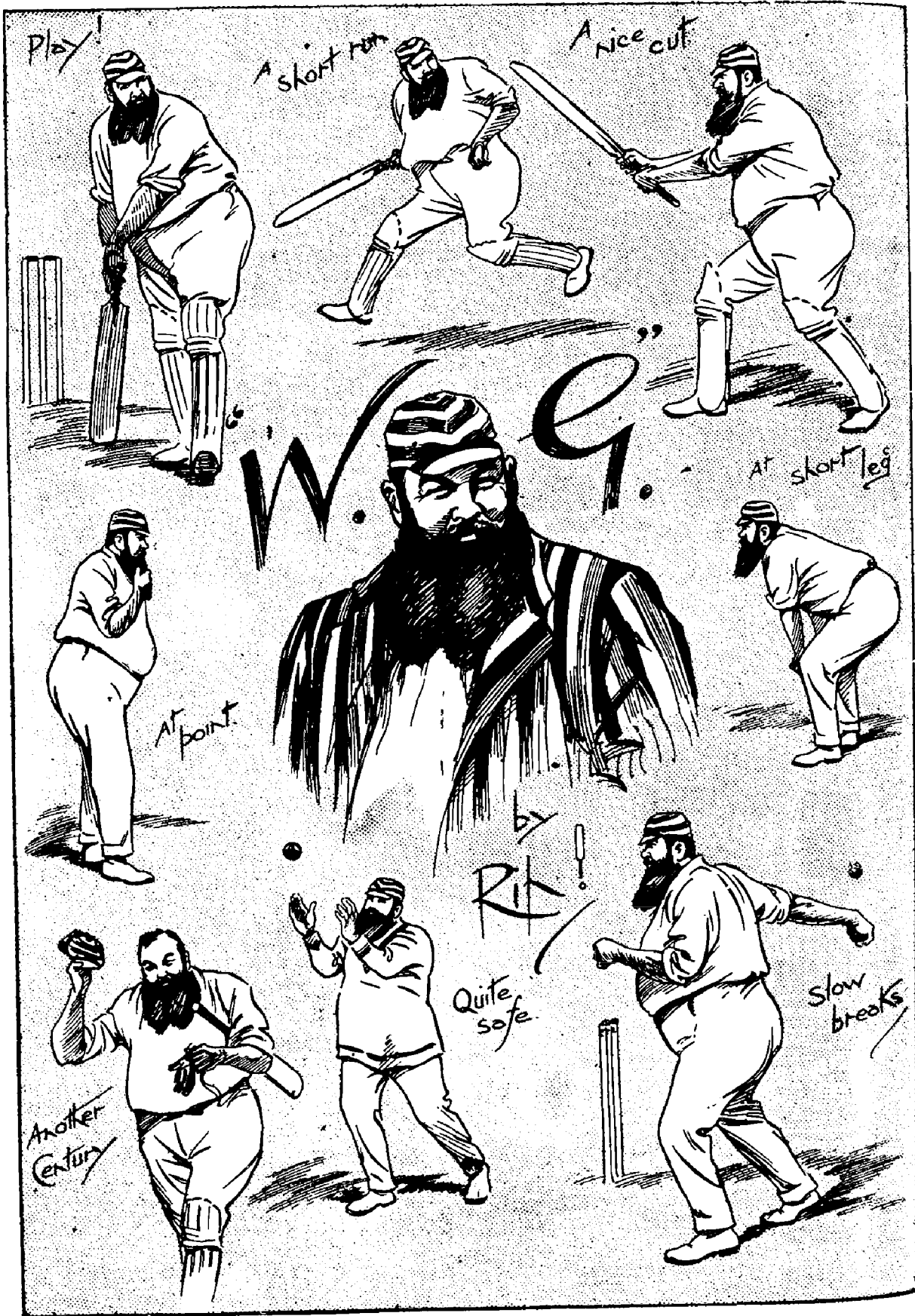
three. All members have to be proposed and seconded before they can be put up for election."

I made a careful entry in my notebook to this effect, and then:—



CARICATURE OF "W. G.," JULY 9TH, 1877.

Reproduced by kind permission of the editor of "Vanity Fair."



"W. Q." IN HIS ELEMENT.



THE LONDON COUNTY CRICKET CLUB.

North end view across ground from new pavilion. (Observe the Doctor and Murch crossing the ground.)

"As touching the fair sex, doctor?"

W. G. stroked his beard sagaciously.

"I think all members," said he, "will have the privilege of taking ladies and friends, without payment, into the members' enclosure, except on certain big match days, when they will be charged admission. It is not customary on any ground to admit ladies to the pavilion."

"To continue my catechism, doctor —"

He shuddered.

"To continue my catechism," I went on, in a hard voice, "am I

to understand that one gains an advantage over later joiners by being elected on or before May the First?"

"Quite so," said he. "The Annual Subscription is three guineas for playing members,

and two guineas for non-playing members, both inclusive of season tickets to the Crystal Palace. The entrance fee is two guineas, but all members joining before the First of May are exempt from entrance fee."

"What are some of the best fixtures you have

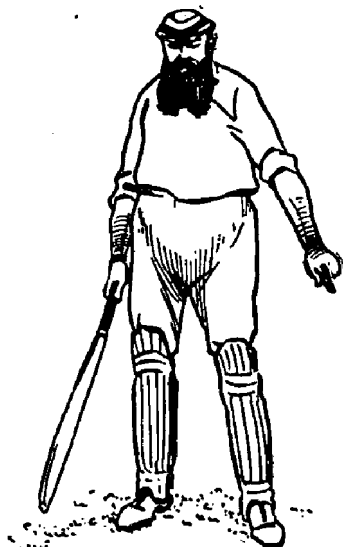


THE LONDON COUNTY CRICKET CLUB.

View showing carriage drive alongside the ground.

booked so far?" demanded the man from Burleigh Street.

"We lead off with a good one—SOUTH OF ENGLAND v. AUSTRALIANS, on May 8th, 9th, and 10th. I am getting a strong SOUTH side together. The match v. OXFORD UNIVERSITY will be a good one, and against WORCESTERSHIRE—the new first-class county. A 'promoted' county's work, during its first year of promotion, always excites a lot of interest. We also play the M.C.C. and



"SHOCKING WICKET THIS!"

other counties and clubs of all sorts."

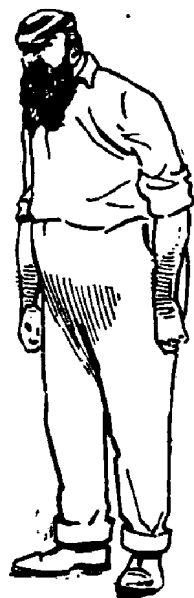
"Any public school matches?"

"Cheltenham v. Haileybury on August 3rd and 4th."

"You think the ground will be big enough for them?"

"Considering," said the doctor, "that the ground is 230yds. by 170yds.—one of the best grounds in the kingdom—I think," he added, reflectively, "that it'll be big enough for the Cheltenham and Haileybury boys to play on."

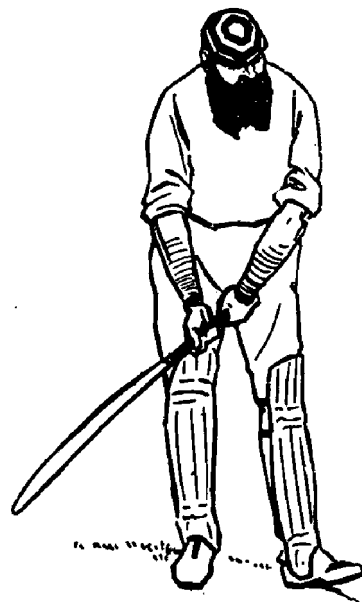
Rambling round, although the doctor wanted to talk about nothing else but the L.C.C.C., I deftly succeeded in making W. G. tell me something of his early cricket days. (By the way, he won a hurdle race at the Crystal Palace when he was five-and-twenty or so. And, talking about jumping, reminds me of a story in which W. G.'s jumping proved very helpful to the police. I'll come to it in a minute.)



AT POINT.

It was W. G.'s uncle—Mr. Alfred Pocock—and his brothers who taught his young idea how to play shooters and bowl yorkers. But, then, of course, W. G. was born a cricketer—born with cricket in

every bone and vein. It was not long before he began to give his brothers tips, instead of taking hints from them. Biographers and others have it that the young Graces used to play in the orchard at the back of their father's house, and make their nurse and the dogs "field" for them. (This, of course, when they were quite small.) The story goes that when W. G., or E. M., or one of the others (there were five of them) made a good cut or drive to the off, the dogs used to run to the off and fetch it



PLAY!

at once; but that when W. G. (or say E. M.) pulled a ball, or made some other blunder, those dogs would not go after it at once, as they did not know where it had gone. I know dogs are gifted with marvellous sagacity, but—

Well, well; believe it if you like. The world is growing very incredulous about everything—thanks to American newspapers—so that to put simple faith in a dog story of this sort is refreshing and invigorating, to say the least of it.

Now for the jumping tale.

According to Mr. Methven Brownlee, Dr. Grace's old friend, and a man to whom the world is indebted for a quantity of delightfully-told personal information about the great cricketer, W. G. was in the zenith of his cross-country powers about 1870. He succumbed to E. M. in the hop, step, and jump, however.

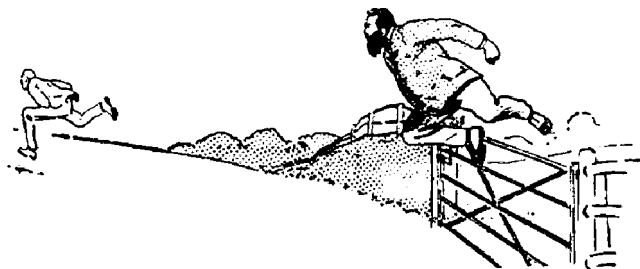
Well, W. G. got out at a wayside Gloucestershire station one day, and found that a lady had given a man into custody for picking her pocket of a purse containing 50s. The prisoner



"SHALL I HAVE A BALL?"

was big and slippery, and the constable something of a greenhorn, the result being that the purse-snatcher glided out of his grasp and bolted away across the neighbouring meadows. To place a whole field between himself and his astonished custodian was the work of a couple of minutes. W. G. came up at this moment, and, sympathising either with the lady or the representative of the law, or perhaps both, he dashed off in pursuit. By this time the alleged thief was blundering through the hedge of the next field, and, though W. G. had won many a hurdle race after being heavily handicapped, there seemed little prospect of his landing his man after giving him such a start. Bounding over the fences, however, as though he thoroughly enjoyed the "sport," he soon lessened the distance between himself and the accused, and, settling down to the work with the pluck for which he is noted, W. G. rather astonished his man by the quickness with which he placed himself in uncomfortable proximity to him. While the pursued was struggling and blundering through the hedges, W. G. cleared the obstacles at a bound, and a Gloucestershire policeman described him as taking a formidable-looking iron gate with the ease and confidence with which he would clear a hurdle. In this way, after a good spin—rather beyond his usual "distance"—the pursuer headed his man, who, having no wish to cultivate a closer acquaintance with the square-built, muscular form of the redoubtable athlete, doubled back, and was ultimately run into the arms of the policeman (who had joined in the pursuit) and locked up in safe custody.

That little sprint in the cause of justice was taken almost twenty-six years ago. Henceforth



"W. G." CHASING THE PICKPOCKET.

that Gloucestershire district which W. G. loves so well will know him not, save when he travels down to Bristol to play for the county which

he has captained for so many seasons. The doctor has plunged heart and soul into his new work; he never does anything by halves, and



"LET 'EM ALL COME!"

the London County Cricket Club will be a success because the man who is the prime mover in the new concern does not know how to spell the word "failure." He is being assisted by a very able executive committee, on which one finds such well-known and responsible men as Sir Richard Webster, Sir Arthur Sullivan, and Mr. A. J. Webbe. I never met a more enthusiastic man on cricket than the Middlesex captain.

The intention is to offer every possible inducement to cricketers to join the club, rather than to make it a mere medium for attracting the outside public to the Palace. Good ground bowlers will officiate at the nets—and this fact should be well digested by those who intend to join the club, for really good cricket practice at all reasonable hours in London is not easy to get. Dr. Grace will make it his aim to ensure this.

Talking of these and other matters concerning the L.C.C.C., we found ourselves at the pleasant side-gate again. On the way back to

"St. Andrew's" I asked the doctor what he thought was the best thing to keep one's eye in for cricket, and he replied that, from observation and



DR. GRACE'S FATHER.

and from what his own sons say, "fives" is the best game for keeping one in practice, and especially so in the case of schoolboys. W. G. thinks that any exercise is good so long as it keeps all the muscles in working order. Personally, he finds that running with the beagles is excellent training for wind and limb.

With reference to the somewhat uncertain train service to the Crystal Palace, W. G. is in hopes that a good deal of this will shortly be altered, for he informed me that it has been promised from a very reliable source, and that steps will ere long be taken to have the train service greatly reorganised.

Referring to his visit to America in 1872, W. G. told me that he found the summer heat of New York very trying, but that the most comfortable place for spending the day was the cricket-field, the atmosphere not being so humid there as in town. Canada the doctor found very pleasant, the weather being more like an English summer.

When asked what he thought about base-

ball, he replied, with a smile: "I am no judge. Base-ball is one thing and cricket is another."

I am sure my readers will be interested in some particulars which I can give them concerning Dr. Grace's sons. The doctor is naturally proud of his boys, for, like himself, they are men of stature, all of them being over six feet in height. W. G. Grace, the eldest son, who is now almost twenty-five years of age, was educated at Clifton College and Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he came out high up among the Senior Optimes, and for which University he gained his "cricket blue," in spite of the fact that he was hampered by having to wear glasses. He is now an assistant master at Oundle, on the classical side, but I believe I am not mistaken in saying that he has displayed considerable ability in teaching science as well as those dead languages which make such an excellent ground-work for the acquisition of live ones.

The second son, Lieut. Henry Edgar Grace, R.N., at thirteen and a-half passed on to the "Britannia." He was gazetted to the ill-fated "Victoria." A kindly Providence preserved him to us, however, for he was invalided home with Malta fever, and, having recovered from this malady, would have returned to his ship, but the doctors ordered him not to. Soon afterwards news arrived of that terrible disaster

that terrible disaster



DR. GRACE'S MOTHER.



DR. GRACE AT THIRTY YEARS OF AGE.

which lost this nation an admiral, a perfect crew, and a splendid warship.

Lieut. Henry Edgar Grace is now studying at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich.

The third son, Charles Butler Grace, is still at Clifton College, but I understand that when he leaves he will undergo a course of engineering at the Crystal Palace.

These are the go-ahead boys of the doctor—himself a marvel of energy. Frequently after a hard day's work among his patients he would go home and trundle an immense horse-roller up and down his lawn. And following at his heels you would see, not a tribe of frisky dogs (although, of course, he always kept dogs), but *the cats* of the establishment—demure pussies, ambling affectionately along in their master's wake.

Dr. Grace is not a one-sport man; he is an "all-rounder," if ever there was one. He is a splendid shot and a very fine whist-player, and I may add that he weighs 18st.

Dr. Grace is, indeed, a grand type of the dogged Englishman—the sort of Englishman that causes his country to be held in profound respect by the whole world. He always goes on—he fights on whether his sun of prosperity is shining or whether misfortune has dealt him a hard blow. This is the type which all boys should endeavour to emulate, for here, in this famous



"W. G." JUNIOR.



LIEUT. HENRY EDGAR GRACE, R.N.

cricketer, you have a happy combination of sound brain, sound heart, courage, perseverance, and muscle. Season after season "the old man" (as you often hear people call him) has come up, bat in hand, and held his own with fellow-cricketers in the prime of athletic life and trained to the hour.

Yet, in spite of these formidable competitors, year after year Dr. Grace has laid down his bat in September with a thousand runs, made in first-

class cricket, booked to his credit.

Folks have said: "You see; Grace will retire at the end of this season!"

Not a bit of it; the first week in May you hear somebody say at breakfast: "Hullo! W. G. made a hundred yesterday!"

Grace has been idolised by the English speaking world. Royalty has shaken him by the hand and sent him letters of congratulation; magazines and newspapers the globe over have printed countless pages and columns about him; yet he is absolutely unspoiled by success. A little off-hand and gruff he may be occasionally to persons who force themselves upon him—but such persons merit a cooler reception than even he gives them. At Lord's and the Oval you may see people, on the drawing of stumps, rush right across the ground and



CHARLES BUTLER GRACE.

hail the doctor as if he were a next-door neighbour of theirs. Hero-worship is all very well, but it should not be carried to this extent. Besides, the doctor is of a singularly retiring disposition. Imagine the money he might have made in this country and America by lecturing on the game of which he is the finest exponent ever known; yet, until quite recently, each winter has found him busily attending to his medical duties, physicking the poor of Bristol—in his capacity of parish doctor—and (as he has always done) making the most of every hour in his day. Grace is a man who has never

wasted time. When you come to realise what a short thing life is, it is appalling to think what a lot of it some people waste—or to what an unprofitable use they put it. “All work” is bad, and “all play” is bad—an agreeable mixture of both (and plenty of both) is the ideal life.

Dr. Grace is close on fifty-one, hale and hearty, a long way from being “out” yet. In this, the first magazine article to describe his change of occupation, we wish him all the good luck and prosperity his enterprise and energy should win him.



Born July 18 1848 "Not Out." 51

"WHAT I WANTED TO BE."

SIR JOHN TENNIEL.

AFTER we had printed No. 1 of THE CAPTAIN the letter reproduced below arrived from Sir John Tenniel, the celebrated *Punch* cartoonist.

It will be observed that, as a boy, Sir John Tenniel shared with Mr. Phil May a desire to be a "circus clown" on reaching man's estate. Three of our celebrities wished to be associated with a circus, for you will probably recollect that Mr. George R. Sims sighed for the saddle of a circus horse and the smell of sawdust and orange-peel.

It seems to us that we should not let this opportunity pass without calling the attention of our readers to the doings and position of so illustrious a gentleman as Sir John Tenniel, who, by virtue of his age and long-held position on our premier comic paper, is the acknowledged head of all black and white artists.

For almost fifty years he has been drawing cartoons for *Punch*—cartoons which have, taking them all round, adequately represented the feeling of the country on many matters of national importance.

Sir John is a widower; he lives, as the address on his letter shows, within easy reach

of *Punch* office. Once a week he meets his fellow contributors at dinner, and at this dinner the subject of his next cartoon is talked over and decided upon. His most prominent cartoon of recent years was drawn when Bismarck retired from office. The pre-

sent German emperor too readily allowed the veteran statesman to resign his post of chancellor to the German empire. The cartoon was entitled: "Dropping the Pilot." The young emperor stood on deck, watching the aged and experienced man, who had kept his country clear of rocks and shallows for so many years, get into his boat and steam away into retirement. This was a great picture, and is always spoken of as one of Tenniel's finest achievements.

Curiously enough, Sir John Tenniel, like the late George du Maurier, has only one eye. The fact that two such celebrated artists should have suffered from such

serious physical disablement is surely an object lesson in perseverance worthy to be committed to heart by every boy.

Sir John is seventy-nine. He has been drawing cartoons for *Punch* since 1851. He is one of the Grand Old Men of our time.

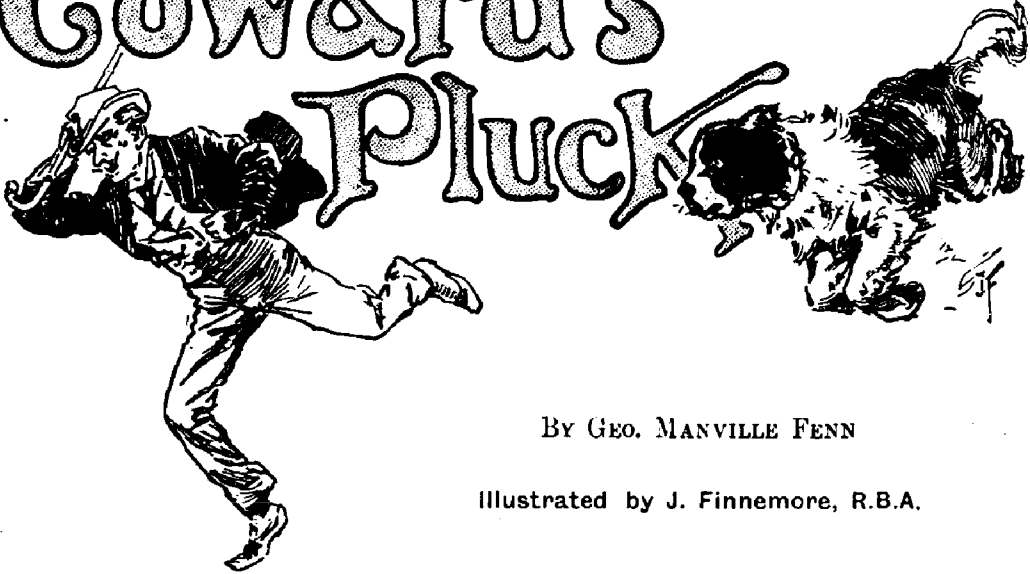
10, Portisdown Road,
Maida Hill, W.

Feb. 11, 1899

Dear Sir
With apologies
for the delay in answering
your polite letter - I beg
to say that - as well as I
can remember - my chief
"youthful aspiration" was
to be a clown in a circus
Yours faithfully
John Tenniel.

The Editor of "The Captain"

A Goward's Pluck



By GEO. MANVILLE FENN

Illustrated by J. Finnemore, R.B.A.



WHEN I was seventeen and a-half, the senior of the school, and something was coming on my upper lip, my plans were made. I arranged that I would go to the university for the regular time, take honours, and then

come back to Redcarn to enter into partnership with the doctor—and marry Helena as a matter of course. So under these circumstances I could laugh to myself at the petty jealousies of the others, and I should have felt perfectly content if it had not been for Henley, the classical master, who came to us from Oxford, a big athlete, six foot high, and considered to be good-looking. I thought him so for the first year he was with us. Then I thought him much too manly for a gentleman, but we were very good friends till at the end of the half he came back, and made Miss Baring a present. Horrible taste it was—a huge, wet-nosed St. Bernard. Only a pup, he said it was, but it was big and strong enough for an old one and a half.

“Give him your paw, Hector,” his mistress would say, and I made believe to be pleased to take the great awkward limb, which came tearing at one as if to take the skin off one’s face. He was a monstrous beast, and I was half afraid of him, for he was at times terribly unmanageable, and one day he chased old Buckley right across the cricket-field, rolled him over and stood with his forepaws on his chest, barking, till half-a-dozen of us unwillingly went to the rescue, for we rather enjoyed the fun, and, on the other hand, did not know how rescuing would turn out.

Buckley was an old cavalry sergeant who drilled us and taught fencing publicly, boxing privately. I hated the old, barking beast worse than the dog, for he was a thorough bully, and took advantage of the extra pay I gave him for

teaching me boxing to tyrannise horribly, knocking me down with the gloves till I was sick of it, and wouldn’t learn any more. Johnson, too, used to come to me with complaints, and bruises made upon his arms and legs with the singlesticks. Ranby, who was cock of the school, got on better, but it was all bribery and corruption. He had twice as big an allowance as any of us, and a good deal went in finding old Buckley in beer and tobacco.

Consequently, we seniors, when we saw Hector go for old Buck, rather enjoyed it. First there was a growl, as the old chap marched through the gate and banged it in a military way, as if to show that he was more at home at Redcarn than the doctor. That set Hector off.

Old Buck heard the growl and looked back to see if the latch had caught, and as it had, he kept his head well up, and swung his stick as if it were a sabre. But, though the great clumsy dog had often failed, this time when he rushed at the gate he managed to get his fore legs on the top rail, and then, scratching and tearing, worked himself over and fell *whop* on Buckley’s side.

The old man heard him come down, and began to walk faster, then, as the dog scrambled up, growling, faster still, and the next moment Hector was bounding along in his ponderous style, all head, legs, and tail, and Buckley running as if for his life.

I believe if he had faced the dog and given him a good cut on his leg, the brute would have howled and sneaked off; but Buckley ran, and before he was half across the field Hector leaped upon his back, had him down, and, as I said, stood barking, with his paws on the sergeant’s chest, while the old man yelled for assistance.

We had to go to his help, and, egging one another on, we beat the dog off, but he had a piece out of Ranby’s jacket, and the leg of Johnson’s trousers was ripped from hip to heel.

"The beast's half mad," panted old Buck, "and the doctor'll have to pay me for this, or I shall go to the magistrists."

We smoothed the old fellow over, and Ranby gave him two of his bad cigars, with a shilling to get something to drink, and as soon as he had gone there was another row.

Another? Oh, yes, we seniors were always having rows, and as we were pretty well up in boxing, these were followed by encounters. Lots of fights there were about the games or the climbing, or boating, or swimming, or something else, everyone being ready, and making some petty, stupid thing or another the excuse; but there was always another reason behind, the fellows hating

Poor old Johnson had a bad time of it all the rest of that day, and that night it was talked over in committee after the lights were out, and decided that Johnson must have it out with Ranby, for he had always shirked the fighting, and after the dog business he couldn't refuse, if he meant to keep his place.

I remember, though, thinking to myself just before I went to sleep that the trouble was not about the dog, but because Ranby did not like Johnson being chosen to make one in a croquet tournament in the doctor's garden, for he was best player in the school; and I can recall, too, that I smiled with a calm feeling of satisfaction, and then began wondering whether I could lick Ranby



JOHNSON SAID HE WASN'T GOING TO FIGHT.

and being down on the one to whom Miss Baring had been a little extra kind.

This row was begun by Ranby, who said we were all a pack of cowardly fools, and if it hadn't been for him the dog would have worried old Buck to death. But he said he could forgive us, for we did come up to the scratch when he called upon us; but as to Johnson, he couldn't get over it. He was a regular sneak, and if he had the spirit of a rabbit he'd come down to the harbour and have it out.

But Johnson said he wasn't going to fight. He was going to pin up the leg of his trousers and then change them, and to show he meant it he turned and ran off, with every boy hooting him for a coward—and I believe I was one.

if it came to a fight between us when he knew that Miss Baring had told me she would like me to come into the drawing-room two evenings a week to join in a string quartette with the piano.

The next afternoon, just before we went out, I met the gardener, and he confided to me that he'd got a nasty job. Old Buckley had been to the doctor and sworn that the dog was rabid, and he had received orders to chain him up.

"And I don't like it, sir. Bite from a mad dog means hyderfroby. Now, you see, sir, he knows you, and if you wouldn't mind fastening the chain on his collar——"

"Now then, Linton, are you coming?" cried Ranby.

"Yes, all right!" I shouted, and I raced off to

join a party of my schoolfellows who were going I well knew where.

This was down on to the jetty, where all our duels were settled—for two reasons: one because it was well out of sight from the houses, and the other because the big, bluff, brown fishermen, who were out all night and hung about the waterside all day, took great interest in our fights, saw fair, and made remarks about the improvements in our muscles.

As I joined Ranby and half-a-dozen more, he confided to me that Johnson was gone on.

"He's a worse coward than I thought for, and he's looking out for a chance to bolt. He would, too, if the other fellows didn't keep him up to it. He won't fight; you see if he does."

"Oh, he will," I said. "It's only the beginning. Wait till he's warm. I shouldn't wonder if he licks you, Ran."

"I shouldn't wonder if I licked you," he said, insolently, and then others struck in, all being thoroughly excited over the business, for it was settled that Johnson must fight that day.

"He'll have to leave the school if he don't," said Ranby, in his gruff voice, which was always spoiled by the last word coming out with a squeak, which made the other fellows laugh, and this time the youngest turned very red, for he received a back-handed slap on the cheek.

Ten minutes later we were going down the crescent-moon-shaped jetty, a good forty of us, and this set about as many big, brown, burly sea harvesters in motion to follow us on to our favourite arena, about as awkward a place as we could have chosen, for the sides were quite unprotected, and twice over a fight had come to an end by combatants locking, wrestling and going plump into the sea—not that this mattered much, for there was hardly a boy at the doctor's who could not swim.

Then there was a collecting together at the end of the jetty, and we all looked on at Johnson, who stood quite alone, as he had rebuffed two fellows who had offered to be his seconds, telling them that he had helped over the dog as much as Ranby, and that there was nothing to make a row over, and he shouldn't fight.

Ranby stood looking very cocky and contemptuous, hearing every word, for they were said to others but directed at him, and amidst a deep silence he looked round at the fishermen with a contemptuous laugh, and then walked up to Johnson.

"Look here, young fellow," he said; "I challenge you, and you've got to fight."

"No, I haven't," said Johnson, coldly. "I've nothing to fight about."

"Then you're a miserable cur, and a coward, and a disgrace to the school," cried Ranby.

"Say, my sons," grunted out one of the old fishermen, "he's a Frenchy, that's what he be."

"There, then: now you've got something to fight about," cried Ranby, and he delivered another of his open-handed smacks.

The next moment Ranby was sitting on the granite stones, consequent upon a sharp blow full between the eyes, and the fishermen gave a cheer.

Jackets and vests were soon off, and handkerchiefs tied tightly round the adversaries' waists, and then, each with his seconds, the pair faced each other and the encounter began, two rounds being fought in quick succession, both certainly in Ranby's favour, for, to use our schoolboy expression, his monkey was up, and the second ended by Johnson going heavily down.

He was up and at it again directly, but they had hardly begun when there was a distant shriek.

"It's all right, boys," cried one of the fishermen; "it's on'y my missus calling o' me to make 'em leave off, but I shan't.—Go it! Make men on yer."

Ranby and Johnson heard his words, and were fighting their best, the former getting a blow well home which sent Johnson staggering back, his second catching him and preventing him from going down.

We just caught sight of the blood rising from a cut on Johnson's mouth, when he wrenched himself free, and ran with all his might along the jetty towards the shore.

A yell of disgust arose, and then it was silenced as if by magic.

For, running swiftly, came Miss Baring, her hands raised and her hat hanging back by its strings, while, not far behind, the great St. Bernard was in full pursuit—savage-looking in the extreme, eyes glaring, jaws open, showing the bared teeth dripping with foam.

"He's mad—he's mad!" shrieked Miss Baring, her words scattering us as a panic set in, the great burly men as bad as the boys, and dropping off the jetty or rushing for the steps at the end to reach their boats.

So appalled were all by the word *mad* that not a soul stirred to the lady's assistance, and the next minute the dog had leaped upon her, and she fell forward upon her face.

This took place far quicker than I can describe it, and I knew in a flash why Johnson had shown the white feather. He had darted to Miss Baring's help, and, as she fell, sprang at the dog, seized him with both hands by the collar, and dragged him away.

The next minute a terrible struggle began, the dog swinging his head from side to side, and shaking it furiously, growling and barking savagely, and tossing his adversary here and there, the poor fellow being comparatively helpless from the great brute's weight and strength.

I caught sight of Johnson's rigid face again and again, and saw his teeth set hard, and his eyes showing a ring of white all round. But it could not have been from fear, for he held on in the desperate struggle, his hands fast on either side of the dog's collar, while in the midst of the hoarse growling and many snaps and barks he did not make a sound.

Such a fight in such a place could not last long. It seemed to take some considerable time, but some say a minute's space was the full extent before the two combatants went down together, rolling over and over, with the dog seeming to make dash after dash at the boy's throat. Then the brute got up on all fours again, while Johnson made an effort to stand.

but was still down on one knee when Hector reared up like a horse, shaking himself furiously as he burst into a savage howl, and then gave a tremendous spring.

It was made from close to the edge, and the boy and dog went down, to be perfectly visible as they struggled till they rose with the water foaming around, and Johnson still holding on.

The next minute the surface was stained with

blood, for a boat in which two of the men had taken refuge went to the boy's help, one fisher paddling, the other standing in the bows with a boat-hook, which he held lance-fashion, and struck down so surely that the iron spike was driven into the dog's skull, and he lay kicking feebly as Johnson was dragged in and sculled to the steps, up which, with a little assistance, he climbed, Miss Baring standing at the top to seize his hands.

"My poor, brave boy!" she cried. "Oh, tell me, tell me, are you bitten much?"

"Ca—can't talk," panted Johnson, breathlessly.

"Don't think I am, but oh!—has he bitten you?"

"Yes, yes," cried Mr. Henley, excitedly, as he forced his way through the crowd, closely followed by the doctor; "for heaven's sake tell me, Helen, are you hurt?"

"No, no, I think not," she cried.

"Hah!" came like a groan, and Henley turned to the fisherman who had rescued Johnson.

"Did you kill the dog?"

"Yes, sir; same as I would a shark; the brute was mad."

"Yes, mad, mad; and so must I have been to buy the brute."

"My darling," said the doctor gently, as he placed his arm round his child to lead her away, and she broke down sobbing now. "Quick, one of you! Run to Mr. Lester's, and ask him to come up at once."

A dozen of us ran, and we brought up the surgeon, armed with caustic pencils ready for the wounds.

"I always thought that a dangerous beast," he said to us, as we all trotted up the hill together, I feeling bitter and angry with the strange thoughts within, and when we reached the house it was to find that Johnson had been carried up ready to be attended to first, for Miss Baring declared herself unhurt.

"I don't think I'm bitten either, sir," said Johnson bravely, as the doctor well sponged his face.

"Oh, we'll soon put you right. But not bitten, my lad?" he said. "Why, the brute seized you by the lip—it's bleeding freely, though, I'm glad to say."

"No, sir; that's where old Ranby hit me."

"Then I'll cauterise that," said the doctor; and he did.

• • •

It was a marvellous escape, for no one was the worse for the adventure. There was one thing I did not like, I remember, and that was the tone in which Henley called Miss Baring "Helen"; and I liked much less the way in which they afterwards spoke to each other. For it came to pass that the former quite carried out my plans of becoming the doctor's partner; while I—well, I grew older, and wiser, too.



BOY AND DOG WENT DOWN.

SCHOOL CAPTAINS



Westminster F.T. Barrington-Ward.



Loretto C.W. Wordsworth.

Rugby Duncan Campbell

Bedford C.T. Williams.



Repton

G.F. Mortimer

Bath

E.F. Watermeyer.

*Blundell's School
Tiverton*

Herbert W.S. Francis.

(SECOND SERIES.)

Truth and Honour.

In that fair order of my Table Round,
 A glorious company, the flower of men.
 To serve as model for the mighty world,
 And be the fair beginning of a time—
 I made them lay their hands in mine and
 swear
 To reverence the king as if he were
 Their conscience, and their conscience as their
 king.
 To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
 To ride abroad redressing human wrongs ;
 To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it ;
 To honour his own word as if his God's.

TENNYSON.

∴ ∴ ∴

Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need know.

KEATS.

∴ ∴ ∴

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
 Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
 Our hearts in glad surprise
 To higher levels rise.

LONGFELLOW.

∴ ∴ ∴

To thine own self be true ;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

SHAKESPEARE.

∴ ∴ ∴

If any touch my friend or his good name,
 It is my honour and my love to free
 His blasted fame
 From the least spot or thought of blame.

GEORGE HERBERT.

∴ ∴ ∴

One who never turned his back, but marched
 breast forward,
 Never doubted clouds would break,
 Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
 wrong would triumph,
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better.
 Sleep or wake.

BROWNING.

Would ye learn the bravest thing
 That man can ever do ?
 Would ye be an uncrowned king,
 Absolute and true ?
 Would ye seek to emulate
 All we learn in story,
 Of the noble, just, and great,
 Rich in real glory ?
 Would ye lose much bitter care
 In your lot below ?
 Bravely speak out when and where
 'Tis right to utter "No !"

ELIZA COOK.

∴ ∴ ∴

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
 Assiduous wait upon her ;
 And gather gear by every wile
 That's justify'd by honour :
 Not for to hide it in a hedge,
 Not for a train attendant ;
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being independent.

BURNS.

∴ ∴ ∴

Honour's still the same,
 Whether we win or lose the game.

∴ ∴ ∴

That a lie which is half a truth is ever the
 blackest of lies,
 That a lie which is all a lie may be met and
 fought with outright,
 But a lie which is part of a truth is a harder
 matter to fight.

TENNYSON.

∴ ∴ ∴

There is no surer way our honour to preserve
 Than never from our plighted word and faith
 to swerve.

OMAR KHAYYÀM.

HOW TO HOW NOT

BAT AND TO BAT

I.—THE CONTENTS OF YOUR CRICKET-BAG.

You have, doubtless, noticed that chapters on the art of batting usually contain some advice on the requisite equipment. Indeed, most writers begin with such advice, and earnestly recommend close attention thereto. To judge by results, however, most readers either study this part of the subject unintelligently, or else skip it altogether; for, among all save experienced cricketers, to see proper articles in use is the exception rather than the rule. The fact is, that though these articles are neither numerous nor complicated, you cannot get the proper sort unless you know the points to exact, and unless you take the trouble to exact them. Be assured, however, that it is well worth your while to obtain the knowledge and take the trouble; for experience proves incontrovertibly that errors in the detail of equipment severely handicap the progress of a cricketer. From carelessness you must save yourself; the following remarks are a genuine attempt to save you from ignorance.

WHAT TO WEAR.

Boots, pads, gloves, and bat are the essential items; the first and last being the most important.

First, however, a word about trousers, shirt, and socks; for you may just as well as not have everything correct. Cricket trousers are, as a rule, badly made. Most tailors cut them exactly like ordinary trousers, so that, in spite of the loops and the strap and buckle, they are really only suited to be worn with braces, being too high in the waist and too tight across the hips. And even when cut right, the strap and buckle are in the wrong place, and inefficient. The top two inches of

cricket trousers should fit level and close like a belt just above the hip-bones; the straps should spring right from the sides, *i.e.*, just above the pockets, and should, when tightened, coincide with the lower inch and a-half of the top two inches aforesaid of the trousers. The rest of the trousers should fall free and loose over the hips and thighs, and should be so arranged as not to bundle up in big folds where the straps are buckled. Your shirt should be loose, especially about the shoulders and armpits, and should be of that particular length that is long enough not to work up from where it is tucked, yet not so long as to be difficult and cumbersome in stowage.

You should wear either very thick woollen socks or two pairs of thinner ones. Otherwise, on hard grounds, you will get sore feet.

You will not, perhaps, make more runs merely because you wear suitable clothes, but you will, at least, have the satisfaction of feeling workmanlike and comfortable.

THE RIGHT SORT OF BOOT.

Your batting average, however, as well as your bodily comfort, will be affected according to whether you do or do not have proper boots, because, as we shall see later, it makes the whole difference in batting how you stand and use your feet.

The chief points about cricket boots are that they fit comfortably, have stout soles, and be furnished with suitable nails. And it pays in every way to have a proper pair made to fit you. The finest material beyond doubt is best buckskin. It costs twice as much as ordinary leather, but out-wears it four times over: it

keeps its shape longer, is softer to the feet, and looks better. Be sure that you have real buckskin, cut from the back—not the belly—of the hide, as the latter stretches. Ordinary brown leather is better than imitation buckskin, which wears badly, loses its shape, and is only good for show—and that not for long. A pair of real buckskin boots by a good maker lasts three or even four years; good brown leather lasts well, too; sham buckskin rarely lasts out a season.

The soles should be at least a third of an inch thick; half-an-inch is better—in fact, as thick as possible without being heavy or clumsy. Thin soles do not carry nails properly and are conducive to sore feet. The welts, to give a good tread, should project an eighth of an inch clear all round the foot.

The boots should lace up with holes, not hooks; and the top hole should be half-an-inch below the top of the boot, to prevent the laces slipping over on to the leg.

The best kind of nails are stout, peg-like brads, with heads an eighth of an inch square; they should project about a quarter of an inch from the sole, with enough length buried to ensure a firm hold. These brads can be obtained if you insist; do not accept your bootmaker's tin-tacks or spear-heads. If you have too many they only clog; eight or ten in the sole and three or four in the heel suffice. It pays to keep a personal supply of these brads in your cricket bag, and to have any that are from time to time missing replaced at once.

The ordinary bootmaker does not supply proper cricket boots unless you make him understand clearly what is required, and that you are not accepting any other article. And, be assured, proper cricket boots are worth the trouble of getting.

YOUR PADS, TOO, MUST FIT YOU,

and be properly made. Bad leg-guards are very common objects, the chief faults in them being due to faulty design by people who do not know which part of the leg needs protection. A little thought will show that (in the case of a right-hand batsman) the outside of the left leg and the inside of the right leg are more exposed than any other part. Hence it is necessary that the pads should come well round accordingly: much farther round, in fact, than most pads do. The knees should be thoroughly protected, so that no injury to them is possible; especially the inside of the right knee. The extra padding should begin well below the knee-joint, but should be so

arranged as not to hinder the play thereof. The flap above the knee should run well up the thigh. Pads must sit well down on the insteps, with side pieces to protect the ankles, and the hinging part must be exactly in the right place for your knee-joints. Any good maker will supply a pair to measure and to taste. It will save you trouble if you make sure, to start with, that the straps and buckles are sewn on securely and in the right place. The essentials of

BATTING GLOVES

are that the glove part fit your hands, that the rubber be stout yet pliable, and be fixed firmly over the parts of your hand exposed to blows, and that there be no needless flaps or excrescences. The commonest faults in gloves are for the rubber to be mere flimsy piping, that is no protection, and for it to be so placed, especially on the thumb and on the finger-tips, that the parts most exposed are just not covered.

When ordering cricket gloves from the firm you deal with, send an old kid glove for size, ask for thick black rubber, and mention what kind of fastenings and finger-slips you prefer. Tape run through the rubber and sewn to the finger-ends strengthens and improves the gloves.

AS TO YOUR BAT,

please recognise the supreme importance of selecting a proper one. Two conditions it must fulfil—it must be a good one, and it must also suit you. A bat that is perfection to W. G. Grace is useless in the hands of W. G. Quaife, and *vice versa*. A bat may be a beauty, yet not be suitable for you. Do understand that!

The goodness of a bat depends upon material and shape.

The suitability of a bat to you depends upon size, weight, and balance.

All the well-known firms make good bats, and they all make bad ones. The former go to those who know how to choose, the latter to those who do not. But a good name ensures willow, and not pitch-pine. The best wood is the white and the cinnamon-coloured. The grain should run straight down the face. Close-grained willow is often excellent, but is liable to split; the broad-grained is generally hard. About eight or ten grains to the face is the safest pattern. Avoid knotted or irregular faces.

You can tell at once whether a bat drives by knocking a ball up once or twice a few feet in the air. Bats are cut in various shapes, which

cannot be minutely described. Avoid, however, those that are disproportionately thin by the splice, and those with very thin edges. Though the centre of the blade, from end to end, should be thicker than the edges, and though there should be more weight about six inches from the bottom than anywhere else, the wood should be distributed gradually and proportionately rather than lumped in one place and sliced away in another. But the real test of shape is balance, to which attention is called further on.

Every writer on the game lays emphasis on the necessity of using a bat of the proper size and weight. But boys, as a rule, pay no heed whatever to this point. They seem to prefer full-sized bats, which is absurd. Many well-grown boys of seventeen years old and upwards can use these, it is true. But it is a matter of strength and growth. A full-sized bat is meant for a full-grown man of average height and strength. Alec Hearne and W. G. Quaife, for instance, do not use full-sized bats. Why should small or medium-sized boys?

THE PROPER HEIGHT OF A BAT

may be judged as follows: Stand upright, with the bat upright against the side of your leg; let your arm hang at full length; then the top of the handle should be level with your wrist-joint, or the marks round it known as bracelets. This is a rough standard, by which, however, you will not go far wrong.

The weight of a full-sized bat should be between 2lbs. 3½ozs. and 2lbs. 5½ozs. Some Goliaths fancy heavier weapons, but I think they do not gain thereby. Most men find 2lbs. 4ozs. the best weight; no ordinary wrist can use a heavier with quickness and ease. But much depends on balance; for a well-cut bat of 2lbs. 5ozs. feels lighter and handier than an ill-cut club of 2lbs. 3ozs. It must be confessed that the difficulty of getting a good bat increases with every ½oz. of diminished weight. But a boy fit to use a full-sized bat requires one of from 2lbs. 2½ozs. to 2lbs. 3½ozs. Of the smaller sizes one cannot give exact weights, but they should, of course, be proportionately lighter.

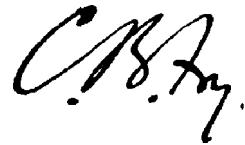
Balance is really the most important point in a bat. A well-balanced bat is sure to be well-cut, and almost sure to be a good driver. You must judge of balance for yourself. Proceed thus: Having made the vendor produce as many bats of the size you require, and of approximate weight, select a bat, stand as if at the wicket, lift back the bat as if you were preparing to drive, try some strokes with it, and then lift it similarly three or four times till you know the feel of the article. Repeat the performance with six or eight bats or more. You will find that one or two "come up" much lighter and handier than the rest; when you lift them the well-balanced seem to move up of their own accord, whereas the badly-balanced seem all the time to press down. *Do not be put off; go on trying bats till you find one that looks a good one, and drives, and also "comes up well."* If you cannot find such a bat do not trade, but try elsewhere.

GOOD UNDER-SIZED BATS

are rather difficult to get. I am strongly of the opinion that at every school some cricketer of authority connected therewith should find out what bats are being supplied to the boys, and should veto the sale of rubbishy articles. *Bat-makers will supply good small bats when boys cease buying bad ones.*

These preliminary remarks may seem rather lengthy, but be assured that unless you pay great attention to the details of equipment you start handicapped, and this far more heavily than you may imagine.

Next month you shall have the best available hints on the science and art of batting.



(The second article of this series will appear in No. III. of THE CAPTAIN.)





TITLE BY ASCOTT R HOPE

Illustrated by Dudley Cleaver.

SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—II.)

"CAMBRIDGE HALL," a private academy, receives a football challenge from a public school in the same town. Dr. Worgler, the Principal of Cambridge Hall, who for some time has been burning to meet his haughty rival "in fair field," accepts the challenge with great satisfaction, and immediately proceeds to train up his team for the contest. He sends off a mysterious telegram, and late in the afternoon of that day there arrives at Cambridge Hall a "new boy"—a big, rough-spoken, uncouth fellow, of apparently eighteen or nineteen years of age, who is promptly dubbed "The Red Ram," on account of the colour of his hair. The new boy, whose name is "MacGubbin," makes himself at home with astonishing ease, but pays no respect to the assistant masters, and very little to the Principal himself. He is allotted a bed in the biggest dormitory, and at the end of Chapter II. is snoring loudly.

CHAPTER III.

NEXT morning, the bell rousing us at the usual hour, with more or less alacrity we tumbled out of bed and fell to splashing in our basins by the grey November dawn. But from behind that screen where the new fellow lay there came no sound of stirring. So Josephs, as captain of the room, offered a hint of authority.

"It's time to get up!" he informed the invisible MacGubbin, who gave back a sleepy grunt.

"Aren't you going to get up?" repeated Josephs, putting his head round the screen.

"Aye!" was the answer, at the end of an

audible gasp. "By-and-bye! It's no that bad this, for a bed; I could do with a bit more of it rightly."

"But you have got to get up," insisted the prefect. "You've got to mind your own business, and keep your mouth to sup your own parritch, my mannie," growled back MacGubbin.

"Well, if you are late it will be your fault," said Josephs, and turned away, not caring to press the matter further against such a muscular mutineer.

Our prefect felt he had been snubbed, and, by

way of vindicating himself, looked about for someone on whom he might venture to exercise the virtue of his office. This Josephs was the biggest bully and not the least dunce in the school, but such as him it was Dr. Worgler's policy to put in command, perhaps by way of bribing them to obedience. A quiet fellow like me, though I was actually the head of the school, so far as work went, had no pretensions to be made a prefect under our constitution. And as ill luck, or carelessness, would have it that morning, I had spilt a little water on the floor, which



"YE NEEDN'T BE FRIGHTENED OF HIM, IF HE WAS TWICE AS UGLY!"

Josephs treated as a high misdemeanour, unless when such an accident happened to himself.

"What do you mean by making a mess all over the room?" he demanded of me, with a cuff on

the ear. Then, as further correction, he took to twisting my arm till I cried out.

"I say!" cried MacGubbin from his corner, "how's a chap to take his snooze out if you play pig-sticking like that?"

"Oh, don't!" cried I, as Josephs continued his torture without heeding this remonstrance. Then out came the new fellow, with nothing on but a much patched and faded flannel shirt, which did not suggest a young gentleman of fortune, and his red hair stood up in a mop that gave him quite a ferocious aspect.

"Quit it!" he roared, when he saw what my tyrant was about. "That's a friend of mine, I tell ye. I'll not have him bullied—'deed no!"

And, as Josephs sulkily let me go, my new champion suddenly pinned him in turn, twisted him round, trussed up his arms behind him, and shoving his fat face forward, held him out to me as a helpless victim.

"Here, you clout him about the lugs till he cries out he won't meddle with ye again. Tit for tat, that's fair play! I've got him tight—ye needn't be frightened of him, if he was twice as ugly!"

In vain the captive bully wriggled in this masterful grasp. He could not get away, and MacGubbin went on exhorting me to assault him, while some of the small fellows chuckled with delight to see the tables turned on their oppressor. But I shrank from taking the vengeance thus offered me, and presently MacGubbin released him with a kick that sent him sprawling over the nearest bed.

"I'll give ye something more if I catch ye meddling with a lame chap! Man, ye should think shame of yourself!"

Whether in shame or anger, the prefect's cheeks glowed as redly as if I had indeed had the heart to smack them, and he did not say another word, but finished dressing without trying any more tricks of a licensed bully. MacGubbin coolly went back to bed, as if disposed to take his own time for getting up.

I believe Josephs reported him as late to Dr. Worgler, who took no notice of this shortcoming for the first morning. But at breakfast-time the new fellow duly turned up, looking as if he had spent little time on his toilette. To-day he was not favoured by a seat at the "high table," but had his place appointed next to me, near the end at which Mr. Delaney presided. It was pretty clear that these two had taken a dislike to each other from the first, and now the master had soon a chance of snubbing such an undeferential pupil.

Our breakfast consisted of bread and butter, coffee, and a rather small helping of bacon doled out by the Principal. MacGubbin fell on his portion like a healthy gorilla, and had quickly gobbled it up. Then he surprised us—à la Oliver Twist—by asking for more. This he did by making vigorous and audible signs to the maids, till he drew Dr. Worgler's attention, who, instead of a rebuke, supplied him with a second helping—a privilege usually confined to the masters.

"Another drink of coffee, too," he demanded. "And, I say, a lot more sugar in it than last time,

if you and me is to be friends, Biddy, Betsy, or whatever you call yourself."

This in an aside to the maid, who could hardly refrain from giggling, even with her mistress's eye upon her.

"You seem to be hungry," remarked Mr. Delaney, with his most superior air.

"I am that—pretty well always," answered MacGubbin, cheerfully. "I can take my meat rightly when I get it. But if this is all you are going to give a chap, ye should let me begin on porridge—they're fine for filling up corners!"

"We feed horses on oatmeal in England," quoth the master.

"Aye, and it's fine for donkeys, too!" retorted MacGubbin, with a chuckle that provoked Mr. Delaney into saying:—

"Is that what makes the Scotch so coarse in their ways of eating?"

"Scotch, your granny!" spluttered the new fellow, with his mouth full. "Who's he calling Scotch? I'm from ould Ireland, man!"

"From Ireland?"

"Aye, an I! From Belfast, if ye want to know. I've had a year in Glasgie, but it doesn't mak' a man a horse to bide a bit in a stable. Na! Na! It's Paddy I am, and the shamrock for ever! And I'll tell ye what, my man, I'm thinking you are an Irishman yourself?" he said, looking Mr. Delaney in the face.

This was the truth, but our young master, who fancied himself quite acclimatised on this side of the channel, hardly felt proud of it, and was annoyed at having betrayed his birth by any slight trace of accent. He did not answer, but confessed by silence.

"I knew it!" exclaimed MacGubbin. "Your tongue let it on as well as your name. Ye'll not get over the brogue if ye try to speak ever such fine English. And are ye ashamed of being Irish?"

"I should be ashamed of not knowing how to behave myself at table," snapped Mr. Delaney, firing up, when he found it vain to try standing on his dignity with this reckless barbarian.

MacGubbin burst out into a hearty roar of laughter, which drew general notice upon him. Dr. Worgler had been watching our end of the table uneasily, and he now abruptly gave the signal for rising, to cut short this unseemly disturbance; but MacGubbin did not move till he had cleaned up his plate with a piece of bread, and then helped himself to another slice, at which we left him munching.

The new comer excited more interest than ever when we heard that he was an Irishman, though he seemed to speak broad Scotch. Young Bloxam's imagination at once went to work, and before school-time he had set afoot the notion that this was a daring dynamiter, just released from fourteen years' penal servitude, a story soon discredited on consideration that its hero could have hardly got into knickerbockers at the date of his crime. Some of the boldest spirits presently laid hold of MacGubbin himself, and sought from the fountain-head an explanation of his late coming to school; but to all questions he winked back jovially with the unsatisfying answer:—

"Ask at the master. Mebbe he'll tell ye, and mebbe no!"

To me he was only a little more confidential. He seemed to have taken a fancy for me, perhaps as his first acquaintance in the school, and presently he sought me out where I sat in a corner, looking over a page of "Homer," presently to be construed to Mr. Nunn.

"You're the only one of the lot that looks like learning," he greeted me. "Mind, ye promised to give me a help if I was wanting it."

"I should think you were very well able to look after yourself," smiled I, with a glance at his long arms and burly shoulders.

"Heth!" laughed he—a favourite interjection of his, which I understand belongs to Belfast. "I'm terribly frightened of being in a school,

"I don't think they played football in those days, if that's what you mean. Achilles was an ancient Greek—fighting was more in his line."

"Deed, and I've seen footer come to fighting, whiles. And ye know what all that stuff has to say for itsel'?"

"Yes — with a dictionary," I confessed, but hastened to let him know that I was no common Grecian. "I got the prize for Greek last term."

"And to think of ye talking to the like o' me!" exclaimed MacGubbin, with such a quizzical air that I couldn't be certain whether he spoke in admiration or in sarcasm.

"Didn't you ever get a prize when you were at school?"

"If there had been a prize for lickings I'd have got that fast enough," he declared.



BEGAN TO TAKE SHOTS AT THE BROAD CLEAN COLLAR OF A BOY WHO SAT WITHIN TEMPTING REACH.

though! A fellow doesna' like to make a fool o' himself, ye see."

"But you have been to school before?"

"No since I was a wee little kid. Eh! What's them queer twirly letters?" he asked, staring at my Homer.

"It's Greek—don't you know?"

"Greek!" said he, taking it up and handling it gingerly. "It'll no bite a body, eh? And ye can read the like o' that? Let's hear a bit."

"*Tom d'apameibomenos prosephee podas okus Achilles*," rolled out I, not sorry to astonish this simple scholar.

"Gosh! And what's all that meaning?"

"And him answering, addressed the swift-footed Achilles."

"Was he a player, then? Was it the referee he was answering back?"

"What are you going to do?" asked I. "Latin—Euclid?"

"Och! I'm not that sure—just whatever's going. If they'll give me a copy to write I can do that fine; but I never was a don at the counting."

Here our conversation was broken off by a messenger bidding MacGubbin repair to the private presence of the Principal. When, in a few minutes, the bell rang for school the general curiosity remained still ungratified. The new pupil came following Dr. Worgler with a sheepish air, as if for once abashed by the ceremony of school-time, when we now sat in silent rows, all agog to know who should have this strange companion of studies. But he was put into no form to play Triton among the minnows. A separate table and chair were set for him close to the head master's

desk, and there he remained apart all the morning, so far as we could see, engaged in writing letters to himself, like the great Mr. Toots.

Some such employment at least had been assigned him; but he spent a good part of his time in sharpening a pencil, chewing his penholder, sticking the pen into the table, dabbing patterns of dots on the blotting paper, and other fidgety tricks that seemed to show him little used to literary occupation. When he did address himself to writing he would settle his chair with a great creaking, spread out his arms on the table, cock his head on one side, shove his tongue into his cheek, and shut one eye to bring the other to bear fixedly on the unfamiliar task. Then, having accomplished a line or two, he drew back to survey his handiwork from a critical distance; after which he would treat himself to the reward of an interval for looking round at what the other fellows were about. They, for their part, kept staring at him much more than was desirable in the interest of their own work. With open eyes and nudging elbows, they watched his proceedings, taking it for quite an oasis in the desert of grammar and exercises as often as he made a blot, when he would stoop down to lick it up with his tongue, and turn round to spit into the fire.

Our dignified doctor's seat was a little in front of the new pupil's place, so that he could not easily keep an eye on it. From time to time, disturbed by some of the fellows' restless movements, he looked round, but usually then MacGubbin contrived to be caught in an attitude of profound absorption, to the great amusement of those in a better position to observe him. Twice or thrice, the master came down from his throne to examine this solitary scholar's progress and give him directions in a low voice; but he was not called up for any public exhibition of his acquirements, as some of us had hoped; and we could guess that even our despot felt some delicacy in commanding such a strapping subject.

When an hour or so had passed MacGubbin appeared to have more and more difficulty in sitting still, or keeping his stiff fingers at work. He fell to gaping, to shuffling with his feet, to rubbing the top of his pen among those ram's-head curls of his, or meditatively scratching his beefy nose with the point. If he caught any fellow looking at him he would wink back jovially; but these signals were not so ludicrous as the air of open-mouthed innocence he assumed as often as a master's eye turned upon him. He hit on the idea of recreating himself by jerking penfuls of ink into the fire; then, growing bold, began to take shots at the broad clean collar of a boy who sat within tempting reach. Sometimes, tired even of this occupation, he laid down his pen, tilted back his chair, and, with his eyes fixed on the roof, gave himself up to twiddling his thumbs. In short, never had such an undisciplined pupil outraged the scholastic proprieties of Cambridge Hall.

From where I sat assisting a class (two strong) of Greek beginners, there was a somewhat impeded view of his goings on; indeed, Mr. Nunn's form at the other end of the room were more out of range of this demoralising influence. But Mr.

Delaney's urchins were posted so as to be fully exposed to it, while their teacher had his back turned to the cause of a distraction and restlessness that kept him showering threats, rebukes, impositions, and detentions. Dr. Worgler, too, found so much cause for complaint that he grew "thunder-and-lightning," as we termed his grand way of being out of temper. Altogether the atmosphere became charged with a degree of electric tension that must have made the masters, as well as the boys, glad of a temporary relief.

This came at eleven o'clock, when we had a quarter of an hour's freedom—very useful for opening the windows as well as clearing the mental air. Usually, while the masters retired for rest and refreshment, we ran out into the playground to shake off the incubus of study. But this morning being wet, some of us stayed in the schoolroom, clustering round the new fellow, who seemed likely to offer us so much novel amusement. He, as soon as we were rid of the restraint of authority, coolly mounted the Principal's desk and flung himself back in the august seat of office, giving forth a long pent-in yawn that was more like a howl.

"Och! That master o' yours can't teach—no more than a bull can play the bagpipes! 'Let me have no more of this lower-school childishness!'—'I shall be seriously displeased, unless I see some improvement to-morrow!'—'Next time I must inflict a severe punishment!'" he repeated, mocking the Principal's dignified tone of remonstrance. "There wasn't any 'next time' with our old dominie, I can tell ye. He would have knocked your head off for half as much. You chaps want a teacher that'll make you play up."

"Where were you at school?" asked Croft, who, as our football champion, took a special interest in the new comer, given out to excel in this line.

"In ould Ireland. That's the place for everything good—schools, shillelaghs, potatoes, and pigs."

"How many fellows were there at it?" put in someone else.

"Couple o' hundred, and near as many lassies—it was the biggest school in the town," he answered; and we dimly perceived that he must be boasting of a Board school, or something of that sort.

"Did they have blue coats and yellow stockings?" remarked Josephs, in the background, taking care not to be heard by the object of his sarcasm.

"And why have you come to this school?" was a more audible inquiry.

"Eh! that's telling! Just to get a polish on me, mebbe," replied the Red Ram, with a sly wink, as who should say that not much was to be made out of catechising him. "Heth! I'm tired o' sitting by the fire, like an old wife's teapot!" he suddenly cried, swinging his legs over the master's desk and bounding on to the floor. "Who's got a ball? Let's have a game at something."

"We mayn't," someone informed him from the group that had gathered round this puzzling personage.

"Balls not allowed in the schoolroom," added Croft.

"And ye're feared to go out in the rain? Fine lot o' lads you—made o' sugar, I'm thinking. Heigh-ho! What's a body to do?"

With this he coolly drew out of his pocket a dirty black pipe and a box of matches.

"You are not going to smoke here!" exclaimed Croft, half in amazement, half in admiration of such audacity.

"The doctor will be back in ten minutes now," another fellow warned him.

"Who's smoking?" retorted MacGubbin, playfully scraping a match on his rough breeches and

flinging it into the speaker's face. But he was so far amenable to remonstrance that he put back his pipe. "I don't think much o' that doctor o' yours, as he thinks o' himself. Look here, chap-pies, I'll show ye a grand trick to play on him."

And before the eyes of the very prefects, who were supposed to be answerable for discipline, he began breaking off match heads, which he proposed to strew on the floor where Dr. Worgler would presently tramp on them. I, who was no prefect, but a kind of pupil teacher, as I have told you, felt that it did not become me to look on at any such treason. So I turned away to my own place at the other end of the room, and all I knew of the Red Ram plot

was a great laughing and chuckling that went on in the gathering round the Principal's desk.

When the bell rang we had to take our places, then came Mr. Nunn and Mr. Delaney, bringing the chaos to order; last of all entered Dr. Worgler, who liked to appear in professional dignity, and to be received by the whole school rising to their feet. This ceremony was neglected only by the new fellow, who, for once sat still in the pose of a diligent pupil, with elbows on the table and hands spread in front of his face, as if to focus his attention on the book before him.

Bearing his cap like a sceptre, his gown waving around him, the little doctor strutted across the floor, but his swelling mien was disturbed by a start as *crack!* went something under his feet. For a moment he stopped, peering down and looking frowningly around, then resumed his progress with the manly resolution of one not to be put out by a trifling accident. But when he came to set foot on the steps of his throne another alarming snap took place, and another, till, forgetting all dignity, our potentate skipped up to his seat amid a crackle of petty explosions, echoed by a cackle of suppressed giggles from the benches near.

He dived beneath his desk like a jack-in-the-box, and when for a moment his countenance was out of sight our tickled merriment could no longer be restrained, but burst into a volley of laughter, spreading from one desk to another. Even those who had been out of the room when MacGubbin laid his mine soon caught the infection, guessing what the matter was; and for once our master had the rare experience of finding himself a laughing-stock.

But when he popped up his head above the desk again it was red as that of Mr. Punch, and we who knew his moods saw a look on it that soon

sobered this unusual outbreak. On the floor beneath he had gathered up a small handful of match heads, which he exhibited with a theatrical gesture, as if calling gods and men to witness that such things were. His feelings did not allow him to speak, but he bounced down from the desk and swept out of the door. We needed no words to know what he had gone to fetch, and during his short absence the assistant masters had an easy task in restoring order, while we sat looking on one another in expectation of a tragic scene.



CRACK! WENT SOMETHING UNDER HIS FEET.

A dead silence fell, in which presently we heard Dr. Worgler hurrying back along the passage, swishing his gown with the cane, as his way was on such occasions; for our high-minded ruler, fiercely as he talked at times, had no hard heart, and found it needful to lash himself up to a proper point of righteous indignation before he could effectively perform a function more familiar to an older generation of school masters. Armed with his cane, as with a drawn sword, he now stormed into the schoolroom, and all eyes went from him to MacGubbin, who had fallen to calmly whittling his penholder, as if quite unconcerned in what was about to be enacted.

"Now!" gave forth the exasperated Principal, drawing himself to his full height, with a sounding whack on the desk, to proclaim that the court was open. "Sit down, everyone! Silence! Now, let me know who is to answer for this. Never in all my scholastic experience have I been the victim of such a scandalous, such a dangerous, such a disrespectful, such a childish, such a vulgar outrage! You know what I mean without further words; and I am determined to punish the offender in a way that will be a lesson to him. Stand up, instantly, the boy or boys who have forgotten that this is a school for gentlemen!"

In reply to such peremptory invitation no one moved. MacGubbin went on hacking at his penholder, and, out of the master's view, wagged his red head at the fellows in front of him, apparently quite at ease under this storm of wrath that went on pealing from the Principal's desk.

"I can well understand that he shrinks from facing me. But his cowardice shall not serve him. The whole school must suffer unless the offender gives himself up. He may as well come forward at once to be made an example of. This is emphatically a case for the rod!"

Each of these denunciations was punctuated with a sounding smack, that should have gone to the culprit's heart and curdled it into jelly in his guilty skin. But still no one stood up. Dr. Worgler sat down, as if to put a fresh point on his indignation. His next appeal was:—

"Let everyone stand up who can honestly declare that he has taken no part in such a disgraceful plot!"

This time the whole school briskly rose to their feet, till all were standing except two persons, one of them the Principal himself. He glanced round the room, and his eye reached the new fellow, who, with his nose for once in a book, presented that glowing poll, wreathed with snakes of carrot curls, which, like the Medusa's head, had the effect of petrifying our Principal's wrath.

"MacGubbin!" he faltered.

"Aye!" quoth the Red Ram, looking up. "I doubt it must be either you or me, for all the rest's standing."

"Do you mean to tell me that a young man of your age knows no better than to play such a senseless trick?"

"I droppit a wheen spunks. Is that what all the work's about?" asked MacGubbin, as if only now realising the cause of the commotion; and he met the master's glare with unshamed eyes.

"You—!" gasped Dr. Worgler—but we noticed how he let go the cane like a red-hot poker; and we could appreciate his reluctance to undertake the correction of such a brawny rebel. Evidently putting strong restraint on himself, he went on in a tone of subdued severity. "Well, as this is your first offence I will overlook it for once; and I trust it will be the last time I have to find such serious fault with one who should set a good example to his school-fellows."

"I'll never do't again," mumbled MacGubbin in the manner of a naughty child; but a sly look aside nearly set some of us off laughing afresh, and we could see that he was not at all terrified by the doctor's fulminations.

For the rest of the hour, however, he did sit pretty quiet without causing any further perturbation. His main employment now, so far as I could see, was the chewing of a piece of india-rubber till it was soft enough to squeeze up little bubbles of air, the cracking of which promised him further amusement. The sight of the cane lying handy on the master's desk kept others on their p's and q's, so that all went well till twelve o'clock.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN we were dismissed for the morning the Red Ram bolted out, as if anxious to avoid any further colloquy with his ruffled shepherd; and the rest flocked after him into the playground. I followed in a few minutes, having stayed behind with Mr. Nunn; then I found that bold despiser of authority making himself quite at home among the boys, who looked on him with fresh wonder now that they had seen how the very Principal seemed afraid of him. To some, he was nothing less than a hero; and others, while they turned up their noses at his clownishness, could not but feel an interest in this mysterious character.

He had already set a party playing at a game called "touch wood and iron," one novel to us, something after the fashion of "prisoners' base," if I remember right. But before this noisy romping had gone on more than a few minutes out came Dr. Worgler, and held up his hand as a signal for it to stop. We all noticed the mildly insinuating tone in which he expostulated with the Red Ram.

"Don't you think that these childish sports are a frittering away of time? I discourage all such. The boys should give their whole energy to football. Could you not organise a practice match at once?"

"If you mean get up a game, that's just what I was wanting them to do. If the match is coming on to-morrow, I'd like to see their form," agreed MacGubbin.

It seems that some of the big fellows had been a little supercilious when he proposed football; and Mr. Delaney, who directed this branch of studies, not putting in an appearance, the usual practice had hung fire. But now, under the Principal's eye, the whole troop moved off to the field adjoining our playground. They did not stop to assume proper costume, having hardly an hour to spare before dinner, and some of them having only one football shirt, which to-day was

at the wash, that our school colours might make a becoming display before the College fellows.

I was out of it, of course; and Dr. Worgler sent me with some letters to the post, which made my usual mid-day exercise. But at dinner-time I heard nothing but praise of the new comer—the clever goal he had kicked, his prowess at dribbling, tackling, and the rest of it. Whatever might be thought of his manners and appearance, there could be no doubt of his being an accession to the

school team, and with such a champion on our side we might well hope to make a good show in the match with the College. Of course, he must play for us. Even Croft was strong on that point, who as I gathered, showed himself a little jealous of the way this recruit had at once taken a lead, laying down football law to the nominal captain quite as masterfully as Mr. Delaney. The only voice raised against MacGubbin as a player was Josephs, who had cause for dissatisfaction, since he would probably be left out of the team to make room for this champion.

"Far better lose the match than have the Cauliflowers think us cads!" he protested; but

the general opinion went against him, and he took care not to give his to the Red Ram's face.

That free and easy personage took his popularity as a matter of course, and had such a good appetite after his exertions that at dinner-time he employed himself mainly in eating, which kept him tolerably quiet, so that Mr. Delaney could not find the chance to snub him for which he seemed to be watching. We observed how the young master had been attiring himself in his

smartest style since school-time; then, before dinner was over, he rose and left the room, after making a polite bow to Mrs. W., as he did by way of setting us an example of manners.

The reason of this hasty disappearance was naturally discussed, and somehow or other it came out that Mr. Delaney had got a half-holiday for himself to go to a great football match at a town a few miles off. When MacGubbin heard of this match he pricked up his ears and announced his

intention of being present.

"But you won't get leave," he was informed.

"Aye, then I'll just have to take it! Is a chap no to have a holiday after sitting in school till the toes of him are like lumps o' lead? Where will I get the master to ask at him?"

"He's having a nap—he always does after dinner, and is as savage as a bear if anyone disturbs him. You must wait till he wakes up."

"And miss the train, likely! I'll be late for the kick-off even now. So ye can just tell him that I'm no for any more learning the day."

Half amused and half amazed, we saw this undisciplined lout hurry off

towards the station, breaking bounds as lightly as if they were cobwebs. The question now was, what would the Principal say on coming to know of his evasion? Our ruler had first to receive another shock when, a little later, appearing at the entrance of the playground, his eyes met a spectacle that seemed to him nothing less than scandalous. Croft and one of the other big fellows were found gravely and vigorously bounding, side by side, over a skipping-rope, turned for



HIS PROWESS AT DRIBBLING.

them by two chuckling urchins in the centre of an interested circle.

"Is this an establishment for young ladies?" exclaimed Dr. Worgler, with that wonted gesture of throwing up his hands in indignant protest. "Croft! Be ashamed of yourself! The captain of my team to set so unmanly an example, when every spare moment should be given up to preparation for this match on which so much depends! Away with that childish toy!" he commanded, striking a Cromwell-like attitude. "Who taught you such effeminate tricks?"

"The new fellow, sir!" panted Croft, so red and hot from his exercise that this scorching rebuke seemed to make no impression on him.

"MacGubbin—impossible! Rough he may be, and rude in our ways, but at least he is a manly companion, from whom you have all much to learn. Where is he?"

"Indeed, he did, sir. He takes a skipping-rope about everywhere in his bag, because it's an *awful* fine thing for *scooping* the joints," quoth Croft, with sly imitation. "He says that the best players always use one in training, and that the whole team should practise with it as often as they can."

"Oh! Ah! Eh?" gave forth the Principal, staggered out of eloquence by this turning of his athletic authority against him. "MacGubbin might have consulted me before introducing such a questionable innovation, which, to my mind, ranks below peg-tops and marbles. What has become of him? Let him know that I desire to speak to him."

We glanced at one another in tickled embarrassment, till Croft made bold to break the facts of the case.

"He is gone off to see a football match."

"To see a football match?"

"He told us to say that he had taken a holiday, sir," put in Josephs, mischievously, willing to make the matter as bad as possible for the absentee, but he hastened to add, as he saw a dark cloud gather on Dr. Worgler's countenance: "We told him he ought to ask leave."

"Leave, indeed! Croft, as senior prefect, why did you not prevent him from taking such an impertinent liberty?"

"How could I prevent him, sir? He does just what he likes."

"Gone to see a match! Taken a holiday! This is too much! But there is some excuse for him. He hardly understands the public school discipline of this country as yet," said our master, with a manifest effort to restrain the lava flood of his displeasure, which next moment broke loose, most unjustly, upon us. "All in, every one of you, this moment! Ring the bell for school!" he ordered me.

My belief is, in the light of what I knew afterwards, that he had meant to give us all another half-holiday, to be spent on football practice for the great event of the morrow. But when he found that crack player gone, Mr. Delaney, too, *hors de combat*, he must have changed his mind, angrily driving us into school, where we did not make much progress at our studies that afternoon, with one master short, another cross, and a

general feeling of restlessness in the air. The only thing that made for peace was MacGubbin's having communicated his vulgar trick of chewing india-rubber, which at once became the rage among small boys whose teeth were a stronger point than their brains.

At least we had no longer that headstrong Ram to stir up commotion in the flock. He remained absent at tea-time, thereby giving the lie to a new romance invented by Bloxam, that Dr. Worgler had got into debt, and that this independent stranger might be a bailiff put into possession of the premises. When the evening passed on, and still he did not return, it began to be rumoured that he had run away, after such short trial of the school discipline which he took so easily. Dr. Worgler was out that evening, and we fancied he must be hunting up the truant. We were lost in fresh conjectures; even the coming match did not fill our heads like the question, who he could be, and what brought him to Cambridge Hall.

It was not till most of the boys had gone to bed that he thought necessary to present himself. After supper some dozen of the oldest of us, I among them, were allowed to sit up for another half-hour in the schoolroom, on excuse of doing extra work. More often this was spent in chatting, skylarking, boiling cocoa over the fire, or other idle pastime; and to-night we sat discussing the Red Ram in confidential conclave.

"I tell you the fellow is a beastly bouncer, whatever else he is; and we must do something to take the cheek out of him." Josephs was giving his opinion, not for the first time, when all at once an unearthly sound startled us to our feet.

"What's that?"

What indeed! From the darkness outside rose a horrible screech, as if some mad cat were giving up the ghost. Even in the gaslight it made one shudder, so shrill, harsh, and blood-curdling was it; and if timid Mrs. W. had heard such a cry in the dark it might have frightened her out of her wits.

Again came the mysterious sound; first like a discordant wail, then rising into a hoarse shriek, apparently proceeding from just outside one of the windows, and the glass rattled as if it would break. I could not have believed that any creature was capable of making such a horrible noise.

We rushed to the window, straining our eyes out into the night. Now the screech ended in a boisterous laugh, which let us know this to be our strange school-fellow's manner of announcing his return, put out of doubt as a voice now familiar to us broke into a lusty carol outside:—

"Oh, Paddy, dear, and did ye hear the news that's going round?"

The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground.

Sure it's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen,

For they're hanging men and women for the wearing of the green!"

In another moment we heard the tramp of his

heavy boots in the passage; then he flung open the door and strolled in, as if treating himself to a half-holiday were quite a matter of course.

"Well, chaps!" was his jovial greeting to us. "What for are ye all sitting whistling on yer thumbs like a pack o' puggies in a cage? I've been keeking in at ye. Och, and didn't I give ye a fine fright?"

"How on earth did you make that noise?" we might well ask him.

"Wi' a cork. Are ye no up to the trick?" grinned he; and, indeed, it was a fact of physics new to me for one, that a wet cork drawn over a pane of glass will have such an ear-splitting effect. "Heth! I'll teach ye a dozen others fit to drive the auld dominie mad. Ye don't learn much at this school, I'm thinking," quoth the

used for wiping the blackboard. Tossing it into the air, he gave a drop-kick at Croft, who retorted by flinging it back at MacGubbin's face.

"None o' your handling!" cried he, as he deftly caught the sponge on his bristling head. "Who's for a bit of fun, boys? Let's organise a game, as the old billy says! Hooroosh! come along!"

Most of those present were prefects, supposed to be responsible for our sticking to work, or at least keeping quiet at this hour. But these officials did not take their duties very conscientiously when left to themselves, and, aware of the Principal being out, we allowed ourselves then to be infected by MacGubbin's uproariousness, and fell to playing bear-garden football with all the zest of doing something out of order.



"HOORAY! WE'RE DRAWING A GATE!"

Ram, whose idea of school life seemed hardly to go beyond that somewhat old-fashioned one, to say the least, of playing tricks on the master.

"Where have you been all day?" was our next question.

"Just in my skin!" quoth he, cheerfully.

"Did you go to the match?"

"Match! Aye—a very scratch game and a lot o' cripple duffers! I could play as well as you wi' one leg tied up."

"Have you seen Gurgler?" This was our irreverent nickname for the Principal—whose scorn for skipping-rope practice was now reported by two or three speaking at once. "What will he say to you?"

"Heth! I dinna care a snuff what he says!" answered the Red Ram; and to work off the exuberance of his spirits hit upon a dirty sponge

Forms were hastily dragged away to clear a field; at one end of the room the blackboard stood for goal, and the map-stand was shoved across at the other to serve the same purpose. Even I joined in as goal-keeper, and, with shouts of noisy glee, the others went kicking and struggling and tumbling after that bit of sponge, soon growing too excited to remember that our riot must be heard all over the house.

And indeed such a din had not gone on long when it was broken in upon by Mr. Nunn, who, in the Principal's absence, had the charge of seeing that we went to bed in proper time. At the sight of him standing in the doorway, surveying our wild pranks through his rebukeful spectacles, most of the players left off, trying to face it out with a laugh, but the reckless Ram only bawled:—

"Hooray! We're drawing a gate! Saxpence entrance, and saxpence extray to the stand, sir, unless mebbe ye'll be referee!"

Mr. Nunn took no notice of this facetious invitation, but addressed us in his quiet tone:—

"Is this the way you sit up to work?"

"And a fine way, too!" MacGubbin answered for us, who were not prepared to go the length of defying authority.

"No more of it!" said Mr. Nunn, putting authority into his voice. "The house is not to be disturbed at this hour!"

For answer our ringleader took a kick, aimed at his shirt front, which made quiet Mr. Nunn give a start backwards.

"Throw it in, sir! It's our 'on'!" exclaimed MacGubbin, without the least show of deference.

"Go to bed this instant!" demanded the master.

"Go you, and be hanged!" the Red Ram bluntly bid him.

We stood aghast at such a bold defiance to a master who, though far from popular, had made himself respected by his conscientiousness and force of character. Poor Mr. Nunn, unused to open impertinence, started again as if stung, but quickly recovered his composure. Taking no further notice of the mutineer, he looked round on our hot faces and dusty jackets, and repeated:—

"Go to bed. You will have to settle with the Principal for this; and I advise you not to make matters worse for yourselves."

There was no gainsaying him. The rest of us, more broken into obedience, filed out under his eye without a word. Only MacGubbin stayed behind, who put his hands in his pockets and lounged off to the fire, whistling loudly to assert his independence. Indeed, as we went upstairs we heard him once more break out into song:—

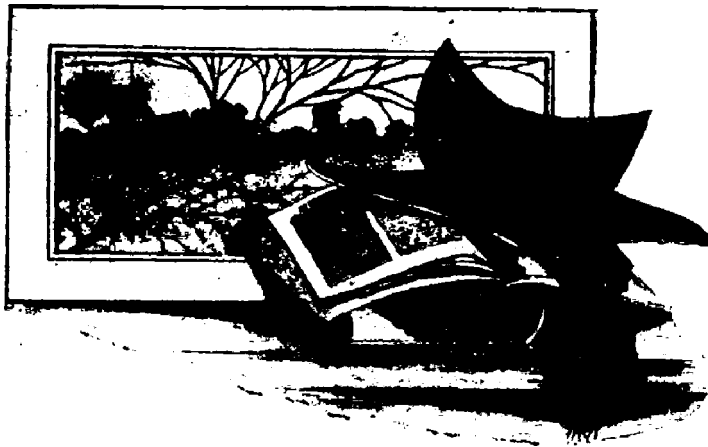
"I met with Nappy Tandy, and he took me by the hand,

'And,' says he, 'how's poor ould Ireland, and how does Ireland stand?'"

Here the door was shut.

What now passed between him and Mr. Nunn we could only imagine. We had enough to talk of and to think of in the scrape our queer school-fellow had got us into; and as we cooled down from that outburst, it began to appear plainly that the Red Ram had led us astray. The prefects gloomily considered that they would be called to special account for the unwonted disturbance. The least any of us could expect would be having our privilege of sitting up taken away. But all precedents or conjectures failed us when we asked what would be said or done to a fellow so lost to scholastic decorum as to bid a master go and be hanged. The worst of it was that in a manner we had made ourselves his accomplices. It seemed indeed that the Principal, for some reason or other, was rather shy of tackling this unmanageable pupil, but it did not follow that we should enjoy the same immunity from discipline.

(To be concluded.)



Public School Mutinies



AN ORGANISED rebellion among the scholars of, say, Rugby or Rossall, would in these days be deemed altogether impossible of accomplishment, and altogether wicked even if it were possible. And rightly so, too. Schoolboys of this generation are ruled wisely and well. Their masters and assistant masters are no longer—as was too often the case formerly—beings inaccessible, frigid, towering, afar off. It has been recognised that boys, equally with men, have their rights and privileges, upon which it is neither just nor expedient to attempt to trench.

But the science of governing boys—for it *is* a science—has had to be elaborated, slowly, painfully, and with much friction. Sometimes this said friction has been smoothed over by concessions, allayed by kindly and judicious words of warning or of explanation; at other times it has been sternly repressed by brute force; while yet other instances have occurred in which the spirit of insubordination has been allowed to grow and grow, until it has passed all bounds, and a general uprising has taken place, which, for the time being, has defied all efforts to restrain or suppress it.

One of the most famous of these mutinies in miniature was that which broke out at Eton College in the autumn of 1768, and which has ever since been known in the school annals as

the "Great Rebellion." It seems to have originated in a dispute between the assistant masters and the sixth-form præpostors, on the always delicate subject of "bounds." The præpostors exercised monitorial authority over their schoolfellows, and, almost from time immemorial, were wont to punish summarily any lower boys whom they might chance to come across outside the precincts of the college. This naturally implied an exemption for themselves from observing the ordinary limits, though, as a matter of form, they used to "shirk" the assistant masters. In October, 1768, however, the masters began to claim the right of sending sixth-form boys back to college; a claim which was strenuously resisted.

The discontent was brought to a head by the public flogging of a præpostor—an unheard-of thing up till then. The whole of the sixth form came "out on strike." The spirit of insubordination quickly spread downwards to the fifth and fourth; and, in the end, no fewer than 160 boys broke bounds, threw their school-books into the Thames, and marched in a compact body to Maidenhead. Here they partook of a sumptuous repast at "Marsh's Inn." The original bill for this unique dinner—surely one of the most extraordinary ever consumed—is still in existence. The total reckoning amounted to £55 18s. 3d., and the items include dinner for 160 at 5s. a head, £40; beer, £2 1s.; wine and punch, £12 13s. 3d.; fires, £1; and cards, 4s.

The truants stayed all night at the hostelry, but the following morning wiser counsel appears to have prevailed. At all events, the bulk of the lads marched back to the playing fields, and eighteen of them had a conference with the masters in the upper school, with a view to bringing about an amicable arrangement. Dr. Foster, the then head master, insisted, however, upon an unconditional surrender. A panic set in among the mutineers, and it very quickly became a case of *sauf qui peut*.

"Three of the ringleaders," says a contemporary writer, "to their eternal infamy, made peace at the expense of their own honour." Others submitted sullenly, refusing all apology, and taking their floggings without a murmur. A few ran away home. Among the latter was William Grenville, afterwards Prime Minister of England. He was sent back to take his birching, and was then removed from the school for good. Lord Harrington's son, who was one of the most active of the mutineers, swore a solemn oath that he would never submit,

and took coach to London. But his father, who would only hold converse with him through the key-hole of the street door, insisted on his immediate return to Eton. The two sons of the Marquis of Granby met with a warmer reception, for they were regaled with dinner, and afterwards taken to the play by their father. On the morrow, however, the bluff old soldier saw them himself to the coach that was to carry them back to Eton—and a sound

flogging. Another, but not nearly so serious a mutiny, broke out in 1773, the malcontents securing the flogging-block, and wreaking their vengeance on it with red-hot pokers. It was then split up and distributed among the boys, the youthful Marquis of Huntley securing the largest fragment, and carrying it home with him as a trophy to Gordon Castle.

Second only to the Eton rebellion in public school annals, is the great uprising of the Marlborough College boys in 1851. The immediate cause of the outbreak was the unpopularity of a certain worthy named Peviar, a well-known character in those days, who acted as gate-sergeant. It was his duty to report in a book upon such bad language or breaches of morals or discipline as came within his cognizance. He did his duty to his employers well: so well, in fact, that he succeeded in earning the bitter hostility of the boys. The climax was reached one October evening in the year named, when the whole school, already seething with



PEVIAR HIMSELF BEING BADLY HURT IN THE FRACAS.

discontent and insubordination, made an organised attack on the little one-storeyed brick box at the gate, and practically demolished it, Peviar himself being badly hurt in the *fracas*.

Of course the affair was taken serious notice of by the authorities, and eventually, failing the surrender of the leaders, the entire college was "gated." This wholesale punishment, as might have been foreseen, only added fresh fuel to the flame. For four days the boys did no

work, broke out in the evenings whenever possible, and pelted and hissed with delightful impartiality any master who attempted to restore order. On November 1st the authorities, probably realising by that time the futility of attempting to keep in the entire school, rescinded the obnoxious order. But this concession by no means ended the mutiny. On the contrary, the 5th of November was fixed upon for a general uprising, the conspirators even naming a time—five o'clock—for the commencement of the rebellion.

“Punctually at that hour,” says an eye-witness, “we saw a rocket shoot up into the air from the centre of the court, and knew that the revolution had begun.” Thousands of squibs and crackers had been laid in by the malcontents, and these were let off everywhere—not only in the grounds, but in the college building as well. Peviar was fought and soundly thrashed by the cock of the school. The racquet court was fired. The desks, forms, punishment-registers, and flogging-blocks were dragged out into the square and burned. Eventually, of course, order was restored; as, in the end, order always will be. But, ere things resumed their wonted course, expulsions and withdrawals had deprived Marlborough of nearly all its more daring and chivalrous spirits.

Rugby has had several minor uprisings, but hardly one of them can be truthfully designated a mutiny. On one occasion a three hours' riot was brought about by the interference of some big fourth-form boys in a fifth-form fight. On another, the great Dr. Arnold himself came perilously near to losing, for the time being, his grip on the school. The bother on this latter occasion was *re* the subject of fishing. Rightly or wrongly, the boys claimed the privilege of netting the Rugby side of the Avon. The riparian owners objected, and deputed keepers to hunt off the lads. The latter retaliated by netting more than ever, and also seized one of the keepers aforesaid, and ducked him in the deepest part of the river. A complaint was laid in due course, and Dr. Arnold called the whole school together for identification purposes. “Probably,” says an old Rugbeian, “Arnold's power of ruling was never put to so severe a test, for the whole college was against him, and the præpostors for the week, instead of stilling the tumult, walked up and down the big school calling out ‘S-s-s-ilen-s-se!’” However, the doctor prevailed. Five of the ring-leaders were identified, and there and then expelled; and what might have easily developed into a dangerous and disastrous mutiny was nipped in the bud.

Harrow's most famous mutiny—curious it is that all our old public schools cherish the memory of at least one big rebellion—was brought about in 1771 by the appointment of Dr. Heath to the head mastership. His chief crime seems to have been that he was an Etonian, which, in view of the close friendship (and friendly rivalry) now existent between the two colleges, sounds somewhat strange. The principal incident in this protracted struggle was the wrecking and burning of Dr. Bucknall's carriage on Roxeth Common. Eventually the disorders were quelled, but public feeling concerning them and their origin ran high, and Harrow lost, either by expulsion or withdrawal, some forty of her most promising pupils. Among them was the great Marquis of Wellesley, then a youth of eleven, who was taken away by his guardian, Archbishop Cornwallis, and sent to Eton. He seems, however, to have been somewhat impenitent, for we read of him as entering the venerable archbishop's apartment waving wildly aloft one of the tassels from Dr. Bucknall's wrecked carriage, and shouting “Victory!”

Old Radleians tell to this day of the nipping in the bud of a rebellion that was planned at the commencement of Dr. Sewell's term of office. This great disciplinarian—the Arnold of Radley—took over the reins of government when the school was in a thoroughly disorganised state. It appears to have been the custom in those days for the head master to address the boys seated in a big chair at the top of the school. The legs of this chair were sawn through, and the collapse of it and the warden was to have been a signal for a general uprising. But, either through some traitor in the camp of the rebels, or because of the almost preternatural acuteness engendered by the perils of a schoolmaster's life, Dr. Sewell was aware of the conspiracy, and never sat down at all—or, at all events, not on the “doctored” chair. Afterwards the leaders of the projected mutiny, or some of them, were called on one side, and asked frankly about their grievances. Exactly what transpired never came out, but a truce was declared which soon ripened into a firm and lasting peace. Neverthe'ss, from that day to this, the wardens of Radley College have always addressed the boys standing.

An incident which forcibly recalls that related above concerning Dr. Arnold and Rugby, occurred at Rossall school during Mr. Osborne's head-mastership, only that in this case the præpostors—or monitors as they were called there—resigned in a body. Mr. Osborne, however, settled the question by simply saying, “Gentlemen, you are monitors, and you will



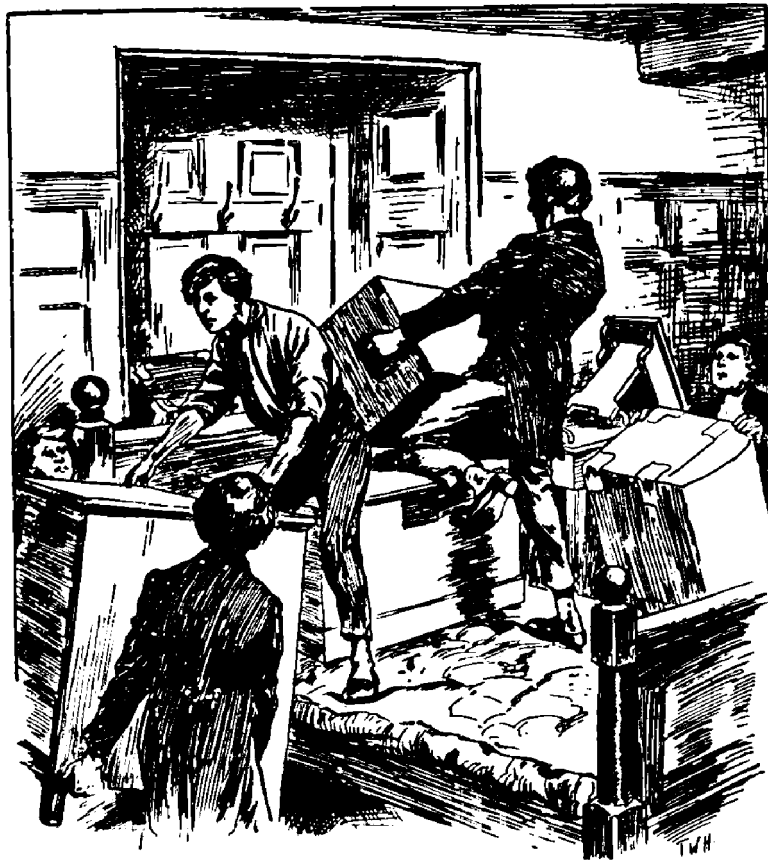
T. W. HOLMES.

SEIZED ONE OF THE KEEPERS, AND DUCKED HIM INTO THE DEEPEST PART OF THE RIVER.

continue to be monitors." On another occasion, in 1864, the mysterious and wholesale cutting off of the buttons of every peak cap in the school in one night was held to be the signal for a rebellion. There really were, it is currently held, some grounds for this suspicion. At all events, the masters were thoroughly alarmed, and for days afterwards a mutinous spirit was only too evident. Nothing serious came of it, however.

No fewer than three great rebellions are recorded in the annals of Winchester College.

The first and most serious broke out at Easter, 1793, the immediate cause being that fruitless subject of school discontent, the stoppage of "leave." Its suppression proved to be a bigger and tougher job than anyone could have by any possibility imagined. The townspeople sided with the lads, who victualled themselves as for a regular siege, barricaded themselves in their rooms, armed themselves with muskets and pistols, and openly threatened to burn down the



BARRICADED THEMSELVES IN THEIR ROOMS.

entire college rather than submit. The military were called out, and for a time, incredible as it may seem in these days, it really looked as though bloodshed was inevitable. In the end, however, wiser councils prevailed, and a truce was patched up. It proved but a very temporary arrangement, however. Forty-eight hours later, hostilities were again resumed, and, eventually, practically the entire school was either expelled or had resigned.

A second mutiny, which broke out in 1818, ran a similar course. The military were again called into requisition, the Riot Act was read—fancy reading the Riot Act to a parcel of discontented schoolboys!—and for a while things

looked very serious indeed. After two days' palavering, however, the uprising was put an end to; but by a trick which, to say the least of it, reflected no great credit on the college authorities. The boys were promised a fortnight's holiday and a free passage to their respective homes if they would surrender at discretion. This they agreed to do. But no sooner did they evacuate their defences than they were surrounded and made prisoners by the soldiers. The wholesale floggings, and still more wholesale expulsions, which followed,

sufficed to strike terror into the hearts of the stoutest, but the flower of the grand old school was lost to it for ever. Among the many boys who were expelled on this historic occasion, and who afterwards became famous men, the names of Bishop Mant, Field-Marshal Lord Seaton, Lord Chancellor Hatherley, and Sir Alexander Malet stand out pre-eminent.

The third rising occurred in 1848, and began, like that at Marlborough College, by an unauthorised fire-work display.

On the following day the boys barricaded themselves in their rooms and refused to come out. But seldom or never, even in the history of school mutinies, has so ludicrous a *fiasco* resulted. There was no summoning of soldiers this time. No ringing of alarm bells, nor reading of Riot Acts! Instead, the authorities, in their turn, simply barricaded the malcontents in their rooms, and cut off the supply of provisions. By ten o'clock the smaller boys were clamouring for breakfast. At dinner-time it began to dawn upon all and sundry that further resistance was hopeless, and by four in the afternoon the mutineers were only too glad to surrender at discretion.

A DONKEY-BOY OF CAIRO



BY LIEUT. COLONEL JOHN MACGREGOR.

Author of "Through the Buffer State," "Toil and Travel," etc., etc.

Illustrated by George Soper.

HASSAN KHAN was an Arab boy—a street Arab, or a desert Arab, just as you please, for he was both by turns.

Donkey boys in plenty are to be seen in Alexandria and Port Said, and are the delight and admiration of Jacks ashore, and of British youths in general, when visiting the land of Egypt, which has of late years, more than ever, become the pleasure ground of travellers. But these seaport towns Hassan Khan had never seen. He belonged to the ancient and royal city of Cairo, and was as much superior to the donkey boys of Port Said and Alexandria as a first-class London thief is superior to a mere provincial one—but in a different way.

On his features, as on those of some more of his fellows, were indelible marks of one of the ancient curses of his country—the Plague of Flies. You may doubt the other plagues of Egypt if you like, for they have come and gone, but you cannot doubt this one, for the plague of flies goes on for ever in Egypt, like the brook in the poem. Well, Hassan was a victim to this plague. He basked in the Egyptian sun of his early childhood, the flies gathered round him as if he were a lump of sugar-candy, inoculated his eyes with their noxious virus, and Hassan Khan was deprived of the sight of

one eye, like many of his good ancestors before him. But this is anticipating.

As we were marching to our quarters on first arrival in Cairo, fresh from home, we were honoured with a large escort of donkey boys, in addition to the common or garden welcome of the regimental bands. Conspicuous among the rest was what afterwards turned out to be Hassan Khan, jauntily mounted on his princely donkey, nearly as big as a mule, with gay tassels dangling from its ears, and jingling bells round its throat, while Hassan himself was arrayed in a turban, the tail end of which floated like a streamer in the breeze behind him.

Save for the said turban, Hassan was not overburdened with personal adornment. A loin-cloth of cotton yarn, partly flung over his left shoulder, comprised the rest of his Oriental raiment. And there he sat, with his long brown legs hanging loosely by the sides of his donkey, quite disdainful of the primitive otirrips that flapped freely about as the donkey jogged along. Conspicuous though he was, I did not then think that Fortune or Fate should throw us afterwards so much together.

"Have a ride, sah, have a ride," he shouted after me the next time I met him. "My donkey name *Sirdah*—very good donkey, *Sirdah*. Look, sah, look, look!"

And with that he tossed himself off his donkey, measured the ground repeatedly by tumbling head over heels, after which he flung himself to the saddle back again with the sprightliness of a fairy. I was young and impressionable then (I am not very old now), and I could not help taking a certain liking to this free and easy child of the desert.

"Very good donkey, *Sirdah*. Have a ride, sah." But before I could embrace the opportunity of a ride on such a distinguished animal as the *Sirdah*, other donkey boys rushed up, equally vociferous in proclaiming the merits of their own beasts, with equally renowned designations.

"*Majish*, no, sah," exclaimed a bigger boy. "*Sirdah* no good donkey. *Sirdah* bite, *Sirdah* kick, sah. Ride my donkey, *Crcmah*, sah—no bite, no kick."

But whether Hassan's donkey could really bite and kick as his rival declared, it was evident his master could, judging from the prompt way he drove the bigger boy and his donkey, *Crcmah*, off the ground, to the intense amusement of the other donkey boys round about.

"Good boy, Hassan," one of them shouted. "Good donkey, *Sirdah*. But my donkey, *Abdool*, very good, sah!" And up came his donkey, braying in such tones as might have come from the unmentionable place, where such as *Abdool* are supposed to be punished. Who, indeed, could resist the temptation of a rollicking ride on such high-sounding donkeys, and with such jovial postillions as Hassan and his half-naked companions coming on behind?

Off we gaily went, young Porter and Parker and I, on *Sirdah* and *Cromah* and *Abdool* with the *Epithet*, away, away to the Sphinx and the Pyramids, quite a little distance from headquarters. And many a twist the tails of these worthy asses received by the way, for the purpose of precept and guidance.

As we sat on the ridge surrounding the sandy excavations that reveal the Sphinx, Hassan Khan crept up to my side as if to say something important, holding his donkey by its primordial bridle of hempen cord.

"Sah," he said, inquiringly. "Know that, sah?"

"Know what?" I replied.

"Know that *Janwar* (animal)," he returned, emphatically, pointing with his *khadeeb*, or whip.

"The Sphinx, of course. What do *you* think it is?"

"Sah," said he, "that's Pharaoh. Pharaoh very bad man, very bad king. Moses very strong. He beat Pharaoh with rod, and Pharaoh turned *Eshphenix*."

"Well, and what then?"

"When other man come, stronger nor Moses, he beat *Eshphenix* with rod, and *Eshphenix* will be Pharaoh again and be king of the world."

"Oh, indeed," I said. "And why don't you try it on yourself with your *khadeeb*?"

"*Majish*, no, sah. Me no strong—me no big—like Moses and Pharaoh."

"And what, pray, will Pharaoh do with the donkey boys of Cairo?" I naturally inquired.

"Pharaoh beat white mans with rod, make white mans donkeys, and make donkey boys pashas." And therewith Hassan Khan reverted to his donkey, *Sirdah*, with a leery smile, in anticipation of the happy days to come.

It was on our return from this outing that the adjutant reminded us (by order) that it was not considered the proper thing for the young subalterns of the Royal Fencibles to be seen gallivanting on donkeys in the direction of the Pyramids, followed by a rabble of ragged Arab boys. Yet I have since seen very important people incapable of resisting the temptation, including an admiral on half-pay, and a live, fat-legged bishop away from the critical eyes of his diocese. For downright innocent laughter, inspired by the twisting of tails, and seasoned by occasional tumbles, commend me to this form of amusement—when out on the loose.

But though the unpretending moke was tabooed us, it was far otherwise with the rank and file of the regiment, among whom Hassan Khan and his precious *Sirdah* became special favourites.

Time passed, and both Hassan and I had grown bigger and older, when we found the Royal Fencibles under orders for the scorching Soudan. Transport rose to a high premium, not only in the shape of mules and donkeys, but also of their drivers. What more natural, therefore, than for Hassan Khan and his *Sirdah* to be taken on the strength of the camp followers? For in that department we could not at that time be very particular about the absence of a mere eye or so in either the animals or their attendants.

That slippery customer, Osman Digna, had been giving no end of trouble to our advancing troops. His cavalry scouts came from nowhere, and apparently returned there on several occasions, after sudden rushes and surprises, in which they managed to loot a considerable amount of our supplies, and kill in driblets not a few of our men. We were forced at last to halt at El-Tabor, within forty or fifty miles of Luxorab, one of his temporary headquarters of which we then knew next to nothing. General Brindle decided on this step in order to discover, with some degree of confidence, the whereabouts of the enemy. Flying columns were therefore sent out in various

directions to reconnoitre the country round about, as no reliable information could be obtained from the Intelligence Department, Osman Digma's force being apparently as light and movable as the mirage of the Soudan desert. In one of these flying columns was the company of the

general was anxious to deliver a more decisive blow with the main body of our troops.

Off we tramped, accordingly, for the prescribed three marches which were to form the limit of our journey, and were bivouacking for the night within a mile of the banks of the river. The



"A ROAR AND RUSH OF DERVISH HORSEMEN."

Royal Fencibles, of which I happened to be the junior subaltern, and so was Hassan and his *Sirdah*. Our orders were to follow the course of the Tarata River for three successive marches and report on the country, but to avoid, if possible, an engagement with the enemy, as the

immediate locality was grassless and treeless to a degree, and owing to late rains, the loamy soil was so sticky that our trenching tools proved almost useless. Unable, therefore, within the time at our disposal, to make anything like a proper zareba, we had to be more than usually

wary, as we bivouacked on the open ground, without any tents, and with only the sky for a canopy.

But our vigilance on this occasion availed us little. Suddenly, at about four o'clock in the morning, I was disturbed from my slumbers by the shrill music of the bugle sounding the alarm. And before its echoes could have died away, there was such a roar and rush of Dervish horsemen through our camp that every one was for the moment thrown into confusion.

In this hand-to-hand conflict our Maxim and two field-guns were of no mortal use, as friends and foes were inextricably intermingled with one another. The lancers who were not cut down in the first rush made a gallant effort to mount and charge the enemy. Formation was impossible, and each trooper had to fight for his own hand as best he could. The Fencibles, I need scarcely say, hit out valiantly, but only, like the lancers, to die. The violent impact of the horses, the clash of opposing arms, and the bang! bang! or rather the continuous whir-r-r, of the repeating rifles, combined with the shrieks of the combatants, made the welkin ring again. But there was little time left for thinking; I received a crushing blow on the head from one of these mounted marauders, and dropped senseless to the ground.

I recovered consciousness in the zareba of Luxorab—a prisoner of Osman Digma. All our detachment had apparently been cut to pieces, as had already happened on a larger scale to the troops under Hicks Pasha in a previous campaign.

But, besides myself, there was at least one exception, in the person of none other than the doughty Hassan Khan, who was lying on a litter of Nile rushes a few feet away from me.

"Hassan," I weakly whispered, "where are we? What has happened?"

"Prisoners, sah," he replied. "Kill all last night. Kill us to-morrow—cut throats." And therewith he made the sign manual across his waist and as to the way we should be executed with an expression of ineffable horror depicted on his saffron features.

Hassan, I noticed, had a bullet wound through his naked right arm, but seemed to have nothing else seriously the matter with him, except the near prospect of death, which he did not at all appear to appreciate. I discovered also that, though I had been stunned myself by the blow, my strong helmet had saved my life; and, notwithstanding a somewhat severe flesh wound in my left shoulder, I felt my strength and vigour returning rapidly after my recovering consciousness. Yes, I was so young, and, to confess the

truth, so hopeful and ambitious, that I thought it was hard to die. But if I were to die at all just then, I should infinitely prefer to have died in the first encounter, sword in hand, rather than wait cold, premeditated murder in this way, with all the horrors that might accompany it. Neither were Hassan and I entirely alone in our misery, for a third prisoner, lying on the same litter, made known by his groans that he also was one of the doomed. We three—Corporal Crookfoot, Hassan Khan, and I—were, so far as we knew, the only survivors of that fatal fray—only for the purpose, probably, of being put to a more cruel death shortly after.

But whatever Osman Digma intended to do with us, he certainly did not put us to death. On the contrary, little notice was practically taken of us, as the Dervish general supposed us to be more seriously wounded than we really were.

Osman Digma suffered from a very prevalent weakness of untutored warriors, a weakness which he shared with his superior lord and master—the Khalifa himself. He was (and is) a fearless fighter, but lacked the vigilance that is the outcome of discipline, and one of the main secrets of permanent success. It was through this want of watchfulness that the Khalifa's captives from time to time got away, and it was doubtless the same cause that we also had to be thankful. Osman, in fact, took very little trouble about us, and his catch-'em-alive myrmidons for the most part followed his example.

No doubt his intention was to keep us as hostages in order to benefit by doing so, and if not, to kill us in the end, with the addition, perhaps, of ignominious details. Hassan, however, being one of themselves, and mistaken for somebody else with one eye, was immediately told off to attend on the mules—a duty for which he was eminently qualified. To this piece of good luck, added to the carelessness of our captors and the ingenuity of our fellow-prisoner, Corporal Crookfoot, we all owed our liberty, and probably our lives.

Osman and his hordes were repeatedly scouring the country in various detached parties, looking out for loot or slaughter on a small scale, while anxious to avoid a general engagement. His camp at Luxorab we found surrounded by a deep trench, with an inner defence of earth and brushwood which it was impossible alike to scale from within or rush from without. There were only two openings to this strong zareba, one on each side, north and south, and these were jealously guarded by sentries placed over them. How to get through these sentries was the question, when an original and divine idea struck Corporal Crookfoot.

Hassan, as I said, had charge of some mules,

three in number, as it happened on this occasion, and had the free privilege of the other mule-drivers when they went to water the animals at a neighbouring pond outside the stockade, which they did at irregular intervals night and day, as parties came and went on their different errands.

"If me an' my mate was together," observed Corporal Crookfoot, in an absent-minded mood—"If me an' my mate was together, we would try to escape." And he brushed away a tear from his soldier's eye at the thought of his lost comrade. He and his "mate," however, so far as we could then see, would never be together again, as the latter had apparently been slain in the late conflict, so that there seemed very little chance of their ever meeting on this side the spiritual Jordan.

"Who was your mate, Corporal?" I asked, "and what could you do to ensure your escape?"

"Me an' my mate," he replied, "was boys together in Cripplegate fore we 'listed same day, as we was to live an' die together, sir."

"And so you may," I rejoined, "though it is not very likely."

"No, no," he said, sadly. "I saw my mate fall, 'fore I was knocked down myself by the catch-'em-aliver."

"You are still living though, and so may your mate be. But what could you do to escape

if your mate were with you that you cannot do now?"

"Well, it's this-like, sir," he explained. "Me an' my mate Bill was a mule in the pantomime at Drury Lane, when we was boys, 'fore we 'listed, an' we would make a mule an' escape if my mate was 'ere." And again he sighed for the loss of his comrade, whom he himself was likely enough to follow without undue delay.

The drift of his plan suddenly dawned upon me. He and his "mate Bill" would simulate a mule, as they had previously done in the pantomime at Drury Lane, and so would escape under the disguise. Could it not be done without the particular aid of his "mate Bill"?

It was a plausible idea, and no time was to be lost, for we were both too young to die without an effort put forth to save ourselves. How to manage it became our one dominant thought. The ground of the extensive zareba was literally strewn with all sorts of material looted here and there.

And among the

rest of the ill-arranged rubbish I discovered the skins of both mules and donkeys alike, drying in the scorching sun by day, and wetted in return, like Nebuchadnezzar, by the dews of night. These skins had been flayed off the backs of their previous owners, which had either been killed or had otherwise died from the hardships of warfare, and they were ostensibly preserved for the purpose of providing *mussacks*, or water-



MOUNTED ON HIS MOCK SUMPTER.

skins, to be borne across the backs of the *bheesties*, which was the only means of water-carriage that these rough and ready marauders possessed.

To see and to appropriate (not to use that nasty word "steal") were, as cause and effect. Darkly, secretly, at the dead of night, we made our preparations, stuffed the skin with the dwarf-palm leaves and rushes of our litter, and stretched it fore and aft with a broken piece of tent-pole which came in handy, and which imparted to our mock mule a degree of firmness which it would otherwise lack. We were able to sew it up roughly by means of material out of the corporal's knapsack, after which we again disembowelled our make-believe creature, hid the skin under the litter, and watched the progress of events.

It was certain that if Osman came to an engagement with our troops and lost the fight, which he was likely enough to do, we should at the same time lose our heads, which was anything but a pleasant prospect before us. But at the time, detachments were continually on the move in and out of the zarefa at all hours of night and day, accompanied by not a few baggage animals, carrying their temporary supplies and loot when procurable.

It was not therefore without beating of hearts that Corporal Crookfoot and I found ourselves engaged in performing the functions of the fore and hind limbs of a mule, the rest of which was made up of padding. Dark and dreary was the night when one of Osman's lieutenants returned from a vain attempt to surprise our line of communication, and the animals, with others, had to be watered after their return at the outside pond, while Hassan Khan was one of those told off to do the duty.

It was our opportunity—or never. We took the precaution that one of Hassan's three mules—the usual complement—should be left behind, and the mock mule placed between the other two; thus we were more likely to escape observation. There, among a crowd of others, the really faithful Hassan, the donkey boy of Cairo, jogged doggedly in front of the mules, each of which was tied by the nose to a rope behind him.

His conduct was the more praiseworthy inasmuch as his own life was in no immediate danger at Luxorab, though ours were, and that detection spelt certain death for him as well as for us. He had started, mounted on his mock sumpter, which dared not either kick or bray, though the poor corporal and I felt nearly suffocated in our strange and strained position. Moreover, the tent-pole began to creak unpleasantly under the weight of Hassan, and the side mules, not quite liking their new companion, began to kick violently in such a

way that whatever fun the entertainment might prove to them, it was anything but fun for the strange mule between them.

Hassan had therefore to dismount, which fact relieved us considerably, from a physical point of view, at any rate, though our mental anxiety grew almost unbearable as we approached the gate at which the sentries were placed, with Hassan Khan in front of us. By good luck there was no preconcerted order for passing through. Each muleteer dragged his mules by the nose after him as best he could, while the corporal and I bent our knees a bit, as the mule of which we constituted so important a part was otherwise likely to loom somewhat above the average level of the mules around us.

One of the sentries on duty actually noticed the strange mule in a kind of sleepy, unconcerned way, and made a casual remark in bastard Arabic to Hassan, who was just beginning an explanation in the name of *Allah*, when the right-hand mule on the side of the sentry kicked up such a bobbery that the sentry was glad to get rid of it at any cost. It was thus we three passed the dreadful ordeal of the Luxorab sentries, and though we were by no means out of the danger of detection, yet our hopes rose. We followed for a little while in the direction of the other mules, gradually slinking to the rear, and then made a dash towards the river whence we had come, leaving the two mules to look after themselves.

Where could our friends be? was our next concern. They could not, we fancied, have passed the neighbourhood of Luxorab without some sort of engagement, or, at any rate, without their presence in the immediate vicinity being known at least to Hassan, who mingled freely with Osman's people. We decided, therefore, to retrace our steps back again along the banks of the Tarata river.

We were weary and footsore when there came a clear, ringing challenge through the darkness:—

"Halt! Who comes there?"

The check was so sudden and unexpected that for a moment it quite took us by surprise.

"Friend!" I shouted, regaining my self-possession.

"Give the countersign," was the next order.

"None that we know, but 'God Save the Queen!'" I returned.

"'God Save the Queen!'" was the answer, which, strange to say, was actually the countersign that night.

"'God Save the Queen!' Pass, friend, and all's well."

I saw Corporal Crookfoot make a sudden

dart, while the sentry instinctively pointed his rifle at the intruder with bayonet fixed.

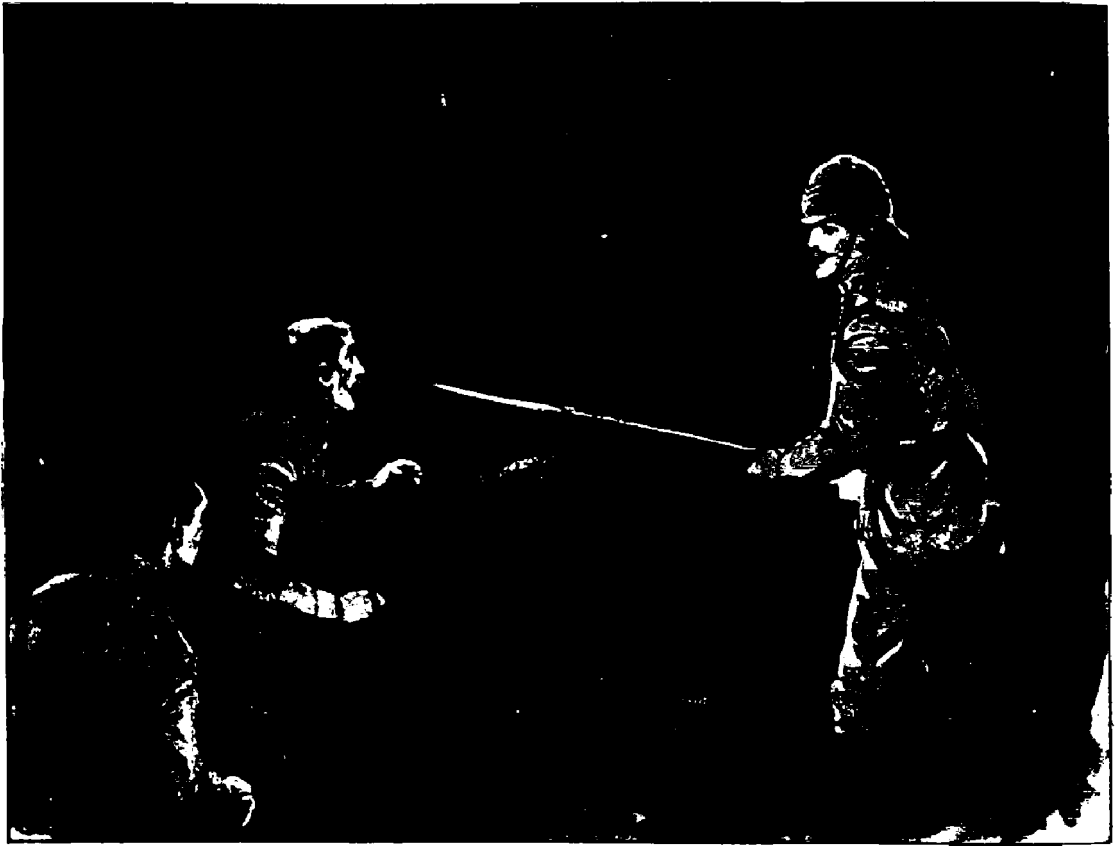
"Bill! Bill!" cried the corporal. "I thought you was dead."

Bill was startled for a moment, but suddenly recollected the voice that spoke. He then threw his rifle on the ground in great excitement (which was quite contrary to army orders—but let that pass) and rushed to embrace his comrade.

"An' hit's you, Crookie. Hit's yourself. I thought you was killed, an' 'twas your ghost.

certainly have been slain, had we waited that event.

We afterwards pushed on and took an important part in the crowning victory of Omdurman, where we fought side by side with the gallant Ross-shire Buffs. Soon afterwards Sirdar Lord Kitchener came to learn the story of Hassan Khan and his donkey, *Sirdah*, called so loyally in honour of himself. The tale greatly amused the genial Sirdar, who soon promoted Hassan Khan for his gallantry to be a duffedar of muleteers,



"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"

But, hit's yourself, Crookie, an' no mistake," said Bill, hugging Crookie, as he called him, in a transport of joy.

It was, in short, the main body of our troops continuing their march after the news of our disaster; and "Bill" was one of those who escaped from the carnage, and was on picket duty once again.

Three days afterwards we entered the zareba of Luxorab. But both the fox and the cubs had escaped; and, before doing so, we should

and made a colour-sergeant of Corporal Crookfoot.

Thus it happened that though Hassan Khan, the donkey boy of Cairo, has not yet seen the Sphinx re-converted into Pharaoh, yet he has seen at least a couple of his white taskmasters transformed, for the nonce, into a mule, if not into a donkey. He has, also, himself realised the first step of promotion towards the dignity of a pasha, which will not now be long in coming, while Corporal Crookfoot has recovered his lost friend—and all of us our liberty.

OLD CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL



BY THE EDITOR OF THE "CARthusIAN."



PUBLIC schools change character with time, and alter their constitutions as the spirit of progress demands. Of the truth of this assumption Charterhouse affords a striking example; it has suffered many transitions and has been carried far from the original design of the founder. To-day the name of Charterhouse brings breezy impressions of Surrey hills, and its chronicles are found in the University lists and Association Football records. In numbers, in character, in place, it affords a most glaring contrast to the institution which was founded three centuries ago on the site of a Carthusian monastery in the green fields which have given way to the streets, the warehouses, and the stores of Smithfield. Yet, if the school of six hundred boys on the hills of Godalming differs from a charity which gave education and board and lodging to forty poor boys, its difference is one which is the mere result of growth; so, while leaving the reason of development to the philosopher, let us now regard the true home of Charterhouse as it existed

in the plans of the founder. Modern Charterhouse, or more correctly, the most modern form of Charterhouse (for old and new Charterhouse are one and the same), stands in its own grounds, a building of yesterday, spacious



THE PENRIONERS' COURT.

indeed, but without story or tradition of its own. In Old Charterhouse the boys learned

their lessons in the panelled hall and mullioned chambers in which the Norfolks, the Norths and the Suffolks, the ruffled nobles of



THE GRAND STAIRCASE.

Queen Elizabeth's age—aye, and even the queen herself—had danced and rustled in proud silks and velvets. They played their games against the walls, or in the cloisters in which silent Carthusian monks once paced solemnly up and down. It was a fine building in which they lived, and one rich with historical associations, whether we regard it as a Carthusian monastery, a nobleman's palace, or the sober house of a hospital. It has passed through all three stages. As a monastery it found its birth in the time of the Black Death; in 1348 that plague devastated England, and to provide consecrated burial-ground for the bodies, which lay in thousands rotting in the narrow streets and crowded alleys, Sir Walter Manny acquired thirteen acres of ground, devoted them to a burial-ground, and settled thereon, for the first time in London, the Carthusian order of monks. In this burial-ground, and in one of less extent made by the Bishop of London, no less than fifty thousand victims to that fearful scourge are said to have been interred. In the dissolution in 1534 this monastery of Chartreux was dissolved with great cruelty, and the Prior, John Houghton, was executed at Tyburn, and his head impaled on his own monas-

tery. His name is remembered at Charterhouse because a small oblong court, known as Wash-house Court, which he constructed, still survives, and bears on the wall the initials, "J.H.," in white bricks. After the dissolution, the monastery buildings were for the most part pulled down, and upon their foundation, Lord North, and subsequently the Duke of Norfolk, built a handsome palace, which was furnished with lavish care. Noble rooms with panelled walls and ceilings, mullioned windows, ornately carved chimney-pieces, tapestries and hangings still remain, but the neat Italian gardens and the laboriously constructed wilderness, of which we have notices, have passed away. The mansion was twice honoured by royal visits from Elizabeth and James, and its whole tone was of such richness that Lord Bacon, in a letter adverse to the founder's charitable scheme, urged that "to design a palace fit for a prince's habitation for a hospital is as if one should give a rich embroidered cloak to a beggar."

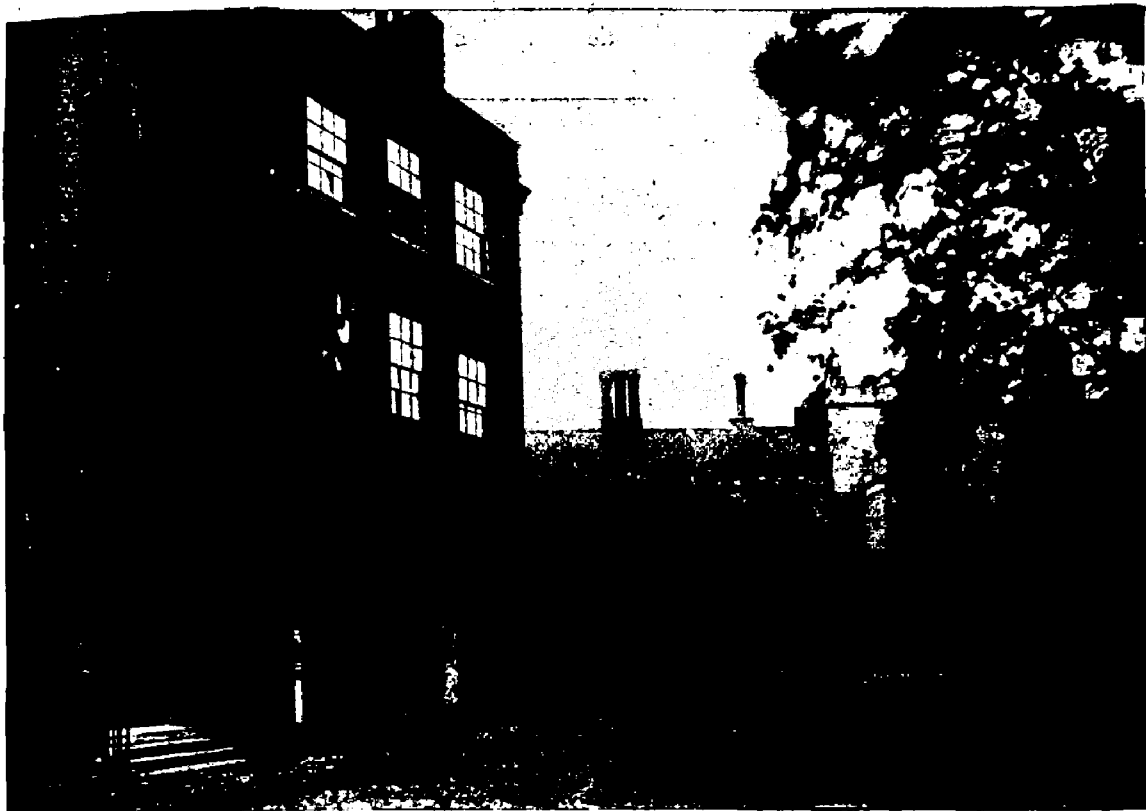
This beautiful house (known as Howard House, in Charterhouse) Thomas Sutton transformed, in 1611, into a home for aged men and boys. The days of the revival of learning—and with them the movement which gave us Dean Colet's School at St. Paul's, the Queen's School at Westminster, Harrow, Rugby, Uppingham, Christ's Hospital, and the many grammar schools that are dotted about the country—had by this time passed away, and, in consequence, the institution which Thomas Sutton planned was of a different character, and disposed to meet a different need from that which the founders of the former schools had intended to supply.

The establishment was known by the title of the "Hospital of King James, founded in Charterhouse." Sixteen governors, chosen from the noblest



FIREPLACE IN THE GOVERNORS' ROOM.

in the land—kings, prelates and peers—nominated in rotation the pensioners and the scholars, and held the whole control of the institution. The



OLD CHARTERHOUSE, FROM THE SQUARE.

actual hospital was presided over by a master. A preacher saw that Church services were performed, and a schoolmaster and usher were in charge of the school. The characteristic of the place was, in all matters, one of sober solemnity,

appropriate to the monastic associations from which it derived its name.

By the founder's will provision was made on the foundation for sixty decayed gentlemen and forty boys — "the children of poor men who want means for bringing them up."

Considerable latitude has always been shown by the governors

in observance of this rule when they nominated the scholars, or as they were afterwards known — the gown-boys. The Duke of Wellington once

observed that of the many requests made to him none were made with greater frequency and persistency by his friends than for a nomination to the foundation of Charterhouse, of which he was a governor. In the very beginning of the school,

day-boys supplemented those in receipt of the founder's bounty, and the latter became known as "gown-boys" from the gowns which they wore. The name still survives, though the gowns have been dispensed with from the time that competitive examinations took the place of the governors' nomination. On the other hand,

the pensioners became known, for no discernible reason, as "old Codd's," and as such have been glorified by Thackeray's pen, and they have



THE MASTER'S HOUSE.

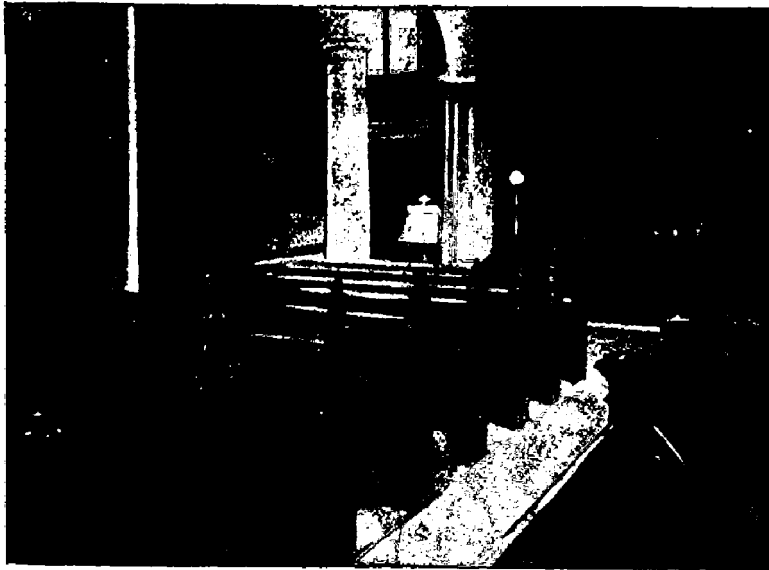
preserved their name with their nomination. The establishment was richly endowed with a revenue

told in Charterhouse is true, he did a greater service by weapons of finance than with actual arms. It is attributed to him that, acting on the advice of Sir Francis Walsingham, he drained the bank of Genoa of money at the very time that Philip applied to it for funds to complete the preparations of that huge expedition, and thus delayed the whole Armada. He anticipated the ways of modern finance again in a scheme which never took effect, of founding a bank in London.

Sutton was offered a barony if he would consent to name the Duke of York (afterwards King Charles I.) his heir, and Ben Jonson was asserted by his enemies to have traduced the character of the merchant in the person of Volpone. The scheme was often in danger of being defeated. Lord Bacon likened it to the heaping up of "a stack of mud," and only a thinly-veiled, but timely, bribe of

£10,000 prevented the king from appropriating the whole endowment.

The history of Charterhouse, when once it had made good its hardly-won foundation, has been even and placid. Early records deal with pecuniary matters, and we find the school being defrauded of £8,000 by one master, and losing £1,600 in the stormy time of 1649. None the less, within fifty years of its foundation its



THE CHAPEL.

amounting to £3,500 at its commencement, and one that has increased ever since. And it is now time to say something about the man who accomplished, as old Fuller puts it, "this masterpiece of true Protestant charity."

At the time that he founded Charterhouse, Thomas Sutton was considered the wealthiest man in England. Born of a good family in 1521, he had passed an eventful life and fulfilled many high offices, in each of which he had shown himself a capable man. On doubtful authority, he is said to have been educated at Eton and Jesus and Magdalene Colleges, Cambridge. Thence he travelled abroad through France and Italy, and, entering the service of the Earl of Warwick, and subsequently of the Earl of Leicester, he became in time Master of the Ordinance at Berwick, Paymaster of the Northern Forces in the campaign against Scotland, Commissioner for Sequestration of the Northern Rebels, Victualler of the Navy, and Commissioner of Prizes.

In this last position he is said to have won a Spanish prize worth £20,000, and to have fitted out a barque, "Sutton," which assisted in the defeat of the Armada. But if the story which is



ANTE-CHAPEL, WITH MEMORIAL TO W. M. THACKERAY.

revenue had risen from £3,500 to £5,500. Once only has it entered into the history of England.

and then on a proud occasion. The story has been told by Macaulay, how the master, Dr. Burnet, in 1687, refused to admit to the number of pensioners James II's nominee, Andrew Popham, a Papist, and only the barest facts need repeating here. On Dr. Burnet's representation that the admission of a Roman Catholic was contrary to the will of the founder and to an Act of Parliament, the governors, in spite of the storming of Jeffries, refused admittance to Popham, at the same time stating their reasons in a letter to the king's minister, the infamous Sunderland. The king was exceedingly incensed, but even he, as Macaulay says, was cowed by the signatures, which included those of Ormond, Halifax, Danby, and Nottingham, and, contenting himself with threats, he turned away to the persecution of Magdalen College, Oxford.

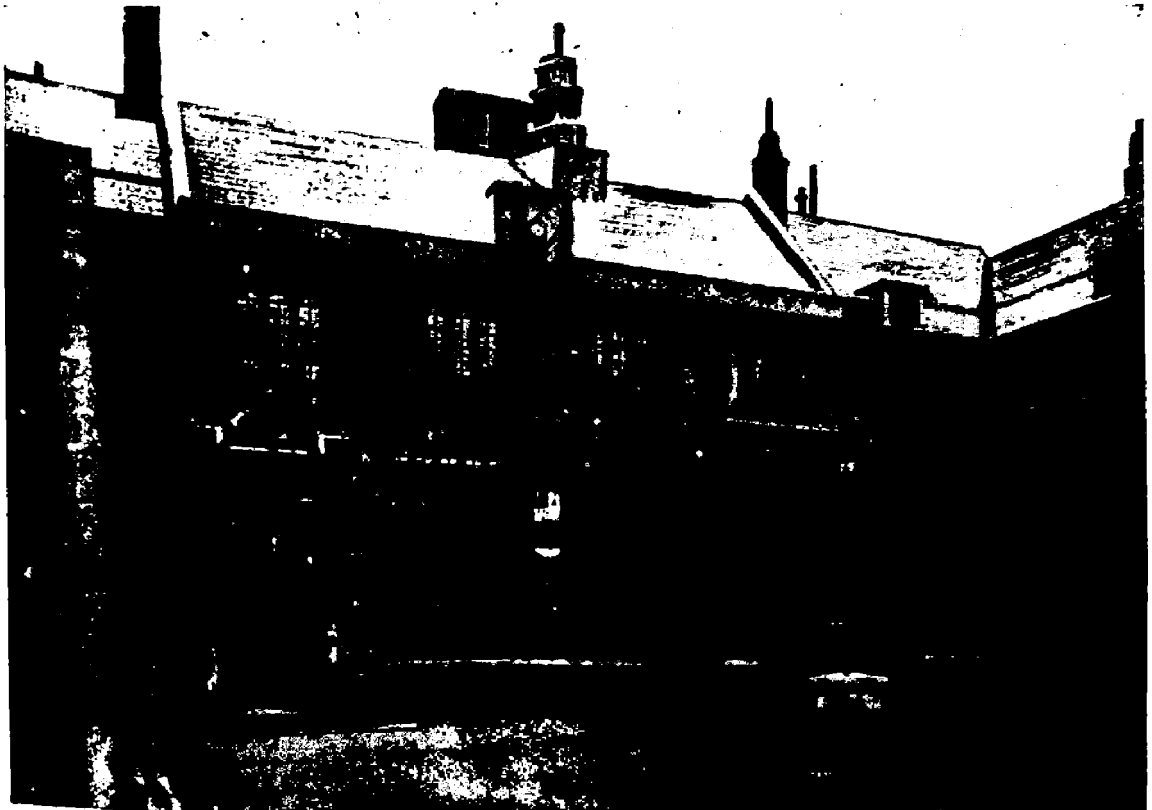
In the previous revolution, however, of 1641, Charterhouse was distinguished for a different expression, and the usher, Robert Brooke, was ejected for refusing to take the league and covenant. On the Restoration he was reinstated, and his name lives still at old Charterhouse and new, in the title of the master's room, which has ever since his time been called "Brooke Hall."



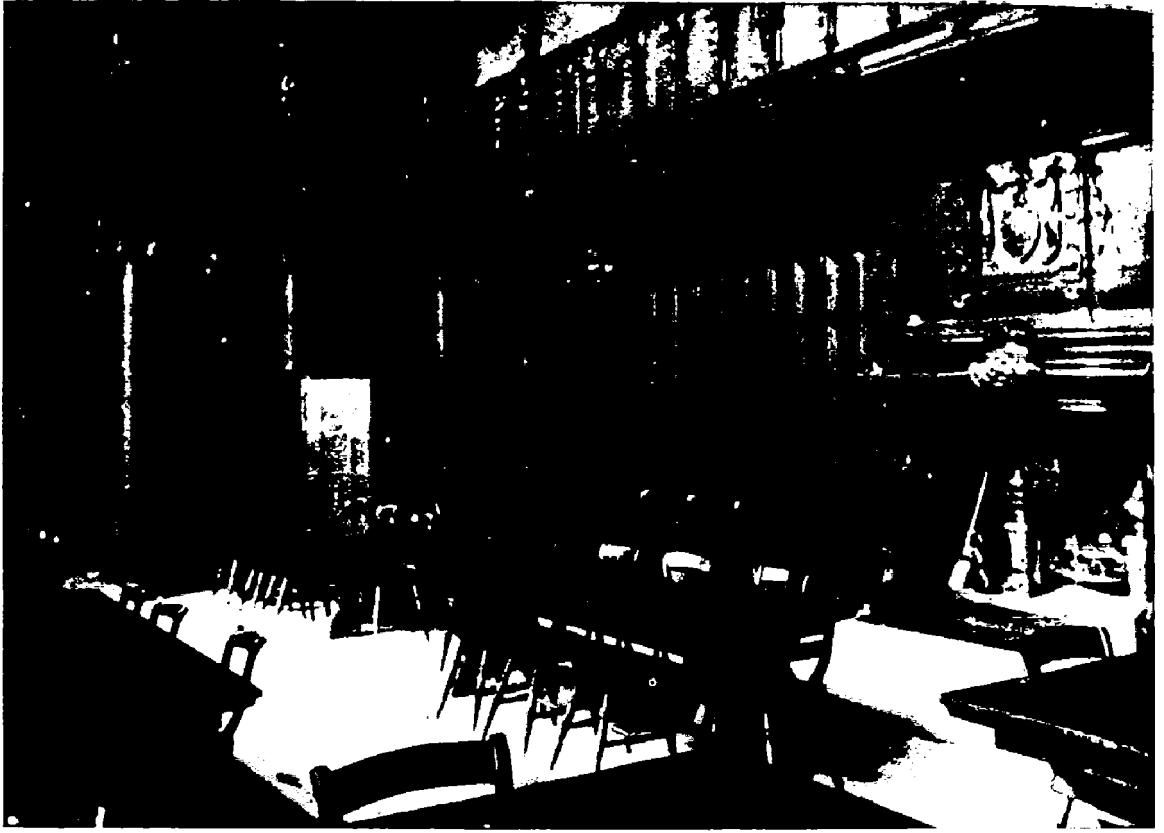
ANTE-CHAPEL

During the Protectorate, Cromwell, Ireton, and all the chief Roundheads were governors, and a letter is still extant, in Cromwell's handwriting, appointing the son of one of his old officers to a place in the school.

During the seventeenth century Crashaw and Lovelace, the poets, and Cavaliers Addison and Steele, and Dr. Isaac Barrow, a learned divine, received their education here; and in the next century among the pensioners we find Elhanah



THE HALL (EXTERIOR).



THE HALL.

Settle, the city poet, who only lives in Pope's rhymes. After his death a play was acted at Charterhouse, entitled as "A Dramatic Piece in Memory of the Powder Plot, performed at the Charter-house November 6th, 1732," wherein much ridicule is laid upon the Pope. It has been with every reason attributed to the prolific genius of Settle. This is not the only play of which Charterhouse have been the progenitors. In 1844 a rhymed play, entitled "Bubble and Squeak," describing, with vigorous action, a last night of the quarter orgie, in which masters, monitors, and fags come into conflict, was written by four boys. One of these was named Venables, a relation of Mr. Venables, Q.C., who was a great friend of Thackeray's at Charterhouse, and is reputed to have broken the novelist's nose in a fight. Nor was Settle the only dramatist who has joined the pensioners; for of recent years there died at Old Charterhouse Maddison Morton, the author of "Cox and Box" and countless other farces. During the eighteenth and nineteenth century names from every form of pursuit are found among Carthusians: Blackstone of the Commentaries; Wesley, the earnest divine; Lord Ellenborough, the judge; the Earl of Liverpool, Prime Minister; Manners Sutton, the Archbishop of Canterbury. These last three held their posts

at the same time, when Carthusians could boast of a lord chief justice, a premier, and a primate. There followed Thirlwall and Grote, two names linked together like Addison and Steele, alike in school and in literature; Leech; Thackeray; General Havelock; Sir A. Eastlake, the P.R.A. While at Charterhouse Havelock displayed that earnest temperament for which he was afterwards conspicuous, and was known by the name of "Old Phlos," a corruption of philosopher; and Leech drew sporting pictures at the age of nine, some of which are preserved at Charterhouse; and Thackeray wrote ballads and made comic drawings in his school-books. So the characters of each of these great men, at any rate, were clearly foreshadowed by the child. Then come Canon Liddell; Earl of Dalhousie, of Indian fame; H. Nettleship; Palgrave; Edmund Lushington; and Professor Jebb—all of scholarship*renown. Other Old Carthusians were, and are, Baron Alderson, Julius Hare, Thomas Mozley, Sir R. Webster, Basil Champneys, Canon Elwyn, Forbes Robertson, Cyril Maude. Of the masters who educated these famous men we can find none to equal the fame of Busby. The most original was Dr. Russell, who held the supremacy at the time Thackeray was at Charterhouse, and who has—in common with the old Codd, the founder's

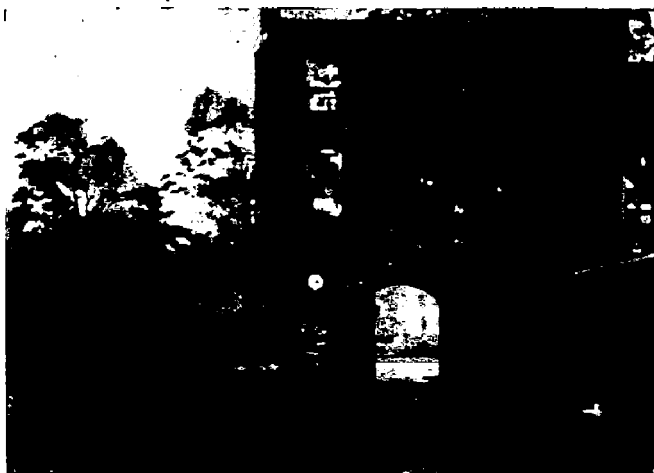
service, and the gown-boys—been sketched with affectionate memory by that writer. A little before Dr. Russell's time the monitorial system came into vogue, and Dr. Russell utilised it to an alarming extent. With only eight masters he instructed six hundred boys, and this he achieved by making the sixth form do the work of masters and take lower forms. The system paid as far as popularity went, for he changed the numbers of the school from 150 to 600. Thackeray did not like the man, nor was he particularly happy at school. He sketched ceaselessly, and was not a particularly learned scholar, giving apparently to his masters little promise of his future greatness. Dr. Liddell, he used to say, spoilt his scholarship by doing his verses for him. In later days Thackeray used to come down to Charterhouse and distribute gold, silver, and copper coins for the boys to scramble for. In his time flogging was in great favour as a punishment, and Dr. Russell was famous as a hard hitter. The number of floggings received constituted a point of pride to the boys, much as a Red Indian boasts of his scalps. It was, however, a painful process, and, as one authority states it, the fourth, fifth, and sixth cuts hurt abominably. In his lecture on Steele Thackeray describes the "swishing block."

There is a story about Dr. Russell that he once substituted fines for punishments. To the boys the measure was uncompromisingly hateful; their bodies they were ready to sacrifice, but their purses—no.

The head master beat a firm retreat; he addressed the assembled school in the hall, and at the close of the speech sackfuls of birches were brought in for instant use. Martin Tupper, who also spent his years of boyhood at Charterhouse, and not particularly happy ones, as it seems, tells how he once saw Dr. Russell "smashing a child's head between two books until his nose bled." The memory of the head master rankled. "If Russell was made a bishop I should leave the Church of England," Tupper declared. It is said in Westminster that shortly after this time, when Charterhouse challenged Westminster to annual matches, Westminster refused, assigning as their reason that it was

a rule with them never to play with private schools. The story does not redound either to the politeness or truth of the Westminster of the day, but the conditions are changed now. The school shop was known as "Crown," owing to a crown, painted by Lord Ellenborough in his school-days, as a goal for hoop-driving. In his late years the famous judge visited Charterhouse, and, seeing the great letters still existing, burst into tears. Even Leigh Hunt would have been mollified at such a sight. There was one inconvenience at Old Charterhouse. During a London fog no light penetrated to the schoolroom, and masters and boys used to provide themselves with tallow candles ("tollies"), by whose light they did their work. The flickering candle-flames made a strange, uncanny light, it is said. By this time the numbers had rapidly decreased, owing to the unhealthiness of the situation; and they continued decreasing until it became

an imperative necessity for the continuance of the school that it should be moved into the country. The measure met with the most spirited opposition from the boys, who considered removal tantamount to destruction; but under the able management of Dr. Haig-Brown the bold scheme was effected in 1872, and attended from the first with the utmost success.



THE PORTER'S LODGE.

Among the many great qualities possessed by Dr. Haig-Brown not the most insignificant was his power of happy repartee, which was evinced very successfully, as the following story records, at the very commencement of his career at Charterhouse. An over-fervent Old Carthusian congratulated the doctor upon his election, saying that he should be greatly honoured since he was the first head master who was not an Old Carthusian. The response of the doctor came quick: "And was the first head master an Old Carthusian?" The pensioners continue to reside at Old Charterhouse. In spite of the forebodings of the earlier Carthusians, traditions have not been lost, and the change of place has not only effected no change of feeling in those who call themselves Carthusians, but not even in the nomenclature of the surroundings. Cricket grounds are still known as Upper

and Under Green; and there still exist, though in altered circumstances, Scholar's Court, Cloisters, Middle Briers; the rooms in the houses know no other name than Hall or Upper Long, and Long

Room or Writing-school; the shop is yet designated Crown; and there remain, transplanted but unchanged, many more such names, each bearing a reminiscence of the old school.

H. S. OPPE.



The Man with a Great Big Heart.

HE was sweating and running about like mad,
And straining each nerve to "save the four,"
"Oh, the game must be lost!" and the other
ten had

Long ceased to care two-pence about the score;
So I asked who he was, and, crisp and tart,
Came the answer: "A fool with a great big
heart."

I met the said fool again next day.

"It isn't all over," he said, "as yet
There's more than an hour still left for play,
And only a matter of sixty to get."
So he worked like a horse from the very start,
And he got 'em—that man with the great big
heart.

And again I was watching. The best men in—
The bowling to pieces—the wicket plumb.
There were only twenty-two runs to win,
And half of the side were yet to come.
But they bade him try; and the batsmen's
art
Succumbed to the force of that great big
heart.

Poor fellow! He never knew when he was beat—
The belle of the season he sought to wed;
She listened—then made for the door in retreat.
"He cannot be sane, poor man!" she said.
When she found he had nothing with which he
could part,
Excepting the love of a great big heart.

Yet possibly she'll be wise in time,
For males are so many and men so rare.
But a truce to the moral that's hid in rhyme,
Though I wonder if some of us are aware
How important in cricket and life is the part
That is played by the man with the great big
heart.

PHILIP C. W. TREVOR.

Some Quaint Replies.

In a recent number of the *Cornhill Magazine* there is a highly interesting article on the "Humours of School Inspection," from which we quote a few of the most amusing replies given to the inspector in answer to his questions.

A class was being examined in the geography of the British Isles. "We were going through the English lakes," says the author, "and had elicited the well-known list of Windermere, Derwentwater, Ulleswater, Wastwater, and so on. But we finished up with '*Bayswater*,' the topical temptation proving too much for a London child."

On being asked what he knew of St. Paul's Cathedral, a boy replied that it was "*near the Meat Market*."

After quoting several other replies received in answer to geographical and arithmetical questions, the author turns to history, and the following are good examples of the sort of answers he received:—

"Julius Caesar invaded Britain 55 B.C., and converted the natives to Christianity."

"Richard I. went to Mormandy, and was shot through the eye by a Mormon while capturing the castle of Chaluz."

"The Salic Law was an enactment that provided that no one descending from a female should ascend the throne."

"This is a girl's answer; so is the following: 'Queen Mary died of dropsy. Her death was greatly hastened by the neglect of her husband, Philip, Emperor of Germany, who afterwards became King of France. Feeling weary of the English people she returned to France, and died at Madrid! At the post-mortem examination of her body, the word "Calais" was found engraved on her heart!' Of course this last sentence is a clear case of a confusion of ideas

"Sir Isaac Newton was the greatest orator and statesman England ever produced. His best oratorio is called "The Messiah." His essay on criticism and essay on man are the best didactic poems in the language; his "Dunciad" and other satires have never been equalled."

In endeavouring to explain the above, the

author says: "Can it be that this young lady (for the fair sex is again responsible for this biographical blunder) got up what she thought was a sketch of the life and works of Sir Isaac Newton from a text-book, out of which the leaves intervening between the leaves *N* and *P* had been torn out, and that she had been thus innocently attributing to Newton what really related to Pope? Pope's version of Virgil's 'Pollio' might be said to have some reference to the Messiah. The candidate recollected that 'The Messiah' was an oratorio, and then, perhaps, put to herself the question, 'What ought I to call a writer of oratorios?' and answered herself to her satisfaction."

Questions on physiology elicited the following:

"The bowels are five in number—namely, a, e, i, o, and u, and the *humerous* is the funny bone."

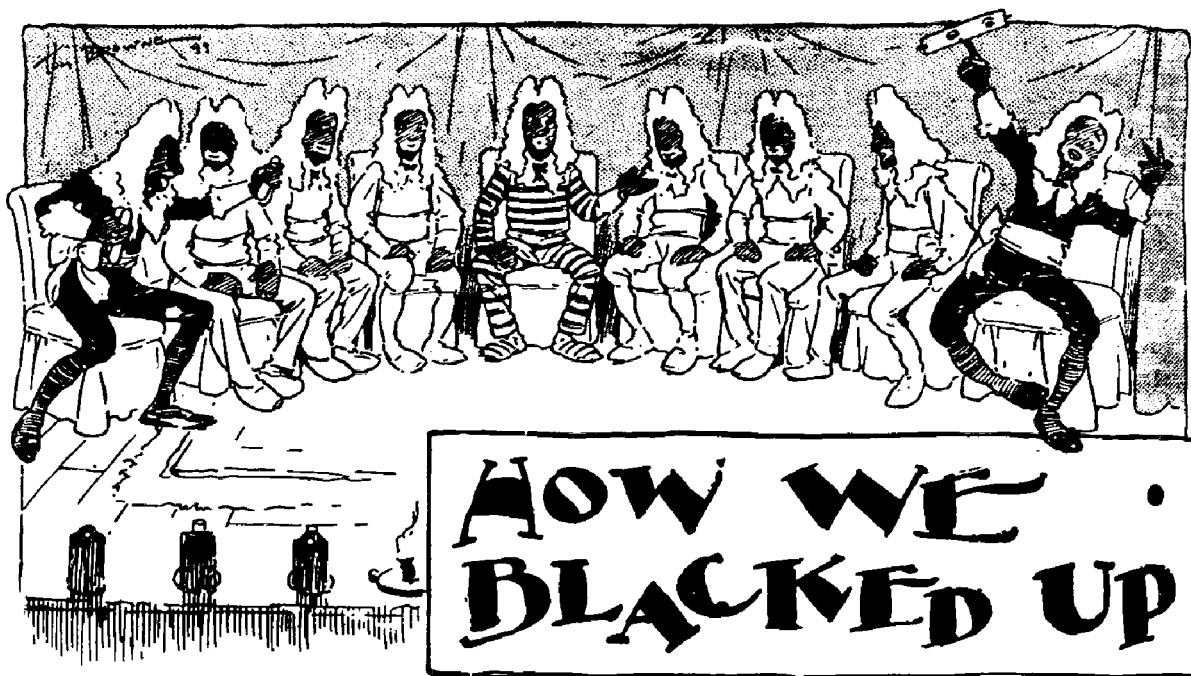
When asked what was the best food for infants, the following reply was received: "Oxygen, hydrogen, and a little carbon."

It appears that one head master keeps a diary. He refers frequently to the health and behaviour of his school. One of the entries "refers to the head master's recent marriage, of which it would seem he had made a formal announcement to his pupils. It runs thus: 'The event marriage, on August 10, caused a hearty outbreak of sympathy on the part of the scholars.'

"A Sunday school teacher, after having explained to her class that only the patriarchs were allowed to have more than one wife, went on: 'But, children, in these Christian times how many wives may a man have?' Upon which a little girl eagerly put up her hand and cried: 'Please, 'm, two only is generally necessary to salvation.'"

The article finishes with the subjoined verse, which is supposed to have been written by a pupil after having reiterated from day to day "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

"The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infernal old;
His harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an organ boy."



An Account of a Very Great Nigger Show.

Illustrated by Tom Browne, R.B.A.

OUR house for many years had been famous for its theatricals. It was our dear friend Lulley who first grew discontented with scenes from Shakespeare. We were discussing as to what we should do at the end of the Easter Term—we always had a show of some sort at the end of the Easter Term in our house—and somebody suggested the “Merry Wives of Windsor.”

Lulley sighed so melancholy a sigh that I gently reproved him.

“I was only wondering,” he said, in his most resigned-dog-like manner—“I was only wondering whether we should ever catch up to date.”

“Well,” rejoined Bunsey, who, I expect, had proposed the “Merry Wives,” “what do you suggest? It is so easy to find fault.”

“I think we might do something,” said Lulley slowly, “which necessitates a certain amount of jumping about and snapping of fingers.”

“A sort of monkey show,” rejoined Bunsey.

“Or the street Italian business,” added Ruts.

“Or a nigger farce,” suggested Willie le Morgan.

“You’ve hit it,” said Lulley, looking so hard at Willie le Morgan that he made him blush all round his collar. “My suggestion is a nigger show. Gentlemen, what offers?”

We meditated in grimmest silence for about

two minutes. Then up spake Watt, than whom none in the school possessed a voice more squeaky. He said:—

“I’ve got some bones.”

That settled it. We nodded approvingly; and Bunsey, who had presumably given up the “Merry Wives,” wrote down in his pocket-book, “Watt—bones.”

“If a Jew’s harp is any good,” volunteered Willie le Morgan, “I can play one a little.”

Bunsey made another entry. Then we proceeded to appoint centre and corner-men. There was a good deal of discussion on these points.

“Lulley,” I said, “ought to be the centre-man. It was his idea, you know.”

The others readily assented, but Lulley didn’t seem to think very highly of the honour.

“It has struck me,” he said, “that the centre-man is invariably the worst kind of fool.”

We were all off our guard. We ought really to have deprecated the implication, but we just nodded.

Lulley rose.

“I must thank the meeting,” he said, in a tired voice, “but leave it.”

Of course we couldn’t allow that. We pointed out to him that our offer was made in excellent

part, and eventually he allowed himself to be persuaded to resume his seat.

We couldn't settle all in a minute about the corner-men, several people advancing excellent reasons why they should fill that position. After some slight noise and moving of furniture we eventually decided that Sammy and Tuffey—as being rather big and decidedly tricky with their hands—should occupy the coveted seats.

We made Bunsey secretary to the society and appointed Henry as treasurer. Several members spoke to Henry's honesty, and paid him compliments on his ability for figures. He didn't take these compliments as gracefully as one could have wished, but he was always a restless fellow.

Next we drew up the programme. We gave Sammy the first choice of songs. He said we might put him down for "Daddy," "Love's old Sweet Song," "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road," "The Children's Home" (with dance), "He always came up smiling," "The Garden of Sleep," and "Mr. Kinketty Konk." Then, in the event of encores, he thought—

I'm not at all sure that Tuffey was right in acting as he did. When a gentleman, you see, falls heavily off a form backwards he might do himself some hurt, and if he is as big as Sammy he is almost sure to injure somebody else. Besides, a general scrimmage in a class-room is apt to raise a lot of dust.

But to get on with the programme. Some members were really quite diffident about the matter. Willie le Morgan, for instance, has a very pretty little song that he often sings at home. I believe it is called "Oh, Mumsey, come and kiss your little boy," and when Mrs. Willie

le Morgan came over to the sports she told us about this song, and how sweetly pretty Willie used to look, standing on his "itty" bed in his "itty" pyjamas, and singing that ditty. I shouldn't wonder if they taught him some action to go with it.

But he absolutely refused to give the song. We pressed him repeatedly, but he remained firm. So we eventually put him down to eat the burning cotton-wool when Vealey did his great conjuring trick.

Altogether we drew up a list of some twenty turns, and came to the conclusion that the show would really be first-rate. We decided to charge one shilling for the reserved seats and sixpence for the back of the room. The masters were to pay half-a-crown; strangers three-and-sixpence; the proceeds to be devoted to the Curate's Stipend Fund.

The next thing was to get leave for the show from our house-master. This was merely a formal matter, and he scarcely took the trouble to look at the programme. We decided not to bother him with details, and we always used our own class-room—a fair-sized place—for the performance.

The rehearsals went off merrily, and everything promised well.

Ruts turned out to be a first-rate pianist, especially in the trick line. He could play tunes with his feet, and also, blind-folded, with his nose. We made him spend a lot of time practising that last trick.

When the great day came round we were in a general state of excitement. We had rigged up a sort of stage in our class-room, and it looked quite secure from the front. Of course, we knew which parts of it were safe to walk on, and there

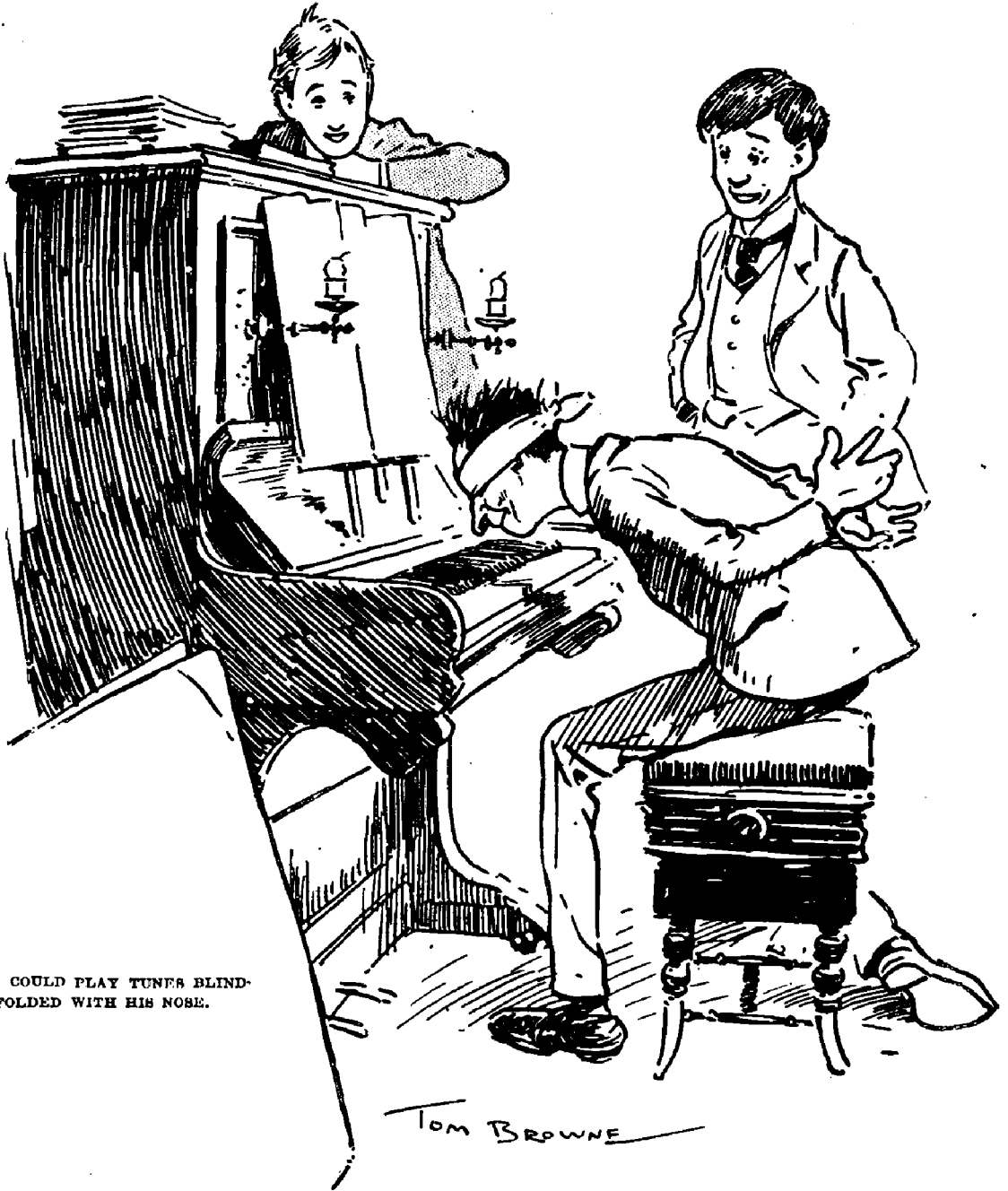


PERSUADED TO RESUME HIS SEAT.

was one particular spot just over a large tub which would even admit of dancing. But it wasn't safe for the artist to move off that spot.

The curtain was worked on the brick-and-bucket system. I don't feel called upon to enter

seeing that I was mainly responsible for the designs. But really, when Lulley had enamelled his pyjamas a pale blue, with stripes of chocolate and carnation, and decorated his football boots to match, you would have been hard to satisfy if you hadn't been



BUTS COULD PLAY TUNES BLIND-
FOLDED WITH HIS NOSE.

into an elaborate explanation of its 'mechanical capacities here, but I know that it frequently did a turn of its own accord. It was a distinct addition to the caste.

The dresses were in excellent taste, although perhaps I ought not to say too much about that,

genuinely pleased with the rig-out of our centre-man.

Watt looked remarkably well as the Death's Head Moth, only the ink would keep wearing off his skin. Of course, we frequently replenished it, and I think, in the end, that that was what

made him catch such a shocking cold. The fit-out had the additional merit of being quite inexpensive.

I'm sorry I can't describe all the costumes, but I really must get on to the show. However, just one word as to our wigs. You see,

plumes, you know—we received a parcel of powdered perukes, such as were worn in the days of Charles II. We had to use them, of course; but they didn't go at all well with nigger faces.

We remonstrated with Bunsey over his mistake,



POOR RUTS FELL ON TO THE AUDIENCE.

when we appointed Bunsey as secretary, we thought he would make rather a smart man. We left him to order all the paints, and so forth, from those people in London, and we were much annoyed when, instead of the correct nigger wigs turning up—black things, with short

and he showed some rather nasty temper. We afterwards discovered that it was all a mistake of the people in London, who sent us some Stuart wigs that had been ordered by Lord Middleditch for his theatricals at the castle the same night. It was fortunate for them that they got our

nigger wigs, as otherwise they would have had to act in their own hair, and they wouldn't have cared for that. Still, I don't know how nigger wigs would go with Stuart costumes.

We had an excellent audience. Bunsey, having recovered from what vulgar people might call his "wiggling," consented to take the money at the door. He put on his black first, partly to save time and partly because it gave him confidence. Several gentlemen tested his complexion as they entered by smearing it slightly with their fingers, and that caused a good deal of amusement.

The opening of the performance was a trifle abrupt. The piano, you see, was on the floor in front of the stage, and when we thought the room was full we told Ruts to go out and play his overture. He said he would just see if everybody had arrived, and stood at the edge of the platform, peeping round the curtain. Sammy, who was a little excited, pushed him from behind, and poor Ruts fell on to the audience. Of course, he was rather annoyed about it, and got slightly bruised, but we managed to quiet him down. And, as Tuffey said, the great thing was to put the people into a good humour from the start.

Well, after the overture the curtain went up, and we were discovered in comic attitudes—all making jokes at the same time, and rattling about generally, because we wanted it to go with a snap from start to finish. Vealey and I had agreed to hit each other in turns, and at first it worked well; but when we got excited one of us went out of his turn, and that rather confused matters.

When we paused for a rest we found that



I SHOT DOWN A KIND OF AVALANCHE TO THE REGIONS BENEATH THE STAGE.

Willie le Morgan was standing at the front of the stage, giving them his solo on the Jew's harp. Ruts was accompanying him on the piano—at least, I suppose you might call it an accompaniment, but, as a matter of fact, he played for half-an-hour right away from the time the show started, and

I don't think he followed the programme at all. Of course, they couldn't stand that, and he had to be put outside in the rain.

Willie le Morgan always says that he didn't get a fair chance, and I think there is some truth in that. A Jew's harp, you know, is not a very powerful instrument. It can only be heard really well in the dormitory at night, when everybody but the player knows that there is a master coming upstairs. *Then* it rings out splendidly. But on this occasion there was a good deal of noise, for, in addition to the fact that Ruts was playing the piano with the loud pedal down, Sammy and Tuffey were banging their tambourines—mostly on other people's heads—Lulley was hooting through the centre-man's speaking-trumpet, Vealey and I were doing our "business" in one corner, and all the audience were asking for "Oh, Mumsey, come and kiss your little boy."

And the solo came to an end in rather a curious manner. I think I mentioned that the mechanism of the curtain was so complete that sometimes it would work by itself. Well, that's just what occurred. It came galloping down in the middle of the Jew's harp turn, and, as Willie was standing quite close to the footlights, the heavy roller, of course, hit him on the head. We think that his Stuart wig, however, averted a really serious catastrophe.

Very soon after this—so quickly had the evening passed—we found it was time to dispense the refreshments. I'm rather sorry now that I suggested giving the audience oranges. I might have known that they wouldn't have anywhere to put the peel, and it made such a confusion when they had to throw it back to us. We had a large bowl of lemonade for ourselves, but it got so weak through the different performers tasting it on the sly and then adding water that Bunsey made a mistake—he was the only person who hadn't stolen any—and

washed in it. We discussed that with him when we were settling up next day.

Immediately after the interval came Sammy's song and dance. He had finally settled on "Daddy," as Ruts said it went with a good swing, and he put a lot of facial expression into it. Of course, it was the great hit of the evening, and then he found the strong spot in the stage, and proceeded to do the dance.

What made Tuffey so anxious to join in I don't know, but he says it was obviously absurd for one corner-man to dance and not the other. The unfortunate part of it was that the tub wasn't big enough to hold them both, and Sammy said, without stopping for even one moment, that he got there first and meant to stay there. I suppose that created a sort of antagonism between them, and they danced very close to each other, scowling hard all the time.

Now Tuffey rather prided himself on his high kicking, but it was foolish to try it at such close quarters. Anyhow, he did, and, of course, the result was that he seriously injured Sammy's nose, and Sammy, filled with indignation, proceeded to dance on Tuffey. In the course of this process they both got off the strong spot, and the next thing I remember is that the plank upon which my chair was flew up into the air, and I shot down a kind of avalanche to the regions beneath the stage. All the members of the company assembled there about the same time, so that, although the performance ended as abruptly as it began, the audience enjoyed a magnificent finish.

* * * * *

I hope the poor little curate, by the way, didn't run into any extra expense before our balance sheet came out. We declared a deficit of 17s. 4d. Next year, in spite of remonstrances, we intend to revive the legitimate drama.

R. T. BAIRD.



THE BUTT OF LEWIS



BY JOHN MACKIE.

Author of "They that Sit in Darkness," etc.

Illustrated by P. C. French.

IS is the fashion for some people to smile when they hear of a snake or a shark story which seems to them a little more wonderful than usual, very often simply because they have had no personal experience of those things in wild Nature which appear to them so extraordinary, and because they may be opposed to all their preconceived ideas regarding them. Were the following snake story unique, I should be giving those sceptics a splendid opportunity for airing their scepticism; but I know of more than one case of a somewhat similar nature, although of none in which the victim ran such a double risk as I did.

Few men there are who have lived for years far beyond the pale of civilisation in the bush but can tell of some odd experiences with snakes. I, myself, have got into bed with one, and that a dangerous tiger snake; I have had one for my sole companion on the top branches of a tree in flood-time; I have trod on a death adder; and on a few occasions, which the readers of these pages may have heard of, I have been reduced to making them my staple food for two or three weeks at a stretch. And, let me say, by the way, that, contrary to my expectations, they were by no means bad eating; on one occasion, indeed, I actually picked up in condition, and grew to like them. But to my particular snake story.

I was pioneering in the Gulf of Carpentaria, in tropical Australia, in the 'eighties, and had built a house and yards on a great river, which

the Dutch, in the early days, called the Van Alphen, and which still bears that name upon the map. It was a terribly wild, rough place, and, what with fierce, cunning alligators in the rivers, and bold, hostile blacks on the mountain ranges—a spur from which came down to within a mile and a-half of my place—I had a lively time of it. But it exactly suited me in those days, and I gloried in having something of an exciting and risky nature to tackle and overcome.

One day, about one o'clock in the afternoon, I lay in the long, low, bark-roofed hut upon my bunk, which simply consisted of four forked sticks driven into the ground, with cross pieces and long, horizontal saplings, upon which my blankets were laid. The hut was of the most primitive description, being built of undressed round posts placed side by side, which certainly was a condition of things favourable to light and ventilation, but, unfortunately, also to rats, iguanas, lizards, and, occasionally, snakes.

The sun was right overhead, and the day was a typical January one in the Gulf, the air quivering with a fierce white heat, which registered 124 degs. in the shade, and sweltering and close at that—a common enough state of things in that part of the world. My two white companions had gone to look after some horses up the river, and I lay alone in the hut. A couple of black boys were amusing themselves over in their own quarters, after the manner of their kind, by whittling their nullah-nullahs by means of broken pieces of glass. The mid-day meal was over; I had finished my

pipe, and lay back with my head resting on the pillow. It was so insupportably hot that I had taken off my shirt—a by no means uncommon thing to do in that go-as-you-please sort of country—and felt as if I would like to go to sleep—my revolver was in its pouch on a peg alongside.

I must have dozed off, for when I came to my senses I remember wondering vaguely what the matter was with the rats that they seemed to be scampering about in such a state of excitement.

There was something cold pressing against my bare feet, for I had also removed my boots and socks, but for the moment I

five minutes when the opportunity offered to fight them, and have actually been reduced to living upon them, so my enforced position may be better imagined than described. My first impulse was to shriek out and kick it violently from me, but for years my life had been one of continual schooling to face danger philosophically, and to retain my self-possession. I have owed my life to this self-restraint over and over again, though I am by nature of anything but a phlegmatic temperament.



"ALL RIGHT, MASTER! YOU JUST LIE PLENTY QUIET."

was so drowsy that it suggested nothing to my mind. With half-opened eyes I gazed lazily downwards; in another second my eyes were very wide open indeed, and I was as wide awake as ever I was in my life. Lying across my left foot, and slowly creeping up my leg, was a horrible black snake, one of the deadliest of its kind. It must have been between four and five feet in length. Now, snakes had always been my pet aversion, though, as I have said, I have hardly ever missed a sportive

I instinctively realised that to make a move would be to commit a fatal mistake, for in a second that brown, flat, ugly, and repulsive head, with the glowing beady eyes, would be poised in air, and the jagged fangs would strike home with the rapidity of lightning. Again, if I called out to the black boys, they might, in their excitement, be guilty of rashness, and simply precipitate matters. My calling out, so far as the snake was concerned, would not matter, for I have often

found snakes evidently quite regardless of the human voice. Another thing I have never been able to understand is, how a snake will on occasion quietly and leisurely crawl all over one, seeing and knowing that one is alive, and at another time, and as is usually the case, will hasten to make good its escape when anyone approaches. The only theory I can put forward is, that in the first place it depends upon the season and the mood of the snake, and in the second, its devilish cunning enables it to know when it can do this with impunity; for, so far as man is concerned, the only snake that takes the aggressive is the cobra.

The smooth, cold feel of its loathsome brown body as it drew its sinuous coils over my feet I shall never forget as long as I live, and still, strangely enough, I had no time to be afraid. I only speculated mentally as to how long the reptile would prolong the agony of its presence, for I knew that if I were only able to sufficiently control my feelings and my actions, and no one appeared upon the scene, it would probably quietly glide off me again, all in its own sweet time. But the question was, could I hold myself in? I doubted it. The very feel of its cold, clammy body sent agonising and indescribable shivers shooting all through me.

Slowly it crawled up my left leg—I was lying on my right side—and then I felt its cold coils settle down on my bare skin upon my left side. What was the evil reptile going to do? Did it intend to remain there for ever? My right hand was under my head, and I had not budged a

hair's-breadth since I became conscious of the snake's presence. Looking downwards and sideways, I could see its dark brown head moving leisurely and slowly from side to side, with forked tongue darting at intervals from its half-open mouth. I chafed with rage to think that I was lying there so utterly in its power, when, if I only had a few feet of open ground, and a supple stick in my hand, the game would be the other way about.

How long that reptile remained camped on my bare body it might be dangerous to hazard a guess. It may only have done so for fifteen minutes but at the time it seemed fifteen years. The suspense was too terrible. I felt that I should do something rash if help of some sort or another did not come at once, and it was a living death with a vengeance to be lying in such a position. I could

endure it no longer. I cooed to my black boy, Yarry. The snake did not seem to hear my voice—at least, it paid not the slightest attention to it. In another second I heard the black fellow sing out:—

"All right, master! I'm coming."

Then I heard the patter of his bare feet, and as he reached the doorway I

stopped him with my voice. At the same instant he saw the snake, and uttered a very pronounced ejaculation. He made a sudden movement.

"Hold hard!" I cried, feigning a coolness I cannot say I felt. "Don't make a stir, but do exactly as I tell you. If you don't, the snake will bite me. Whatever you do, don't touch it."

Looking down, I saw the head of the snake slightly lowered as it watched him intently. It recognised an enemy, and stood on the defensive. It coiled itself more closely over



"YARRY, YOU'LL HAVE A NEW SADDLE AS WELL AS A SUIT OF CLOTHES."

my left thigh and side, and I could see it meant to remain there. With a lightning-like flash, an idea presented itself to me. The means were desperate, but any death was preferable to that by snake-bite.

"Is your hand perfectly steady?" I asked.

Being a savage, it took a good deal to shake his nerve, so he answered in the affirmative.

"Then, go quietly," I continued. "Behind the door you'll find my shot-gun, loaded. See that it's at full-cock. Get as close as you can to the snake, and blow its head off; but don't shoot me, if you can help it. Now, Yarry, be a good boy, and I'll give you a new suit of clothes if you kill him first shot."

"All right, master! You just lie plenty still," said he.

Yarry was a most excellent boy, and a splendid shot; nevertheless, the risk was very great. The snake's head was right over my heart, and if Yarry should become just a trifle nervous at the critical moment it might be all up with me. Certainly, a charge of shot through the heart meant nothingness in the twinkling of an eye; but death by the poison of a black snake—the bare idea was too horrible!

"Now, then, Yarry. Get as close as you can, so that the shot won't spread; but don't frighten the snake. Let its head be perfectly still before you fire."

He crept forward stealthily, as only a savage can creep; his great dark eyes fixed on those of the snake. The latter had ceased to move its head, and had fixed on the black fellow a gaze appalling in its malignity. I honestly believe that such is the love of sport in the heart of the Australian aboriginal that Yarry thoroughly enjoyed the stalking of that snake.

Then Yarry stopped, knelt on the ground within a few paces of me, drew a long, slow breath, and brought the gun to his shoulder.

"Now, then, master, you lay quiet," he said, soothingly.

I held my breath. The snake raised its head. Would Yarry never fire? The suspense was terrible. Then a blinding flash and a roar, and I hurled myself from the couch.

He had blown the snake's head right off!

"Yarry!" I cried, as I shook hands with him—I have never lost anything by treating black people as fellow beings—"you'll have a new saddle as well as a suit of clothes."

And I saw to it.



THE LAUGHING JACKASS.



THE GENERAL POST OFFICE, LONDON.

From a Photo by George Newman, Limited.

The G. P. O. is 800 ft. in length. The site cost £826,450, and the building itself £170,000. The number of people employed in this great Government institution is 12,000.

When You Leave School.

I.—The Home Civil Service.

To know what you like is the beginning of wisdom and of old age. Youth is wholly experimental. The chief charm of that restless period is ignorance of self as well as ignorance of life.

Almost every boy, at some time or other, desires to be something that maturer experience shows that he could not or ought not to have been. In the first number of this magazine various eminent people gave to the world their boyish dreams. One or two of them, it appears, were always eminently proper and correct, and their desires went hand in hand with their capacities, but by far the greater number had wild ambitions of all kinds, ranging from the glory and dash of a horse artilleryman to the more prosaic life of an omnibus conductor.

I, too, remember a time when my chief ambition in life was to be a chimney sweep, though later, when loftier conceptions prevailed, I decided that the woolsack must be my destination. From the dreams of early boyhood to those of early youth is a far cry. The young man is as likely to over-estimate his own abilities as the boy is to under-estimate them. The task of deciding on what particular calling he shall follow is very often fraught with the greatest difficulties for him. He has probably only a very vague idea of the possibilities and chances that various vocations afford, and he is as likely as not to make a wrong choice. It will be the object of these articles to set forth quite plainly the advantages and disadvantages of various professions and businesses for gentlemen, and also the best means of entering them.

Of course, these articles will not apply to those lucky ones whose vocations are at once decisive and precise—to the men who are born with the love of pigments, the passion of drawing, the gift of music, just as others are born with the love of hunting, or the sea, or horses. These are predestined: if a man love the labour of any trade apart from any question of success or fame, the gods have called him.

But most of us are conscious of no certain inspiration. We have to make our vocation as we go along, and often painfully carve out a niche for ourselves (to change the metaphor a little) in a world which could get on very well without us.

But for those who like to find a niche ready prepared for them, employment in the Civil

Service, with its many branches, offers great attractions.

The life of the Civil Service clerk has been compared to the fountains in Trafalgar Square—one of play from ten till four. It may have been so in the good old days of patronage, before examinations were the rule; but now that almost all the appointments are thrown open to public competition, and promotion depends upon capability rather than favour, the conditions have somewhat altered.

The Home Civil Service, which gives employment to no less than sixty thousand people, covers an exceedingly wide range—from the lower appointments in the General Post Office to appointments in the highest divisions of state. It offers many attractions to the young man who is undecided about his career. It may not, indeed, give scope to the highest ambitions, but it offers, at all events, to the man of average ability an assured income for life. Her Majesty's Paymaster-General is very punctual in his payments, and the only fines or stoppages he makes are for income tax, which does not affect a man until he is earning £400 per annum.

In addition to an assured income, every civil servant is entitled to a pension on retirement. He is sure of a regular increase of remuneration as the years roll by, and he knows that promotion to the higher grades depends upon his own merit.

When it is also taken into consideration that, beyond the examination fees, employment in the Civil Service requires no outlay of any kind, it will be readily understood why so many men seek appointments under it. But perhaps the greatest charm of all that the Civil Service offers is the shortness of its hours of work. From ten till four, with an hour allowed for lunch, leaves only five hours work for the Civil Service clerk. After that he is free from worry or responsibility.

For a man with a hobby, an appointment in the Civil Service is a most desirable thing, and it is not by any means uncommon for employes in the Civil Service to considerably add to their incomes by literature, journalism, and other pursuits.

The branches of the Home Service may be thus stated: (1) First Division Clerkships, (2) Second Division Clerkships, (3) the Post Office, and (4) appointments filled by nomination and limited competition.

I. *First Division Clerkships*.—The appointments in this division comprise the small minority of directory clerks, and the qualifying examination is of a very stiff character. Many 'Varsity men go up for the examination after taking their degree at Oxford or Cambridge. The examiners are extremely rigorous, and allow no marks for any subject unless a good knowledge is shown in the examination paper. The limits of age are from twenty-two to twenty-four, and if the candidate is not a member of a university he cannot be admitted to the competitive examination until he has satisfied the Civil Service Commissioners that he is proficient in handwriting, orthography, arithmetic and English composition.

The subjects for the competitive examination are as follows:—

- (1) *English*.—Composition; history; language and literature.
- (2) *Language*.—Literature and history of Greece, Rome, France, Germany, and Italy.
- (3) *Mathematics*.—Pure and mixed.
- (4) *Natural Science*.—Chemistry (including heat); electricity and magnetism; geology and mineralogy; zoology; botany.

Any number not exceeding three of these subjects may be taken.

- (5) *Moral Sciences*.—Logic; mental and moral philosophy.
- (6) *Jurisprudence*.—Political economy.

The entrance fee for this examination is £5, and successful candidates may be placed in any of the following departments: Admiralty, Chief Secretary's Office (Ireland), Civil Service Commission, Colonial Office, Irish Constabulary Office, Customs, Ecclesiastical Commission, Exchequer and Audit Department, Home Office, India Office, Inland Revenue, Local Government Board (England and Ireland), Lunacy Commissioners, Patent Office, Post Office (Secretary's department), Record Office (England and Ireland), Science and Art Department, Board of Trade, Treasury, War Office.

None of these appointments are worth less than £150 per annum to start with. A great many of them have a commencing salary of £250 or £300 per annum, with a chance of rising to £1,000 or £1,200 per annum.

Candidates who are successful in the examination have the privilege of choosing, according to their place on the list, among the vacancies for which they are qualified. The posts with the highest salaries are offered first to those who stood highest in the examination. When

new vacancies occur, they are offered in rotation to the qualified candidates on the list, who are free to decline them without forfeiting their claim to subsequent vacancies.

II. *Second Division Clerks*.—Since 1886, when the Civil Service was practically reorganised in accordance with the recommendations of the Royal Commission over which Sir Matthew White Ridley presided, the main body of clerks, termed Second Division Clerks, enter at the very small initial salary of £70 per annum. The examination, though not very severe, is very thorough, and the fact that there is keen competition for vacancies renders it necessary for candidates to be thoroughly proficient in every subject. As in the case of the higher examinations, a preliminary is necessary to weed out the "duffers."

Candidates must be between the ages of seventeen and twenty years, and must produce a certificate of birth when entering for the examination, as great importance is attached to the question of age.

In June, 1899, there will be some alterations in the subjects of examination. Latin will be introduced as a compulsory subject, and other changes will be made. Full particulars of the new regulations can be obtained from the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon Row, Westminster, S.W.

The subjects for second division clerkships are:—

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------------|
| (1) Handwriting. | (7) Indexing or Docketing. |
| (2) Orthography. | ing. |
| (3) Arithmetic. | (8) Digesting returns |
| (4) Copying MS. | into summaries. |
| (5) Eng. Composition. | (9) Eng. History. |
| (6) Geography. | (10) Book-keeping. |

The examination, though not difficult so far as the subjects are concerned, is exceedingly "tricky," and the services of a thoroughly good coach are necessary for those who would make themselves safe.

An entrance fee of £2 is required from every candidate. The examinations are held simultaneously at London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and certain provincial towns, and notices of days of examinations are always advertised in the principal newspapers.

Appointments are offered in rotation to successful candidates, but the names of men who have reached the age of twenty-five without receiving an appointment are removed from the list.

As a rule, a considerable time elapses before the result of the examinations is announced, and the successful candidates generally have to wait a long time before they receive appointments.

although, while waiting, they are frequently temporarily employed as copyists.

TABLE OF SALARIES IN SECOND DIVISION CLERKSHIPS.

SALARY.		per annum to	
£70 rising by	£5	£100	
£100	£7	10s.	£190
£190	£10	"	£250
£250	£10	"	£350

Before a clerk's salary is increased from £100 to £190 he must obtain a favourable report as to his ability and good conduct from his official superiors.

Given average ability and good conduct, every second-class clerk will rise to a salary of £250 per annum; but there, unless he have special merit, he is likely to stop. Beyond these clerkships, there are staff posts, with salaries of £300 to £600; second-class clerkships rise to £500; first-class clerkships from £400 to £600; and principal clerkships from £650 to £800 and £1,000 per annum, to any of which it is possible for second division clerks who show very special ability to succeed.

The second division of clerkships is largely recruited from boy clerks, who enter the Civil Service between the ages of fifteen and seventeen, at a salary of 14s. per week. These are chiefly engaged in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, in connection with the Savings Bank Department of the Post Office, the Inland Revenue Department, and the Board of Trade.

III. *The Post Office.*—One great advantage of employment in the Post Office is that a clever man may easily work himself up from it into the higher departments of the Civil Service. An extension of five years is allowed in considering his age for other appointments.

CHIEF APPOINTMENTS IN THE POST OFFICE.

APPOINTMENT.	QUALIFICATION.	INITIAL SALARY.	HIGHEST SALARY TO BE OBT'ND
(1) Male Sorters in the G.P.O., London	Examinations in Handwriting, Orthography, English Composition, Arithmetic, and Geography. (Exam. fee, 4/-)	per week 18/-	per ann £112
(2) Male Learners in G.P.O.	ditto	12/-	£112
(3) Male Learners in Dublin, Belfast, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Birmingham, Cardiff, Liverpool, and Newcastle-on-Tyne	ditto	6/-	£100

All candidates for appointments as male sorters must be not less than eighteen and not more than twenty-one years of age on the day of examination, and not less than 5ft. 4ins. in height; and must satisfy the Commis-

sioners in respect of health and character. Male learners must be not less than fifteen, nor more than eighteen years of age.

IV. *Nomination Appointments.*—To obtain any appointment where a nomination is necessary, a great deal of influence is required.

Candidates must have a first-class education, and a knowledge of one or two modern languages. Among the most desirable nomination appointments are:—

Clerkships in the Foreign Office.—To become a clerk in the Foreign Office, a nomination from the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs is necessary. The limits of age are from nineteen to twenty-five, and a clerkship in the Foreign Office offers better prospects for an ambitious man than any other appointment in the Civil Service.

A first-class education is necessary, proficiency in languages being especially requisite.

The remuneration of clerks ranges from £100 to £1,250 per annum; while in the Diplomatic Service a man may get anything from £5,000 to £10,000 per year.

Two of our most important ambassadors serving at foreign courts commenced their careers as clerks in the Foreign Office.

Another very desirable position is that of clerk in one of the Houses of Parliament. Nominations to these posts must be obtained from the Clerk of the House. The limits of age are from nineteen to twenty-five, and the prospects are very good, as the remuneration commences at £100 and may rise to £1,500. An examination in handwriting, orthography, arithmetic, English composition, history, and two other optional subjects, must be passed.

For appointments as assistants at the British Museum a nomination must be obtained from one of the three principal trustees—who are the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Speaker of the House of Commons. The initial salary is £120 per annum, rising to £450; while in the higher departments of assistant-keeper and keepers the salaries range from £500 to £750. Candidates must pass an examination in the usual Civil Service subjects, and show proficiency in one ancient and one modern language.

Full particulars about dates of examinations and necessary qualifications for all branches of the service may be had on application to the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon Row, Westminster, S.W., and I shall be pleased to give any information on the subject to anyone who desires knowledge. Address all letters to the Employment Department of the Editor of "THE CAPTAIN."

A. E. MANNING FOSTER.

"When You Leave School" will appear every month in THE CAPTAIN.

THE SECRET OF THE

BY J. HORNIBROOK

Illustrated by Stewart Browne.

CLEAR through the still, sultry air of the Australian night came a peculiar, mellow, bell-like note. Such a sound under any other circumstances might not have been calculated to create alarm, or give rise to even a momentary uneasiness. But in this vast solitude, miles away from any human habitation, where, save for the occasional croaking of a bull-frog, silence reigned supreme, that sudden break in the death-like stillness startled and perplexed both Rowland and myself. Besides, it was in the early days of the Colonies, when I was a mere lad, and the bush was teeming with escaped convicts, bushrangers, and desperadoes of every description.

I pulled in my nag, whisked round in the saddle, and looked inquiringly at my chum. Bending from his horse, with his ear towards the ground, he appeared to be listening intently. As I watched him, that strange, mellow note was once more wafted to us through the hush of the night

"What is it, Rowland?" I asked, feeling a bit scared in spite of myself.

"A bloodhound," he said.

"A bloodhound!"

"Yes. That note came from a hound hot upon the scent. Escaped convict, most likely."

"There it is again! Judging by the sound, they are making in this direction. We may as well wait and see the fun."

We drew our horses to the side of the track, and though they were restless and fidgety, as if apprehensive of some approaching danger, we quieted them with hand and voice. As for ourselves, the prospect of viewing this man-hunt, if such it proved to be, and probably joining in it, kept us keenly upon the alert.

Nor had we long to wait. Presently, from

behind a low ridge to the right, came a deep-mouthed bay, and the next second a huge, dusky form, with great, flapping ears, bounded into sight. It was the bloodhound!

On he came at a gallop, his heavy jaws close to the ground, making straight past the spot where we had halted. He held steadily on his course, without once raising his head or taking the slightest notice of us. As I glanced back to ascertain who followed, I saw a horseman top the ridge and come tearing towards us. Close at his heels were half-a-dozen others, station hands apparently.

As the foremost dashed past, the look in his face quite startled me. Even in the dim light I could see that his features were stern and white, as if he had some deadly purpose in view. His eyes were never lifted from the dog; and, so intent was he upon the pursuit, he appeared as unconscious of our presence as if we had been miles away. I put out my hand and grasped Rowland by the arm, for I had recognised that rider. It was Harry Mowbray, the son of one of the largest station owners in the district.

Like a flash the whole troop swept past, one or two throwing a hasty, sidelong glance at us. Wondering what this wild chase meant, I shouted:—

"What's the row?"

One of the riders screwed his head round and placed his hand to the side of his mouth. "Bushrangers!" he called back. "Two o' the Dorans!"

I looked at Rowland to see what he thought of it, but he had already wheeled his horse round after Mowbray's party. Without a word being exchanged we each brought our spurs into play, and away we went in hot pursuit of

the flying troop. Our nags being fresh, we soon caught up to them, and then learned that the Mowbray station had been fired that very

the hound upon the scent, and away they went after the bushrangers.

This information was jerked out in short,



LIKE A FLASH THE WHOLE TROOP SWEEP PAST.

evening by a couple of the notorious Doran Gang.

It appears that old Mr. Mowbray had incurred the displeasure of the bushrangers by refusing to supply them with provisions and ammunition when called upon to do so. This was a course which, in those days, few of the settlers dared to adopt; they deemed it better policy to submit quietly to the outlaws' demands. In the present case the miscreants were not slow in taking vengeance for the rebuff. That evening two of the gang made their appearance at the station, brutally assaulted the owner, and left him for dead on the ground. Then, when they had seized the firearms, they set fire to the house and decamped.

An hour or so later young Mowbray rode in. He had with him a fine bloodhound, which he had brought out from England some time before. When he discovered what had happened he got together the station hands, put

abrupt sentences by one of the younger men, as I galloped along at his side. Whether it was due to the indignation which this dastardly deed aroused, or to the mere recklessness of youth, I cannot say; but, at any rate, I entered keenly into the spirit of the chase. My blood was up; that wild, mad ride seemed to intoxicate me; I thought of nothing else but to overtake those two scoundrels.

An hour's hard riding brought us to a spot where the track ran through a dense patch of shrub. Suddenly a furious baying in front warned us to be upon our guard. It was not the bushrangers, however, but the carcase of a horse, which had dropped dead in its tracks. A little further on we came across the other animal, standing still under a tree, its head hanging down, its knees tottering, and evidently in the last stage of exhaustion. The saddles and bridles had been carried off.

"On, on!" roared Mowbray. "We have them now! They can't be far off!"

The bloodhound bounded forward, and away we went again after him. Presently, through the trees in front, I caught the glint of water; and in a few minutes we emerged upon the borders of a lake. As we pulled up our reeking horses on the bank, the hound threw his head into the air and bayed furiously. The reason of this was obvious. Far out upon the lake, where the starlight glittered upon its placid surface, we could see two dark specks moving slowly towards the opposite shore. The bush-rangers were swimming across—already they had covered three parts of the distance!

"Divide, and gallop round by the shores," shouted Mowbray. "I will swim my horse across after them. Quick! There's not a moment to lose!"

The lake, or lagoon, as I afterwards learned, was situated some ten or fifteen miles from Sydney. A long arm of the sea ran up to within three miles or so of the place, but had no visible communication with the lake. The latter was oblong in shape, so that a boat could get

across it in half the time that it would take to ride round by the shore.

Mowbray dashed into the water, while Rowland and I followed close upon the three men who diverged to the right. We made slow progress, for the ground was soft and swampy, and the obstructions caused by the roots of trees very nearly brought more than one rider to grief. Still we floundered on, eager to be in front of our fellows on the opposite shore.

Suddenly, as we urged our horses through that treacherous swamp, the silence of the night was rent by the most awful, the most unearthly shriek that ever sounded in human

ears. It came right from the middle of the lake, out of the blackness which hung like a pall upon the water. That cry, so weird, so appalling, had never come from a human being. Young as I was, I knew what it meant; it was the scream of a horse in mortal terror.

With white, scared faces, we drew up our steeds and listened. But the cry was not repeated; an ominous stillness had settled once more upon the lake. After a time we rode on, and in half-an-hour or so we were joined by the three men who had gone round in the opposite direction. They had seen nothing of the bush-rangers; but they, too, had heard that appalling shriek.

As to young Mowbray, we could find no trace of him. He was nowhere to be seen. With heavy, anxious hearts we searched along the shore of the lake, but could discover no sign of him. He was gone; horse and rider had disappeared in a strange and unaccountable manner.

All through that long

night we rode up and down, calling out to each other, and searching eagerly in every direction. The bushrangers were now forgotten; all our thoughts were centred upon young Mowbray. When morning dawned, we discovered the empty boat concealed among the reeds that bordered the shore. But of our late companion we could still find no trace; nothing even to indicate what dreadful fate had befallen him.

Some distance from the lake we discerned a small hut, to which we instantly rode. The owner was a rough-looking, surly individual from whom we did not succeed in eliciting the



"QUICK! THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE!"

slightest information. Though we strongly suspected him of being in league with the bushrangers, we could make no hand of him. He grudgingly supplied us with tea all round, and we took our departure again.

It was arranged that Rowland and I should go out in the boat, and station ourselves in the centre of the lake. From this point we could keep watch on every side while the others

"There's nothing stirring yet, and we'll have time to refresh ourselves with a dip."

My companion was just as keen upon a plunge as I was. In less than a minute we had both undressed, and were standing upon the thwarts of the boat.

"Now then," I said, "wait till I give the word. One—two—three—and away!"

No sooner was the last word past my lips



"BACK TO THE BOAT! I YELLED TO ROWLAND.

searched the shores. It was thought likely that the bushrangers might still be lurking somewhere among the reeds; and if we caught sight of them we were to signal at once to our companions.

The morning was a glorious one, I remember. As we pulled out across the clear, blue water, it was hard to realise that this tranquil lake had been the scene of some terrible tragedy the night before. On reaching the centre we laid down our oars, and sat for some time in silence, keeping a sharp look-out on every hand.

Presently, as the sun rose higher in the heavens, the heat began to tell upon us. The water looked so cool and tempting that I jumped up and whipped off my coat.

"Come along!" I cried to Rowland.

than we each took a header over the side. The instant I was below that treacherous surface an indescribable horror—a sickening dread—took possession of me. Like a flash the meaning of that awful shriek the night before was revealed to me. *The water was salt!*

"Back to the boat!" I yelled to Rowland, the moment we came to the surface. "Quick! for your life! Splash—kick out—lash the water with your feet!"

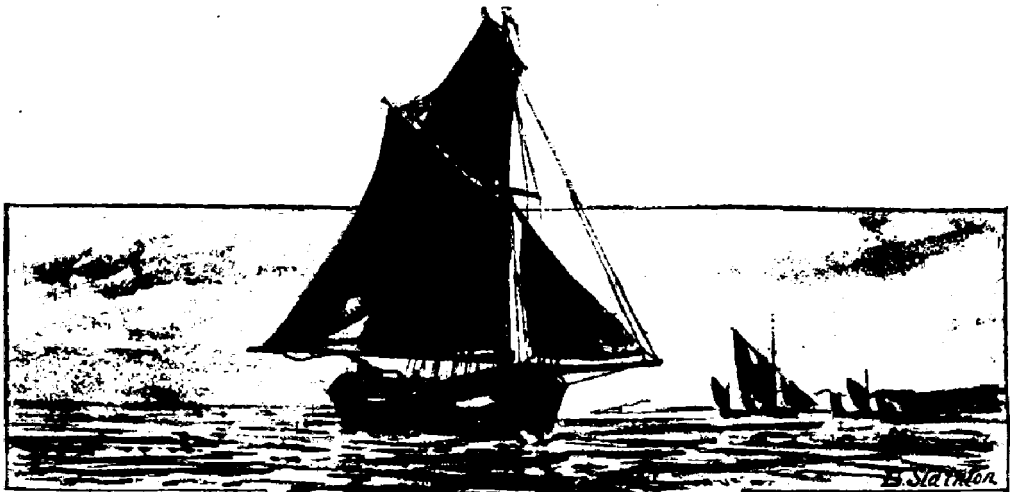
In an agony of terror I glanced around; and there, about thirty yards away, I saw something that seemed to freeze the blood in my veins. It was an ugly black fin, that cut through the water with deadly swiftness. I knew well what it meant: *the lake was alive with sharks!*

In springing off we had kicked back the boat, and it had already drifted to some considerable distance. With desperate strokes we made for the spot, every second expecting to be seized from below by those sharp, cruel teeth. Oh! the agony of those few short minutes, during which we swam for our lives! We kicked, we splashed, shouted at the top of our voices, and even roared for help. Once, as I glanced beneath, I thought I saw the dull, white gleam of the monster as he turned over on his back.

To this day I cannot remember how I reached the boat. All I know is, that I gripped the side at last, and the next moment found myself sprawling at the bottom. Picking myself up, I seized an oar, and commenced to lash the water furiously, for Rowland was still at the mercy of the monster. When he was safely over the side, we both went down, all of a heap, in a dead faint.

Not until the fierce rays of the sun began to blister our bodies did we manage to pull ourselves together. Then we dressed hurriedly, and rowed away towards the shore. Mowbray's awful fate was now clear to us, and in our secret hearts we could only render thanks for our own deliverance.

The bushrangers must have been pulled down by the sharks ere they reached their goal; they were never seen or heard of again. Five-and-twenty years later I visited that same lake. It was no longer the wild, solitary spot where I had experienced such a narrow escape of death. The borders had been cleared, houses had sprung up around it; there was a comfortable hotel, and a newly-erected landing-stage. Upon the latter I noticed a board, which bore the significant warning, "Beware of Sharks!"



OFF THE

DOGGER BANKS.

WHAT TO PAY FOR STAMPS.

BY H. M. GOOCH.

THE question of "what to pay for stamps" involves certain precautions which the young collector especially will do well to regard. Stamp-collecting—like other pursuits—offers chances for the practice of deception by the knavish, although stringent measures which have been taken of late years have done much to expose the tricks of unscrupulous dealers, and prevent the sale of forgeries and other rubbish to those who are unable to judge the nature of what they are purchasing. Counterfeits, fac-similes, issues of real or imaginary local-posts, and barefaced reprints of certain stamps, have all had their day, or it is to be hoped that such is the case. Anyway, the junior collector may be certain that if he uses a reliable stamp catalogue he may pin his faith to the issues listed therein, as fraudulent issues are being exposed and dropped out of the catalogues. Thus it should be a matter for the exercise of common sense only to keep the collection free from rubbish.

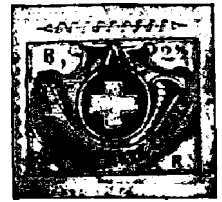
Don't purchase or pay for anything offered at a tempting price unless the nature of the "bargain" is trustworthy. Quite recently there appeared upon the market a pretending set of stamps emanating from Bolivia, and supposedly issued to commemorate the opening of some railway. Dealers and collectors alike entered heartily into the noble cause which was being perpetuated! Due inquiries were instituted, and the whole business was laid bare as a swindle. The stamps were "bogus," being manufactured away from the supposed country of origin, and after having been despatched to a confederate in Bolivia, were distributed to the entire stamp-collecting world as genuine. "Bogus" stamps, however, are of uncommon issue, although the boy collector must be warned against parting with his money for that which in the end will give anything but satisfaction.

Of quite another character are the forgeries which at times are foisted upon the juniors, although no deception need be feared from reputable dealers, in whom alone the young collector is cautioned to confide. The early days of stamp-collecting were rich in their yield of "fakes," mostly, however, of such a poor nature that no mistake could be made as to their intent. Present day forgeries are mostly confined to rare stamps, or genuine stamps which have been operated upon to form a rare variety. The cheaper varieties are so numerous that forging them is not worth the candle.

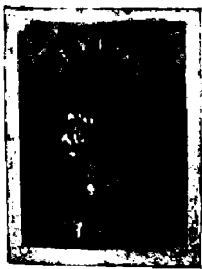
Reprints are a class of goods which are more

generally dealt in, although the leading stamp firms, to their credit be it said, now advertise, "We do not sell reprints." The large number of Heligoland, Suez Canal, early Argentine Republic, Sardinia, Alsace and Lorraine, and other issues figuring so prominently as "gifts" with some cheap packet, belong exclusively to this class, and are, of course, worthless. And here let me urge upon young collectors the caution of taking *cum grano salis* those advertisements which figure in certain quarters containing offers of stamps, which, if genuine, or in fine condition, could not possibly be supplied at the price offered. The aim should be to pay for quality and not quantity. This order is, alas! inverted, at least by many young collectors of the writer's acquaintance. Attention confined to genuine postage stamps in fine condition will be proof against ultimate disappointment and pecuniary loss.

So rapid has been the advance in price of certain stamps during the past two decades that it will be interesting and instructive to the young collector if we give a short table showing how stamps comparatively common twenty years ago are to-day rare and valuable. From this table he may gather something of the probable value of many stamps a few years hence which, in their turn, are likewise cheap and easy of acquisition to-day. The prices quoted in the following table are taken from three catalogues of the years 1876, 1886, and 1899.



VALUE £10.



VALUE £20.

COUNTRY AND ISSUE.	1876	1886	1899
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Brunswick, 1852, 3s., gros vermilion	1 0	2 6	12 6
Canada, 1851-57, 10d., blue ...	2 0	7 6	30 0
Ceylon, 1857, 6d., brown	0 2	1 0	15 0
Dominica, 6d., green	0 4	0 6	8 0
France, 1849, 15c., green	0 6	1 0	10 0
Gt. Britain, octagonal, 10d., brown	0 4	1 6	7 6
Holland, 1852, imperf., 15c., orange	0 2	0 4	1 6
Nevis, 4d., orange	0 3	0 6	30 0
Nevis, 6d., grey (litho)	0 8	1 6	200 0
Nova Scotia, 6d., green	1 6	5 6	45 0
St. Vincent, 1869, 6d., yellow ...	0 4	1 6	50 0
Tuscany, 1, sol, yellow	2 6	3 6	45 0
United States, 1869, 90c.	1 6	10 0	50 0
West Australia, 6d., bronze... ..	3 0	6 6	50 0

Striking testimony to the stability of stamp collecting is afforded by the solid basis upon which its "market" rests. The stamp market provides ample opportunity for investment, with one advantage, the less favoured investor from

the monetary standpoint has an equal chance of realising good returns with the man of means ; the rate of interest will depend in both cases upon the prudence of the investor and the amount of knowledge which he is able to display in the exercise of his predilections.

Various laws govern the financial side of stamp collecting. Whether the specimen be rare, medium-rare, or common, all the difference in the world will be made in its value if it be a poor copy or a fine one. The distinction applies especially to rare stamps. Illustration No. 1 furnishes ocular demonstration of two stamps, which we will take as subjects for explanation of this theory. The Ceylon stamp is a fine—but not unusual—copy of the early issue with “star” watermark, imperforate, 8d. brown. Its value in the condition as illustrated is £20. Now this stamp, or its duplicate, could possibly be purchased for £10, but only by the sacrifice of excellence in condition which is shown in the specimen in point ; or, in short, it is a fine, lightly cancelled copy with fair margins, good colour, etc. The stamp at £10 might be more or less heavily cancelled, “cut close” as to margins, and with other defects would lose 50 per cent. of its real value. The same applies to the Winterthur stamp (Swiss Cantonal issue). It is a nice, unused specimen of this rarity, worth £10, this amount being assured by its large margins and the dividing ornaments shown on the top and left sides, which *might* have been sacrificed to the scissors, to its detriment.

The investor blessed with means for the acquisition of rare stamps will understand, therefore, that the question of “what to pay for rare stamps” will be best answered by the condition of the specimens he is brought into contact with. Be they *fine*, assured that prove a good outlay, amount paid sent “full value,” or often the catalogue



he may rest time will return on his though the might represent even, as is case, above value. Let

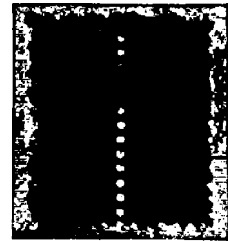


FACE VALUE, 17s. 6d. MARKET VALUE, £27 10s.

him beware, however, and think twice before purchasing at any high price a rare stamp which could not take rank as a “fine” copy.

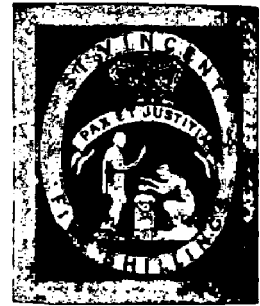
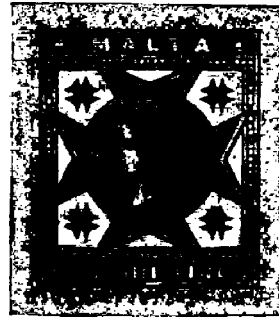
Our earliest recollections of stamp collecting, and the many aspirations which we enjoyed in building up the first collection, include a well-remembered desire for the acquisition of “bar-

gains.” How well one remembers the profitable exchanges with other school-fellows, who, alas! knew as much as we did about the question, and often more—to our loss! But, nevertheless, if the road to success is a little rough, we learn wisdom by experience. In illustration No. 2 we have a trio of stamps, from which a lesson may be inculcated upon the subject of stamp-collecting. In stamps—siduous recommended upon his col-regular sum annually, ability — it



SURCHARGED.

upon the der consider-purchasing and the as-lector is re-to expend lection a monthly or according to will be well



STAMPS WORTH KEEPING.

to remember stamps, es-British origin, will tain their value, while increase con-proportion scarcity. As goes to-day, nials of cur-



SURCHARGED.

that unused pecially of Colonial always re-original they may siderably in to their the market unused colo-

rent issue can be purchased approximately at double face value for stamps up to 4d., face and a half for stamps from 6d. to 1s., a 2s. 6d. stamp for 4s., a 5s. stamp for 7s. 6d., 10s. specimens for 14s., and so on up to £5, and stamps of even higher face value in proportion. At these prices, or cheaper if possible, one must keep his eyes open. A safe investment is being made, and in the end one may be sure of reaping a fair return on his outlay, with the possibility of striking a mine through the judicious acquisition of certain stamps, which for some reason have “risen” in value. Fig. 2 shows three stamps of Lagos, of comparatively recent issue—1885-87—purchasable at the time for 17s. 6d. in the colony, or a little more in the home market. Their lowest value at the moment is £5 5s., £7 10s., and £14 each, respectively, or an aggregate of £27 for the three, which surely represents a fair rate of interest for twelve years on the original outlay? We leave the reader to work out the exact figures for himself. This is no isolated example of what may be done, and has

been done, in stamp collecting. The moral is just this. The collector, regular and judicious in his expenditure upon unused stamps, should have nothing to regret in losses.

It may be asked, "Where are such stamps to be obtained?" The reply is: "Fix on a reliable dealer who, once he knows your desires, will study the same mutually."

Fig. 4 represents two stamps which enlarge the views just expressed. They are 5s. stamps, and both of them were purchased by the writer for a small sum above face value. At the moment of writing, each has been replaced by new designs, and, as they become obsolete, their value is at once enhanced, and may be relied upon to climb up rather than to fall. The St. Vincent stamp graces any collection—it is probably the handsomest specimen of the engraver's art which has ever appeared upon a postage stamp; while the Malta crown value with the representation of the Maltese Cross is unassuming but striking.

We proceed with our remarks, although sufficient has been said to impress the fact that even with the great increase in the stamp business to-day and the consequent large number of hunters in the philatelic field, yet, to the discriminating collector, the lucrative side of stamp collecting has not disappeared.

A surcharge frequently enhances the value of a stamp. "Provisionals," as they are called, are well worth acquiring while they can be obtained at a fair percentage above face value. As an illustration of this, the two stamps shown in Fig.



MADE FOR COLLECTORS.

are examples. The St. Vincent stamp was issued in 1881 to supply a temporary lack of half-penny labels in the Post Office. The sixpenny label was perforated up the centre so as to form two halves, and upon each of these the required value—"½d."—was printed. Those who purchased at the time—as many did—have no cause to regret their outlay. The market value of the pair is £4 4s., in the condition illustrated; their original cost was 1d. Surely a good return, and well worth the price paid. The late British East Africa Company's stamps (the company has now been transferred to the Crown) is another example of the enhanced value of certain surcharges. For use in the territory administered by the company the current stamps of Great Britain were overprinted with the company's name and new values in "annas." We will remember the appearance of these stamps in 1890, the three varieties—½a., 1a., and 4as.—being at the time procurable at a little above face value. To day the stamp illustrated is worth £4, and the other values are scarce. Numberless cases could be cited of equal interest, some of greater, but the two stamps in point will be sufficient to point to the moral that money paid for surcharges is not necessarily thrown away. If it be asked, "What should one pay?" The reply is, it depends upon

the stamp, the number issued, the price demanded, and perhaps more especially upon the sagacity of the collector. There are surcharges good and bad, profitable and unprofitable. The collector must learn to discriminate. If his knowledge be gained by a few losses he need not be discouraged; it will make him eventually a keener philatelist than he might otherwise have been.

Coming down to the more ordinary varieties of stamps, we have an infinite number of varieties purchasable at ½d. to 3d. each, which the collector will do well to go in for freely, but remembering two points which, if learned, may save him ultimate disappointment. The first is, that a strict rule should be made not to purchase at any price a stamp in poor condition. By this term is meant a damaged specimen, a heavily-cancelled specimen, or one which could from any cause be classed as not fine. Make a point of choosing each stamp purchased, and let every specimen be such as could be termed "centre-clear," that is, used in such a manner that the design is free from blotchy and disfiguring obliterations. It may take more time to acquire such specimens, but the ultimate satisfaction will be great. No reputable dealer will endeavour to sell torn or unrepresentable specimens. The second point is, bear in mind that the commoner varieties, if purchased in quantities, will be cheaper than when purchased singly, and as an illustration of this we might mention a custom pertaining to the stamp trade to-day which permits customers to purchase stamps priced in the catalogues 1d. each at 5s. per hundred, stamps priced at 2d. each at 11s. per hundred, 3d. each 17s. 6d. per hundred, and so on, but the collector will find that each dealer has his own method of transacting business, and will, as a rule, endeavour to meet his customer.

Stamps in sets also can often be purchased cheaply, and this method of adding to the collection can be made a lucrative one.

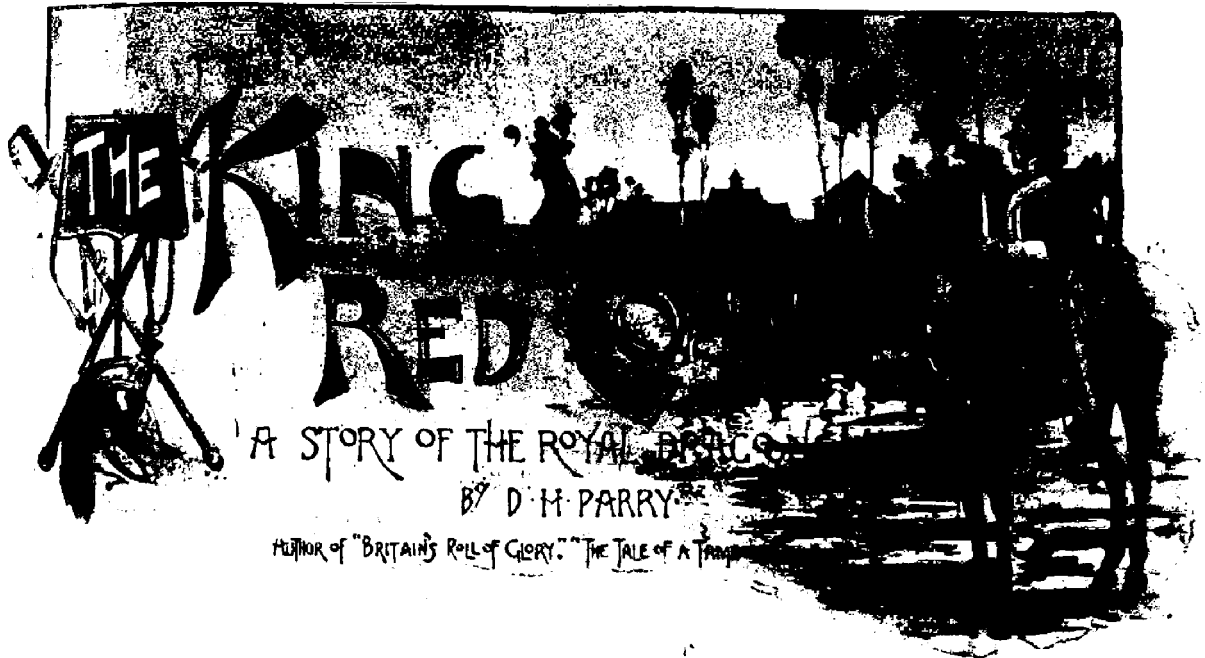
Used stamps of high value are well worth acquiring at reasonable prices. All denominations of the equivalent of one shilling and upwards should be specially sought for, and for the scarcer varieties of British Colonials a sum below the original face value paid for a fine specimen should not be considered thrown away.

One last piece of advice. Don't purchase stamps "made for collectors," unless disaster be courted.

A larger number exist; two are illustrated herewith. If such come across the path there will be no need to absolutely ignore them; they possess a certain interest, but don't purchase them. Needy countries are not above trading upon the good nature of the poor stamp collector; hence the long list of unnecessary issues which could be cited; but this is a subject in itself.



"SERGEANTS . . . BREAK DOWN THAT DOOR!" (See page 196.)



SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—IV.)

It is the period of the great Peninsular War, and Will Mortimer, the hero, is home from Westminster School for the holidays. He is wild to go a-soldiering, and the presence of a recruiting party in the village adds fuel to his desire; but his father, Squire Mortimer, will have none of it, and Will makes up his mind to enlist. News of the victory of Salamanca arrives by the coach. The village turns out, and Will, imploring his father for the last time, learns that the dear o'd pater has bought him a cavalry commission! His mother, his sister Patty, and her friend, the pretty daughter of the village parson, are terribly distressed at the intelligence, and Will's joy is considerably damped; but before he has time to realise his position down comes his uncle, Dick Datchett, a dashing captain in the 10th Hussars, with the announcement that Will has been gazetted cornet in the 1st Royal Dragoons, then serving in Spain, and that he must start at once for the seat of war. Captain Datchett is going with him, and, after a few hasty preparations, they ride away to London with the Squire, who has presented Will with a favourite black mare, Ladybird, which is to share his fortunes for good or ill.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH WILL SAW HIMSELF IN A GLASS, AND THE LAST OF LONDON TOWN.

It wanted still a few minutes of eight as they crossed the green, and the squire began to trot.

Will leaned forward to gaze at the windows of the parsonage, in hopes that Mary Robin might be visible, but it was a forlorn hope, as he feared, Miss Mary being at the breakfast table in the sunny little room which looked out on the other side of the house, where the good old parson was shrewdly guessing in his own mind the cause of his daughter's pale face and unusual silence, though all unconscious that the cause was already passing at that very moment with a heart as full as pretty Mary's.

The green, the parsonage, the bridge over the

brook, all faded into a memory as the squire held remorselessly on his way, and if Will had kept a diary of the next ten miles, I am afraid it would have been a very incoherent, blotted affair.

The "Peacock," seen for a moment and then gone—perhaps for ever from his sight—the old stonebreaker, of Burgoyne's Light Horse, seen for a moment crawling to his work and stopping, astonished, to pick up the coin Will dropped at his feet, and then *he* also gone—in *reality for ever*, as he died that winter—but back to the "Peacock" that morning with the shilling that was a fortune to him!

"Dead Man's Cope"—Long Hill—the rise that the coach had taken at full speed—were all left behind, and then the bend in the road shut out the last glimpse of the valley, and Captain Dick came up alongside him and began to chatter.

He chattered all the way up to London, a good thirty miles; he chattered all the rest of the day, and the day after; he was in the best of spirits, and why not, for the squire paid one or two pressing debts for him and performed various little good offices for the dashing fellow in blue and silver, which were afterwards repaid with interest to another dashing fellow in scarlet and gold when uncle and nephew reached the seat of war.

Will's uniform was a great success, and fitted him like a glove.

It was made according to the new regulation, which had just abolished cocked hats, top boots, and white braiding for the heavy cavalry.

Will viewed himself in the tailor's long mirror with pardonable satisfaction, and this is what he saw.

Upon his curly head a helmet of black leather with a gilt crest, from which hung a mass of horsehair halfway down his back, while the royal

monogram and crown glittered on the plate in front above the peak, and heavy gilt scales met under his chin to keep the whole in place.

A tight scarlet coatee set off his deep chest and broad shoulders, and was fastened by hooks and eyes, on either side of which—from the top of the deep blue collar to the crimson waist-sash—was a wide strip of gold lace with a blue line down the centre, which lace also edged the funny little hooked-back blue skirts that lay on each hip and gave him a curious perked-up appearance.

Round the hips was a white belt supporting the straight sword in its steel scabbard and the hanging sabretache of black leather, and across his breast, from the left shoulder-strap, a white cartouche belt carried the black box that felt strange at first as it kept tapping him in the back.

Trousers of blue-grey cloth, with a wide scarlet stripe at each seam, were strapped under his boots, and, holding the long gauntlets in his hand, he slowly revolved until he had drunk his fill, neither the squire nor his uncle being in any hurry to disturb him.

"I like it all but the head-piece," grunted the squire at last; "and that is too French for my taste."

"Better than the old hat, which lost its shape in a shower, though; and that horse-tail will turn a sword-cut," said Captain Dick Datchett. "Like it, Will?"

Will did not trust himself to speak, but nodded over the stiff stock, which hurt him, and drew on his gauntlets.

And, oh! the delight of stalking down St. James's afterwards, in uniform for the first time—ringing music out of the pavement with his spurred heels on one side of the squire, while Captain Dick kept up stride and jingle with him on the other!

They had been in town three days, and the

horses had been sent down to Portsmouth in charge of the captain's servant.

The nine large trunk-mails, valises, and chests, which Mrs. Mortimer had packed with her own hands and forwarded by coach, had been duly overhauled, and a selection of their extraordinary contents stowed away in two small portmanteaus by the captain, and these, with two similar campaigning trunks for his own use, stood in the passage of his lodging ready for the post-chaise, which was to be at the door at nine o'clock precisely. The lad had already been down to

Westminster, regretting bitterly that it was vacation time, and there were none of the fellows there to envy him; but he had visited Dean's Yard, and the familiar spots of his school days, and sent up his name to Doctor Page, of flogging celebrity, who had received him graciously, and said something appropriate in Latin.

Will fumbled with the fringe of his sash, but could not recollect an appropriate reply until he had left. However, he had shown himself in the King's Red Coat, and said, "Latin be hanged! It's French I want—in battalions, not books!" as he swaggered past the sentinels at the Horse Guards, who winked at each other, which was the only relaxation discipline allowed.

Lights began to twinkle in the streets—then

much narrower than they are now—chariots, with powdered footmen behind them, rolled majestically along, bearing turbaned dames and dainty ladies to the play, or the rout, and many an admiring glance was cast at the young dragoon who was so soon to carry his gay trappings to the famous peninsula, the grandest theatre of life and death in which our armies have ever played their part.

Half a dozen officers had dropped in to bid farewell to Dick Datchett, among them some mutilated fragments of a light infantry major who had left a considerable portion of himself in the



DOCTOR PAGE HAD RECEIVED HIM GRACIOUSLY.

breach at Cuidad Rodrigo, and was lamenting that there was not enough of him remaining to draw sword again.

The poor squire was wishing that the major's voice had gone with his limbs, for his reminiscences were loud and bloodthirsty, but the chaise drew up beneath the windows with a clatter, and Captain Dick cried, "Time's up!"

The next page in Will's mental diary was a

Captain Dick crying, "Now we're off!" and off they were.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW CORNET MORTIMER RODE TO JOIN HIS REGIMENT AND MET WITH AN ADVENTURE EN ROUTE.

It was raining hard.

Not an honest, English downpour, but a pitiless



"PULL UP, WILL! WE'VE LOST THE ROAD AGAIN."

vivid one, on which he often dwelt in the years to come.

A little crowd of passers-by, attracted by the four post-horses and the chaise-lamps; a bright light from the open door of the house, with the officers silhouetted against it, and the squire, bare-headed, at the chaise window, with a set face and a deep "God bless you, boy"; then someone saying "All right" to the postillions; a jolt and a grinding of wheels against the kerbstone, and

drenching torrent which the wind whisked under your cape, and down your neck, and soaked into your very skin; never ceasing for a moment, but ever descending on the dreary Spanish plain until the ground could hold no more and was covered fetlock deep with a sheet of water that shivered at every gust.

"Pull up, Will! We've lost the road again," said a disconsolate voice. "I'm nothing if I'm not at my wits' end!"

Will pulled up, and the pair presented a picture of the most intense physical discomfort as they covered side by side in the waning light of the November afternoon.

Will's new red cloak had become a dull crimson, and from the top of his helmet to the shoe of his scabbard he was spattered with liquid mud, which the rain washed down in brown rivulets to fall from him in great turbid tears into the water.

They were almost hidden by the steaming of their horses, and, with the animals done up, and night approaching, they were certainly in bad case.

"If one could only see fifty yards ahead one might find a landmark of some sort," growled Dick Datchett, vainly trying to peer under his hand, and getting the icy rain up his sleeve in so doing. "My saddle's saturated, and I might be sitting on a sponge."

"We might be sitting by a hot fire if we'd stayed in Rodrigo," said Will, shaking an irritating drop from the peak of his helmet.

"Never saw a hot fire in this beastly country yet, except at our own bivouacs," snapped the captain, who was out of temper with everything, and no wonder. "We must be miles from our way, but the question is, have we strayed right or left?"

"I say! Suppose we miss the army altogether, and fall in with the enemy?" suggested Will.

"Quite so," replied Captain Dick. "I'm wide awake to the possibility—but come on, we shall land somewhere if we follow our noses." And, with a great splashing, the two put their tired horses in motion again and vanished in the rain.

The day after their landing at Lisbon they had started up country to join the army, which at that particular moment was retreating towards them from the unsuccessful siege of Burgos.

Rumour of its movements had come down, and they had even encountered some disorderly stragglers and a convoy of wounded on their way to the general hospital at Santarem; and, armed with a route, they had ridden hard along the chain of posts which Wellington had established between Lisbon and Salamanca.

Hearing from a captain of the Royal Waggon Train that the marquis would probably retire on Ciudad Rodrigo, they had hastened to that place, only to meet more stragglers, who said the main body was close behind, and, pushing on into the open country north of the famous fortress, found themselves lost on the wind-swept plateau.

So far, Will's experience of "Sunny Spain" had not been encouraging. Portugal, with its filthy inhabitants, had been bad enough, but this was worse, and now, the furious wind increasing, the rain rolled in grey clouds that obscured everything, and made Dick Datchett seriously think of turning back.

Fate, however, decided that he should go forward, and that very suddenly, for his horse, without any warning, slipped and rolled, principally on its haunches, down a deep gully, and when he got the terrified beast on all fours again, he found himself a few yards from a rushing stream, with Will performing the same acrobatic feat in his rear.

Ladybird plunged and floundered, but at last came to a stand beside the captain, and the two comrades, after an anxious chorus of "Hurt?" to which they both replied with a simultaneous "Not!" burst into a laugh for the first time that day.

"Egad, that was a near thing!" said Dick Datchett. "I fully expected you to break your neck. But we've landed on something at last—on the hoofmarks on the bank there's evidently a ford here, and we shall find shelter among yon trees if we find nothing else."

Beyond the stream, which swirled its swollen current rapidly by, a belt of forest stretched its leafless arms along the higher ground, with here and there a mass of ilex, or the evergreen oak of the Spanish Peninsula.

They learned afterwards that they had struck the River Huebra, and they were about to learn

sundry other things before long, but, in happy ignorance of their position, they rode to the water's edge, and were soon battling their way across, by dint of rein and spur.

"Head her up stream!" cried the hussar. "It's strong as a mill-race, and up to my saddle-flaps!" But they had fortunately taken the right place, and emerged, almost abreast, on the opposite bank, cleansed of some of the mud, and scarcely more wet than they had been before.

The tempest roared among the branches above them, but there was a familiar sound about it, reminding Will of the wind in the elms at home, and how angry the rooks were on a stormy day.

"Now, boy, we must mind what we're about," said Dick Datchett, dismounting to tighten his girth, and bidding Will do the same. "I can tell you these Spanish forests often extend for miles, and it's as well to have a pistol handy, so let us prime while we're here."

Then they each drew their weapons from the saddle-holsters, and, under cover of their cloaks,



"HEAD HER UP STREAM!"

reloaded and primed afresh, keeping an eye meantime along the narrow road, which, deeply rutted by the wheels of bullock-waggon, wound into the gloom of the trees.

With the caution of an old campaigner, Captain Dick looked sharply about him on every side, but there seemed no life in the forest, and no sound but their own.

It grew darker, and the captain's brow clouded. "We've made a mess of it, Will," he said, "and there's nothing for it but a miserable night in the open, drenched to the bone as we are!"

"Shall we ride another half-mile, uncle?—it will be better than nothing, any way, with just the chance of meeting someone who could guide

whose white and rather ghostly length, several gaps had been made.

"There we are," cried Will. "A monastery or else a *casa*! I told you so."

"Steady!" said the hussar; "I have seen such places before, and am rather down on them. We must ride round it before venturing in; it may be a guerilla stronghold, or a thousand things."

"But, surely, when we have come to fight the enemy for them—"

"Don't be romantic!



HE WENT INTO THE HOUSE, LEAVING WILL ALONE.

us," said Will, who was rather enjoying it than otherwise, all but the cold.

"As you like, but no farther," replied the captain. "If what they said on the road were true, that the army were only an hour or two behind, we must have passed the centre before now, and don't want to be made prisoners of war."

Accordingly, riding at a foot pace, with their swords cast loose in their sheaths, and the right hand ready for a dive into the holsters, they went on, seeing now with difficulty until the wood thinned out into a clearing, where a shapeless mass of buildings peeped over a low wall, in

They are an ungrateful lot of curs, Spaniards and Portuguese, as you'll learn before long. Follow me and keep your eyes open."

"Seems empty," said the captain, when they had described a wide circle and returned to their original starting place. "Here goes! Any place with a roof and four walls is better than this rain," and they rode boldly up to what had once been an arched gateway.

It was innocent of barrier, and led into a courtyard, at one end of which were the ruins of a large dwelling-house, the upper story charred and roofless.

Tattered books, a broken table, some pictures, fluttering in shreds just as they had been thrown from the windows, littered the courtyard, and Dick Datchett muttered to Will, "The French have been here—this is their trade mark."

Will's imagination immediately vested the spot with the most romantic interest.

The speed with which they had made their journey from Lisbon had prevented them from visiting scenes of havoc, though such were plenty on the road, and had been vividly described by the captain; but here was pillage and ruthless destruction presented to his eye, and the dusk which veiled the place only added fresh mystery and charm!

"Do you think there's been a fight here lately?" he said, as the hussar dismounted and drew his sabre.

"No, man! All this was done months ago from the look of it," replied the captain. "Hold my horse while I make sure that we have no companions," and he went into the house, leaving Will alone, with the drip of water from the projecting eaves and the melancholy flapping of a half-burned shutter hanging by one hinge.

He was not away long, and Will, listening with all his ears, could hear him pass quickly about the place and then come out again.

"Pah!" he ejaculated in disgust. "Let us try yonder building at the other end of the courtyard—there are seven skeletons in here!"

Will's back began to creep, and he followed the captain in silence to a long barn, roofed with tiles, which proved, upon examination, to have escaped the flames and to have been occupied quite recently.

The captain prodded every corner of it with his sabre—for it was now perfectly dark—stumbled over a pile of musty hay at the far end, and called to Will to bring the nags inside.

"Probably a mule team halted here at mid-day," he said. "I've found a collar with the bells attached to it," and he jingled them as he spoke. "If we can barricade the door against intruders we'll try to make a fire and bivouac till daybreak. I've slept in worse places than this on the way to Corunna."

Will's teeth clattered with the cold, and he was glad to dismount. The barn, or stable, or whatever the original owner had used it for, felt warm by comparison with the icy wind outside, and the gorgeous hussar who had "badgered the War Office people" proved himself a remarkably handy fellow, and very fertile in resource, when it came to "roughing it."

"Get rid of your cloak, boy, and leave the horses just now; there's sufficient wood in the yard to build a ship," he cried, gaily. "They've been kind enough to leave some planks on the hinges, and half a door is better than no back wall."

Between them they dragged several broken shutters and portions of burnt beams into the building, and, with the help of stones and fallen tiles that littered the court, they closed up the entrance against wind and rain, and any prowlers that might be abroad.

Captain Dick next set to work to light a handful of hay, and the ruddy blaze showed them the full extent of their temporary quarters and something they had missed in the darkness, a steep ladder leading to the loft overhead.

"Gather all the dry stuff you can lay hands on, Will. We must have a fire before we do anything else," he said, feeding the flame with

more hay to keep it going, and in a few minutes their ears were regaled with the merry crackle of burning wood.

"Ha! If some of those dandies at home could see me now!" laughed the hussar, stripped to his shirt, which was steaming like a baker's oven as he held his jacket, turned inside out, to the fire.

"I wonder who those people were?" murmured Will.

"What people?"

"Those skeletons over there"—and his voice was awestruck.

"Oh! Peasants I should think," replied the captain; "or possibly the farmer and his family, who were not used to French politeness, and had the bad taste to make themselves disagreeable."

"But, uncle," persisted Will, "do you mean seriously that the French are murderers, as that major up at your rooms made out? I thought—"

"My dear fellow," interrupted the captain, wringing the sleeves of his pelisse, "they have done some dastardly things during the war, especially after a defeat; not that it is to be surprised at when one looks at the insolent, lazy natives here, who are the personification of cruelty both to man and beast, and think nothing of crucifying a wounded prisoner, or roasting him over a slow fire. The French troops are composed, like all troops, of heroes, hounds, and a leaven that is neither one nor the other. You'll meet all kinds, and you'll see many things that will chill your youthful blood. I must say that, personally, I like the enemy; possibly if I'd had the major's luck I might whistle another tune."

When they had dried themselves and rubbed the horses down, and swallowed their ration of sodden biscuit, and found nothing in the empty loft overhead to tempt them from the snug blaze, they sat and talked far into the night, until, drawing lots who should take first watch, and the vigil falling to Dick Datchett, that gentleman lit his pipe, while Will curled up in the hay and fell sound asleep.

The rain had lessened, but the wind still howled through the trees; now rising to a shriek as though the souls of those seven dead men yonder were clamouring to be avenged, now sinking to a melancholy moan.

Ladybird was uneasy in her mind, and looked round at the doorway several times.

Perhaps it was the cold air that blew into her corner, or some vague regret for the comforts of her old stable. Possibly it was that the break of the storm brought with it a warning of danger—I know not; but she turned her shapely head and gazed, and always in the direction of the door.

Dick smoked silently until the pipe was empty, and stared into the glowing heart of the fire until he began to nod—when, looking at his watch, he found it was time to relieve guard, and roused his companion.

Will changed places with him, feeling a secret pride in his first night-duty, and keenly awake to every flicker of the logs—every moving shadow cast by the flames on the dingy wall of the barn, which seemed wonderfully mysterious as he tried to see to the other end.

Once, when there was a lull in the wind, he thought he heard thunder in the distance; and again, when sitting up very suddenly out of a doze into which he had fallen in spite of all his resolutions, the same far-off crash came on the wings of the storm.

It roused him effectually, and he saw that it was morning, for through a crevice in the barricade the dawn was struggling.

The fire had almost died away, and he shivered a little. Reaching for his cloak, which was now dry and stiff with the mud of yesterday, he caught sight of Ladybird, her wide nostrils expanding and contracting, her ears moving backwards and forwards, and evidently on the point of neighing.

"Steady, beauty!" he whispered, springing lightly up and grasping her velvet muzzle, at the same time prodding Captain Dick with his foot. "Uncle! *uncle!* There's someone not far away! Look at the horses!"

The hussar was dreaming that he was driving a lion and a unicorn tandem across the Bay of Biscay, but the moment Will touched him he was on his elbow, and questioning him with a silent gesture.

There was no need for Will to reply, as a clatter of horses arose in the courtyard outside, and some short words, evidently words of command.

"Draw your girth tight and take up your curb-chain without a sound!" whispered the hussar, suiting the action to the word himself, and when he had done so he stole to the door and looked out.

He was back again at once, and his words sent a thrill through Will's veins.

"Caught like rats in a trap," said the captain. "The yard's full of French cavalry!"

Will opened his mouth as wide as the chin-scales of his helmet would permit, and laid a hand on his sword.

"No, no!" whispered the hussar. "That's no good. But bring your pistols with you into the loft—there's a window there."

"But the horses?" gasped Will. It seemed impossible that they were to abandon them.

"Fortune of war!" muttered the captain. "It's our only chance!" and the two comrades went softly up the rickety ladder, holding their scabbards in their left hands.

To have called it a window was a courtesy to its construction, for it was simply a square hole across which a board had been fastened, which the storm or some previous visitor had wrenched away, but it answered their purpose all the same, and from it they looked down on a picturesque spectacle which under different conditions would have been interesting to them both.

A squadron of horsemen in blue uniforms, with pale yellow plastrons covering their chests, and wearing curious headgear not unlike the mortar board of a Doctor of Divinity, was ranged along the front of the ruined house, which they now saw by daylight to be of considerable size.

They were all tall fellows, and carried lances with red and white pennons fluttering gaily, and the men's saddles were covered with white sheep-skin that had a yellow scalloped edging.

"Polish lancers of the line, I think," whispered the hussar. "I'll be hanged if they haven't bivouaced in yonder house and never discovered us!"

"Perhaps they'll march without doing so?" suggested Will, all agape with curiosity at his first sight of the foe.

"No; that officer on the chestnut is giving an order now, and pointing with his sabre this way.

See! here they come! Two sergeants, with beaks like hawks!"

A couple of stalwart non-commissioned officers rode towards the barn, with the unconcern of men accustomed to go everywhere and do anything, but at sight of the barricaded door they stopped to reconnoitre, and one of them turned back.

Will and the hussar watched him salute his officer, who made a gesture indicative of surprise, and returned with him to the other sergeant, who was scrutinising the great white barn under the peak of his lancer cap.

The officer had a fair moustache drooping over



"I WONDER WHO THOSE PEOPLE WERE?" MURMURED WILL.

his mouth, and the crimson ribbon of the Legion of Honour on the breast of his plastron.

"What! a barricade within sixty yards of our bivouac," exclaimed the officer. They could hear him distinctly, and Dick Datchett understood the French in which he spoke. "Who was in charge of the pickets last night—thou, surely, Grogowski?"

"True, it was I," said one of the sergeants, ruefully. "But I swear the storm was so great, and the darkness so black that—"

"You will be under arrest all the same," cried the officer, sternly. "Meantime, open that affair with the shafts of your lances."

The two sergeants dismounted, and were striding to the door, when the hussar thrust his head and shoulders through the hole above them, and, to the intense surprise of Will and the Poles, cried, "*Halte! Bon jour, capitaine!*"

The sergeants paused, and the officer, looking up with a comical expression of amazement, replied, after a pause, "*Bon jour, monsieur! Chef d'escadron, if you please—the Chef d'escadron Zaminski, at your service—but you have the advantage, my friend?*"

"Which I intend to keep!" said Dick Datchett coolly, at the same time leveling a pistol in each hand at the sergeants below. "I am something of a shot, Major Zaminski—you understand me?"

"*Hein!* Then you are an enemy, as I supposed," exclaimed the Pole, putting his head on one side.

"I'm playing a desperate game!" whispered the hussar to Will, as several other officers rode up to the major. "It's touch and go with our liberty, and a moment will decide!"

The officers, when they had looked up at the window and frowned, and pulled their moustaches

like men in doubt, began to talk among themselves, pointing vehemently to the east, where the sun was rising, while the major shot his lower lip forward and squinted down his nose.

"Listen, Will," whispered his uncle, still covering the men beneath them. "That fellow could have us picked off by raising a finger. You see every man has a horse-pistol slung from his chest-belt, but my surmise is correct, and they dare not fire because our army is not far away and these lancers are in ambush—look at your line of videttes over there, all standing in their stirrups—that means something!"

Datchett was very pale, for he knew the situation to be more than critical, and the officers were speaking in Polish.

"Show yourself, Will, and point your pistols into the air. They'll understand that perfectly," he muttered; but the council seemed to have come to a decision as he spoke, for the major laughed triumphantly up at them, and drew his sabre.

"Attention, my friends!" he said, in his guttural French. "Your idea was a very good one, *mais*—you cannot circumvent the Chef d'escadron Zaminski; it has never been done—*bah, no!*" and he shrugged his shoulders.

"Your comrades are over there, quite close, it is true," pointing behind him into the sunrise with his glittering blade; "but this excellent wind blows from the north, ha—you see?—all things from the north have intelligence. Now, fire your pistols—a cannon, if you have one; it will make no difference."

"Gad, Will, we're

done for!" exclaimed his uncle, bitterly.

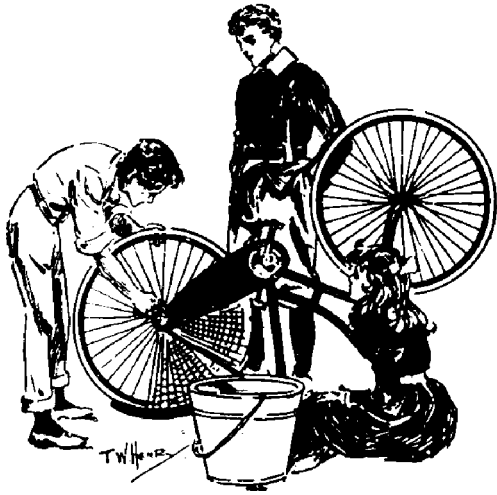
"Sergeants," cried the Chef d'escadron Zaminski, "break down that door!"

D. H. Parry

(To be continued.)



THE TWO COMRADES WENT QUIETLY UP THE RICKETY STAIRS.



WHEN TEDDY LOST HIS TEMPER

By the Author of "The Meanest Thing
He Ever Did."

Illustrated by T. W. Henry.

DOLLIE'S back tyre, you know, had got punctured. I don't say *she* did it, and I don't say *I* did it. All I say is—it had got punctured..

We took it to Cousin Teddy. He had so often told us exactly how to mend a puncture that we thought he would be just the man for the job. We found him in the stable-yard, trying to teach our collie dog to walk on stilts.

"Look here," said Dollie, "J. K. has punctured my back tyre, and will you mend it?"

"Of course, that's a bung," I put in, "but it has got punctured somehow, and we thought you'd put it right."

Teddy eyed the machine doubtfully.

"If you can," said Dollie.

"I shall want three things," said Teddy, after I had punished the small girl for her impudence; "a bucket of water, a spanner, and a repairing outfit."

We very soon provided him with these. He took off his coat, rolled up his shirt-sleeves, turned the machine upside down, and began to loosen a nut. We watched him in admiration, until at length Dollie said:—

"Are you always good-tempered, Teddy?"

He carefully placed the nut on the ground, and then observed:—

"Haven't I ever told you how I once got into a tremendous rage?"

"Never," we said, earnestly. "Do tell us now."

The public-school man slowly removed the back wheel of the machine, and then began:—

"It's about our cycling paper-chase, and that's why I came to think of it. We generally have one or two in the Easter-Term, and all the chaps can go who have got bikes. I didn't go for this one, but Frank was one of the hares."

"Is Frank still your chum?" asked Dollie.

"Yes," said Teddy, simply, smiling a little at the child's stupidity. "The rule about our paper-chases is," he went on, "that there shall be two hares—one big chap and one from the lower school. That gives everybody a chance, you see. Another thing is, that they must get home *with* their machines. If they have a smash-up they mayn't leave the bikes and run.

"Well, this time that I'm talking about, Turner was the big chap, and he chose Frank out of the lower school to go with him. The best rider amongst the hounds was a fellow called Wheatman, an awful brute who hated Turner like poison. Turner once caught him bullying a kid, and threatened to thrash him if he ever did it again.

"Is Turner a strong chap?" I asked.

"Rather!" said Teddy. "He was captain of the 'footer' this year, and I expect he'll be made captain of the cricket. Besides that, he's an awfully decent sort. I was his fag for two years, so I ought to know.

"Frank had got a new machine from his uncle—a ripper. It was a present for winning the junior cup at the sports. He *could* go on it, too.

"We all had to tear up paper for about three days, and this was stuffed into four bags—two small ones for Frank, and two big ones for Turner. Of course, Frank would begin to lay first, and Turner would see to all the false trails.

"At last the time arrived, and everyone turned out to see the start. After the hares had gone, I was watching Wheatman oil his bike. As he stooped down, I saw two or three small pieces of glass tumble out of his coat pocket. He didn't notice them himself, but I did, and I also observed that his left hand was bound up. Just then

somebody asked him what he had done to his hand. 'Oh,' he said, 'I just jabbed it with a chisel in the carpenter's shop last night. Hadn't we better start?'

"One of the masters was holding a watch. One minute more," he sang out. Every hound wheeled his machine into the road, and stood with a foot on the step. 'Thirty seconds; twenty; ten; five—four—three—two—one—go!' In a flash each man was on his machine, and the next moment they were round the corner.

"As soon as they were gone I went and picked up the pieces of glass that Wheatman had dropped, and examined them carefully. They were fairly thick, greenish in colour, and looked like bits of a broken ginger-beer bottle.

"I put them into my pocket, and went into the school to think it all out. First of all, why was Wheatman carrying glass about with him? Secondly, wasn't it quite likely that a person

carrying glass in his pocket would cut his hand with it? Thirdly, if he had cut his hand with glass, why did he say he had done it with a chisel? In fact, I scented a mystery."

"I think I can see the end of it," said Dollie. "He meant to——"

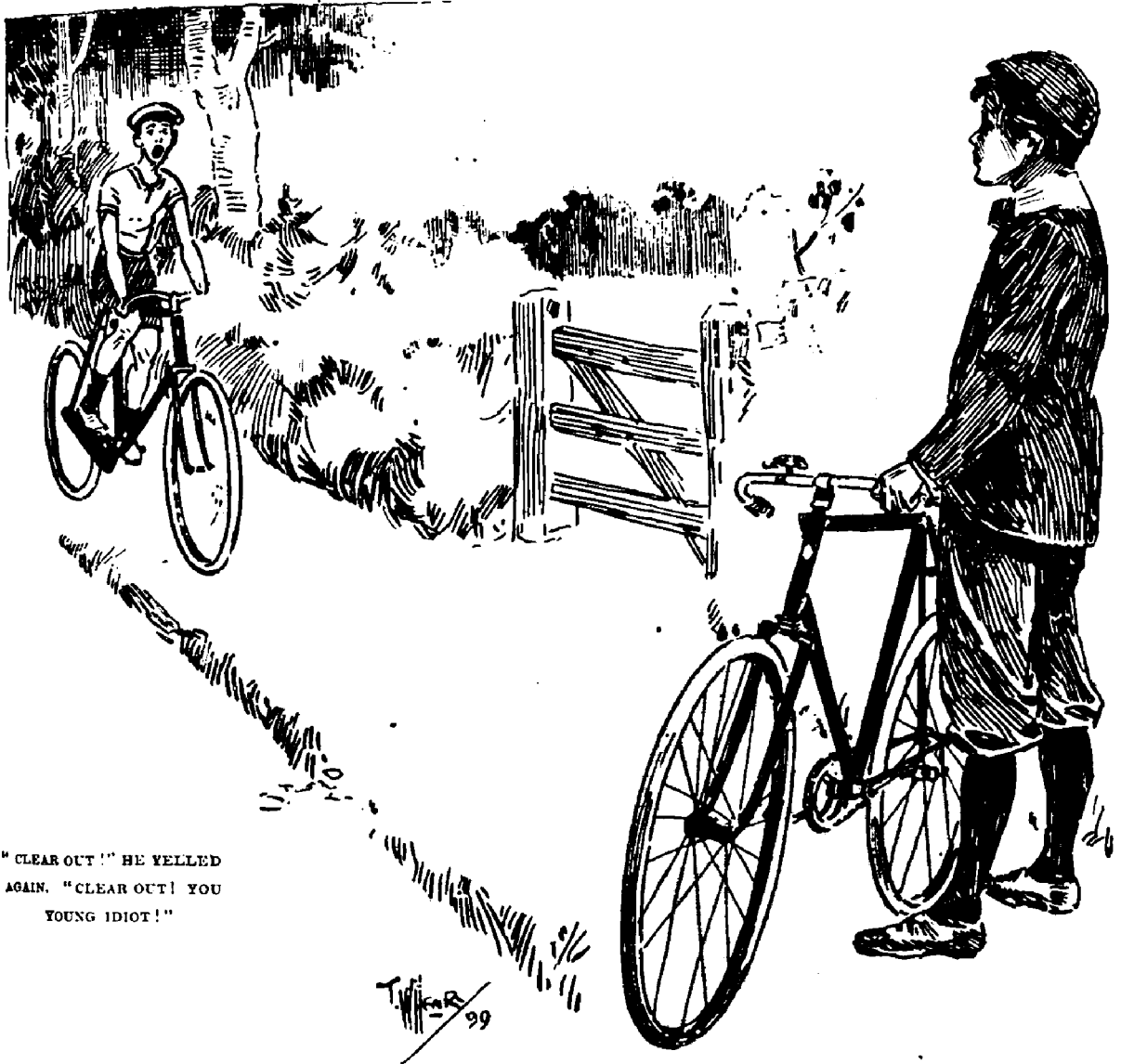
A piece of wet rag was the first thing I came across, and the case was urgent. She acknowledged afterwards that it was a splendid shot.

"I felt sure that Wheatman was up to some little game," went on Teddy, "but I couldn't quite make out what it was. I puzzled over it for more than an hour, and then I got my old bike out and began to ride slowly up the road that they would come home by.

"After one corner, near the school, it runs as straight as a die for about a mile. It's rather a narrow road, bordered with high hedges, and has a footpath running along one side of it.



EVERYONE TURNED OUT TO SEE THE START.



"CLEAR OUT!" HE YELLED
AGAIN. "CLEAR OUT! YOU
YOUNG IDIOT!"

"When I had gone about a third of the way up this straight piece, I laid my machine down, and sat on a gate, waiting for the hares to come along."

"How did you know that was the right road?" asked Dollie, keeping one eye on my bit of oily wash-leather.

"Because," replied Teddy, dipping the inner tube of her tyre into the bucket of water, "Frank had told me."

"Oh!" said Dollie. "Go on, please."

"Well," continued Teddy, marking the spot where the air rushed out of the tube and made the water bubble; "I kept my eye fixed on the corner and waited patiently. Suddenly someone rounded the bend, and came hurtling on down the road. I saw that it was Frank. Twenty yards behind him came Turner, throwing out large

handfuls of paper, and licking along like anything.

"On they came towards me as hard as they could, and then I saw the reason for their mighty hurry. For the third man round the corner—only three hundred yards behind them—was Wheatman!

"I yelled to Frank to buck up, and he waved his hand in reply. Next moment he was lying flat in the middle of the road, not twenty yards from where I was, with Turner bearing down upon him, and Wheatman coming along like a young express train.

"I rushed up to see what was the matter, and Turner jumped off his machine just in time. Frank got up quickly. His face and hands were cut and bleeding, his clothes were torn, and, much worse than that, his front tyre was cut right through, both tubes.

"Look out!" he yelled to Turner; "get on the path; the road's covered with glass!"

"I looked down. Just where Frank had fallen the road was smothered with small pieces of greenish glass, exactly like the ones I had picked up outside the school.

"No time to lose," shouted Turner, picking up his machine and carrying it over the dangerous part. "Sling your bike over your back and jump up on to my step!"

"Wheatman had gained on them a good bit, although they had only lost a few moments. Frank did as he was told, and ten seconds later Turner was pounding on towards home, bearing a double load.

"But I had no time to watch that. I noticed as he came nearer that Wheatman was riding on the path, and I guessed what that meant. *He knew the glass was there!* I determined to pay him out for his caddish trick, and I felt in such a wax that I didn't care much what happened to myself. I dragged my bike on to the path, wheeled it about ten yards past the glass in Wheatman's direction, and then turned it broad-ways on.

"Clear out!" he yelled; "I shall smash you!"

"He was riding at a tremendous pace, but I thought of poor old Frank, and stood firm.

"Clear out!" he yelled again. "Clear out, you young idiot!"

"He was quite near now. I was in a beastly

funk, but I didn't budge. Just in the nick of time he swerved aside on to the road, rushed into the glass, and came off his machine with a crash. A little French chalk, please."

"Go on! Go on!" said Dollie. "Did he get up and kill you?"

"Not much," said Teddy, chuckling. "His tyres were punctured, but mine weren't. I made off as hard as I could along the path, and I got in just as a lot of the big chaps caught me up. I found the hares panting on the ground inside the gates, and Frank was rubbing his left calf, because, you know, it isn't too easy to stick on a chap's step for half-a-mile, and balance a machine over your shoulder at the same time. Try it and see."

"What happened about Wheatman?" I asked.

"Oh, I told Frank what I suspected, Frank told Turner, and Turner went into Wheatman's study and challenged him to deny it. Wheatman couldn't, so Turner knocked him down and came out. Wheatman got cut by everybody, and left at the end of term."

"And did Turner know what you did yourself?" asked Dolly.

"Well," said Teddy, "it got about, and he was awfully decent. But that's not part of the story. Just lend a hand with this outer tyre, will you? I think I've mended the puncture."

KEBLE HOWARD.



THE MARE AND CORPORATION.



MR. KITT'S SWEETHEART.

By R. SWARTEN BELL

I.

MR. KITT was the music master at Greyhouse during part of the time I was there.

Numbers of people used to attend Sunday evensong in the school chapel in order to hear Mr. Kitt play. The seats next to the wall on the north and south sides of the chapel were reserved for visitors, who, before Mr. Kitt came, seldom appeared except on Sunday, and then not very many of them. During Mr. Kitt's first term, however, his fame spread over the countryside, and so many strangers flocked to the chapel that soon they had to be accommodated in some of *our* seats, we being accordingly squeezed closer together to make room for them. We took a secret pleasure in watching the younger masters blush when they found a long row of ladies sitting on each side of their stalls. The monthly "colleck" — as we called the offertory — was swelled by many pieces of silver, which, you may depend upon it, we Greys didn't put in; so Mr. Kitt's talent considerably enriched the Orphan School to which all our offerings were sent.

Probably Mr. Kitt enjoyed himself more on Sunday evening than during any other period of his hard-working week; and, on this evening, too, he went through a most trying ordeal.

The choir and masters robed in the music-room, and then proceeded in stately array down several corridors, across a slice of gravel,

and so into the chapel, where they found us on our feet awaiting them. Mr. Kitt, as organist, had to precede the main body by several minutes in order to start the voluntary, and this meant his forming a procession of one and walking up the whole length of the chapel in solitary grandeur. The poor little man cut a pathetic figure, for the hundreds of eyes which were turned upon him invariably made him appear very embarrassed. I can see him now, at this distance of years, with one side of his hood slipping over his shoulder, shambling up the aisle like a bashful boy.

Hidden away in the organ loft, however, Mr. Kitt was himself again. Once safely seated on his stool, he lost every atom of his self-consciousness. I believe he composed half his voluntaries as he went along. At first his fingers would wander lovingly over the notes, as if caressing them; then he would draw out stop after stop, and gradually increase the swell and volume of his music until he flooded the air with the magic of his fingers. Then, of a sudden, he would drop back to the purring, crooning tone of his commencement, and so conclude, the music dying softly away and fading into silence. No wonder that, at times, he could command the attention of the most thoughtless of us; over those who understood music his marvellous art cast a solemn spell. Never since have I heard such organ music as Mr. Kitt treated us to in Greyhouse Chapel.

Sweet Sunday evenings they were, indeed — the air filled with the fragrance of the flowers that grew in the Head's garden; the breeze just rustling the ivy on the school's ancient walls—a holy calm possessing everything. After

service we, in duty bound, trailed out in order of forms, the choir going first. The visitors would sit still, and Mr. Kitt, knowing he had an appreciative audience, would play on sometimes for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. Some of us—exercising the privilege of monitors—would linger in the porch until the end, and we were the few that enjoyed Mr. Kitt's friendship, for we had a love in common—the love of melody—and he knew we did not laugh at him behind his back.

For I must tell you that Mr. Kitt, though an undoubted genius in his proper sphere, was one of the worst schoolmasters you could find in the country. He could not keep order as well as the youngest probationer, he was very very short-tempered, and hadn't an atom of that dignity which often carries a master through a crisis. His idea of enforcing his authority—when he was on duty—was to make out tremendous lists of offenders and put them down for long impositions—without telling them so at the time. They were consequently unaware of the fact that they were "in "

for anything until the Detention List was read out at 12.30 in Long School. Mr. Kitt never should have entered the scholastic profession. He was a musician, pure and simple, and the last man in the world to control and guide high-spirited schoolboys. He was the most unpopular master at Greyhouse, and his especial tormentors—whom he paid out with especial punishments—never lost an opportunity to retaliate upon him in that inartistic, pointed manner peculiar to the boy who wants to hit back at a person placed in authority over him.



THE SKETCH WAS SHOWN ABOUT.

II.

THERE was a fellow in the Fifth called Hunter—a big, giggling clown, but a footballer

of prowess. Indeed, had he not been a member of the school fifteen, and a person of consideration, he wouldn't have dared enter the Sixth Form class-room without knocking. As it was, we were standing about talking after tea one day, when Hunter made an unceremonious entry, and slouched up to the fireplace.

"I say—here's a lark!" was his opening observation.

"You seem to forget this isn't your class-room, Hunter," said Gardiner, the captain of the school.

Gardiner was a studious soul, not particularly good at games, but a long way ahead of anyone else in learning. Hunter held him in some contempt.

"All right," he growled back. "I didn't come in to speak to you."

Gardiner did not reply, although he was evidently annoyed, and Hunter resumed his announcement.

"An awful joke, you chaps—little Kitt's in love! Can you imagine Kitt in love?"

Gardiner was one of the few that appreciated the music master. He

closed his book and walked off to his study, Hunter giving a jeering laugh as he went out.

"Who's he in love with?" somebody demanded.

"Oh, some girl over at Meadowdene—don't know her name. Nobody's seen her."

"Well—how d'you know he's in love?" asked another fellow.

"Mother Pearl told me. She said that Kitt's taken to going off to Meadowdene whenever he has a spare afternoon, or even a couple of hours off. She says he brushes himself up, and turns out a regular dandy—spats, flower in his button-hole, and everything. Takes bouquets over there, too—that's plain evidence."

"Mother Pearl" was Mrs. Pearl, the matron, a fair, fat little gossip of a widow. It was said that she had been making eyes at Mr. Kitt for some time, and would be perfectly willing to become Mrs. Kitt if she were given the chance. Mr. Kitt, however, had not snapped at the bait, and it was quite possible that she had put this report about him out of pique. Somebody hinted as much to Hunter.

"Rot!" he said bluntly. "She's not the only one that says so. Several fellows have met him riding his bike or walking over to Meadowdene. Why does he always go to Meadowdene if there isn't some attraction for him there?—tell me that."

Meadowdene was a village four miles off—quite a small place—possessing only two or three "good" houses, as the term is.

"Well," retorted Turner, who was Gardiner's chum, and, therefore, no friend of Hunter's, "why shouldn't old Kitt fall in love? I suppose his heart's his own to do as he likes with?"

Hunter was rather damped by Turner's cool tone.

"Of course—but it seems so absurd. Fancy any girl looking at Kitt—a red-haired little beast like that!"

"Mother Pearl would be glad enough to have him, at any rate," said Turner.

Hunter was rather disappointed by the way we received his news, and was good enough to take himself off soon after this. In the Fifth he was a hero, however, and bullied anyone who didn't laugh when he made a joke. So the Fifth roared and held its sides when Hunter expatiated, in his delicately humorous way, on Mr. Kitt's amorous expeditions, and decided—it being a poor thing in forms—to uphold their leader in his resolve to have "no end of a time" with Kitt, now that it was known he was in love.

Hunter and his obedient brother-wags, therefore, laid their heads together, and one or two weak fellows in the Sixth—who stood somewhat in awe of the burly Hunter—weren't above joining in the joke.

Plans for badgering Mr. Kitt about his lady-love were promptly made. Blackboards were decorated with pictures representing stout little gentlemen pouring passionate vows into the ears of supercilious "fayre ladies." Sometimes the stout little gentlemen were clothed in armour; sometimes in ruffles and periwigs, wearing swords and shoe-buckles; sometimes in harlequin attire. In various ways Mr. Kitt was given to understand that Greyhouse was aware of his attachment, and it is not to be supposed that he walked up the chapel on Sunday even-

ings feeling more comfortable than of yore. However, he took no notice of the waggeries of Hunter & Co., and it was observed about this time that he did not give so many impositions, and put a greater restraint on his temper.

One day Hunter favoured the Sixth with another visit.

"I say," he cried, "news—great news! Kitt's sweetheart has been placed—at least her *house* is known. The best artists in the Fifth are now at work on it."

"Well, which is it?" demanded Turner, with some eagerness. The love affair of a master was, after all, a matter of interest to the community, particularly to those fellows who, like Turner, were growing moustaches, and beginning to appreciate the fascinations of the opposite sex.

"Meadowdene Vicarage—so it's one of the Croft girls."

"Which one?"

"Can't say yet," leered Hunt. "Only know it *is* one of them. They're all rather nice," he was good enough to add.

"I suppose it won't be long before you know which one it is?" inquired Turner.

"You bet it won't," grinned Hunter, as he lounged out to see how the artists in the Fifth were progressing with their drawings of Meadowdene Vicarage.

Now that it was known that Mr. Kitt's destination was actually Meadowdene Vicarage, the interest in his almost daily visits to the little village increased tenfold. Cartoons representing Mr. Kitt serenading the Croft girls were issued by the artists in the Fifth, and greatly enjoyed by all beholders—including Mother Pearl. A few of us in the Sixth felt that Hunter and his gang were "playing it rather low," but there were only a few of us, and after all it was no business of ours.

It was a great day when Hunter discovered the name of the adored one. "Denie"—short for Geraldine—was the Miss Croft favoured by Kitt; Denie it was whose fair presence made him trot off to Meadowdene on every available occasion, bearing books and flowers, and dressed in his best attire. Hunter didn't get to know which particular girl "Denie" was, because the Crofts were comparatively recent arrivals at Meadowdene, and nobody at Greyhouse knew them. But "Denie" was enough to go on with, and Hunter and his crew prepared a beautiful new picture for little Mr. Kitt's delectation.

III.

THE Fifth Form's best comic artist quite eclipsed his previous efforts with the drawing he

executed according to a design roughed out by Hunter. The scene was the lawn of Meadowdene Vicarage; by the tennis-net stood the vicar (regarded by the size of the net he must have been 8ft. high), and before the vicar knelt Mr. Kitt and a young lady, Mr. Kitt looking very fat in white flannels, and holding a tennis racquet—of a new and original shape—in one hand, whilst he embraced the young lady with his disengaged arm. The sketch was underlined "Asking Papa!" and it was considered—by the Fifth—to be a triumph of draughtsmanship, and exquisitely humorous.

All the exquisite humour of the thing was, of course, claimed by Hunter. Subsequent events did not encourage anybody to contest his claim.

The sketch was shown about, and so much admired—especially by the unruly Greys who had spent weary hours writing lines for Mr. Kitt—that Hunter conceived the idea of bringing it immediately before Mr. Kitt's notice by sending it to the music master through the post. He carried out this idea with prompti-

tude, printing the name and address on the envelope in crude capitals, and scribbling the word "Denie" in the corner.

Letters arrived early at Greyhouse, as the post office was only a stone's-throw away. The master on duty at the 7.30 roll-call generally found his letters awaiting him on his desk.

It was a glorious July morning. Dame Nature has her full share of feminine inconsistency, and you may have noticed that, after drenching the land with a series of damp days, and threatening overnight to drench us again

on the morrow, she sends us sunshine and a cloudless sky, and thus baffles barometers and weather-prophets to her own and everybody else's high satisfaction.

So on this occasion. The papers said, "Rain at intervals"; but the sun rose with a laugh, and shone radiantly all day. Many of us were out of bed at 6; hardly a "Grey" was late when the door of Long School was remorselessly closed at 7.30—despite piteous appeals for admittance from sluggards without—by the monitor of the week.

Pretty nearly every fellow had observed that there were two letters awaiting Mr. Kitt; those in the know chuckled at the sight of Hunter's jocular missive. Little did they guess what the other envelope contained!

One minute before the half-hour Mr. Kitt entered, and proceeded to his desk. Hunter's letter he examined with some curiosity, but he opened the other first.

Mr. Kitt had been looking pale and anxious of late, and the few of us who were his friends had wondered what could be preying on his mind. We, as well as the Fifth,

had our eyes upon him as he opened the *other* letter. Meanwhile the monitor on duty went steadily down the list of names.

It was a short letter—this *other* letter—not extending beyond the first page. Mr. Kitt read it and laid it down. Then, his elbow on the desk, he shaded his eyes with his hand. He remained in this attitude until the monitor, calling over the roll, reached "Smith," a name borne by no less than seven "Greys" at that period.

Mr. Kitt roused himself and sat up. As he did so, his eye fell on Hunter's letter.



THE INTEREST IN HIS ALMOST DAILY VISITS TO THE LITTLE VILLAGE INCREASED TENFOLD.

Half suspecting, perhaps, the nature of its contents, he tore it open and drew forth the pictorial insult which the envelope contained.

One glance was enough; he pitched it away carelessly, and it fluttered on to the floor. Then he sank back in his chair, and sat gazing absently before him.

Presently, when the monitor was calling out the last name on the roll, Mr. Kitt rose and walked, with bowed head, out of Long School. As he reached the door he gave a sob—just one sob. Only those sitting near the door heard it.

The monitor of the week gazed irresolutely after Mr. Kitt's retreating form. Generally, the master on duty dismissed the various forms to their class-rooms after early roll-call. The monitor was nonplussed. To his relief, Gardiner left his seat and proceeded to the desk Mr. Kitt had just vacated. There was a dark look on Gardiner's face. He knew Mr. Kitt better than any of us.

"Sixth Form!"

There were three hundred of us in the room, and not a fellow there would have dared disobey Gardiner.

He was not a great cricketer or football-player, as I have said, but he could keep order as well as the sternest disciplinarian among the masters.

We monitors went out, and the Fifth followed. Hunter did not venture to open his mouth until he got into the passage. Then he laughed in a forced way.

"Well, I didn't think Kitt would crumple up like that!" he observed.

But nobody laughed in chorus with him. Hunter's fellow-wags, vaguely uncomfortable, were wondering what news the *other* letter had brought.

As we thronged into the Hall for breakfast we caught sight of Mr. Kitt walking down the drive. He passed through the gates and turned sharp to the left. In that direction lay Meadowdene.

A note was handed to Gardiner during breakfast. We guessed that it was

from Mr. Kitt. All that day Mr. Kitt was absent, and Gardiner took his place. In such high esteem was Gardiner held by the Head that Mr. Kitt knew he was perfectly safe in thus relegating his duties to the captain of the school.

The day passed quietly enough, and probably only a few of us remembered Mr. Kitt's agitation at early roll-call. After chapel was held the last roll-call. Afterwards it was bed for everyone except the Sixth.

But on this particular night something intervened between roll-call and the customary dismissal by forms to the upper regions. The monitor of the week, after concluding the list, looked towards Gardiner.

Gardiner, standing by the Head's desk, held up his hand.

"I want you to stay in your seats for a moment," he said, simply, "because I have something to tell you which I think you ought to know. For some time a number of you have been engaged in making fun of Mr. Kitt's visits to Meadowdene. Some of you thought Mr. Kitt had a sweetheart at Meadowdene. So he had, and I will tell you who she was. At the beginning of the year, Mr. Croft, the Vicar of Meadowdene, engaged Mr. Kitt to give music lessons to his daughter Denie—a child of ten. A great friendship sprang up between that little girl and Mr. Kitt, and after she became ill a month or two ago, Mr. Kitt made it his practice to go over to Meadowdene whenever he could to talk to the

child and amuse her. I have seen him to-night, and he has been telling me about her. She looked out for him eagerly, and was very disappointed if a day passed without a visit from him."

Gardiner paused for a moment. I knew why. Then he went on:—

"The little child grew worse instead of better, and you will be sorry to hear that she died last night. Mr. Kitt received news of her death this morning.

"That is all I have to tell you. The Sixth Form may go."



THE END.



"IN SQUEERS' TIME."

Boy—an incubus. Kill him by inches!



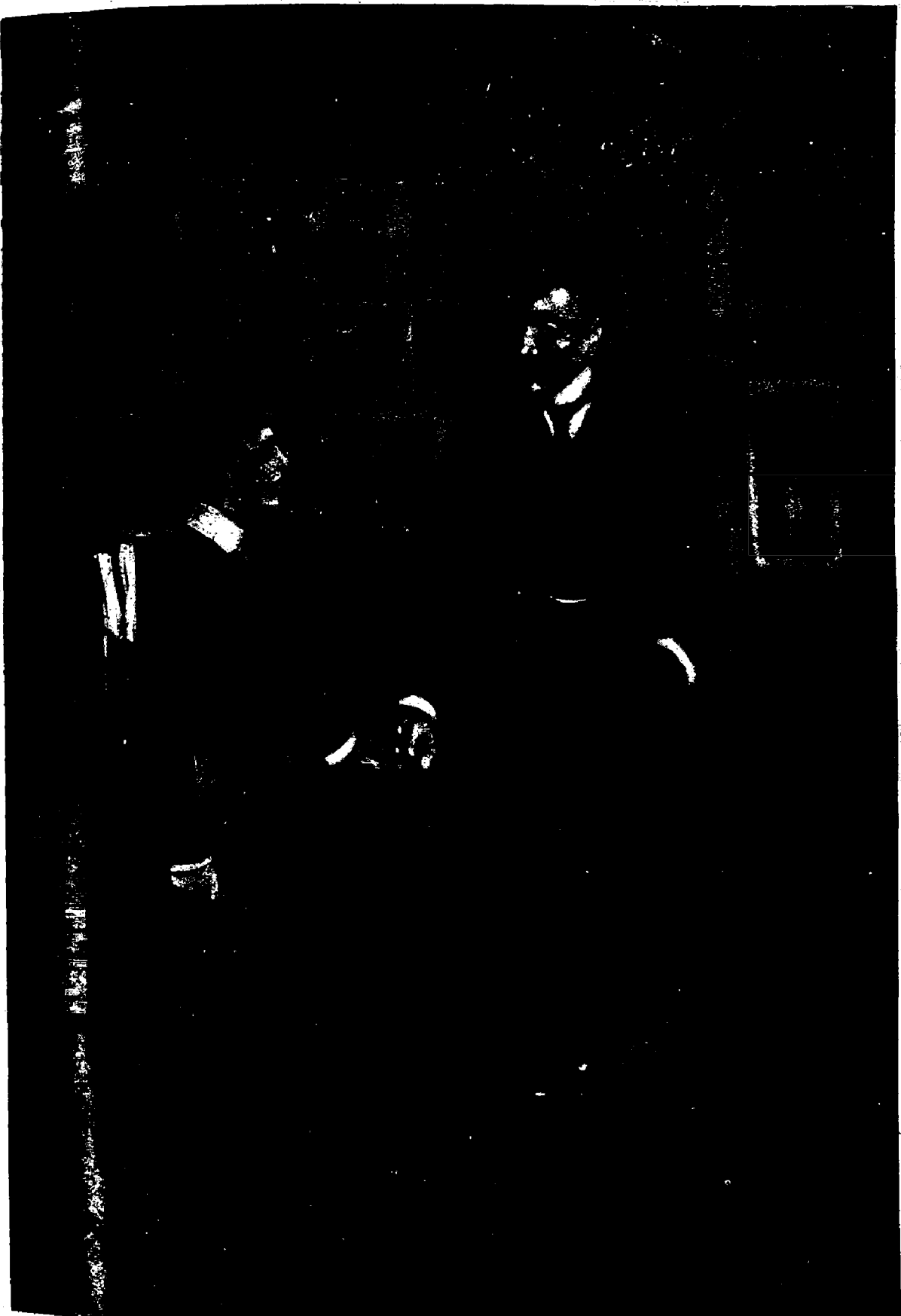
"NOWADAYS."

Boy—a sensitive being, with a soul. Make a man of him.



"IN SQUEERS' TIME."

Boy—an incubus. Kill him by inches!



"NOWADAYS."

Boy—a sensitive being, with a soul. Make a man of him.

PIGEONS THAT FLY FAST.



THESE FAVOURITES ARE THE PROPERTY OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

By A. H. OSMAN.

Boys who can afford the luxury will find the breeding and training of racing pigeons a very healthy hobby. I may add that it is a pure hobby, free from the betting element that injures so many similar pursuits. The prizes consist of medals and cups.

To succeed with this hobby, of course, the first consideration must be to fix upon a suitable place to locate the birds. It is a mistake to buy the pigeons first and fix upon the place to keep them afterwards. A good, roomy loft must be brought into requisition.

The essentials for a good loft are, that it is well ventilated and admits plenty of fresh air, and last, but not least, it is absolutely necessary that it must be water-tight, and out of the reach of cats.

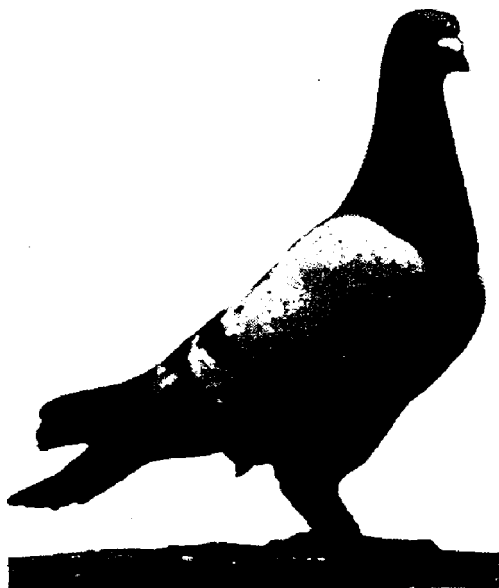
The best way for a boy to start keeping racing pigeons is to purchase a few really good young ones. These can be bought at prices ranging from 10s. per pair up to £2 or £3. I do not propose, in this article, to deal with

the management of the birds or loft, except to say that a boy who takes to racing pigeons as his hobby will acquire habits of patience and industry.

In the first place he will want to be an early riser, because Nature ordains that all birds require their first meal as soon after break of day as possible. I can remember how successful I used to be in rearing young thrushes, whereas my school chum used to lose all his after a few days. The secret was due to the fact that my chum was too fond of the sheets, and I was an early riser. Habits of early rising thus acquired stick to one through life, and are the stepping-stones to health if not to wealth.

For a long time pigeon-racing was associated with the lowest class, but thanks mainly to the zeal of some good sportsmen, to-day, in

England, it is almost a national sport, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and H.R.H. the Duke of York both possessing lofts. Mr. Jackson, the



REV. J. W. A. MACKENZIE'S BLUE HEN. FLEW 513 MILES AT A VELOCITY OF 1,448 YARDS PER MINUTE FROM SHETLANDS TO WHITWICK ON SAME DAY AS LIBERATED.



MR. C. LANGTON'S RED CHEQUER COCK. WINNER OF A RACE FROM TRALEE (IRELAND) TO LONDON, 1898. DISTANCE, 407 MILES.

so as to take off the secret mark and "wire it in." That is to say, he has to write the mark down on a telegraph form and take it to the nearest post office, where it is handed in, and the time which is marked on the message as "time handed in" is taken as the time of the bird's arrival.

Of course, distances are carefully measured from the race-point to a fancier's loft in a direct line as the crow flies, and he is also allowed a given time for getting to the post office.

Before pigeon racing was as popular and generally well known as it is to-day, I have known cases where fanciers have been chased, and the cry of 'Stop thief!' raised, when they have been running to the post office to get their message there; as, of course, the least time lost over this the better.

Great excitement prevails on the arrival of a bird from a race if it will not enter the trap at once, because it is not until the owner has caught his bird that he can get the secret mark; and,

head keeper at Sandringham, races for the former, but the Duke of York races in his own name, and is president of the National Flying Club.

The method of carrying out a race is very simple. The night prior to the departure of the birds they are stamped on the wing with a secret mark; they are then sent to the race-point in charge of a man who is paid for the work, and is called a "convoyer." At the appointed hour, if the weather be fine, they are all liberated together, and make for their respective homes, where the owner awaits their arrival, and has to catch the bird



"OLD 86." ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS PIGEONS IN THE WORLD. FLEW 444 MILES (FROM LA ROCHELLE, FRANCE. TO MARKET HARBOUR) AT A SPEED OF 1,012 YARDS PER MINUTE.



"794." THE "ONE-DAY CHAMPION." FLEW FROM SHETLANDS TO STANMORE (591 MILES) IN 18 HOURS.

if badly trained, birds acquire a habit of sitting out. It is therefore most essential that a fancier should treat his birds with the greatest kindness, so that they are familiar with his presence, and allow him to catch them easily.

Whether pigeons return to their homes by means of *sight* or *instinct* is a disputed point. Sight must be the most important factor, because on a thick foggy day pigeons become lost at even the shortest distances. There is not the least doubt that all birds are endowed with remarkably keen vision. On the death of a horse in the desert the vulture sees its prey from miles away, and the sight of the racing pigeon is as keen, if not keener, than that of any bird.

Amongst some of the most famous fanciers we have in this country are Mr. J. W. Logan, M.P., who has practically built up the sport to its present eminence. His noted bird, "Old 86," was the first bird in England to accomplish anything like a good journey, flying from La Rochelle, France, to East Langton in the day. In fact, "Old 86" has been fittingly described as "the best bird in England." He died a few years back, but has left behind descendants of the gamest calibre.

Mr. P. Clutterbuck's "794" is another most famous bird. Last year this bird flew 597 miles on the day of liberation, a feat that has never been surpassed in this country. He was liberated



THIS BIRD FLEW 170 MILES AT A SPEED OF 1,269 YARDS PER MINUTE.

at Lerwick in the Shetland Isles, and landed at Stanmore the same afternoon.

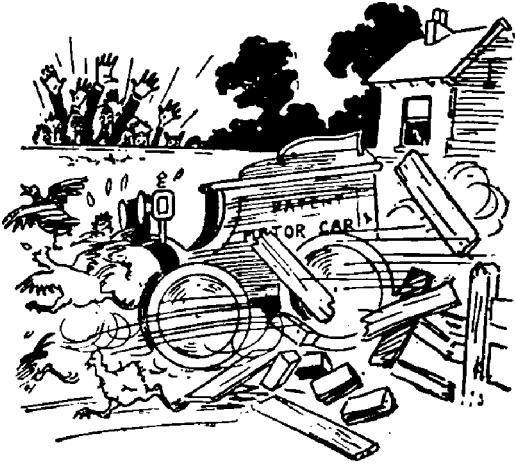
The Rev. J. W. A. Mackenzie's blue hen is also another plucky little bird, as she flew 513 miles at a velocity of 1,448 yards per minute from Shetland to Whitwick on the same day as Mr. Clutterbuck's bird landed at Stanmore.



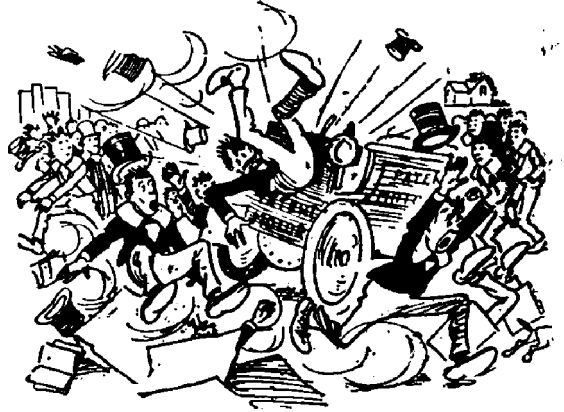
A GROUP OF FAMOUS FLYERS BELONGING TO H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK.

Mellidrop's Motor-Car.

Mellidrop has kept all sorts of pets, and has given them up one by one. His latest pet was a motor-car; he gave that up because



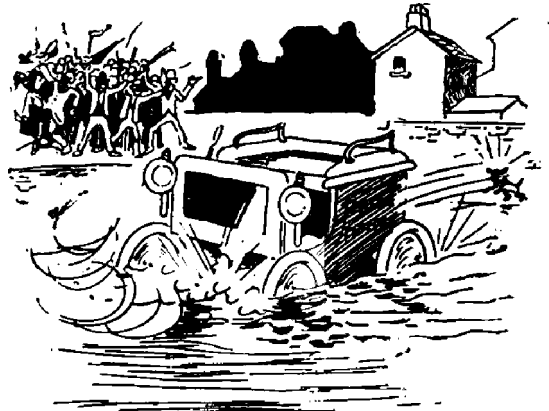
(1) It suddenly broke away from its moorings one day, dashed through the garden gate,



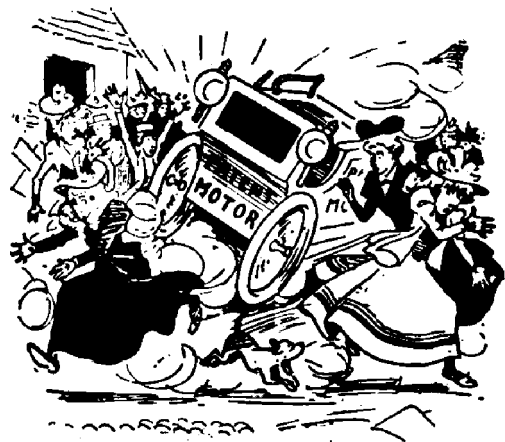
(2) And routed a young gentlemen's academy which came to the rescue of the ladies' school.



(3) Collided with a lamp-post, played golf with a policeman, and trampled on a sandwich-man.



(4) After this the motor-car leapt over a hedge and went for a swim in a reservoir;



(5) Careering victoriously on, that motor-car gave a whole ladies' school the hysterics,



(6) And, while thus engaged, was taken into custody by the police and led solemnly home to Mellidrop.



Illustrated by George Hawley.

THE old man sat with snow-white hair beside the fire, and for the most part he seemed lost to all sense of the things that happened around him. He ate well, he slept well, and, for the rest, he found his pipe enough to occupy him. Only on the rarest occasions—in the spring, or on some radiant day in autumn—would he appear to wake, and put his telescope under his arm, and go up to a grassy terrace at the top of his sloping garden, whence he could look out over all the width of the bay, and survey the shipping in the port below. There was a little arbour there, round which the roses bloomed from year's end to year's end, and on such days as these you might, if he approved of you, seduce him into sitting down for awhile, and telling you his one and only story. This is how it went.

* * * * *

"'Twas in the year '53, and I was a better man then than I am now. I was captain of the 'Moonbeam,' a clipper, and the fastest ship in the China trade. There were eight of us lying in Foo-Chow harbour to carry home the first of the new season's tea, and each of us was bent on having the handsome cheque that came to the first captain to get home. We had all taken in our cargoes at about the same time. One after another the guns were fired, and the ships went out to sea, and if anyone had been on either of them who had time to look around him, he might have been proud of his nation, to think it could send so many good seamen to one harbour at the same time.

"We kept together for the few hours that

remained of the day. There was no great wind, and the start was leisurely. But in the morning the 'Moonbeam' was alone on a wide sea, and I'll own that I was impatient. There was such a little wind that she hardly moved at all, and I was eager for a gale that would give us a chance to be doing, and to gain as the result of it.

"Towards afternoon I went below, and turned into my bunk, and the twilight was falling when I awoke to find myself being violently shaken by the first mate. He was a good man, and a fine sailor, but a little apt to be flurried in an emergency.

"'Captain,' he said, 'make haste and come on deck. There's a strange craft been creeping out as if to get ahead of us—a junk—and, if I am not mistaken, the pirate Chung-Li-Sen is going to attack us. There is a curious mark on the sails, and I fancy 'tis the badge that we were shown as his when we were in the 'Maintop' together.'

"I sprang out of my bunk, and in a moment I was on deck. The junk was little more than a mile away, and with the glass I could distinguish the mark upon her sails to which the mate had referred."

When the old man got so far he would lean forward and make a drawing with his stick on the gravel of the path that ran in front of the arbour. It may be that his drawing had no likeness to the Chinese original, but it was always the same, and I have heard him tell the tale so often that I could reproduce the thing exactly as he showed it to me.

"I knew at once that we were in for a fight, for I had been told of Chung-Li-Sen, and a

man had drawn for me a copy of his seal and sign when some of us were amusing ourselves at the 'Maintop,' a chief resort of Britishers in Foo-Chow.

"To make quite certain I altered the ship's course a little, so that we were likely to pass astern of the junk. Within a minute of my orders being obeyed the junk had changed her course, and now I saw that they had got out sweeps and were making directly for us. As quickly as possible I armed a good part of the crew, and saw to the guns that we carried forward and astern. Then I could only wait, for it would have been a wicked thing to fire on the junk before she had openly declared her intentions.

"Never believe that there is not a God, who is continually watching over every one of his children. I knew that the 'Moonbeam' would be perfectly safe if the wind would only rise. The junk was a clumsy craft, indeed, and we could outsail the best of the sailing ships of the world. But the junk drew nearer and nearer, and because of the lack of wind we were utterly helpless to escape. She had declared her intentions now, for she had come so near that I could see the yellow ruffians who manned her making ready to board us, and one huge giant of a man, whom I took to be the captain of the band, stood on the deck and shouted his orders, watching the 'Moonbeam' as a cat watches the mouse it is playing with and will presently kill.

"Then came the miracle. I looked to windward and saw that the sea was suddenly ruffled and made a deeper blue. I knew that in a few seconds the flapping sails would be full, and you must remember that I had learnt all the ways of the 'Moonbeam,' so that she obeyed me just as quickly as a man's fist obeys his thought when he hears the girl that he loves insulted. The junk was only a hundred yards away when I saw that the wind was coming. A dozen men went forward, armed with cutlasses, and at the same moment I gave an order to change the course. The wind came, and the 'Moonbeam' shot forward like an arrow from a bow.

"We struck the junk amidships and cut her in two. There was a scream, a crash, and then a sound like that of a butcher chopping meat on a wooden block. The pirates, seeing the ship come down upon them, had made ready, with the coolness of which only Orientals are capable, and had jumped at the last moment, and tried to swarm up our bowsprit rigging

and board us. My men were hacking them down with cutlasses, and the wreck of the junk went past us, surrounded by something like a score of Chinamen, swimming and cursing in a sea that was red.

"Then the wind fell as suddenly as it had come, and the 'Moonbeam' rocked upon the seas, and drew no further from the wreck. This had not sunk. The battened sails lay flat upon the water, and the wreckage made a sort of raft. One by one the swimmers reached it, and clambered into temporary safety; and we looked at them and laughed to think how we had triumphed.

"At first there was no time for thought. A few of my men had been badly injured, and they had to be seen to. Then the mate lost his head, as such men will do. He was a Christian man, but he wanted me to fire the stern-chaser on the poor wretches who clung to the wreck, and so rid the world of a gang that deserved the worst kind of death. I looked, and saw the sign of Chung-Li-Sen lying in the water, bellying up or sinking as the waves moved underneath, and I was half in the mind to take his advice, for the chief of the pirates had survived, and now he was cursing us in a frenzy of passion.

"But, I thank Heaven, I have no such sin upon my soul. They would have killed us, had they been able, but we had escaped that danger, and now it was my duty to give them a chance of life, if only that they might repent. I ordered

two men to the stern, and armed them with pistols. Then I flung a rope to the wreck, and did my best to make the pirates understand that we would tow them. I was careful to point out to them that the poop was guarded, and that those who stood there were armed. Night fell, and the wind was still no more than a breath, and we went upon our way with as strange a craft in tow as could be imagined.

"I turned in with a good deal to think about. I had done what I conceived to be my duty, and no more; but I had to consider what was to come after, and the result of my reflections was to leave me utterly puzzled. The 'Moonbeam' had got to be the first of all the clippers to get to Gravesend. I owed that to myself, and to the dear little wife, as well as to the owners. She would never do it if we went towing that wreckage, and yet I had not the heart to cut it loose and let the miserable wretches starve until a storm should come and finish matters by drowning them. So I resolved



THE SEAL OF CHUNG-LI-SEN.

to leave the thing to fate, and in the meantime did my obvious duty.

"A supply of food and water was put into a barrel and lowered over the stern by means of a cord, which was paid out until the barrel had reached the raft. It was caught, broken open, and then, after a pause—for they seemed to think that we might have poisoned the food—the pirates fell to and filled their empty stomachs.

"That day there was scarcely a breath of wind. There were murmurs among the crew. They had sailed on the 'Moon-beam' for many a voyage, and they loved her as sons love a mother, and were very careful for her honour. They looked on the raft as a drag that must lose her the victory in the race for Gravesend, and if I had not spoken strongly I can fancy that the tow-rope would have been slyly cut as soon as the night fell.

"The air suffered a change, and grew thick and heavy, so that the lungs which inhaled it got no natural refreshment. The pirates made signs that they were in great need of water, and a little keg was dropped over the stern. The ship moved so slowly that it seemed an interminable time before they came up with it. We watched them drink, and noted the awed homage they continued to render, even in this extremity, to their gigantic leader. Then darkness came, and with it a silence that could be felt.

"It must have been midnight when I heard a shrill scream from the bows. It broke off with a horrid sob, and immediately there was

an outbreak of frightened cries. Something terrible was happening, and as I leapt forward in the darkness I heard a pistol discharged. Then a huge figure loomed black before me. I felt a sharp pain in the shoulder even as I discharged my pistol. Then I fell, with the figure of the dead pirate sprawling over me.

"I had fainted, but it was not long before I returned to consciousness, and understood what had happened. The pirate leader had felt that his situation was hopeless, and had

resolved that he would not die without sending other souls into the darkness. The poop was guarded, but he had guessed that the man on the look-out in the bows would have no fear of any of the pirates attempting to board the 'Moon-beam.' So he had awaited his time, and when it seemed good to him he had dived into the sea and swum silently and swiftly until he lay under the side of the ship—which, as I have said, was moving so slowly that the rope which connected her with the raft was hardly taut. He had got along to the bows, had clambered up with Oriental cunning, and hung there await-



"WE STRUCK THE JUNK AMIDSHIPS AND CUT HER IN TWO."

ing his opportunity. Then when the doomed sailor had turned away for a moment, he had leapt to the deck, stabbed him through the back, and rushed aft, striving to find others whom he might kill before he met his inevitable doom.

"The mate and the others would have had me cut the tow-rope now, and leave the rest of the pirates to their doom. This I could not bring myself to do, but I resolved to give them

a warning. The body of their leader lay on the deck until the dawn. Then it was taken to the stern and cast into the sea in the sight of them all. It drifted astern. Then there came three swiftly-moving triangular fins; the water boiled, and the body disappeared, as the pirates on the raft broke into loud lamentation.

"Later we sent them food again, but towards night I looked at the sky and knew—partly from what I saw, and partly through that strange sixth sense which gradually grows in the sailor—that within a few hours there would be no need to pray for wind. I resolved that the 'Moonbeam' should make up for lost time, and I gave the necessary orders, for I must tell you the clippers of those days were proper sea-going craft; and it was the custom of those who commanded them to clap on more sail when a wind came, where the skippers of other ships would have done just the opposite."

"Then I thought of the wreck of the junk, and I could not for the life of me choose a course of action. The pirates were too many, and of a treachery altogether too notorious, to be taken on board. A storm must wash them from the raft, and they would be all the more sure to drown if we should continue to tow them after the 'Moonbeam' began to move, for the wreckage must immediately be submerged and broken up.

"The sky grew black to windward, and the far waters were troubled. Yet the 'Moonbeam' floated on a still sea, and the tow-rope slackened. There was never a movement in the air, and all things seemed to wait for the storm that was coming. Even the wretched pirates sat still and quiet, and stared sullenly to windward.

"Suddenly, however, I was roused from my thoughts. As if seized by the same impulse, they sprang into the water, their knives between their teeth, and swam towards the ship. The guard fired, and more than one of them sank with a sudden reddening of the water. But the swimmers dived like otters, and the greater part of the crew were busy with the sails, making ready to take advantage of the wind as soon as it should come. The alarm was given, and

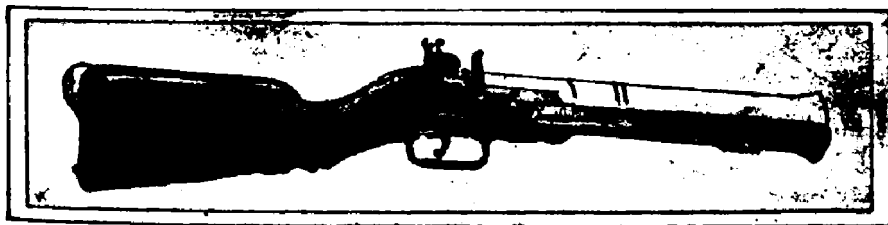
they came running aft, but most of them were armed with nothing better than marlingspikes, or capstan-bars.

"Several of the pirates reached the side of the ship, and sprang upon the deck. They fought like devils. They knew that death was certain, and they did not fear it. But they desired with a wicked passion to see blood spilt before they died. One of them—a man of huge size, with the wickedest face it has ever been my lot to see—leapt at me with knife in hand. I pulled the trigger of my pistol, but it missed fire. I flung the weapon in his face, and as it struck him, a marlingspike descended on his skull and felled him.

"The mate was less fortunate. He came running aft just as one of the pirates had gained the deck. He was unarmed, and the sight of this horrid apparition stayed him for a moment. That moment sealed his fate, for the pirate balanced his deadly knife in his hand and flung it, and the mate threw up his arms and fell dead on the deck. With a bestial laugh his murderer leapt unarmed into the fight, and a moment later met his fate by the knife of the man who had tried to murder me, which had been seized by one of the sailors.

"It was a long, stern fight, a fight to the death, and the decks were slippery with blood when the last of the pirates had fallen. Six of my men were badly wounded, and the mate lay dead, but there were eight of the pirates to be flung to the sharks, besides those who had been shot by the guard while they swam towards the ship. We stood dazed and silent, as we looked at the work we had accomplished. Then there came a sudden cry of warning, and we awoke to the new necessities of the situation.

"The darkness to windward had deepened, but the sea boiled as the footsteps of the storm trod it into waves. For a moment the sails flapped petulantly; then they filled, and the ship quivered like a living thing as she leapt forward on her journey towards Gravesend. We turned to our proper work, leaving the corpses of the pirates scattered about the poop."



A BLUNDERBUSS OF 1799.



"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

HINT FOR THE MONTH: *Don't fill your magazines with your own stuff.* It is quite possible that you may be the most brilliant and versatile writer in the school; your very position as editor almost assures us of that fact. But that is not the point. Your readers don't want brilliant and versatile writing in their school magazine. They want a careful record of every matter of interest that takes place within the school walls. They like to see that you are consulting *their* tastes, not your own. And, if there are comments, they prefer those comments to be *just*. Put aside all personal feelings. Forget your little animosities. Give them a manly, straightforward journal, and there will be no question of its success.

We intend, for the future, to review a *limited* number of magazines each month. We shall thus be enabled to quote more freely, and our selection will be made irrespective of the size or position of the school. Everyone's turn will come round in time, but, if doubt arises as to the order of arrival, the more attractive production will naturally take precedence.

REVIEWS.

The Carthusian for February is a vast improvement on the December issue. From cover to cover it is crammed with a record of Charterhouse affairs, and there is not one superfluous line in the whole number. First and foremost, of course, come accounts of football matches, and these are thoroughly and carefully done. It is difficult to discover how the school came out as regards results at the end of the season, but minute investigation seems to show a preponderance of wins. We congratulate Carthusians on this state of affairs, and suggest to the editor that, for the benefit of outsiders, he should lead off his football notices with a summary.

The Denstonian for February devotes a large amount of valuable space to reproducing an article that appeared in a London magazine on "Rousseau at Wootton Hall." That, sir, is a mistake. However interesting the article in question may be to your readers, you cannot afford to give *ten columns* of it in the *Denstonian*. Let your readers buy the magazine in which the article originally appeared, and fill your spare pages with Denstonian matters. The journal is carefully edited, and well printed, but the headings should be blacker and bolder. At present it is difficult to know where one feature ends and another begins.

The Elizabethan is well compiled and neatly printed, but the pages should be bound together. Westminster School still keeps up the old custom of the "Pancake Greaze." "The Greaze," says the editor, "took place on Shrove Tuesday as usual. The throw was again good, and, after what appeared to be rather a short 'Greaze,' Ashley succeeded in securing the 'pancake' whole, and received the accustomed reward." We compliment Mr. Ashley on his luck, pluck, and agility.

The Eton College Chronicle is an enterprising journal that appears, apparently, several times a term. The issue dated February 23rd consists of four brightly-written pages, giving in detail the numerous doings and accomplishments of Etonians during the previous week. We are inclined to take exception to the insertion of some mediocre verses entitled "The Steeplechase." The verses are too many in number to quote in full, but here is the last contortion:—

They'd softly and suddenly vanished away,
Before I could utter a word;
So now I don't know any better than you;
This really is far too absurd!

You are right, sir! The absurdity of this effort comes dangerously near to being childish, but affords a striking contrast to the tone of the journal taken as a whole. We hope to see the *Chronicle* regularly. It is manly, pertinent, and brimming over with vigorous enthusiasm.

The Giggleswick Chronicle is unique—we imagine, in size and binding, being produced in the shape of a small book, "very handy for the pocket." In the December number two photographs are reproduced, one of the cricket team, and the other of the school chapel now in course of construction. The chapel promises to be a very handsome building. Golfers, by the way, will appreciate the swing and verve of these lines, that form part of a poem entitled "Far and Sure."

Some tell of the thrill in the huntsman's heart,
When Reynard is up and away;
Some sing of the joy of the angler's art,
By the stream in the month of May;
Yet nothing, I ween, is so merry at all—
Go, seek the wide world through!—
As the song of the Green, the song of the Ball
That flies both far and true!

Well done "J. R. C.," whoever you are! Giggleswick should be proud of her own especial poet.

The Halleyburlan for February is an improvement on the December issue, inasmuch as there is not one line of irrelevant matter. The editor still contrives to keep in close touch with past members of the school. And an enterprising correspondent brings forward some carefully considered suggestions for the improvement of the school register. This idea of a register, giving full information of old boys and their doings, with the additional advantage of being constantly brought up-to-date in new editions, is good enough to merit universal adoption. Let me commend the notion to other enterprising editors.

The Harrovian for December is extremely interesting to outsiders for the excellent article on Dr. Welldon. It is evident that the late head master was loved and esteemed throughout the school, and we cannot better illustrate the sincere feeling of regret that his departure has caused than by quoting the concluding paragraph of the *Harrovian's* farewell article: "The services he has conferred on the school," says the writer, "will assuredly never be forgotten, and we can promise him this, that if ever, and whenever, he finds it possible to visit our 'beautiful and beloved' hill, he will receive the heartiest welcome that Harrow can give." What better tribute to his work could any man desire!

The Isis, the dainty cover of which we reproduce here, still holds its own as the representative undergraduate journal of Oxford University. The little paper has met with many rebuffs of one kind or another, arising naturally from the unavoidable inexperience of the successive editors, but it still goes lightly on its way, tempering its flow of praise with a little reasonable advice. The scene on the cover, some of our readers may like to know, represents the famous "High," often spoken of as the finest street in Europe. The building on the left is University College; facing it is All Souls' College; and a little higher up on the right is St. Mary's, the University church. I wonder how many of my readers, majestic and imposing in their "ragas" and "squares," will pace that grand old street in days to come!

The Laxtonian, or the Oundle School Chronicle, is a bulky production, and the December number shows careful editing and sound judgment. Here is a portion of a rather lengthy elegiac:—

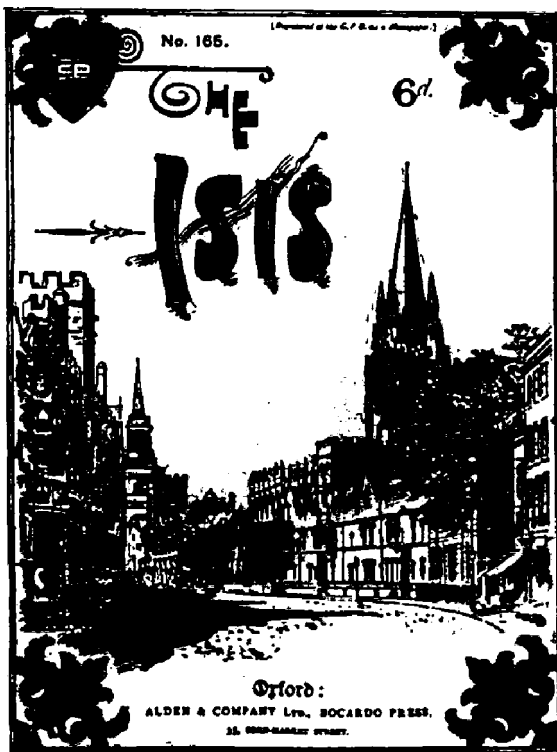
Tres venatum abeunt fortes; resonante pharetra
Hic? alter clipeo, tertius ense nitet.
Omnibus exitio spondent, si uipera, pardus,
Sæva leæna, tigris, paittacus ales adit.

Which, being translated, means:—
Once upon a time three doughtie men
A-huntinge they would goe;
And one hadde a sworde, and one hadde a shielde,
And one hadde a twangynge bow;

And they did sweare a solemne oathe
To slaye whate'er they mette,
Be itte tygre, parde, or bold lyonne,
Bee itte dragonne, or parroquette.

Not bad fun, you know, for a wet afternoon.

The Lorettonian is published fortnightly, and adopts a similar size and shape to the *Eton College Chronicle*. Coming from the Scottish home of Rugby football, it deals, of course, mainly with one theme, and that an inspiring one. The motto, *Spartam nactus es; hanc exorna*—smacks of the forward line; the "gossip column" speaks in contemptuous terms of the soccer matches which are having "another lease of life"! And the barthen of the school poet's effusion is "Tackle Low." We gladly welcome this breezy little journal, and congratulate Loretto boys, past and present, on possessing an editor who values the great traditions of the school and keeps the *Lorettonian* up to the mark.



The Mason University College Magazine, though imposing as to its title, is rather disappointing as to its contents. With all the wit and science of Birmingham to draw from, it is difficult to understand how the editor could put together such a dull number as that for February. Financially, however, this journal should be a roaring success, for the advertisement manager claims no less than *nineteen pages* for his own. The frontispiece is excellently reproduced, and many of the notes are well written.

The Olavian again startles us with the superb quality of its paper and the quaintness of its type. The cover, also, is quite a masterpiece in its way, and, with your leave, Mr. Editor, we shall hope to reproduce it in these columns some day soon. And as for poetry—why,

the great Rudyard himself might have penned these stirring lines:—

The waves are dark with the floating wreck
Drifting away to sea,
For the toeman's flag is low on his deck,
And ours at his topmast tree!
Smoking gun and shattered mast,
And the falling flag as the foe flies fast,
In days to come, as in days long past,
'Tis ever our way at sea!
Way, give us way at sea!
Ours is the way at sea!
The right down bull-dog English way,
And never shall England see the day
When it's not our way at sea!

We should like to see some of this writer's manuscript. There is plenty of space in *THE CAPTAIN* for budding poets laureate.

The Red and Blue of the University of Pennsylvania is rather different to our idea of a domestic chronicle, but the articles are distinctly

clever, particularly one entitled, "The Autobiography of a Hero"—evidently a satire on Lieut. Hobson, of "Merrimac" fame. This is the way the writer makes his hero talk: "I was ordered to Santiago, and simply did my duty, as any other man with a reasonable amount of bravery and patriotism in him would. I won't tell you what I did, for you've seen enough about it in the newspapers. . . . I'll admit that it was a pretty brave act; also that I

felt a little shaky while going through it." And then we get, by easy stages, to his subsequent misery.

The Rossallian for February is as good as ever. It is a quaint conceit to give the rainfall at Rossall for 1898! The number of days on which rain fell totals up to 168. We hope it wasn't wet all day on those occasions.

Cromwell's School.

OLIVER CROMWELL was born at Huntingdon on the 25th of April, 1599—exactly three hundred years ago. A movement has been started for commemorating the tercentenary of the Lord Protector's birthday, by extending the grammar school at which he was educated. Here is a picture of the old schoolroom in which Oliver thumbed his well-worn lesson books, and doubtless drew caricatures of his master on his slate. Later on we hope to have an opportunity of presenting to you some drawings of other famous schoolrooms, such as that in which Shakespeare conned his task, that celebrated "Fourth Form Room" at Harrow, and dozens of others equally absorbing from an historical point of view.

It is interesting to learn that King Charles I.—whose death warrant Cromwell signed (much, as we firmly believe, against his will)—is supposed, when a boy, to have met Cromwell himself at his uncle's house at Huntingdon.

How much of the original building was in existence in Cromwell's time is not known. In such cases as these we like to imagine that the window from which we gaze upon the quiet streets without was the window which gave light to the building three hundred years ago. When we are in Shakespeare's house we love to

imagine that the fireplace in the parlour was the very fireplace Shakespeare sat by at the time he was scheming out the later of his immortal plays. So, at Carisbrooke, we are shown a certain apartment, and you will find it difficult to persuade us that this was not King Charles's prison-room.

Sweet old history! We will not clothe you with the tinsel of scepticism. It is well to wander through these ancient and romantic halls, acting over again great deeds of the past, and conjuring up fanciful figures of the long-ago dead.

No man ever had better friends, or more bitter enemies, than Oliver Cromwell. While England was under his iron rule she was respected by the whole world; while Cromwell governed this country we never suffered the degradation of seeing a hostile fleet sailing up our greatest river.

For some time after his death Cromwell was looked upon as a fanatic, tyrant, and hypocrite; but that shallow and ignorant hypothesis has for ever been banished from historical literature by the industry and genius of Carlyle. Whatever Cromwell's faults were, we cannot but hold in grateful memory the name of a man who so worthily conserved the honour of his native land.



THE OLD SCHOOLROOM.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



Ever since it was noised abroad that a magazine called THE CAPTAIN was coming out,

I have been deluged with rubbish. That was, of course, to be expected. The sort of contributor, however, that I object to is the person who sends up a battered old manuscript with a long letter, telling me what a great man the sender of the manuscript is. I may here say—and I hope this will catch the eye of all intending contributors—that I don't care a button

what they have done for any other magazine, or what they have been commissioned to do, or what such and such a paper has said about them. All I care about is the quality of the manuscript sent in to me. If anybody submits a tale, article, poem, or picture to me it will be bought if it is good; if it is bad, it will go hurtling back to its creator with a velocity and accuracy only equalled by that of a boomerang.

From the windows of this Office I have a fine view of Covent Garden, besides a bit of the Strand, and, of course, the whole of Burleigh Street, and the art editor's table immediately faces the stage door of the Lyceum Theatre. Sir Henry Irving's private door is situated almost at the bottom of Burleigh Street, next to a barber's shop, and I often see Sir Henry coming out, with his mind, as it were, "in the clouds," and holding under his arm a big roll of MS.—possibly a play which he intends to peruse while he is having his tea. Here, too, you can see Miss Ellen Terry, who has a habit of committing her parts to memory as she drives along

in her carriage. Until recently, Viscount Hinton used to favour Burleigh Street with sweet strains from his barrel organ. Burleigh Street is a little thoroughfare mostly consisting of newspaper offices. Next door to us is Burleigh Street Vicarage, the church being across the road; adjoining the church is the *Guardian* office. If any of you give us a call just now you will find the flowers in our window-boxes coming up nicely—giving us quite a gay and festive appearance.

The most exciting moment in our afternoon is the arrival of a cavalier. His locks, it is true, are close-cropped, and he wears not a slouched doublet, nor plumed hat, but he is a cavalier, nevertheless, and quite fourteen years of age. Every afternoon about five of the clock this gentleman turns into Burleigh Street out of the Strand, trots bravely up to the end of the cab-rank, and, hopping out of his saddle, darts into some mysterious doorway, leaving his steed to wander about at its own sweet will. There is a hydrant opposite the *Guardian* office—one of those things which look like beheaded pumps, and which are under the control of the police, who have keys to them. There is generally a little water in the bucket, and the horse, after taking a sniff at this, and finding that it is not anything like such good water as he gets at home, passes on, and has a little conversation with the *Globe* cart-horses, makes some disparaging remarks

about the steeds which draw the cabs, and then, his master not having returned, continues



his ramble to the opposite pavement and performs a little war-dance. By this time there is generally a crowd round him, composed of ordinary wayfarers, cabmen, and policemen, who think that they ought to take him into custody, but the horse will never be "held up," or in any way have its movements interfered with, and continues to ramble about until its master appears, scrambles into the saddle, and rides off. I have not the least idea who the boy is, or why he comes to Burleigh Street, or why he never troubles to tie his horse up, but the arrival of the horse and its subsequent prowl is a daily happening, and I thought you would like to know about it.

Many of you have doubtless lost your hats in the course of your concert and theatre-going, and in spite of the fact that you have had your initials carefully worked on the inside of the crown in gold letters. For a long time I have been trying to hit upon a method of keeping my hat safe, but I could not think of one until the author of the article "Going to School Seventy Years Ago" (which appeared in No. 1, you remember), came up and showed me how he preserves his head-gear from the fingers of the hat-thief. On the white inside of the crown of his hat he has had a picture of himself drawn, so that when you look into his hat you see the likeness of a hale and hearty veteran gazing upon you with an expression on his face which clearly says: "Now mind what you're up to. This hat is my property!" I think it is an excellent idea, don't you? Ever since he took to having his portrait drawn inside his hat, our esteemed contributor has



never suffered at the hands—or head—of the hat-thief.

Dr. Grace seemed to be greatly interested when, during my interview with him, I told him all about THE CAPTAIN. "What's the price to be?" he asked. I told him, "Sixpence." "Sixpence? Well, it ought to sell freely; there is a very big public for such a Magazine," was his rejoinder.

There is a good tale told about Dr. Grace and Phil May, the famous comic artist. If you

have heard it before, remember that I am repeating it for the benefit of those who have not heard it before. Phil May drew an elaborate picture of a cricket match for (I think) *Punch*. Anyhow, Dr. Grace was looking at this sketch and observed that cover-point was wearing wicket-keeping gloves. He immediately wired off to Phil May as follows: "Why—oh, why—is cover-point wearing gloves?" Back came Phil May's startlingly explicit reply: "To keep his hands warm."

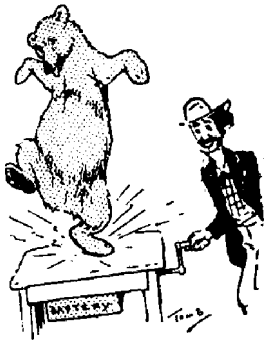
I have no doubt that a great many sailors will buy THE CAPTAIN. They will find, however, that it has nothing to do with their watery profession, but I hope that fact won't cause them to abstain from purchasing further copies, because I think THE CAPTAIN is just the sort of magazine a sailor likes to read.

Being an unattached class of men, sailors are altogether out of touch with newspapers. They don't follow the "Dreyfus Affair," or public questions of any kind, and what newspapers there are of interest to seamen are chiefly those published in the most important seaports, and of the *Shields Gazette* type, which give shipping news, disasters at sea, and the movements of local ships, etc. Not being interested in any lending library, the mariner knows little about the "book of the year," or the passing craze of any sort. Just before leaving port, if he is thoughtful enough to have a little money left, Jack will go into a newsagent's and buy up all the 1d. and 4d. novelettes and comic papers he has not seen, and with these he is content. This applies to officers as well as men. What a seaman likes reading best is any light story book, or novelette which speaks of home life and pretty girls. So little of home does the A.B. get that any family story paper—and particularly ladies' penny papers, which tell of what he imagines home to be—he will read over and over again. The latter are by far the most popular literature amongst seamen. A remarkable fact is that sailors do not read sea stories. Such fiction they leave to landmen, although, in a general manner, owing to the kind thought of the Missions to Seamen, all sorts of books and papers find their way into the fo'c'sle and berths of the seamen.

Lastly, since most seamen carry their Bibles, sailors, perhaps, read that book oftener than their shore-abiding brethren.

An old sea-dog has just been telling me all this, and I have told him that the sort of magazine sailors want is THE CAPTAIN. I hope THE CAPTAIN will soon be the favourite magazine aboard every ship afloat.

I was reading my morning paper the other day when I came upon a "county court case," which I immediately seized upon as one of the most curious "bear stories" I had ever heard—or, rather, read. It appeared that at a certain popular place of amusement there was a dancing bear, and as the bear appeared disinclined to perform the one and only duty expected of him, i.e., dance, an electrician was employed to apply electric shocks to the table on which the bear—wouldn't dance. The electric shocks were calculated to render Bruin more lively on his pins. Even then the bear wouldn't dance, and so the owner of the bear wouldn't pay the electrician for his appliance. The following conversation took place between the judge, solicitors, etc. I leave it to speak for itself. It just shows what bears have to put up with, and what curious points of law county court judges have to decide:—



ing conversation took place between the judge, solicitors, etc. I leave it to speak for itself. It just shows what bears have to put up with, and what curious points of law county court judges have to decide:—

Judge: "Is the bear here?"

Solicitor: "It attacked someone, and we thought it better not to produce it."

Judge: "We had better not have shocks here." (Laughter.)

The plaintiff said the claim of £3 6s. 4d. was a fair claim for the five extra batteries he laid on to the table.

The plaintiff stated in cross-examination that he did not contract to make the bear dance, but to make an electric table. (Laughter.) The defendant said one battery would do, as the bear had such fine feelings. He said it had more tender feet than a human being. He told the witness to come to the hall one Sunday when the public would not be there, and they could try it the whole day. (Laughter.)

In re-examination the plaintiff stated that the defendant said the bear had such big feet that more wire must be put under the tablecloth. (Laughter.) The work was done by the desire of defendant. The batteries, of course, would get weak and require recharging.

The table, covered with a red cloth, was produced.

A witness for the defence said the currents were not strong enough to make the bear dance.

Judge: "Only tickled him?" (Laughter.)

The Witness: "Yes. It would not have done more to a man. I would have made one to make him dance for £2 10s."

His Honour found for the plaintiff for two guineas with costs.

So after all they didn't hurt poor Bruin—they only "tickled" him.

Early in the spring a celebrated French schoolmaster—Père Didon—visited this country with the object of studying the English school-boy on the spot just as, some years ago, the Chief

of the French police brought a number of his men over in order to observe and take to heart the manner in which the London police controlled the traffic. We ought to feel proud of such visits as these. The French policemen were astonished at the easy way the London police constable held up one finger, and instantly arrested the progress of dozens of vans, cabs, and omnibuses. Père Didon was equally pleased with the freedom which he observed was enjoyed by the English boy compared with that granted to his French contemporary in the *Élysées*. "You make men," was his favourite comment on the liberty allowed to the English school-boy to develop his own character.

I once read in a paper the plaintive account of how a man tried to run a "perfect" magazine. The account was in verse. Well, after telling you all about the title the man went on to describe his competitions, and the unfortunate result which ensued when he offered a race-horse and an eight-room villa to those of his readers who had the biggest eyes and the biggest feet. This is how he describes what took place:—

As handsome prizes then I bought

A gee-gee and a dwelling,
And those invited to compete
Were those who had big eyes and feet—
Well, yes, it was repelling.

But then my readers gaily sent
(When once the tests were known),
On correspondence cards, the size
Of all their neighbours' feet and eyes—
And not their own!

Warned by this sad example, although I am offering prizes, I shall not award five guineas to the boy with the biggest eyes, nor shall I send two solid leather portmanteaus to him with the biggest feet.

In addition to a pile of school magazines I have been obliged with some copies of the *Blue-jacket and Coastguard Gazette*, the which I beg to acknowledge with many thanks. I have found some excellent breezy things in this journal, which is published by Mr. Masters, of Rye. To give you an idea of the contents I'll quote



some of the headings: "Told at One Bell," "Jack's Fighting Courage," "Lower Deck Chatter," "Spare Ammunition," and "Monica's Mail Bag." There is a "Children's Corner" and a "Ladies' Page," which offers a special prize to Coastguards' Wives. Gallant editor! They all love Jack, and Jack loves them all!

Extraordinary the things some people come up here and suggest! The other day a dainty little lady journalist arrived, and, having been provided with a chair, asked if she might look at No. 1 of *THE CAPTAIN* (which was not then out). I said, "Oh, yes, my dear madame, you may look at it if you like, but you must not take it out of the office." Well, she turned it over, and patted it, and looked at all the pictures, and then when I asked her for her opinion of it, replied that she thought it was a very pretty cover.

"What about the inside?" I demanded.

"Oh, I suppose it's very interesting," she said, "but as I don't want to 'Train for Sports,' or make the muscles in my arms bigger, or wear a 'Red Coat,' or go hunting 'Red Rams,' or storm a greenhouse——"

"Greyhouse, madame," I interrupted.

"Well, it doesn't matter what colour the house is," she said, "I don't want to storm it, and I don't care a bit about Whales, whatever their Christian names are—although, if I had to give a Whale a Christian name, I should call it *Harry*—and I don't care a bit about fags or dunces, or stamps. So you see my opinion about the inside of No. 1 is hardly worth having."

However, I noticed that she studied the School Captains very attentively, and observed that "Mr. Sturrock, of Charterhouse, was *quite* the best-looking of them."

"Well," I said. "What is it you have come up to suggest, dear madame?"

"This," she replied—"as all the boys have sisters, and all the head-masters have wives, and all the house-masters have wives, and as heaps of ladies will read *THE CAPTAIN*, don't you think that you ought to have some articles about 'Pretty Hats and Pretty Faces,' 'Beautiful Bibs for Baby,' 'Dainty Dinners for Assistant Masters,' 'The Matron's Jam Cupboard,' 'Arrowroot for Ailing Urchins,' and offer a prize of Two Guineas for a new design for B.A. Hoods?"

She went on in this way for quite half-an-hour,

and when I said that I was afraid that I couldn't ask her to write any of these articles, but that I should be very happy if she would send me a good strong story of the salt, salt sea, she got up, and indignantly said that when the poets wrote about gentlemen they evidently weren't thinking of Editors.

Just as you find thousands of factory hands making crackers and printing Christmas cards in the middle of sweltering July, so, had you called round here, you might have found the Old Fag and his myrmidons busily preparing this bright sunny May number when the cold sleet of February was driving round the office and sending up the sale of baked potatoes and hot chestnuts. That is the worst of magazines—you have to get them ready such a long time in advance. For instance, soon after this number is published our artist-fags and our author-fags will be busy with their contributions for the Christmas Number. Our best author-fag turns out his most seasonable Christmas stories (all about trains blocked by snowdrifts, and sweet girls tumbling through rotten ice, and being rescued by brave boys) when he is lying in a hammock out in his garden sipping lemon squash. And yet, when you read his stories, the wintry blast which he describes so vividly seems to pierce your very marrow. Our best artist-fag, on the contrary, can only draw winter pictures in the winter, and so he has to do his work for the Christmas numbers a whole year before they appear. What I wish to say is that, as we have been obliged to prepare No. 2 of *THE CAPTAIN* some time before No. 1 will be out, it is obviously impossible for me to deal with correspondence from readers. I shall begin to grapple with the contents of my letter bag in No. 3 of *THE CAPTAIN*, and thereafter this part of the magazine will be devoted entirely—or almost entirely—to communications received from readers.

THE OLD FAG.

CHEER UP!

*Cheer up! 'tis no use to be glum, boys—
'Tis written, since fighting began,
That sometimes we fight and we conquer,
And sometimes we fight and we run.*

W. M. THACKERAY.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS.

CONDITIONS.—The Coupon on Page II. of advertisements must be fastened or stuck on every competition submitted.

The name and address of every competitor must be clearly written at the top of first page of competition.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like (providing you come within the age limits), and have as many tries as you like for each prize, but each "try" must be sent in a separate envelope and must have a coupon attached to it.

Address thus:—Competition No. —, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by May 24th.

No. 1.—**THREE GUINEAS** for the reader who sends the best drawing of his school. There will be ten Consolation Prizes, consisting of Half-yearly Volumes of the "Strand Magazine" and the "Wide World Magazine." Age limit: Twenty.

No. 2.—**TWO GUINEAS** for the reader who sends in the best photograph of his school. Five Consolation Prizes, as above. Age limit: Twenty.

No. 3.—**SIX ENORMOUS STAMP ALBUMS**, the best on the market, for the best "Story of a Stamp." Many stamps have histories, and every ardent collector should be acquainted with these. Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 4.—**TWO GUINEAS** for the best essay entitled, "My Favourite Game." Length not to exceed five hundred words. Age limit: Seventeen.

No. 5.—**TWO GUINEAS** for the best essay on "My Favourite Book." Same length and age limit as No. 4.

No. 6.—**TWO GUINEAS** for an account (limited to five hundred words) of the most exciting five minutes you ever spent in your life. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 7.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best drawing of "An Open Door." Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 8.—**ONE GUINEA** for the longest list of words composed of letters in "Metamorphosis." Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 9.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best list of the twelve most curious surnames you have ever come across. Age limit: Thirteen.

No. 10.—**ONE GUINEA** for the twelve best nicknames you have heard. Each nickname should be accompanied by a few lines explaining why it was given. Age limit: Twelve.

NOTE.—Second prizes of half the amount offered will be awarded in each competition.

"Pipes, and Faces" Competition.

On the adjoining page you will find a number of gentlemen smoking pipes. Smoking is a harmful habit, but all those gentlemen are over twenty-one years of age—some of them a good deal over. By the time a man is twenty-one we generally leave him to judge for himself what is, and what is not, good for him. Well, this is an extra competition. I want to know the "calling" of each of these gentlemen. The pipe and face indicated here belong to, you will observe, a ploughman. Now, I don't want you to tear out the page and send it up in that form; if you do you will be disqualified for mutilating your magazine. If you look among the



A PLOUGHMAN

advertisements you will find, in addition to the ordinary coupon which you must send up with all competitions, a coupon with numbers on it and headed: "Pipes and Faces Competition." Cut this coupon out, and opposite Nos. 1, 2, 3, and so on, write down what you think that particular smoker is—what trade or "calling" he follows. This competition being open to everybody, there is no age limit. We shall be glad to receive lists from centenarians as well as from little boys of ten, kings, queens, convicts, sweeps, dukes, and members of parliament—all may compete. The prize will be goods (whatever you like) as advertised in THE CAPTAIN to the value of £5.

“PIPES
AND
FACES”
COMPETITION.

First Series.



No. 1.



No. 2.



No. 3.



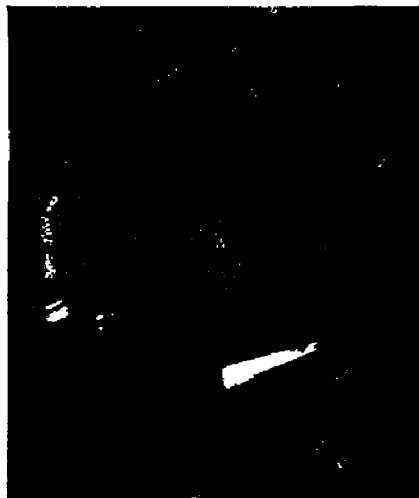
No. 4.



No. 5.



No. 6.



No. 7.

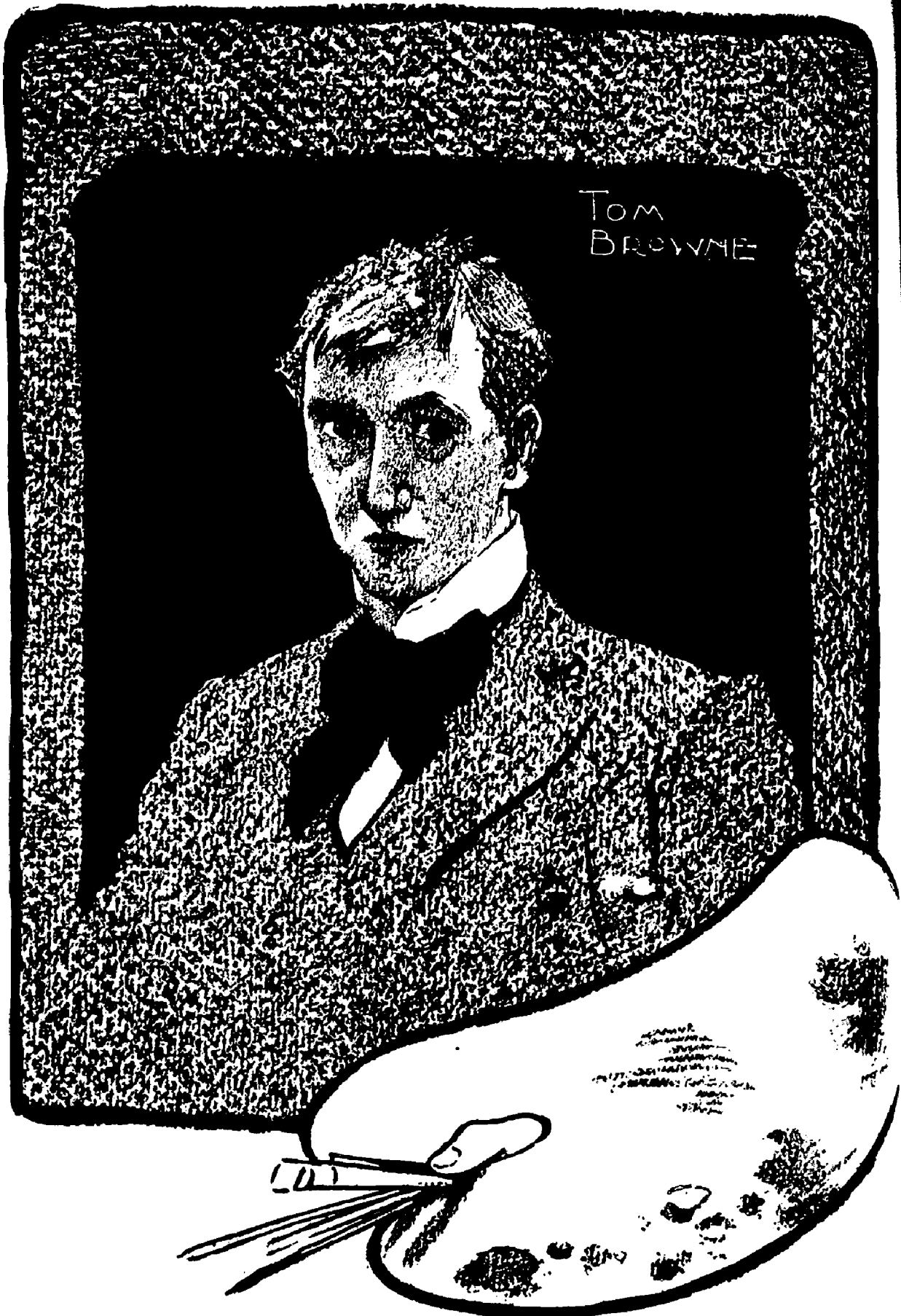


No. 8.

OPEN TO EVERYBODY.

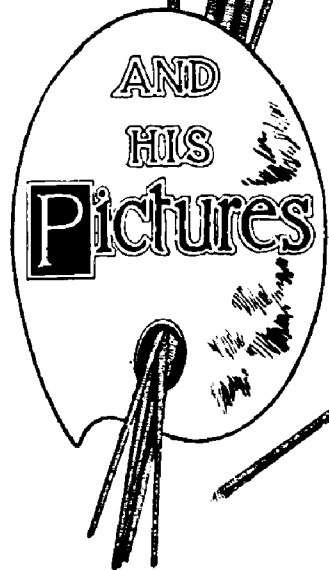
For Conditions see preceding page.

TOM
BROWNE



MR. TOM BROWNE. Drawn by himself for THE CAPTAIN.

Tom Browne



BY THE EDITOR.

TOM BROWNE divides with Phil May the honour of having caused more genuine mirth with his drawings than any other man living. In these pages I am going to tell you what

manner of man this Tom Browne is, how he works, and, better than all, how manfully he has battled his way up to his present position. For it is my intention, from time to time, to set before my boy-readers, big and little, examples of men who, undaunted by adversity, undeterred by lack of luck, have surmounted all obstacles by dint of grit and perseverance. All of us at



"WOLLATON," MR. BROWNE'S RESIDENCE.

times have our despondent fits; we feel that our task is too hard for us—that such and such a trial is beyond our strength. When this mood is on you make haste to read of what others have done under similar circumstances; gather

fresh energy from your perusal; set your teeth and say that you *won't* be beaten—and then you'll win! What astonishes me about Tom Browne is the amount of work he gets through, and the

number of periodicals he contributes to. First you may pick up a sixpenny magazine and find him illustrating a love story, and then you can turn to a number of the *Graphic*, and laugh over his funny full-pages. Next you will encounter his work in dainty papers for ladies, cycling journals galore, penny comics, and half-penny comics. His pictures quite recently raised the sale

of a halfpenny comic paper by three hundred thousand copies in the course of a few months. Then, from the broad faces of hoardings, his "posters" will grin at you; many and many a time you have laughed at Tom Browne's posters



"DONKEYS I HAVE MET."

without being aware that Tom Browne drew them. And, ascending to the pinnacles of art, you will discover Tom Browne's oil paintings in the Royal Academy—well hung on the line, too—for he “exhibits” every year.

To accomplish all this work, “Tom B.” (as he frequently calls himself) must labour early and late. Yet, in spite of the commissions which fill his letter-box, he finds time to take an occasional scamper on his bicycle through Spain or Holland, sketching ceaselessly all the time, filling note-book after note-book with peasants, castles, churches, and animals. Truly an untiring, indefatigable penciller!

But it is time you made his acquaintance, so come along.

Well, a short run from Charing Cross—two hundred special trains being put on to accommodate us—brings us to Westcombe Park



OFF TO MARKET. NEAR GUADALAJARA, SPAIN.

(From a Water Colour Painting.)

(in the Blackheath district), and a short walk over a wind-blown waste to “Wollaton,” Mr. Browne's residence.

“Wollaton” is a big house, but hardly big enough to hold a hundred thousand readers of THE CAPTAIN, so we will say that I dismiss you to take a breather over the wind-blown waste, and myself enter *solus* to interview our host.

Now the popular conception of a comic artist—for Tom Browne is a comic artist by force of circumstances, though a serious one by choice—is either a fat, giggling soul, or a melancholy, cadaverous, grave-digger person. Tom Browne is neither giggling nor grave-digging in appearance. He is, of course, a man in years—being twenty-seven—but hardly more than a big boy in appearance. He is of medium height, and when he is forty he will, I fear, be very plump. At present his bones are merely well covered, and his



SPANISH GIPSIERS.



A MULETEER.

usual dress a grey cycling suit with an artistic cravat.

I pass through a spacious hall—pictures on all sides of me—into his studio, which would make a very comfortable ball-room. I don't think I have ever struck such a comfortable studio as Tom Browne's, although Mr. Hassall's runs it pretty close.

I sit down in a big easy-chair in front of a gigantic stove, and partake of that refreshment which in all climates and countries is necessary to existence. When I had finished the sandwiches Mr. Browne observed in an off-hand way that he left school when he was eleven, and began to earn an honest livelihood by carrying about hats and bonnets for a millinery firm.

"In short," he added candidly, "I became an errand-boy."

"Yes?"

"I tried all sorts of things till I was about fifteen, and then I was apprenticed to a lithographic firm at Nottingham as a designer. It was arranged that I should work a year for nothing, and that afterwards I should receive

a shilling a week, this salary to be raised by eightpence each succeeding year."

"Meanwhile," I demanded, "how did you live?"

"Well," said Mr. Browne, "I didn't live, I existed. I suppose I was tough, anyhow, I stayed alive. After business hours I used to design labels for cigar boxes, and this, of course, brought me in extra money. I used to get a guinea for a coloured label—when I could get one to do, which wasn't often. For a year I worked only in colour, but when I was sixteen somebody suggested to me that I should draw for the comic papers. Hesitatingly, I set about a series, and, to my delight, my maiden effort in black-and-white was accepted by *Scraps*. I was paid thirty shillings for those pictures. I have got them in a scrap book now, and my lasting wonder, as I look at them occasionally, is that

they were ever accepted at all. Well, I stuck at it pretty hard until I was twenty-one and out of my apprenticeship, and then, after two years, 'on my own' in Nottingham, I came up to London to try my fortune. By this time I had secured a



"T. B." BY HASSALL.



▲ DESPERATE CHARACTER.

[From a Water Colour Drawing.]

pretty good footing on comic and other papers, and so I chucked up the lithographic business and devoted myself to black-and-white and painting."

"But did you never have any art training?" I asked, looking round at the walls, and the fine show of pictures upon them.

"Of a sort," he replied. "And I'll tell you what it was.

Towards the end of my Nottingham days, I went to the art school there for a couple of terms. It was a good school in its way, but I didn't like the restraint of it, so, with about a dozen other fellows, I hired a room over some stables up a dark yard, and here we had all kinds of models to work from. We took it in turns to procure models—I would go out one night and rake up an old tramp, or a newspaper boy, or anybody that would come and be drawn for a payment of a shilling or two.

"One night, I may mention, I met a negro—a chap that earned a living by touring round the public-houses chewing glass. I asked him if he would come and stand for us.

"What for, sah?" he inquired.

"To be painted," I replied.

"He looked at me earnestly for some moments, and then demanded:—

"Will it come off?"

"He thought," concluded Tom Browne, with a chuckle, "that we wanted to cover him with paint!"

"Anything else about the stable-studio?" I put in.

"Oh, we had lots of fun up there. We were all very hard up, and couldn't afford to pay anybody to keep the place straight, so we took it in turns to light the fire, sweep the floor, etc. At the finish," added Mr. Browne, in a pathetic voice, "we were turned out for failing to pay our rent."

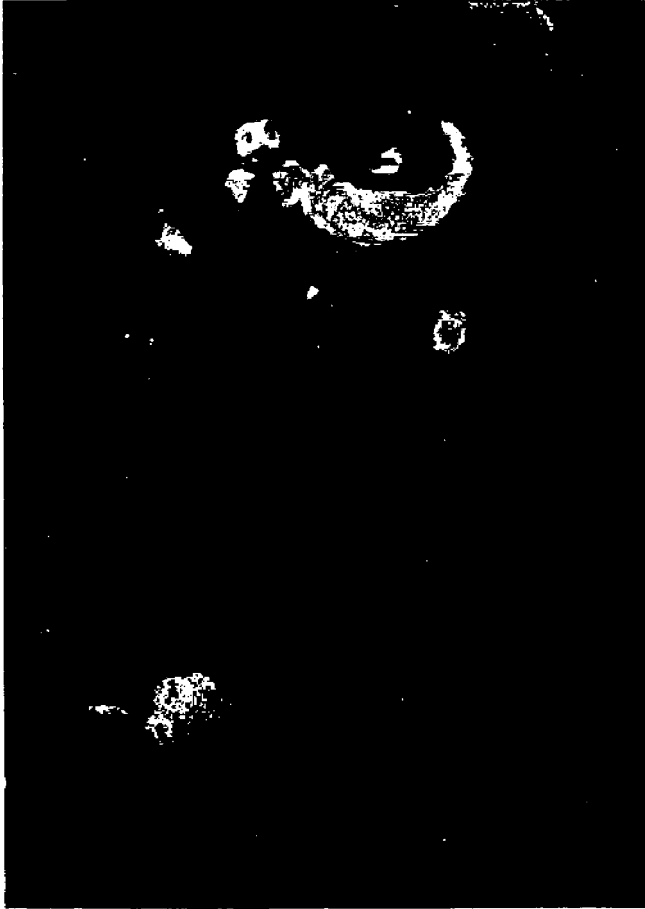
Buckling to, Tom Browne soon made his work and his abilities known to London editors. The best lift he ever had was his introduction to Dudley Hardy, who proposed him as a member for the Langham Sketching Club—a club which did our young friend a lot of good. Here he met a number of brother artists every Friday night, and here they would paint and draw in friendly rivalry, afterwards supping together and making merry as only knights of the brush can. Browne wisely took a house at Greenwich, keeping well away from "town" and those festive friends who are only too prone to "drop in"—as

they mildly put it—when a man has to get a dozen sketches done before the last post goes.

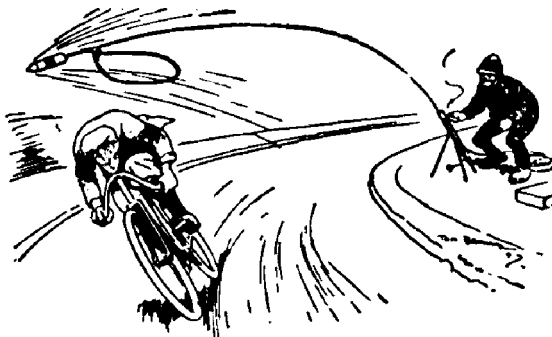
"What sort of hours do you keep now?" I asked him.

"Well," said he, "I must confess that I am not a very early bird. An artist must choose the hours that suit him best. I do nearly all

my comic sketches at night—my painting, of course, by daylight. At times, when I have



DOUBLE DUTCH.
(From a Water Colour Painting.)



CATCHING A SCORCHER.



A SUPPER PARTY AT THE ZOO.

had a great batch of Christmas pictures to do, I have worked right through the night, and only got up from my table at the ringing of the breakfast-bell."

"Play golf?" I asked, knowing that even a comic artist must have a little recreation.

"No; don't play golf or cricket—used to play football. Very fond of rowing, and my latest pursuit in the outdoor line is horse-riding. I have done more cycling than anything. I think I have taken most of the life out of six bicycles and half a tandem. Whenever I can see my way to a holiday I get across the Channel and go for a Continental trip."

"Ridden any great distance?"

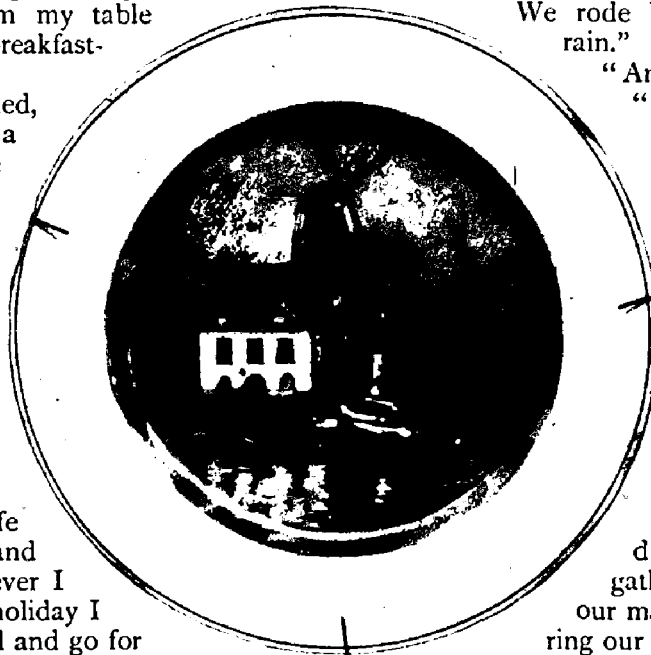
"Well," was the reply, "another man and myself rode from Paris to Gibraltar across the Pyrenees. That

day and all the evening, and had struck no tied us up—fearful roads, very hot weather, very cold weather, and heavy rains. We rode bang through five days rain."

"Any adventures?"

"One or two. Whenever we went into a café to have some food people would crowd in and stand watching us at our meal. If one of us dropped a piece of bread, or knocked over a glass, they would roar with laughter. There was no limit to their curiosity. If we stopped in the marketplace of a town hundreds of people would gather round us, examine our machines, pinch our tyres, ring our bells, and makeim pertinent and insulting remarks.

"But that was nothing! One night we got very near to a scuffle. We had been riding all



WINDMILL AT DELFT, HOLLAND.

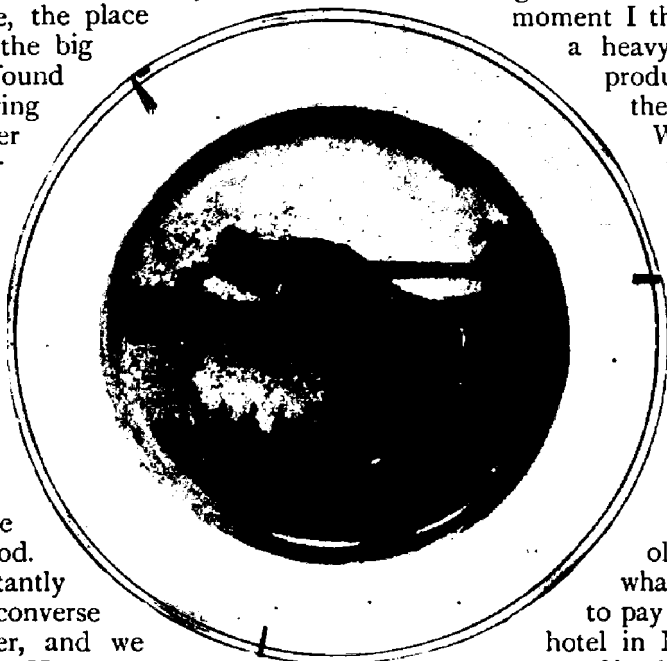
(From a Smoked Plaque.)

town to put up at. At length, at eleven o'clock, when it was almost pitch dark, we reached a tiny village, and soon arrived at the only *posada*, or public-house, the place possessed. Going into the big kitchen of the place we found an old woman preparing some sort of a stew over a great wood fire. After some hesitation she consented to put us up, and we sat down to supper. We had just finished our meal when a dozen or fifteen evil-looking muleteers came in, scowled at us, and then squatted down at the opposite end of the room, where the woman took them food. We saw them look constantly in our direction and converse in low whispers together, and we did not feel comfortable. However, I went on sketching the kitchen. Presently one of them got up, strode across to me, snatched my

sketch out of my hand, and bolted across the kitchen with it. I jumped up, ran after him, and grabbed it back again. For a moment I thought we were in for a heavy row, but my chum produced his revolver, and they simmered down.

When we went to bed we found there was no lock to our door, so we pushed the bed up against it; and lucky it was that we did so, for during the night somebody came softly several times and tried the door. At six o'clock we got up and went off—glad to go without any breakfast. The old hag's bill exceeded what we should have had to pay at the most sumptuous hotel in Madrid.

"Shepherds frequently used to set their dogs at us, and the brutes would run along by us and snap at our legs. Often I would



ON A DUTCH CANAL.

(From a Smoked Plaque.)



CRICKET AT THE ZOO.



CATS I HAVE KNOWN."



"T. B." BY R. SAUBER.

thrust his stick between the spokes of my wheel. It was a wonder that I was not thrown violently off; as it was, I just manoeuvred my machine so as to save myself, and then I hopped off and turned on the coward; but he was away up the hill like a rabbit. There was no protection for us; the few policemen we saw were generally asleep; they never attempted to protect us when we were hustled by curious crowds.

"The bull-fights especially disgusted me. I saw fifteen horses gored at one fight. It was horrible to see the Spanish ladies eating and drinking and laughing together while those horses were being cruelly done to death by the bull's horns. To such an extent has the idea spread that even the little children 'bull-fight' in play—one being the bull and the others charging at it, pick-a-back fashion. They are a horrible, ignorant,

have shot them if I'd had my revolver handy, but as it was rather big for my pocket I kept it in my knapsack, and many a Spanish cur owed its life to that circumstance, I can assure you.

"We were annoyed in various ways. Once as I was coasting down a hill a man coming up deliberately

filthy people—the Spanish—and treacherous into the bargain.

"I can tell you I was very pleased to reach Gibraltar. I got so sick of hearing nothing but Spanish—Spanish. I only met one man in Spain who could talk English well. I met one man who spoke a little broken English, a pure Spaniard, whose name was *William Green!* Can't tell you how he came by the name. Well, when I got to Gibraltar I was so glad to be in English territory again that I could have kissed the first English sentry I saw. I blessed the sight of his red coat and honest English face. No, I don't want to go cycling in Spain again just yet."



"T. B." BY FRANK CHESWORTH.



HIGHWAY ROBBERY.



IN A SPANISH POSADA.

CAPTAIN who feel that they would like to make a living by drawing funny pictures?"

Mr. Browne looked doubtful.

"The worst of it is," he replied, "that heaps of fellows who can't draw a bit think they are tremendous swells at it. Their aunts and sisters

Such were Tom Browne's Spanish experiences. No wonder we were glad when America gave Spain such a thrashing in the recent war!

"Now, have you any advice," I observed, "to give to those readers of THE



what a young fellow ought to do in order to make bread and cheese with his pen or brush. Well, even while he is at the art school he can be doing sketches for the papers and sending them round. He mustn't be discouraged by rebuffs. He must go on sending and sending until his work is accepted. Once anything of his has been taken by an editor, he should follow it up with something equally good, and keep himself before that editor's eye. There's nothing like sticking at

tell them they are so often that, in time, they come to believe it. But if a fellow really has talent, and wishes to pursue black-and-white art as a profession, he should begin by putting in three years at an art school."

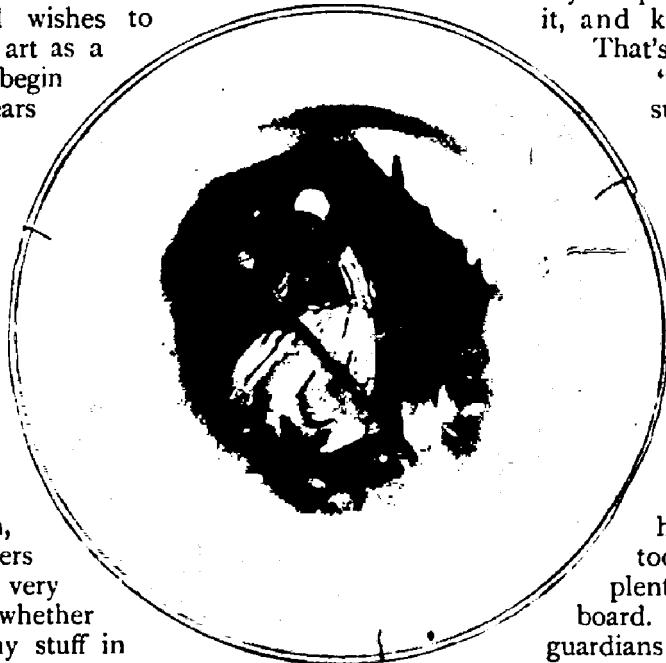
"And how are these schools to be found?"

"They are all advertised in the various art journals, such as the *Studio*, the *Artist*, the *Magazine of Art*, etc. There are schools in all the big provincial centres, such as Birmingham, Manchester, Edinburgh, Bristol, etc. The masters at such schools will very soon be able to tell whether a young fellow has any stuff in him. Of course, people go to art schools to while away their time, just as they go to the musical academies, and you generally find a lot of duffers among them. However, you were asking about

it. The faint-hearted man soon gets shouldered out by the persevering one. Stick at it, and keep your pecker up. That's my advice."

"Good advice, too. But suppose a chap's people insist on his reading for the Civil Service, going to the 'Varsity, or occupying a high stool in the city?"

"Then," said Browne, promptly, "let him, like a man, do what he has to do with all his might. In his leisure time he can draw as much as he likes — yes — and bang his pictures at editors, too, if his salary will run to plenty of stamps and cardboard. If a fellow's parents or guardians decide that he must not be an artist, he must bow to the inevitable, and become as efficient as possible in whatever profession they choose for him. I'm not trying to 'jaw,' concluded Tom Browne, with a smile, "I'm



A MARKET GIRL, HOLLAND.
(From a Smoked Plaque.)

just talking sense. Many a good man has gone amuck by thinking himself an artist born, and neglecting work he really could do for painting or black-and-white—which he couldn't do."

Roaming round the studio, looking at this picture and at that, and listening to Browne's running commentary on the same, I arrived at a big board with paper pinned on to it. Browne picked up a bit of black chalk, passed it up and down the board, and there, the result of a few rapid strokes, was a picture of myself—a comic one, of course, for it represented your Old Fag—your dignified Old Fag—executing a giddy step-dance on a table.

"Why!" I cried, "you might give an entertainment. You could keep a big audience roaring. Why don't you?"

"I may some day," he answered, "but at present I've too much to do here. I did actually appear on a platform once, and I'll tell you about it. I was attending a village concert not long ago in the Nottingham district. They were a bit short of 'artists,' and so a friend of mine approached me and asked me if I would 'do something.' I declined at first, but he was so pressing that at last I said I would if he promised not to disclose my name. So he went and whispered to the vicar, and, to my astonishment, the vicar, who was in the chair, arose and announced, quite gravely, that Monsieur Le Brun, a French artist travelling in England, had kindly consented to give an entertainment on the blackboard. He meant *me!* I tumbled to the joke, and getting on to the platform, executed in chalk a number of little pictures, portraits, etc., finishing up with a caricature of the vicar himself. The audience shouted with glee, and the good vicar himself

laughed as much as anyone. The joke was kept up, and to this day the worthy people in that little village tell their friends about the funny Frenchman who came and drew comic pictures on the blackboard!"

I should have obtained some more stories, but time was rushing on, and it was Friday night—the night upon which the members of the London Sketch Club (of which Mr. Browne is a "leading light,") meet at the Modern Gallery, in Bond Street, and do a "two-hours" drawing of a fixed subject. The drawings are then ranged round the walls, and the company inspects and criticises. We reproduce the programme of a London Sketch Club smoking concert. The gentleman with the long hair and bristling moustache is Mr. George Haité—who, by the way, designed the cover of the *Strand Magazine*; above him, smoking a big cigar, is Phil May, and in the front row are Sauber, Cecil Aldin, and Browne himself. We are indebted to several of his brother members for portraits of "Tom B.," by the way. Elsewhere, you can pick out Sir James Linton, Hassall, Dudley Hardy, and numerous other artists, as well as "literary members" like Conan Doyle, Guy Boothby, Robert Barr, W. Pett Ridge, and, in a dark corner, no less a member than the Old Fag, who is sitting well away from the treasurer because he hasn't paid his subscription.

In this pleasant company we will leave Tom Browne, trusting he will have a pleasant time of it.

Those of my readers who are ambitious to be artists might do worse than remember "Tom B.'s" modest, boyish efforts. He doesn't design labels for cigar-boxes now, but he was pleased enough to do them—once upon a time!





The Sauciest Boy in the Service

BY GORDON STABLES. M.D.R.N.

Illustrated by Stewart Browne.

The officer in command told him off for some duty.

"Very good, sir," said Hank, saluting.

"Very good?" thundered the captain. "How do you know whether it is good or not? Down below, under arrest, sir, at once!"

Hank had gone below, but forgetting, apparently, all about the arrest, came on deck the same day to keep his watch as usual. Captain Fuego saw him and smiled; he, too, forgot about the arrest—apparently.

Fuego was a very tall and smart officer, but a stickler for service. Raw-boned he was, long-waisted, swinging in gait, and not always pleasant. But he was the soul of the ship, and everybody respected him for his ability.

It was believed among the gun-room fellows, nevertheless, that he had his knife into Hank.

But the droll thing is, that it didn't seem to trouble Hank one little bit. Nor did the opinion of the ward-room fellows either.

Lieutenant Storr paused in the doorway one evening until his servant relieved him of his wet and shiny cape, for he had been keeping the first dog-watch, and it was blowing "a sneezer." There was a smile on his wet, red face as he mopped it.

"Laughing at anything, Storr?"

"Not much. Only some remark that young dog Woolmer made."

"Well," said the chief engineer, closing his book, "I rather like Hank. He's a saucy lad. What say you, doc.?"

"Eh? What? Oh, yes, to be sure; I like a saucy youngster, too, so long as you can draw the line betwixt sauciness and cheek. Now," continued the doctor, "I'll give you an

THERE WAS some difference of opinion among the ward-room officers of the United States gunboat *Breezy* concerning the personality of young Hank Woolmer. For it is a well-known fact that the seniors

on board a man-o'-war do sometimes condescend to discuss the characters of their juniors—when they have nothing more interesting to talk about. Hank was a midshipman,* or rather a midship-mite, for he was small even for his fifteen years, but well set up, with a bold face; handsome, square-jawed, and blue-eyed. He had little hands and feet, and so it was said that Hank had good old Massachusetts blood in his veins. I don't know much about that, but he had the grit that tells in a true sailor. Once or twice when the captain himself had given him an order during this very cruise off Cuba in search of the Don, Hank had dared to tighten his fist and lower his brows as if thinking, instead of answering "Ay, ay, sir," right off the reel. Thinking? The idea of a midshipman having the audacity to think! But Hank had been guilty of even a greater offence on one occasion.

* I have called the hero a "midshipman" in order that English readers may know his rank. In the U.S. Navy he is known as an "ensign." He enters as a cadet, rises to ensign, thence to sub-lieutenant and lieutenant.—G. S.

example. My jolly old friend, Captain Dawson, and I were driving into Baltimore one day last fall. We were going for shopping and for fun, just. Well, old Dawson likes a drop, you know, and when he is half-seas-over he lets his money fly anyhow. On this particular day, however, he promised to be very good. He gave me his purse to keep, and would have

"Ay, and the lad took it, too. I had positively to pay two dollars to buy my friend's watch back! Now that wasn't a saucy boy, but a cheeky one."

"I don't think," said Storr, "that Hank is cheeky. He has all the cockiness of a lad in his teens, that's all; and mind, he hasn't been a dog-watch in the service yet."

"That's right," said the engineer, "stick up for your boys, Storr. Hank Woolmer may come to something yet."

"The gallows, very likely," grunted the doctor. And no more was said.



U.S. GUNBOAT "BREEZY."

nothing but what I allowed him. All went right—and I didn't let him die of thirst, either—till we entered a shop to make a purchase. A merry-faced, good-looking youngster came in soon after on a similar errand.

"'Doc.,' said Dawson, 'that boy looks saucy. I do like a saucy boy; he feels his helm. Doctor, give the lad a dollar.'

"'Dawson,' I said severely, 'don't be a jackass!'

"The jolly captain unfastened his gold watch at once and gave it to the boy. 'Keep this, my boy,' he said, 'in memory of me.'

Hank wasn't really first fiddle in the gun-room mess. There were two or three of higher rank, especially a very big, hairy midshipman, who should have been promoted long ago, but somehow wasn't. But Hank really played first fiddle all the same. He made the cadets fag for him, and he teased the big fellow till he used to say his life wasn't worth shucks. But the hairy midshipman was exceedingly good tempered and happy, in spite of all.

There had never been much fun on shore at Key West before the war-cloud burst that Hank hadn't a hand in; never any jollity on

board that Hank didn't boss; he led the singing of an evening, and composed the verses to music-hall ditties, daring even to introduce the names of every ward-room officer according to his merits. If there was a sparring match on, Hank was *judex*, and held the jackets. In a broadsword duel, Hank was referee. He was a crack at ship's quoits or billiards, and even invented ship's "hare and hounds," and nobody was ever more nimble at leap-frog in half a gale of wind than this saucy boy. He even got the first luff's consent for the gun-room fellows to revive the old game of "Follow your leader," and Hank himself led the way. There is far more fun in this on board a modern cruiser than ever there was in an old line of battle ship in our granddaddies' days.

But, mind you, Hank, with all his fun, was serious in church, and a good singer, and at drill he was also all there. It was believed that the skipper watched a chance to bowl him out, but that chance didn't come.

Between you and me and the binnacle, reader, I was a British war correspondent on board the *Breezy* for a time, but as I hadn't got leave from Whitehall, London, you must not tell. Only that is how I came to know Hank. And I liked the lad.

There was no end to Hank's practical joking, and he really was blamed for more than he did. But I know for certain that he got something from the sick-bay-man, and put the ship's cat—a big, bonnie black one—asleep, and that evening the captain found her with a frilled

night-cap on, in his bed with her head on the pillow.

There was a huge baboon on board—a ship's pet—and one moonlight night, when Captain Fuego came up, he found Hank and the baboon staggering up and down the deck. Jacko was dressed as a girl of the period, and both appeared very drunk. Hank was a splendid actor, and on this occasion his acting really imposed upon the skipper himself, especially when Hank and the young lady fell in the lee scuppers. "*Hic jaceo*," hiccupped Hank, when a middy, who was in the know, pretended to rouse him. "*Hic!—hic!—hic jaceo!*"

Then he was carried below; but when Captain Fuego found out it was all fun, he laughed as heartily as anybody.

* * *

It had been a long and weary time for the officers of the U. S. A. while the ships lay at anchor near to Key West—a cluster of islands situated well to the south'ard of Florida, and a capital lair for sea-tigers to crouch in just before a spring.

But the time for a spring came at last; war was declared against the tyrant Spain. Then, on that morning when signals were seen flying on the flag-ship and on every war-ship in the brave fleet—O Honolulu, lads, what a stir, excitement, and commotion! It took the beholder quite aback, as a white squall catches a ship in the Indian Ocean.

Men and officers were ordered on board at once, while guns roared out to hurry



HANK AND THE BABOON STAGGERING UP AND DOWN THE DECK.

them. And they didn't need two biddings, I can assure you, for :—

The spirit of their fathers
Seemed to start from every wave ;
For the deck it was their field of fame,
The ocean was their grave.

It was at midnight on April 22nd, 1898, that the great news first reached the fleet ; at 9.30 a.m. it was under weigh, full speed for Havana and Cuba. That fleet was on a glorious mission—to drag the savage hands of the Spaniard from the neck of its victim, to hurl the murderer back, and exact life for life, and blood for blood.

But the *Breezy* had been doing duty for many, many days around the blockaded coast, and the enthusiasm had in some degree subsided. It was but like the banked fires, however, beneath the engines of a man-o'-war, ready to leap up at a moment's notice and burn as brightly as before.

Every vessel that could be spared from the blockading of great and important ports, or watching for the arrival of the Spanish fleet, which was to do such wonders—but didn't—was sent to cruise around the coast and capture prizes wherever they could, and to give the enemy just as bad times as they knew how to.

The men of the *Breezy* had been frequently in chase, and had already overhauled a Don or two. There is certainly no more exciting game at sea than this chasing of vessels, that may or may not turn out to be prizes ; that may be caught, but may escape. At such times as these, sailors know full well the truth of the old saying, "that there is many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip." I have seen,

while cruising, vessels almost within range of the bow-chasers, when perhaps a slight breakdown occurred on board of us, and the chase gave us a derisive and farewell cheer. Even a sudden squall may at times alter matters so that a ship just hauling down her flag hoists it merrily once again, and goes flying away like a bird on the main ; for at sea there is nothing certain save the unexpected.



"DRIVE me TO SEE him!" CRIED HANK.

One day the *Breezy* swung suddenly round a point, and came in sight of the little town of C—, off Pinar del Rio.

"That's the place," said the captain ; "that's it, Mr. Storr. We shall capture it. We shall bombard if they don't surrender."

In a quarter of an hour the gunboat was at anchor in the bonnie blue bay, about a mile and a-half from the shore.

There was a bar in yonder, with white waves thundering like avalanches thereon. But there was also an opening, and through this Hank Woolmer steered his armed boat, and boldly beached her. Hank had been selected by Storr somewhat against the captain's wish, but Storr stuck to his own opinion, like the brave, independent American that he was. He believed in Hank ; besides, the lad, though young, had a fair knowledge of the Don's lan-

guage, having been on this coast before to-day.

No doubt, as the boat sped onwards to the shore, the boy's heart was swelling with honest pride. To him it seemed a glorious little enterprise, and one which was not without a spice of danger either ; yet he meant to do his duty at all hazards. His men were few, but they were armed to the teeth, although no such thing as fighting was anticipated.

There was not only danger in this expedition, but a touch of romance as well, for, let it be whispered, Hank had a little sweetheart far away in Massachusetts, and wore her miniature on a blue ribbon around his neck, so no wonder he felt somewhat as knights of old must have done. He would have taken the miniature out and kissed it, but he was coxswain as well as commander, and held the steering ribbons.

"Way enough! Oars!" cried Hank. "Up with her, lads, high and dry. Two men to come with me, the rest to guard the boat and keep that flag flying!"

"Ay, ay, sir; never fear for the flag!" shouted one of the sailors.

It was a strange bit of a town this, half-buried in bush and trees, with hills and woods rising beautifully up in the background, a queer, wee church, and a fortress. It was towards this latter that Hank now moved, his left hand on his side arms.

He was received just a trifle haughtily, yet with true Spanish politeness, by the captain in charge of the troops. Would he not walk in? Hank did; then, turning to the officer, and drawing himself up to his full height of five feet nothing:—

"I stand here, señor," he said loftily, "as the representative of the United States of America. Yonder is my ship, and I have come to demand the surrender of this town and fort, and the possession of all arms. I would see the governor."

"*Amigo mio!*" exclaimed the captain, smiling a trifle amusedly at Hank's theatrical air. "The governor is at P——, four miles in the interior. I am sorry, but I can get a little chariot and drive you to see him, señor captain."

"Drive me to see him!" cried Hank, stamping his little foot. "Is it *thus* you would insult the dignity of a Great Power, and me, its representative? No, señor captain, you shall send for him. And immediately!"

He pulled out his grandfather's watch as he spoke. "I will give him two hours and five minutes to be here. If not before me in that time, I shall at once proceed to bombard your town and port!"

The officer looked a little more serious now.

"Your orders shall be obeyed," he said.

Hank pulled back to the ship now, and reported how matters stood, and in two hours more was again at the port.

The governor was there waiting. He was a quiet, self-possessed man. He was willing, he said, to enter into *pour-parlers*, but it would take some little time. "To-morrow," he suggested.

"To-morrow be hanged!" cried this impulsive youngster. "Listen, sir. I shall give you half-an-hour. If by that time I receive not your submission I shall open fire and blow you sky high. There!"

Poor Hank! Little did he know what was to happen in that half-hour. For ten minutes had not gone before a squall swept down from the hills, ending in a perfect hurricane. The *Breezy* had to get up anchor in all haste and steam out to sea, and the bold midddy found himself and men prisoners in the fort. There were one hundred soldiers at least in the place, so the representative of the United States of America had to yield to the force of circumstances and the fortune of war.

"If," said the governor, looking kindly down on Hank, "you will give me your *palabra de honor*, you shall dine and wine with me. I have children of my own!"

Hank flushed scarlet.

"You insult the dignity of America," he cried. "I will give no *parole*, nor will I dine and wine with my country's foe. Lead me to my dungeon!"

"As you wish, boy; but you will find your accommodation more limited than I could have otherwise offered you."

It was, indeed, limited. A strong little room in the fort, with no other companions, save the rats and beetles!

And all that night, and all the next day, the storm raged and howled. Luckily, the fort stood on an eminence, and from his narrow, barred window Hank had an excellent view of the ocean.

And surely never did any sailor, marooned on desert isle, long more for the reappearance of his ship than did poor Hank for his.

It was four long days, however, before the *Breezy* once more appeared in the bay, and even then, not knowing the whereabouts of Hank and his men, the captain was afraid to bombard.

All around the fort now the excitement was intense. Drums were beating, bugles blowing, and arms clanking, and it was evident that the Spaniards were determined to make a fierce resistance.

Hank could see also that trenches had been dug, and were manned. Then he saw boats lowered from the *Breezy*, and as soon as they forced the bar the battle began.

It was the first real fight Hank had ever seen, and he positively burned to be in it.

Despite the fusillade and the big guns, the brave bluejackets landed. Hank could hear their wild cheer as they dashed onwards to the trench.

He saw men fall, too; then—why, then he forced his prison—no difficult task, and found himself free. The barrack was deserted, but arms were left piled here and there. Hardly knowing what he did, Hank, with a

Hank was killed. Fell, shot through the chest, at his captain's feet.

We took him to the rear and laid him on the grass tenderly. Poor boy! I daresay he had a mother who loved him.



"*Hic jaceo!*" HE MURMURED.

rifle, hurried to the men's prison, and a few sturdy blows set all hands free.

"Hurrah, lads! Hurrah!" shouted the midddy. "Arm, and follow me!"

These ten bold Yankee sailors—though one was but a boy—now attacked the Dons in the rear, and in a few minutes' time they were flying for their lives.

In the din and confusion of an action like this, it is difficult to describe exactly what happens. I have the captain's own word for it, however, that at the very moment when Hank, rifle in hand, rushed into the trench, he—the captain—slipped and fell. A *machete* was instantly at his neck, and it was Hank's brave arm that parried the blow and saved his life.

Alas! for our saucy boy! Alas! I may add, for this story's sad ending! but truth is truth, and war is war.

I do not think that Hank ever recovered consciousness. Does it detract, I wonder, from the pathos of real tragedy, that there is often something akin to the ludicrous side by side therewith? There was in this case, for, as the dying boy lay in the shade of banana bushes, we bending over him, something like a smile was seen on his face.

"*Hic jaceo!*" he murmured.

In his thoughts, or his dying dream, he was back on board the *Breezy* acting his part with Jacko, the baboon.

Hank was buried at sea, and, as his hammock slid off the grating, I saw tears in the captain's eyes.

Then he quickly gave the order, "Pipe down!" And duty on board went on as before.

TONBRIDGE

SCHOOL

CAPTAINS



F.J. Wrottesley



GIGGLESWICK
S. Jackson



CHELTEMHAM
R.S. Brooke



SHREWSBURY
D. Cooke



WIMBLEDON
Clarence E. Rolfe



GLENALFOND
R.A.H. Robertson



MALVERN
M.B. Williams



HAILSBURY COLLEGE
A.H. Spooner

(THIRD SERIES.)

PERSEVERANCE.

THAT which we are, we are ;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in
will,
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

TENNYSON.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to for-
tune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
is bound in shallows and in miseries.

SHAKESPEARE.

·What is that, mother?"

“The eagle, boy,

Proudly careering his course of joy,
Firm on his own mountain vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying ;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun ;
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward,
right on.

Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine—
Onward and upward, true to the line !”

G. W. DOANE.

Bound on a voyage of awful length,
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.
But oars alone can ne'er prevail,
To reach the distant coast ;
The breath of Heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

COWPER.

They can conquer who believe they can.

VIRGIL.

The surest way not to fail is to determine to
succeed.

SHERIDAN.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

LONGFELLOW.

The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore,
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

LONGFELLOW.

A greater name
The list of glory boasts not. Toil and pain,
Famine, and hostile elements, and hosts
Embattled, failed to check him in his course—
Not to be wearied, not to be deterred,
Not to be overcome.

And wealth and power and fame were his
rewards.

SOUTHEY.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those ;
But Heaven's just balance equal will appear
While those are placed in hope, and these in
fear ;

Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.
O sons of earth ! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains piled on mountains, to the skies !

POPE.

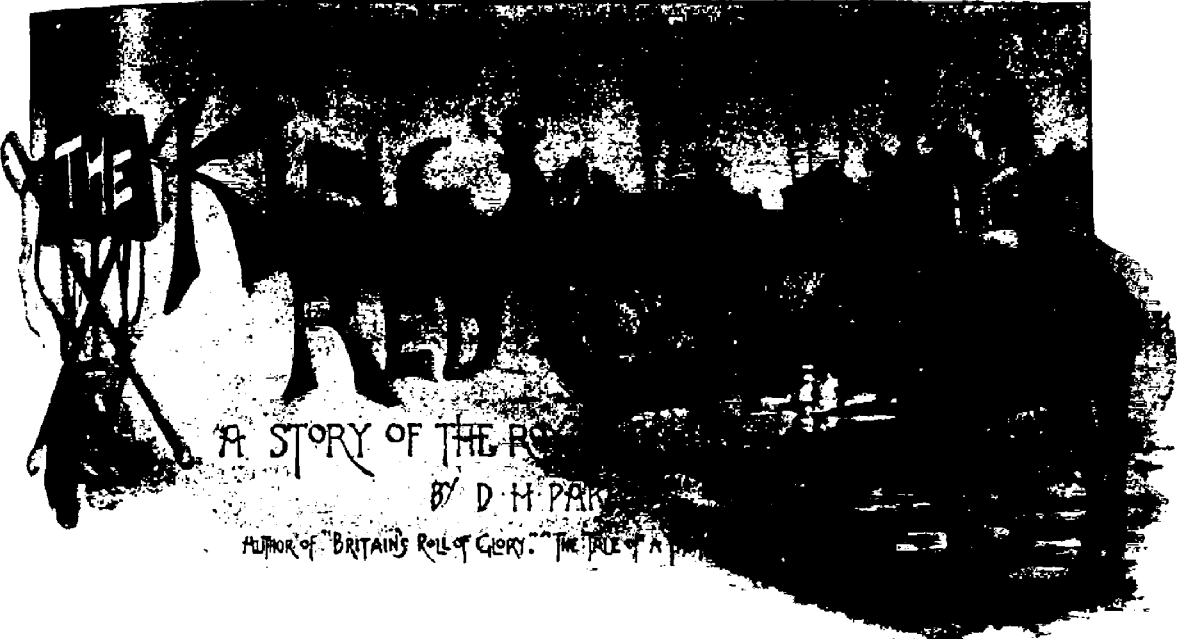
Courage ! my brother or my sister !
Keep on ! Liberty is to be subserved, what-
ever occurs ;

There is nothing that is quelled by one or
two failures, or any number of failures.

WALT WHITMAN.



WILL'S HAND WENT UP TO HIS FOREHEAD AS THE CAPTAIN SALUTED THE FOREMOST HORSEMAN.—(See page 258.)



THE

A STORY OF THE ROYAL DRAGOONS

BY D. H. PARK

AUTHOR OF "BRITAIN'S ROLL OF GLORY," "THE TALE OF A

SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—VI.)

It is the period of the great Peninsular War, and Will Mortimer, the hero, is home from Westminster School for the holidays. He is wild to go a-soldiering, and the presence of a recruiting party in the village adds fuel to his desire; but his father, Squire Mortimer, will have none of it, and Will makes up his mind to enlist. News of the victory of Salamanca arrives by the coach. The village turns out, and Will, imploring his father for the last time, learns that the dear old pater has bought him a cavalry commission! The same night down comes his uncle, Dick Datchett, a dashing captain in the 10th Hussars, with the announcement that Will has been gazetted cornet in the 1st Royal Dragoons, then serving in Spain, and that he must start at once for the seat of war. Captain Datchett is going with him, and, after a few hasty preparations, they ride away to London with the Squire, who has presented Will with a favourite black mare, Ladybird, which is to share his fortunes for good or ill. Will Mortimer is rigged out with a uniform, and with all possible speed accompanies his uncle to Spain. Heavy weather overtakes them as they are journeying across country to join the English army, and they seek shelter in some out-buildings of a farm. Here they are discovered by a squadron of French cavalry, by whose officer they are called upon to surrender. They refuse; whereupon the officer orders his men to break down the stable door. Mortimer and his uncle, it should be explained, have climbed into the loft over the stable.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STORMING OF THE LOFT.

"COME along Will, old chap," said Dick Datchett briskly. "We're going to have what the French call a 'bad quarter of an hour,' but if we can drag this ladder up we'll snap our fingers at them for a time, anyway."

"But the horses?" cried Will.

"Can't be helped, boy," and the captain frowned.

"If they carry them off, well, as I said just now, it's the fortune of war; if they carry us off it'll be the mischief to pay. So bear a hand; that door won't hold out long!"

Will, looking down at Ladybird immediately below, set his teeth hard, and grasped the ladder with something very like a groan.

"Now, both together—heave!" said the captain. "Again—another one!" and the lower end of the clumsy affair came away suddenly from the clay floor in which it had been embedded.

"That's good—up with it; gently, or you'll have me over. Good again, yo ho! Do you hear that door giving? Now, then, put your back into it—yo, heave ho! I'm nothing if I'm not nautical." And they hauled the ladder up, hand over hand, until the clatter of tiles told them that one end had gone through the roof.

"Never mind! Up with it!" cried the captain. "Another six inches, and we'll stand it on the floor. There—couldn't be better. Now let's have a look at them. They've got a battering-ram to work, from the row they're making."

They went to the window, and saw half-a-dozen troopers with a beam, Sergeant Grogowski coaching them like the captain of a team at tug-of-war, the barricade trembling at every stroke.

"Shall we fire on them now?" said Will, rather pale at the prospect, but very resolute.

"Not yet," replied his uncle, who was gazing into the sunrise intently. "Look yonder, straight over the heads of their videttes. Do you see anything, or is it only the outline of the forest?"

Will followed the direction of the hussar's finger, and five blows thundered on the barn-door before he replied.

"Yes, I see something, and it is moving. It is like a dark shadow, and every now and then there are little sparkles of light along the top of it. What is it?"

"The sun on the bayonets of marching troops," said the hussar in a low voice. "Listen, Will; those lancers who are on the watch are on lower ground, and cannot have seen them yet. The

moment they do so we shall know by their action whether they are French or English. If the former, we must surrender to these fellows with a good grace; but if they are our own people, we'll laugh at Mr. Zaminski and his north wind, for every minute is bringing them closer within earshot."

Will's eyes danced as they followed the grey mass, moving slowly among the mists that were steaming like smoke from the sodden plain, but the uproar in the courtyard made him forget the possible succour that was half a mile away in the actual danger that lay at their very feet.

The major had dismounted, and stood with his long legs wide apart, lighting his pipe, his curved sabre dangling from his wrist by the sword-knot—a picture of provoking coolness.

"Jove, I should like to wing him for his impudence!" muttered Dick Datchett. "Those men absolutely do not understand the meaning of fear." And he was right, the Poles in the service of Napoleon being popularly known as "the bravest men and the greatest liars" in the army.

"Ha!" said the major, looking up and nodding. "There you are again. But why give us all this trouble? You will have to come out in the end, my friends."

"We shall see," replied Captain Dick, in the same tone of good-humoured banter. "There is no hurry, and I am nothing if I'm not deliberate."

"How?" said the major, evidently in doubt, to one of his brother officers. "He-is-nothing-if-he-is-not-deliberate? I see, he makes game of us, the *coquin*! It is unwise to make game of the Chef d'escadron Zaminski, *monsieur*. There was once a man who tried to do so. Yes, he was 14th of the line, and a great swordsman—but—" and the major shrugged his silver epaulettes.

"But what?" asked Dick Datchett, politely, with a wink at Will.

"He died!" said the major, apologetically; and just then the two sergeants, assisted by the

troopers with the beam, made a breach in the barricade.

As a matter of fact the entire door gave way with a crash, and it sounded like a hollow peal of thunder as timber and stones rolled into the barn, and a huge cloud of dust floated out on the misty morning.

The Sergeant Grogowski, anxious to retrieve his neglect of the previous night, sprang boldly in, but immediately jumped back again, with good reason, for the dim interior was apparently full of rushing horses, as Ladybird and her companion careered terrified round the building, making noise enough for a regiment; and, before the lancers realised what was happening, out bounded the mare with

a loud squeal, followed by Datchett's charger.

Up on her hind legs she reared, then down went her head, and the iron heels lashed violently at the lancers, while Dick's horse took Major Zaminski full in the chest with both knees, bowling him backward into a pool of rain-water.

Then, with another squeal of terror, Ladybird tore off for the archway at the other end of the yard. The hussar's scarlet saddle-cloth whisked for a moment as the brown horse thundered after her, and before the squadron could do anything to stop

them the horses were free, and away into the open country!

"Death of my life!" roared the major, getting up in a horrible condition both of mind and body. "You laugh, rascals—very well!" And muttering untranslatable things in Polish, he rushed into the barn with his men.

Dick Datchett cast a quick glance in the direction of the mysterious column, but it was no longer visible! "We're in for it now, boy. Good thing that ladder is out of their reach!" he said. "Don't show yourself—they may fire!" And, approaching the square hole in the floor, the two English officers peeped down.

Underneath, in the uncertain light of the barn,



OUT BOUNDED THE MARE WITH A LOUD SQUEAL, FOLLOWED BY DATCHETT'S CHARGER.

the major had come to a stand, immediately below the opening, and there, about 18ft. from the hole, were a dozen fierce faces, all turned upwards, with varying expressions of baffled anger, and, mingled with the faces, the steely glitter of lance points and sabres.

There was a momentary pause, each party regarding the other intently for about the space of a deep breath, and then Dick Datchett, having measured the distance with his eye, called out sarcastically, "Won't you come up, *monsieur*?"

"*Oui*—I am coming," retorted Zaminski. "Some of you bring those ladders from the house yonder. This has lasted long enough!"

While several men ran across the courtyard, the major and the other officers withdrew to the far end of the barn, out of range of Dick Datchett's pistols, and Will looked at his uncle.

"Ha, ha!" chuckled that irrepressible gentleman, to Will's astonishment. "Did your hear that, Will?—*les échelles*—ladders, my boy. They are going to arrange a little Badajos for our special benefit, but, do you mark it, Will—they don't fire? Here's this floor as full of cracks as a girl of fancies; nothing easier than to pick us off, but they don't do it—and they've posted a man on the wall, see, to watch the videttes."

Will drew his long sword, and, unfastening the belt, placed the scabbard in a corner, as the hussar was doing.

"Now, old chap," said his uncle, "here they come, and we're going to get it hot. Remember to give point, and keep your eyes open for a thrust through the nicks in the boards—they have a big pull with those lances!"

"Say when I'm to fire, uncle!" said Will, who felt a strong desire to keep on swallowing something that wouldn't go down.

"Never mind that," said Captain Dick. "Reserve your shots in case they get a footing—which they won't." And, avoiding the most dangerous of the crevices in the rotten planking, Dick Datchett took his stand on one side of the trap, motioning his nephew to guard the other.

"This way!" cried the Chef d'escadron Zaminski to the men with the ladders, who now entered the barn. "Someone give me a lance—*à la fois*, to be beard by two spies in this manner—it is intolerable!"

At the word "spies," Datchett's face grew serious. Propelled by strong arms, the end of the first ladder was thrust through the hole and protruded a couple of feet into the loft.

It was followed by a red and white pennon and vicious spear-head, as Major Zaminski scrambled up like a cat, his yellow moustache bristling.

As Captain Datchett drew back his arm for a stroke, there was a flash of steel in the sunlight, and Will's sword cleft the lance in twain, and shred away the silver tassels from Zaminski's helmet.

"Good!" said the hussar, at the same time plunging his sabre downwards.

"*Sacristi!*" snarled the major, sliding to the ground. "The accursed shopkeeper has cut off my ear!"

No sooner was the wounded major clear of the ladder than Sergeant Grogowski mounted, two rungs at a stride, guarding his head with his sword and breathing heavily through his nose.

"Look out, Will! Here comes a wary one," said the captain, and he had barely time to spring back, when the sergeant's blade circled round the opening with a force that would have lamed him for life—as it was, it cut the grey pantaloons he was wearing, and Grogowski got his shoulders on a level with the floor.

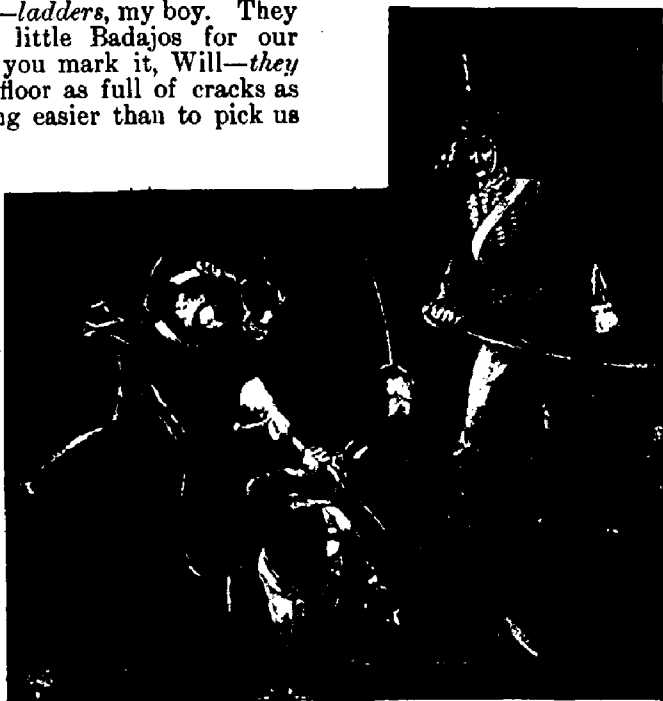
Will saw the sergeant's strong, soldierly face, with a moustache grizzled by active service—the high yellow collar and broad plastron, and the blue arm sweeping the curved sword, while the fingers of his left hand grasped the top of the ladder; then the point of the lad's blade pierced

his throat until it passed out at the back of his neck, and there was a momentary vision of hideous agony, of two hands wildly clutching at the pitiless sword; the hiss of air escaping from the severed windpipe—and once more the ladder was empty, as a dying man rolled into the gulf below.

A sob burst from Will's lips—he had taken life for the first time; but Captain Dick exclaimed very sternly: "Stop that, youngster! You'll have to get used to your trade, and, deuce take it, if you're ever likely to have a smarter lesson!"

There was a great bubbling in the barn, and they could see two officers swathing Major Zaminski's head in a kerchief, while the rest bent over the sergeant, who was now stone dead.

"Quick!" roared the major, struggling in the



THE LAD'S BLADE PIERCED HIS THROAT.

hands of his friends. "Place another ladder alongside, and we will try two at once."

They wanted no encouragement, for amid a perfect babel of Polish and French, a second ladder was reared into position, and a determined rush made for the floor above.

First came a very young sous-lieutenant, burning with ardour, and behind him Grogowski's fellow sergeant; while on the other ladder were a trooper, deeply pitted with small-pox, and three officers who kept shouting, "*Vite! vite!*" in chorus and pushing him on.

The Chef d'escadron Zaminski did not appear; he had stolen quietly out of the barn with two of his men, but neither side missed him—they had other things to do just then!

"Steady, Will!" cried Dick Datchett. "The third time pays for all!"

Will's momentary revulsion of feeling gave instant place to a sentiment of rage at the unfairness of the odds, which was as instantly quenched by the smooth face of the sous-lieutenant appearing above the edge of the floor.

"Why, you're only a kid!" exclaimed Will, lowering the point of his sword with the same chivalrous instinct that prompted the French officer in the charge to salute one-armed Felton Harvey and pass him by.

But the boy—child in years—actuated by no such generous motive, misunderstood the forbearance, and, seeing his adversary step back a pace, screamed, "Coward!" and lunged at him.

Will felt a sensation as of an icy needle passing through his thigh, and saw the boy sprawl on to his chest on the floor as he over-balanced himself by the thrust.

"You little rat!" he cried contemptuously, and, disdaining to kill him, he tossed him back on to the sergeant with a lift of his muscular leg.

The sous-lieutenant's weight bore the sergeant down three or four rungs of the ladder, and for an instant Will had time to look how his uncle was faring.

He had just slashed the pock-marked trooper across the bridge of the nose, and his face was unpleasant to see!

The officer immediately below him, feeling the trooper's hold relax on the ladder, grasped the situation and the man at the same moment, and, shouting to his comrades to push with their shoulders, used the unfortunate man as a target to Datchett's blows.

The wounded Pole, half blinded and, consequently, helpless, cleft the air wildly with his sabre, swearing vigorously the while; and it seemed that the enemy would effect a lodgment, but Dick Datchett, at last spying the officer's fingers tightly gripping the trooper's waistband, severed them by a well-directed cut, which elicited a howl of anguish and a general retreat.

"Breathing time, Will!" panted the captain, with a hoarse laugh. He was flushed and bleeding from a flesh wound on the arm, and his hussar finery had sustained some damage. "Talk about that Roman fellow—Horatius, wasn't it?—Jove! I'm nothing if I'm not keeping the gate like all the Cæsars rolled into one, with a *pontifex maximus* thrown in!"

Will had disengaged his hand, which was swollen, from his sword hilt, and was wrapping his kerchief round the grip, when a shadow fell on the floor of the loft, and, turning his head, he saw the Chef d'escadron Zaminski, his sabre in his teeth, in the act of climbing noiselessly through the window!

Dick Datchett saw him at the same moment, and fired a pistol at him, point blank.

The ball chipped the plaster from the wall, and sped harmlessly into the air. The men below in the barn made a final rush for the ladders, and the chef d'escadron planted one foot on the floor of the loft.

"Shoot him, Will!" yelled the captain, groping for his second pistol; but Will bounded past him with a shout, and, before the major could grasp his sabre, caught him a stunning blow between the eyes that knocked him backwards.

He had no time to see what became of him, for his uncle was hard pressed by the others, who were also reinforced by a dozen dismounted men from the impatient squadron still drawn up at the far end of the courtyard.

Back he sprang as Dick Datchett shot the sous-lieutenant, and for several minutes there was a violent cut-and-thrust combat which seemed likely to go against the besieged.

Suddenly Will had an idea.

Two lancers lay dead on the floor of the loft. The sergeant was pressing Captain Dick back from the trap-hole, and in a moment the others would have gained footing, when Will bethought him of the ladder they had drawn up.

Its lower end rested barely a foot from the edge of the hole; it was very heavy, and, once released, would of its own weight plough its way through the tightly-packed mass of humanity crowding the other ladders there.

Dodging a vicious stroke from a captain with white gauntlets, Will seized the novel engine of destruction, and with one mighty effort launched it on its downward path.

For an instant it rested on the yellow breast of the captain with the white gauntlets. He bent back with starting eyes, until his grasp relaxed, and then it slid swiftly down, carrying all before it.

Dick Datchett's opponent was torn away by someone clutching at his leg, and the hussar, freed for a moment, looked anxiously over his shoulder for help.

"Hallo, boy!" he cried, pointing in the direction of the outpost with his dripping sabre; "see yonder—the lancers are coming in at speed."

Will ran to the window, heedless of consequences, and saw the trumpeter on the wall raise his instrument to his lips, as one after another the videttes bent low in their saddles and galloped towards the house.

A warning note rang out, and a voice immediately beneath him cried:—

"You shall settle the reckoning for this morning's work when we meet again!"

It was Major Zaminski, his face livid with passion.

He had been on the point of climbing the ladder when the trumpet called him to more serious duty, and he now ran to the gateway through

which the first of the sentries dashed, shouting as he came.

The rest who were in the barn scuttled out at the call, with sabres and slung pistols clattering, and each man mounted in haste and took his place in the ranks, where it was not difficult to distinguish those who had been concerned in the affair.

The major—he carried his helmet dangling to his bridle-arm by the chin-strap, and was very conspicuous with his bandaged head—said something to the sergeant, and, without deigning to as much as glance in the direction of the barn, put spurs to his chestnut, and led the squadron full gallop towards the woods.

“Thank heaven we’ve seen the last of them!” exclaimed Dick Datchett, earnestly. But he was wrong. The sergeant and two troopers remained in the courtyard, holding six riderless horses among them—the number of the lancers who had paid the penalty of their reckless valour in the dingy gloom of that Spanish barn.

It was now broad daylight, but the sky was still grey and lowering, and, though the rain no longer fell, one felt its presence in the wet wind.

“Marching troops, Will—look!” said Dick Datchett. “There goes a cavalry regiment, probably your own, but too far

off to hear us if we fired; and that dark mass on the edge of the hill there is a battalion of foot—hark!”

A rolling crash came on the wind, followed by a dull, thunderous boom, and above the fringe of trees, perhaps a quarter of a mile away, white smoke rose slowly and crept southward in a straggling cloud.

“They are fighting yonder!” exclaimed the captain, stamping his heel. “And we mewed up here without horses!”

He glared savagely at the three Poles in the courtyard. The squadron had passed from sight

some moments ago, and Will knew what was in his mind.

“I’ve two shots, uncle—shall we chance it?” he said.

“It’s very tempting, boy, but the range is against it in this wind. Let us see what they are going to do; that wounded sergeant means mischief.”

Grogowski’s comrade had evidently fared badly in the attack.

His sword hand was bandaged, his yellow plastron had an ugly red smear across it, and he sat

bowed forward in the saddle as if in pain, until he slowly dismounted, when they saw from his limping gait that he had also a leg wound.

As for their own hurts, they were fortunately slight, and they watched the three men with curiosity as they linked their horses together and approached the barn.

There was an expression of sullen vindictiveness in the sergeant’s face, as he came, waving his bandaged hand in token of truce, which did not escape our friends in the loft, and

caused the captain to mutter, “Will, we must watch that fellow!”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIGHT AT THE FORD.

CROUCHING down, they peered through the broken flooring as the lancers entered the barn and stood for a few seconds gazing round at the terrible carnage.

To Will it was a revelation of the way war can blunt the finer feelings, as he watched them



IT SLID SWIFTLY DOWN, CARRYING ALL BEFORE IT.

turning body after body over and over, and ransacking the pockets of their dead comrades with the most perfect unconcern.

Only when the sergeant came to Grogowski, and saw the horrible nature of his death-wound, did he betray the slightest emotion, and I am not sure, even then, that the find of a gold Napoleon in his fob was not at the bottom of the sentiment.

Dick Datchett had seen such things before, and, rising quietly from his knee, he went to the window, where he stood looking out at the distant firing; his brow puckered into a frown, his left hand playing a soft tattoo on the ledge.

At that particular moment Dick Datchett was nothing if he were not thoughtful, and by degrees the tattoo slowed down, resolved itself into a monotonous tapping with one finger, and suddenly ceased altogether.

"Will," he whispered, leaning back into the loft, "what are those scoundrels up to now?"

"Gathering the swords and lances," replied Will in the same tone.

"Then come here," said the captain, motioning him to move as noiselessly as possible; and Will, rising cautiously from his peep-hole, approached the window.

"You see those branches," said the captain, pointing to a large cork tree growing beyond the courtyard wall; "and you see that hole in the tiles where we sent the end of the ladder through the roof—can you work up the rafters, hand over hand, and creep out on to the ridge? If so, the rest is easy!"

"I'll try," said Will, looking up at the patch of grey sky through the rent overhead. "Here goes!" And the next moment he was dangling, all arms and legs, from one of the slanting beams.

The captain watched him anxiously; but the lad's muscles were strong, and after a few pauses to take breath, he grasped the ridge-pole, and hung, looking down over his shoulder, shaking his head to intimate that the aperture was too small.

Then followed some dumb show, by which the captain illustrated the removal of more tiles; and Will, changing arms when he could hold no longer, gradually widened the opening until he could draw himself up and crawl out on to the roof.

He disappeared for what seemed an interminable time, but at last his head was protruded over the hole again, and he beckoned with a radiant face.

The captain silently sheathed his sabre, and glanced out of the window, when he saw one of the lancers below him coming backwards into the courtyard, followed by another, and between them they carried a dead man, his right arm trailing on the ground, his bare head sunk forward on to his chest, and the wind playing lightly among his fair curly hair.

Datchett drew into the shadow, and watched them lay their burden under the far wall of the courtyard, and, while they were returning, a rustling noise in the barn made him step back and peer down at the sergeant.

He was intent on his work, and did not look up at the loft, but his work made the captain's eyebrows arch considerably, and a curious grey pallor to pass across his face.

The sergeant was piling up armfuls of hay and litter immediately under the trap in the floor, and Dick Datchett knew what *that* meant.

"It's now, or it's never!" he muttered in his moustache, and, as the two others returned, he grasped the beam and slowly mounted.

The dust of ages settled on his face, and almost choked him, but he persevered, and soon the cool air blew upon him, and he struggled out, crushing his bushy, and grinding his gay lace on the wet ridge; but he was free at last, and, keeping well on the far side of the roof, he crawled to the edge and looked over.

Will was standing under the tree with his sword drawn, looking up, and, with an agility that surprised himself, the captain dropped from bough to bough, until he stood beside him.

"Quick, lad!" he cried. "We'll make a clean sweep of their horses. Follow me." And he set off along the wall towards the deserted dwelling.

The gateway through which they had ridden in the night before was on the other side of the courtyard, and to reach it they had to pass round two sides of a parallelogram, at one end of which was the barn, at the other the mansion.

The horses, linked together in a bunch, stood three strides within the gateway; nine strong beasts fully accoutred; and, once in the saddle, our friends knew that they could defy pursuit.

"Now, Will," whispered the hussar, pausing outside the gate. "What is done must be done in the twinkling of an eye. Go for the nearest horse, cut him loose, and mount; I'll look to the others. Then we must ride as we never rode before, straight for yonder gap in the trees. If I'm hit, keep on, and bring back help. Our fellows are yonder, and we've got to reach them!"

He bent down on all fours, and looked round the angle of the gateway.

"Gad! We were only just in time; they've fired the barn!" And as he spoke a column of white smoke poured from the window in the loft, and the lancers came out into the open.

They stood with their backs to the two watchers, and Datchett crept forward, keeping the horses between them.

A slash, a gathering of the reins, one toe in a stirrup iron, and Will was astride a grey troop horse, Dick Datchett's head and shoulders rising simultaneously in the centre of the group, as he mounted the middle horse of the bunch and grasped a handful of reins.

"Spur!" he yelled. "Lead off that bay filly. Hurrah! we're under weigh!" And with a great clatter of hoofs they dashed out of the courtyard, followed by a howl of rage from the Poles under the burning barn.

Whooping like maniacs, the mud churning in showers about them, Datchett craning over his holsters like an old-time jockey, and Will two lengths ahead, they tore over the plain, a galloping, surging mass of men and horses, with no very decided idea as to destination, anxious only to



FREE AT LAST!

leave the barn behind and to fall in with one of those battalions they had seen in the distance.

A heavy, rain-sodden road, squirmed by the recent passage of many squadrons into a quivering porridge, wound among the woods, and a general officer, riding alone, was floundering southward, when renewed firing in his rear caused him to draw rein.

He was in a very unenviable temper, for some one had blundered, and the fresh explosion of musketry evidently did not improve matters, for he jerked his horse round, smote his thigh, and said some hearty things not laid down in His Majesty's regulations for the use of general officers.

He paused irresolute for a few seconds, but the firing continued, and then, with a dig of his heels that made his horse jump into the air and land with a mighty *splash*, he started back again the way he had come.

He was still in sight, when an officer in red and another in blue, with nine excited horses between them, came down a woodland track into the road at a sharp trot, saw the horseman to northward, and quickened their pace.

"Yon's a British officer," cried the blue gentleman. "Come on!"

And they came on, spattering each other liberally until they could hardly see out of their eyes.

Urging their prizes into a floundering gallop, they had arrived within a hundred yards of the party, when out of the woods on the left swooped a familiar squadron of Polish lancers. There was

a flutter of pennons, a momentary flash of steel, and, wheeling as suddenly as they had appeared, the enemy whisked off into the trees again, carrying the general with them.

"Back, Will!" cried the captain. "There's a pretty mess, and Zaminski has captured somebody of more value than ourselves. Pull that fiddle-headed grey brute round, and we'll try our luck the other way."

The "fiddle-headed brute" had spied her comrades, and Will had his work cut out to pull her in, but thanks to the French bit, which had more leverage than our own, he turned her at last, and thrashed her into reason with the flat of his sword.

The rain was falling again, driving straight into their faces. Will began to feel that disagreeable hollowness that speaks of no breakfast, and the joys of soldiering were becoming somewhat subdued under the influence of mud and cross purposes, when

Dick Datchett suddenly brought his riderless troop to a halt as a cavalcade swept at a hard trot round a bend in the road.

Will's hand went up to his forehead as the captain saluted the foremost horseman, and, checking his charger, the new comer stared at Dick Datchett with undisguised astonishment from under the point of his low-crowned cocked hat.

He was a thin man, with a commanding nose and a keen aristocratic face, rather hollow about the cheeks; and his cloak blown open showed a grey surtout and a long leg in a tight pantaloon.

Behind him rode a group of staff officers, cloaked to the ears, with a light dragoon or two among them, and one of the staff put up an eye-glass and regarded our friends with an air of supercilious amusement, as though he were accustomed to look upon strange beasts and always found them interesting.

"Well, sir?" said the thin man, in a dry voice.

"I am Captain Datchett of the 10th, my lord," said Dick. "I am appointed to General Slade's staff, and have just come up from Lisbon with my nephew, Mr. Mortimer, who wishes to join the Royals."

The Marquis of Wellington accorded Will a short nod.

"But what the deuce are you doing with these horses, eh?"

"Taken them from an ambush of the enemy, which has just carried off an officer on the road yonder."

"Eh? What? The deuce, sir!" snapped

Wellington. "Who was he? Some confounded straggler whom the lesson will serve very well right, I suppose?"

"A staff hat and a bay horse is all the description I can give you, my lord," said Dick, and Wellington glanced inquiringly at the officer beside him.

"Sir Edward, for a guinea!" said that individual.

"I hope not," said the marquis, and he gathered up his reins.

"Turn those beasts over to the first regiment you meet," he continued, "and get across the ford. Slade is over by this time with his brigade, and you'll find your regiment with him, young gentleman."

Dick Datchett moved off without a word, and Will followed him, looking back at the celebrated general, who was soon hidden in the mist.

Dick began to trot, and in a few minutes they came out of the trees on to the same river they had forded the previous evening, and saw a patrol posted to point out the ford, and several battalions drawn up on the top of the opposite bank, with a long line of cavalry, muffled in red cloaks, farther to the rear.

"There are your fellows," cried the hussar over his shoulder, "and here goes for another wetting."

With a knot of reins in each hand the captain rode into the water.

The current was strong, and one raw-boned chestnut evinced a desire to pass the ford on his hind legs, but they got over without accident, and struggling up the rugged hill on the other side, turned to look back in the direction of the enemy.

The foaming Hueb rolled swiftly below them, swollen with the



WITH A KNOT OF REINS IN EACH HAND THE CAPTAIN RODE INTO THE WATER.

"Pardon me, my lord," said Datchett, "but you run a great risk with no escort—there is a resolute fellow behind there of the Polish lancers, who lay last night at a ruined house in the wood and treated us to the honour of an escalade this morning."

Wellington looked at him with his cold, clear eye, and was about to speak, when the head of a column in full march bore down upon the party; great coats on, shakoes cased, heads bent before the drizzle—a solid grey mass of British infantry filling the roadway from side to side.

With another nod the commander-in-chief dismissed our two friends to go their way, and, drawing his horse up the slippery bank, beckoned to a mounted officer riding with the column.

heavy rains, and as they sat there two field officers of the dragoons rode up to the edge of the plateau.

"You are in luck's way, Will," said the captain. "Here are two of the Royals, one of whom I know slightly—hello, Purvis, is that you?"

The officer thus addressed peered over the collar of his cloak and laughed grimly.

"'Pon my life, I've every reason to suppose so," said he. "Surely you are Datchett of the 10th—by gad! you've turned up at an odd moment. Been doing a bit of horse-stealing?"

"Yes, we've settled accounts with six of the enemy this morning," said Dick, disengaging his hand from the reins and grasping the other's. "Will, this is Major Purvis of yours—my nephew, Will Mortimer, just gazetted to the Royals, major

—terrible fire-eater, exhales brimstone from every pore—gad, I'm nothing if I'm not descriptive.”
The major shook hands with Will and welcomed him cordially, introducing him to his brother

A crowd of stragglers were running for the river—men and women; a wagon drawn by six jaded mules took the ford at the wrong place, and was whirled away under their eyes.

A regiment of French chasseurs came at full trot along the bank from the left, received a volley from the foremost regiment, and broke off to try their luck in another quarter.

“Hear that?” said the major, as a booming roar rent the air. “They have got their guns up, and I'm hanged if yonder fellow hasn't formed square instead of crossing the river!”

“Who commands the division?” asked Dick.

“Alten, a brave man enough, but there's the marquis, unless I'm much mistaken. See, he has countermanded the order, and Ross's guns are unlimbering on the flat!”

A battery immediately below them cleared for action, and, as gun after gun opened fire on the ridge, Will heard the peculiar whistle of grape shot, which went rending and tearing into the trees over the heads of the 52nd, which was in full march for the ford.

Some companies of the 43rd and the 95th Rifles began to skirmish on the ridge, and it was evident to the watchers that a strong force of the enemy was pressing our rear guard.

Driving rain and mist swept over the plain, and the grey columns were now obscured, now visible, as they headed at a swinging pace for the Huebra.

The line of trees behind them was alive with white puffs of

smoke, Soult being determined to harry us to the bitter end: but one after another the battalions entered the water, the staff crossed, and only the skirmishers remained to be withdrawn.

One of the regiments passed close by the horsemen on the height, and Will found them very different to the smart sergeant who had drawn such a glorious picture of service to the village lads at home.

Every face was tanned; all were ragged and inconceivably dirty, beards bristled on chins, toes protruded from rents in the worn-out boots, and there was a sullen, reckless air about the marching men that made our hero thoughtful.

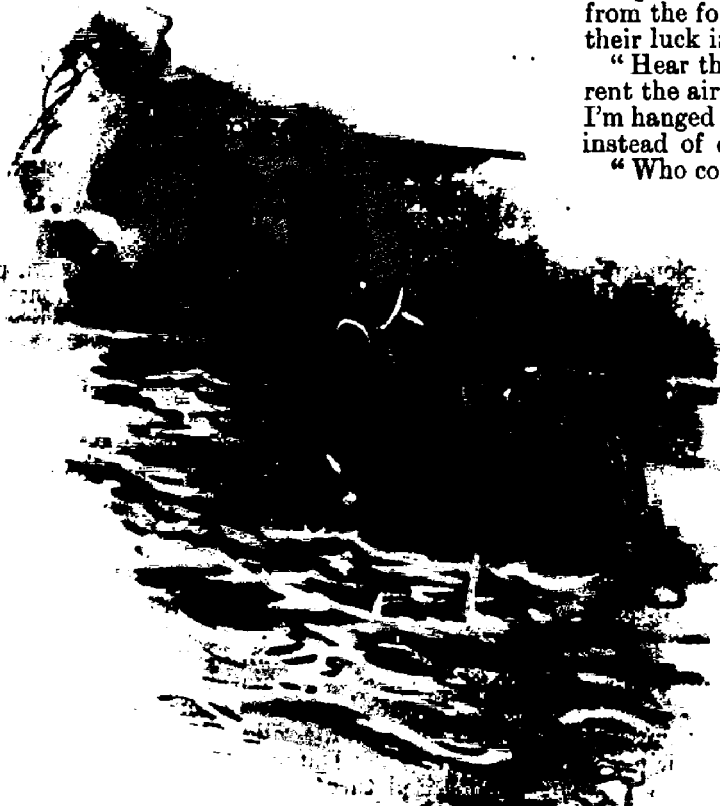
A tremendous uproar of firing took his attention again, and he heard the major say: “Heavy guns, by gad, gentlemen!”

Heavy guns they were, too; and three columns of water rose in the air as three shots plumped into the centre of the river.

Something went humming overhead, wreathed in a light blue vapour.

“Shell,” said Dick Datchett laconically.

Will had no need to follow it with his eye, for another and another fell on the clay bank,



ONE MAN STRUGGLED ACROSS
WITH A LITTLE BUGLER
CLINGING TO HIS KNAPSACK.

officer, who wore a puzzled expression on his face as he looked from the young cornet to the horses with their lancer trappings.

“I say, Purvis,” he cried, “have we the solution of that handsome black mare here, or have we not?”

“A black mare with one white stocking, sir?” said Will eagerly.

“Yes; she galloped up to my troop an hour ago, riderless, with the reins about her legs, and a brand new Royals' saddle-cloth—”

“She's mine,” exclaimed Will.

“And I'm very sorry to hear it,” laughed his new acquaintance. “I was going to have her up to auction and buy her myself.”

“Ha!” interrupted the major, “here comes the Light Division, and hard pressed too!”

They all looked across the river, and Will had his first experience of warfare as seen from a distance.

The ground sloped up from the opposite side for about eight hundred yards to the edge of the forest, and the Light Division debouched from the trees in some haste to the accompaniment of sharp firing.

burrowed deeply, and left two yawning holes, which the rain promptly filled.

A thirsty private of the 43rd bent down and drank from one of them a little later.

"Here come the skirmishers!" said the major, as the grey dots that had fringed the ridge suddenly rose and ran down the slope.

As our fellows abandoned the position they had held for a quarter of an hour the French broke out of the woods and hailed a leaden tempest upon them.

The bullets spattered the water; a sergeant pitched full length on to his face and beat the ground convulsively with both arms; one man sat down as he ran, grasped his head in his hands, and, sinking backwards, lay very still.

It was all terribly novel to Will; the element of personal danger that had been present with him in the barn was wanting now, and he felt himself start at every gun.

It was not fear, but to sit in his saddle and see those weary men bowled over like rabbits upset him, and he wanted to be doing something.

He watched them rush in twos and threes into the stream, holding their muskets at arms' length above their heads as they sank shoulder-deep; he saw many of them go under, and one man struggled across with a little bugler clinging to his knapsack.

Those that had fallen remained where they lay, and no one thought any more about them. War makes men selfish, and for every good quality it brings out in human nature it stirs up two bad ones.

"You'll get used to this sort of thing, Mr. Mortimer," said the major kindly, noticing the lad's white face. "I wish you had joined a few months earlier, though. We've had a year of outpost and picket duty. Fine thing to put you through your facings."

"I shall be glad to join the regiment, sir," said Will—it was a relief to speak to somebody. "Do you think we are likely to be engaged to-day?"

The major smiled.

"That depends on whether our infantry hold the fords or no. You are in a desperate hurry to kill somebody."

"I killed a man this morning," said Will simply, flushing crimson.

"Jove!" said the major, "you'll prove a credit to us. But I rather fancy we shall go into winter quarters after this business."

There was a terrific thud about a yard from the major, which effectually interrupted him.

"Back!" cried the other dragoon; "that shell will burst!"

They instantly scattered in all directions, and the next moment a cloud of wet clay rose from

the ground; there was a mighty explosion, and fragments of iron hurtled through the air, fortunately striking nobody.

Dick Datchett fared badly, though. His captives rose in terror-stricken rebellion, fighting and struggling to break away, until Will and the major and the captain of dragoons had to go to his assistance.

"Mr. Mortimer," said the major, "will you be good enough to ride to the regiment and bring up a corporal and two files? These brutes may as well be put in safe keeping."

Nothing could have pleased Will better, and, putting spurs to the grey trooper, he galloped off to execute the first order he had yet received.

He found the Royal Dragoons drawn up in squadron, muffled in cloaks that had once been red, and were now "of many colours," thanks to active service.

The black horses steamed in the rain, and the men sat huddled up over their saddle-bows, until the sight of an unknown officer wearing their own uniform roused an interest in the ranks.

A young subaltern, with very long legs, was the first person Will encountered, and he transferred the cornet to his captain, who had made five attempts to light a wet cigar, and was then chewing it disconsolately.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, sir," said the captain, when Will had introduced himself and made his errand known. "Sergeant! Corporal and two men for this gentleman!"

The sergeant behind him instantly told off the party, and Will galloped back again with his escort. Dick Datchett and the major heard the hoofs, and turned their heads.

Dick had been sounding his nephew's praises, and the major had a kindly gleam in his eye for the youngster who came dashing up with a happy smile and a delightful sensation of importance inside his soaking jacket.

There went another humming overhead—so close that both officers bent low instinctively—and then the major's face grew white with horror; Dick uttered an indescribable cry, and the captain of the Royals opened his mouth and forgot to close it.

They saw the lad, one moment full of life and hope and golden promise—the next, and the shell entered the chest of the grey horse, exploded with a sickening crash, and all was smoke and mangled ruin.

D. H. Parry

(To be continued).

HOW TO BAT AND HOW NOT TO BAT



II.—THE SCIENCE AND ART OF BATTING.

THE art of batting consists in the *right application of a correct technique*. By "a correct technique" I mean correct methods in making the various strokes—in fact, a mastery of the drill of batting; by "right application," making the right stroke at the right ball in the right way at the right time. The distinction is based on the fact that different balls require different strokes; you must accommodate your stroke to the ball since the ball does not accommodate itself to your stroke; ability to make a certain stroke correctly is useless if you cannot select the proper ball for it; you may be capable of cutting perfectly, but what does that avail for a ball you ought to drive? Some batsmen play in "good style" yet make few runs; their "technique" is good, but "application" bad; others show "bad form," but make plenty—"technique" bad, "application" good. The first-rate player is he who combines excellence in both respects, for each is equally essential.

BAT WITH YOUR HEAD.

Few young cricketers appreciate the importance of this fact and the implied distinction; they do not as a rule *think out their batting*; they do not connect cause and effect from beginning to end; and, since it is with the "technique" of batting, with the learning to make the various strokes, that they are from the necessity of the case chiefly concerned, they are especially liable to forget that for good and successful batting much is essential besides mechanical proficiency.

It is easy to understand that if you play a wrong stroke, or play incorrectly, the result is bad; but it is also easy to miss or underrate the importance of each step in the process of making a stroke. So, before dealing with "technique and its application," let us clear the ground by analysing a stroke, considering its component parts, and noting the import and value of each.

BY WATCHING THE BALL

the batsman *judges* what sort it is; by *instinct* or by *experience* he *knows* what stroke is required; by his *timing faculty* he hits exactly at the right moment; and, finally, by *proficiency in the technique of batting*, the stroke itself, including poise of the body, action of the limbs, and management of the bat, is as perfect as possible in relation to the desired object.

Strokes differ, but the process as described above is the same in all. What you must grasp is that for any stroke to be perfect, every step must be perfect. Failure in any of them at once spells blemish; the correctness of the whole depends on the correctness of the parts, especially where the parts are, as in this case, closely inter-related.

The need of *watching the ball* is connected with the axiom which holds in rifle-shooting and butterfly-catching as well as in cricket, that—bar flukes—to hit an object you must aim at it. In batting you must concentrate your vision and attention on the ball from the moment it leaves the bowler's hand till you have actually played it; thus, and thus

only, can you judge the ball correctly; thus only can you persuade your eye to guide hand and bat into the way of a perfect stroke. *Careful watching is the secret—nay, an absolute condition of correct judgment, which in turn is an essential condition of correct play.* And, furthermore, the accurate execution of a stroke depends chiefly upon keeping your eye on the ball till it actually meets the bat; for

THE HAND FOLLOWS THE EYE.

This vigilance, this attention, you must cultivate till it becomes second nature. It is an effort of will till it becomes a habit; and habit fails us less easily than will. Unless you make the practice habitual you are likely to find the strain of concentrating your attention very irksome, and the power to do so very illusive. Watching six balls carefully, you play them well; careless with the seventh, you make a mistake—and the pavilion. On easy wickets a moderate number of runs are scored by perfunctory watchers; on difficult wickets very, very few. Alfred Shaw will give you one reason for "W. G.'s" pre-eminence: "*He watches her so.*" The same trait is a distinguishing mark of all great batsmen—Arthur Shrewsbury, Percy Macdonell, A. E. Stoddart, W. L. Murdoch, A. C. Maclaren, Clem Hill, K. S. Ranjitsinhji.

Judging the ball means simply finding out all about it—its direction, elevation, flight, pace, pitch, and spin. We have seen that correct judgment is closely connected with careful watching; and also that correct judgment is an absolute condition of correct play. Different kinds of balls require different kinds of strokes, and modifications or variations of a particular sort of ball require a corresponding modification or variation of the stroke. Hence, when you realise that in batting the least mistake in detail may be fatal, you see the importance of judging the ball well.

How far your judgment is good depends partly on the virtue of your natural faculty for judging moving objects—

A FACULTY SOMETIMES CALLED "EYE";

partly upon the degree to which you have learnt by experiment and observation to discriminate between one ball and another. Nothing can give you "eye" if you have not got it, but you can improve your actual faculty and increase your acquired discrimination by constant attention and practice.

Here, once for all, take warning against a very common and very pernicious fault, viz., that of *prejudging* the ball—*i.e.*, making up

your mind what ball is coming before the ball is delivered at all. Save for the *mere chance* that your preconceived idea be right, to prejudge is as disastrous as to misjudge; in fact, the result is the same. Remember that, in the case of each ball, till you see and judge what it is you have absolutely no data for selecting your stroke. *Like a photographic plate till the shutter is opened, your mind should remain a sensitive blank till the ball is bowled. Each ball as it comes should be allowed to make its own separate individual impression on your perceptions, so that through them you may form an independent particular judgment.* Master the theory and the practice embodied in the above italics, and you master one of the greatest difficulties in cricket.

Now you may judge a ball perfectly—know all about it, in fact—yet be quite *ignorant what stroke you ought to play.* A knowledge of right procedure in this respect you may possess by instinct, *i.e.*, you may have an intuitive knowledge, and, in so far as you have, you are a natural cricketer. Failing that, you can acquire it either by your own experiments and observation, or by availing yourself of the experience of others, purveyed whether in print, as here, or in the advice and demonstration of a coach. But the point is to recognise that this knowledge is distinct from "eye" or judgment or mere mechanical proficiency, and that it is equally essential.

TIMING THE BALL

well means making bat and ball meet exactly at the right instant, both in the stroke of the bat and in the flight of the ball. Understand that a particular ball is a fixed quantity, and a particular stroke a fixed quantity. When you have selected the stroke that suits the ball you have yet to bring the two into effective relation, because they are separate till you do.

The only test of the effectiveness of the relation you create is the way the ball travels after it is hit. The better you judge the ball, the more wisely you select, and the more correctly you make the stroke, the easier is it for you to time it accurately. But otherwise actual accuracy in timing depends upon your amount of "personal error." This term I use, not quite in its usual sense, to signify the difference between the time at which you "will" to hit, and that at which you actually *do* hit. You may judge the time accurately, and try to make bat meet ball at that instant, but perhaps your hand may not obey your will quite truly.

The amount of your "personal error" equals the amount of disobedience of hand to will

This amount differs in different persons. But as a rule a maximum of good health and fitness means a minimum of personal error. Hence the value, for cricket and all similar games, of a regular, wholesome life. Note, by the way, that the term "timing" is sometimes used to cover the whole process of watching, judging, and hitting accurately; and "eye" to include all faculties therein employed.

From these considerations we see that, apart from faults of technique, or of the application thereof in a particular stroke, there are general points where a batsman may make mistakes common to all strokes. The matter may be summed up thus: The conditions of a correct technique, and a right application thereof, are (1) careful watching, (2) correct judging, (3) sufficient knowledge, (4) accurate timing.

The correctness of what I call the technique of a stroke depends on (1) position of feet (and legs), (2) attitude of body, (3) action of arms, (4) management of bat.

POSITION BEFORE THE STROKE.

But there is the position before the stroke to be considered. It is twofold. The first part is a sort of *stand at ease*, with bat in the block; the second a position *at attention*, with the bat lifted back ready for the stroke, whichever it may be.

Good players differ much in the first part of the position, but nearly all shape alike in the second. All things considered, the more the two parts are of a piece the better. In the first, the batsman waits, resting and comfortable, until the bowler is on the point of delivering the ball; then he assumes the second, in order to watch the ball in its flight and to shape for the stroke.

The points to aim at in these anterior positions are (1) to be easy and comfortable, (2) to be able to command and keep a good sight of the ball, (3) to be able to pass with facility into any stroke whatever.

Having grasped these requisite points, you had better so stand as to secure them. The following I consider the best position:—

PART I.—Right foot: Toe just clear of leg stump; inside of toe 2 ins. inside crease; heel 1 in. inside crease. Left foot: Toe 1 in. clear of leg stump; inside of toe 6 ins. outside crease; heel 2 ins. outside crease. Bat blocked near right toe, covering the middle and the leg stump. Bat quite "straight"—*i.e.*, upright. Legs straight; body just enough inclined over bat for comfort. Line of shoulders at right angles to crease. Arms hanging flexible and easy. Weight entirely on right foot.

PART II.—Lift bat up and back towards

top of middle stump; and stand bolt upright, but quite easy. On no account shift your feet.

[NOTE.—Way to hold bat: Left hand should grasp top of handle; the right hand immediately below it. Back of left hand should be seen full by mid-off. Do not hold tightly, except when actually making the stroke.]

From Part II. of the position recommended, you can watch and judge the ball, and can pass straight into the poise and motion required for any stroke whatsoever. Note the position of the feet; for in all strokes the key to correctness is a correct position of the feet. Really, if the feet are right, the rest of the stroke follows almost naturally.

The criteria of a good stroke are:—

(1) Safety, (2) effectiveness, and, as a corollary (3) ease.

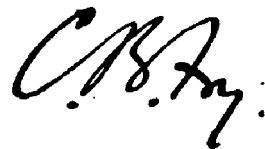
By *safety* is meant that the stroke is so made that the batsman is as unlikely as possible either to be (1) bowled, or (2) caught; *i.e.*, not getting out.

By *effectiveness* is meant that, in so far as the stroke admits it, runs are scored to the greatest possible extent; *i.e.*, getting runs.

By *ease*, is meant making the stroke with a minimum of exertion and a maximum of effect; *i.e.*—(1) not tiring; (2) looking well.

Safety is the first requisite; that being provided for, effectiveness is the next. *To secure these two essentials the bat, in all strokes except the cut, hook and leg-hit, should be kept perfectly "straight"—i.e., upright to the bowler's eye; and all strokes should be played so over the ball that it travels on the ground.* The reason for the latter precaution is obvious—to avoid any chance of being caught. A "straight" bat exposes less of the wicket and has a better chance of meeting the ball than a "crooked" or cross-wise bat. Ease in securing these requisites comes from correct attitude and from practice.

Next month we will take the principal strokes one by one, and try to grasp their technique and application.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. N. Morris.—The club is wrong. Your brother is a professional secretary and not a professional footballer. Mr. Lacey, the secretary of the M.C.C., is not a professional cricketer.

E. F. Gellard.—Write to Mr. S. K. Holman, secretary of the London Athletic Club, Stamford Bridge, Chelsea, S.W.

H. K. Jones.—To run hurdles well you must learn the three stride method, that is, to take three strides between

each hurdle and one stride over. You must also be able to last the distance. The best way to practise is to run four days a week. Run over three or four flights three or four times until you get the stride; then take two or three more flights in. You will soon learn to run the whole distance evenly and fast. You should practise sprinting on the flat to increase your pace. For high jumping, practise three days a week, and jump each day as in a competition. Do not alter your diet.

G. V. Stewart.—Begin with a lighter weight till you get the knack, then increase the weight gradually up to 16lbs. Throw four days a week. Half-a-dozen throws is enough.

G. H. Cole.—Unless you are ill or physically unfit stitch comes simply from want of training and condition. Do not force yourself too much when first you begin to train. With improved condition stitch will go. Apart from running there is nothing like walking for the leg muscles.

R. H. Carmichael.—It is a matter of individual preference. I have tried both and do not know which is the better. But I am inclined to think it is better to "tub" the moment one gets up, go for a quarter of an hour's walk, and then have breakfast.

Fifth Form Boy.—Regular meals, plain, wholesome food, and early hours. Don't eat between meals, do plenty of walking and some running, play games. For the rest, actual practice in the gymnasium will effect all you require.

A. H. de Visme.—Eleven and one-fifth seconds is an ordinary good time for a school-boy 100yds. on grass. But you must get under eleven on cinders to do any good in handicaps. Sprinters improve enormously with practice. Your mile 4mins. 58secs. is about the average for school-boy time. I should say half-a-mile is your best distance.

M. O'Brien.—Cigarette-smoking, as a practice, is very bad for training. Run between half-past four and half-past five. I cannot give a routine without knowing the distances you mean to try.

A. E. Ereant.—(1) Cycling is bad for running. (2) Lemons—that is, a minute slice thereof—is better than liquid.

S. B. Watt.—Regular meals, early hours, general rules of health, and proper amount of practice on the track. Tips are no good.

A. Ward.—Improve the condition by wise and moderate training. Stitch will disappear when you get fit.

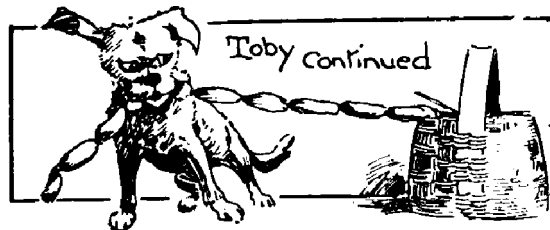
R. G. Brooke.—Let me refer you to the concluding words in the first paragraph of my article. If you enter for a conglomeration of events you must either train for a very long time and very gradually, or else be content to practise each event very, very little. The worst thing possible is to be jaded or tired. You ought to have got through all your real work before the last week. The two days are only to keep you in trim. I should like to argue with you *trive voce*.

N. A. Brown.—(1) Yes, quite suitable provided you are leading a regular, wholesome life. (2) By practising running and gradually increasing the distance.

C. S. Radley.—Fish and a cutlet for breakfast, cold beef for lunch, and whatever you jolly well please for dinner.

Harrier.—Your programme is excellent, but be careful to modify it the moment you feel you are overdoing it ever so slightly.

C. B. F.





“THE LONG WHITE LINE”
 A TALE OF GREYHOUSE.
 BY R. S. WARREN BELL.

I.

GREYHOUSE

INFIRMARY was ringing with distressful cries.

“Oh, my eyes!”

“Oh, please—*please* bring the sponge!”

“Nurse, it’s *my* turn next!”

“Nurse, you said you’d sponge me next. I’ve been awake for hours.”

“Sponge, O!” in a deep growl. “Why can’t you bring that sponge?”

Ejaculations of a similar character were filling the air of the makeshift hospital at Greyhouse. They all proceeded from boys who, though wide awake, could not see until the sponge gave them vision. Wherefore let me hasten to explain this woeful condition of ocular affairs.

One gusty, gaunt March—the gustiest, gauntest March I ever remember—there came to Greyhouse an epidemic. If you look in the dictionary you will find that worthy Mr. Nuttall describes ophthalmia as: “An inflammation of the eye,” but probably Mr. Nuttall had never had it, or he wouldn’t have dismissed it so carelessly.

I will tell you what ophthalmia is. First your eyes begin to tingle, and then to smart, and then they become pink, and then red. Then, one morning, when you wake up, you only do so mentally, as it were, because you

cannot raise your eyelids. You struggle and struggle to open your eyes, but the ophthalmic fiend says that you shall not, for during your slumbers he has set his seal upon your lashes, and look upon the fair sunlight you cannot, until some kindly soul brings a warm sponge and releases your organs of vision from their bondage.

But this is not the worst. The cure is as bad as the disease. A doctor comes, bearing a little bottle and a camel’s-hair brush. Being the school doctor, he talks to you just as if he were a master, and as a master you recognise him. Obediently you pull down your lower lid, and he plunges into each eye the brush, soaked in what the bottle contains. Then for a few minutes you rather wish that you had never been born; if somebody were to kick you, you wouldn’t feel it; a flogging would not even distract your attention in any material degree. You roll about, and groan, and bite, and sob, and gradually the awful tingling abates, and at length, in a bloodshot way, you leer at the world again. Of course, it is all for your good, and (after the pain has gone) you understand this.

Now, this gusty, gaunt March, the ophthalmic fiend descended upon Greyhouse School, and in a single night set a score of eyes itching. Twenty-four hours later forty eyes were feeling funny, and the same malignant humour had extended itself to a third of the school ere another morning wore to eve.

Things were now looking very black—or, in the case of the stricken ones, unpleasantly crimson. The Head took counsel with his staff—“the end” (by which I mean the end of the term) was only three weeks’ distant,

The Head decided to hold out during that period in hopes that the scourge would abate. Meanwhile, the doctor's gig bowled merrily up the drive two or three times a day, instead of at 4 p.m. only, his usual hour of call.

Did a "Grey" wish to avoid "deten.," he had but to rub his eyes, and a watchful form-master whisked him off to the matron, whence he was passed on to the sick bay—there to await the doctor. But such malingerers paid penalty for shamming, for even though the doctor found their eyeballs clean and white, on their own confession or knuckle-rubbing they had felt the fatal itch, and so they were detained in the infirmary to await developments, with the result that the infection from a hundred eyes soon caught them and claimed them as victims.

Each morning added fresh patients to the already heavy roll, and at last things came to such a pitch that one day, while Greyhouse was breakfasting, the Head stalked into the hall, and, after grace, commanded the whole school to line up in the playground. This plan had evidently been laid over-night, for in the playground was found the doctor, irreverently dubbed "Goaty," on account of his beard—or, rather, the shape of it. Monitors and all had to line up—only Gardiner, the captain, walked up and down the serried ranks, and eyed his fellows in a mournful manner, for half the football team had been struck down by the malady, and the sports had had to be postponed.

The Head and the doctor conferred together, and then, as Gardiner gloomily returned to his place at the head of the monitors, the doctor walked towards him and started his examination. Each fellow was directed to pull down his lower eyelids and glance heavenwards. Gardiner was all right, but two of the Sixth were condemned, and, before the doctor had reached the end of the line, another five-and-twenty were dispatched to the infirmary. So already a hundred and forty out of three hundred fellows had fallen under the ban of excommunication.

The school infirmary was a big building, but it proved too small for this occasion of sickness.

The doctor, looking tired and weary, went to the Head.

"We are full up, sir; the boys are herded together now like cattle. You must give me the biggest dormitory."

The Head was correcting the Sixth's Latin prose, and the blunders had made him grind his teeth.

He rose from his desk, irritably thrusting aside his papers as he did so.

"This is as bad as the fever of five years ago."

The doctor disagreed with him.

"Not half as bad; a flea-bite compared with that fever," he said.

"Ah, but we look at it from two points of view," returned the Head.

"How you can say that ophthalmia can be as bad as a fever epidemic I can't think," rejoined the doctor, warmly. "Why, my dear sir, at the time you speak of we lost two boys, while in this event it is merely a matter of inconvenience——"

"Inconvenience!" snapped the Head.

"Yes, sir, inconvenience. I am a doctor and you a schoolmaster. Allow me to know! Ophthalmia seldom injures the eyesight, being about equal to an attack of measles. It comes and goes, leaving the boy no worse. Fever may kill."

"Well, well," replied the Head, in a milder tone, "you must forgive me for being a little short-tempered. This matter has spoilt the term; still, as you say, we must be thankful that it is not a more serious complaint. Now, let us see what can be done."

Thus did these two worthy men almost come to high words. They talked the matter over quietly, and at length arrived at a decision which surprised both masters and boys when they came to hear of it.

On the far side of the asphalt playground was a Covered Way for wet weather. Hard by this was the "gym." In times of rain you would find the Upper School disporting itself in the gym, and the Lower School indulging in gambols in the Covered Way. A Lower School has a habit of avoiding an Upper School, which is a wise habit, for an Upper School has an exacting way with it, and the Lower School loves not the boot that is heavy and the hand that is hard.

Well, over the Covered Way was an immense room, now a lumber-room; it was a very old room, full of dust, goal-posts, tattered flags, broken stumps, old school caps worn green with age, and nibbled by mouse and moth. Once upon a time, of course, that portion of playground covered in by this long chamber was, tradition said, a class-room, but even Old Greys, who were now masters at Greyhouse, could not remember when it was used as such.

As a result of the doctor's deliberation with the Head, it was decided not to turn one of the dormitories into a temporary hospital, but to use this big room over the Covered Way for the purpose. That would keep infection out of the main building.

No sooner settled than seen about. A number of spare beds were carted across the

playground by the school porter, the boot-boy, the gardeners, and Bill (Bill looked after the playing fields). The whole matter was superintended by that stately person, Saunders, the butler, who wore a gorgeous livery, received visitors, hectorated the other men-servants, and wasn't at all a bad sort when he forgot what an important man he was.

II

So the overflow from the infirmary were lodged over the Covered Way, in the cleaned-up lumber-room, from the barred windows of which the invalids gazed on their happier comrades below, and wished they were well again. The nurse at the infirmary was already being assisted by two assistants from Petershall Hospital, so in charge of the overflow was placed a fat, good-tempered lady from the Cottage Hospital in Greyhouse Village. There were no patients in the Cottage, so the Doctor sent Nurse Smith along to sit up all night with the patients, and keep a general eye on them. During the day Saunders, helped by Bill and one of the gardeners, saw to their wants in the way of meals and so forth.

"Well, doctor, any fresh cases?"

"Not one," said the doctor.

With a sigh of relief the Head took a box of cigars out of a drawer, which was conveniently near to his hand as he wrote at his desk.

"A weed, doctor?"

"I never smoke till after supper."

"Nonsense," said the Head; "tobacco is a recognised disinfectant. I may be catching ophthalmia from your clothes at this moment."

Viewed in this light, the cigar which he was holding out appeared to the doctor an absolutely necessary thing to accept, and so both gentlemen smoked, and the Head told anecdotes, and the doctor chuckled. Such was the effect of his welcome news. The spread of the epidemic was stopped; so, after all, the thing might be got under by the end of term, which would mean that Greyhouse would break up on the day it had broken up from time immemorial—*i.e.*, the Thursday before Easter—and all would conclude smoothly.

The outlook was decidedly encouraging, but the Head would not have chatted so cheerfully had he known what the night was to bring forth.

Presently the doctor's gig was seen bowling down the drive, and the ophthalmic patients were left to the care of their nurses for another twenty-four hours.

And it was a dull time—oho! a cooped-up, dreary time—for those same patients! In the

infirmary the afflicted Greys roamed from room to room, played draughts and chess, quarrelled, and sighed for the time when their eyes would be well again. The worst of it was they weren't allowed to read. We are immediately concerned, however, with the makeshift hospital over the Covered Way. The afflicted Greys confined here had to fall back on much the same sort of amusements as their fellows in the infirmary proper, and the more unruly spirits proved thorns in the sides of the butler and the other men who waited on the invalids. After all, ophthalmia is a purely local complaint, and does not hinder the free use of arms and legs, and so boisterous games of "high cockolorum" and dormitory "prisoners' base" filled the air with dust, and caused many an inflamed eye to smart the worse. Goodness me! The pack of Greys cooped up in that old long room were as restless and as fidgety as a dozen ferrets would be if you crammed them into a Gladstone bag.

"Tuck" of all kinds was, of course, forbidden fruit, and so, naturally, the captives pined for jam tarts, jumbles, hardbake, and a new sticky, stringy confection which had lately come into favour, called "chew-boys-chew."

But the nimble boy-mind is roughly inventive, and a manner of procuring tuck from the exterior world was soon hit upon.

A small boy, gambolling in the playground below, was hailed, in stentorian and commanding tones, from a barred window of the dormitory by Hawkins, an over-grown dunce in the Fourth. From what I know of school forms there always seems to be a big boy, with a gruff voice, standing several inches higher than the other boys, in the Fourth Form, and, as a rule, he is as bad at games as he is at his work.

The small boy came at once, for he knew and feared Hawkins, who was as tyrannical as he was thick-headed. In matters pertaining to his stomach, however, Hawkins was particularly quick-witted. It was explained to the small boy that the brush-and-comb bag, which would presently be let down to him, would be found to contain the sum of two shillings, as well as a list of tuck-shop dainties. He was to unfasten the bag from the string, proceed to the tuck-shop, purchase the dainties stated on the list, return at full speed, re-attach the bag to the string, and signal "All serene," when the bag would be hauled up, and the dainties distributed to contributors to the tuck fund.

This illegal errand was successfully performed—the small boy carefully choosing a time to re-attach the bag when no monitor was in sight. He was rewarded for his despatch with two jumbles and a stick of "chew-boys-chew."

The experiment proved so successful that the

small boy was directed, in a note flung to him by Hawkins, to hang about that district whenever he was not in school or at meals—the result being that he became the accustomed messenger of the invalids, and, being rewarded liberally every time for his speed of foot, as well as his saint-like, innocent attitude, whenever a monitor hove in sight, stowed away more dainties than had fallen to his lot during the whole of the term.

The dropping and hauling up of the bag, and awaiting its return, afforded much excitement to the ophthalmic brigade, and, as sympathetic uncles and big brothers sent Postal Orders to the imprisoned ones—a sympathetic uncle always regards a ten-shilling Postal Order as the best sort of medicine for all ailments—there was no lack of purchase money to put in the brush-and-comb bag. The small boy who acted thus as middleman soon tumbled to the fact that, however dreadful a person Hawkins might be, Hawkins couldn't get at him, and so that small boy grew truculent, and, in spite of all threats of dire castigation, he declined to be rewarded with either jumbles or "chew-boys-chew"—of which latter commodity he was by now heartily sick—and demanded a fee of one penny per journey, which was reluctantly granted him. The invalids were at his mercy, you see.

Once a day arrived the doctor, his camel's-hair brush, and his horrid little bottle; once a day you might have heard loud ejaculations of distress in that makeshift hospital. The doctor was thoroughly hardened to his work, and remorselessly pulled down each eyelid, and thrust the brush in, for he knew that before the eyes could heal the lotion must be applied regularly. Hawkins was not only the biggest boy in the room—he was also the biggest coward. One day he howled and blubbered when the stuff hurt him, and another day his fright of the lotion caused him to snatch up a broom and keep the doctor at bay with it. But "Goaty" was not to be terrorised by a mere domestic utensil. He knocked away the broom, grabbed Hawkins by the collar, thrust him, back downwards, on to a bed, and, in spite of the bully's blubbering, applied the lotion by main force. Such were the incidents of this school epidemic. As I have said, the time came when there were no new cases to be reported to the Head. The spread of the ophthalmia had been stopped, and it looked as if the term were to end peaceably after all, and that no more worry was in store for the Head. But the Head was to have just one more shock; a fresh chapter in the history of Greyhouse was about to be written.

III.

MRS. SMITH, of the Cottage Hospital, and at this time temporary night-nurse to the sick-room over the Covered Way, was not a lady of active habits. She was large and ponderous, and her walk resembled a waddie more than anything. She was good tempered, however, and the Greys were glad to have her in the makeshift dormitory, for, as I have explained, when an ophthalmic patient's eyes are once closed fast in sleep, the application of a warm sponge is necessary ere they can re-open. Such is the grim clutch of this malignant demon.

"Now, young gentlemen," Mrs. Smith would say, when she arrived and found her charges all in bed, "don't forget that I am here when you wants me. If any of you wakes up and feels frightened when you can't open your eyes, or wants a drink of water, you've only to say 'Mrs. Smith!' and I'll come at once. Now, just you go off to sleep and don't talk, there's good young gentlemen—I knows you don't want to give me any more trouble than you can help."

Mrs. Smith's arrival was invariably hailed with rapture. She was a prime favourite, because she was so easy-going.

"I say, Mrs. Smith!"

"Yes, my dear?"

"Did Petershall beat the village this afternoon?"

"No," proudly; "the village beat 'em by two goals."

(Loud cheers from all the beds.)

"Yes, and one young gentleman from Petershall sprained his ankle."

"Hard luck!"

"Petershall said that Cobb, the butcher, deliberately tripped him."

(Loud denials from all football enthusiasts—Cobb was an excellent full-back, and much respected by all Greys.)

"And Cobb offered to fight 'em one by one, he was that indignant at the accusation."

(Many expressions of approval.)

"I say, nurse!"

"Yes, my dear?"

"You'll let us have just one tale, won't you?"

"My orders is," Mrs. Smith would commence in a weak voice, "that there's to be no talking whatsoever, and——"

"Oh, but you don't mind *just* one tale?"

(This in a very wheedling tone from Mrs. Smith's pet boy.)

"Oh, well," Mrs. Smith would say, settling herself in her easy chair by the stove; "just this once and never no more."

"Oh, thanks, nurse; you're an *awfully* good sort, nurse!"

Alas! Mrs. Smith couldn't hold out against flattery, and one tale would follow another until the champion yarn-spinner himself fell asleep in the middle of an exciting story about Mexican desperadoes.

Now on the night when the Head was feeling much relieved by the doctor's favourable news, during a long bout of story-telling, everybody in the makeshift hospital dozed off. At last the yarn-spinner-in-chief, observing a strange silence around him, sat up, and very pertinently inquired:—

"Anyone awake?"

There was no reply.

"Good-night, nurse," he muttered, and promptly betook himself to his slumbers. Mrs. Smith did not reply to him, for the simple reason that she, too, was snoring.

It is extraordinary how a boy will watch his opportunity in order to do something that he ought not to do. A few minutes later, when he was sure that everybody else was sound asleep, Hawkins sat up in bed, reached for his coat, and took a cigarette out of the inside breast pocket; then, throwing off the clothes, he crept stealthily to the stove and lit the cigarette; then he got into bed again and proceeded to smoke it. Half-way through, an uncomfortable feeling took possession of him, and so, being aware of what would happen if he did not immediately desist, he chucked the cigarette away and lay down. He had been rendered very drowsy by staying awake so long, in

order to break a rule, that he was asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow.

Unthinkingly he had thrown the cigarette end into a corner of the room where was a miscellaneous assortment of string, boots, caps, and a large amount of that very thin and inflammable paper in which sweetmeats are wrapped. The cigarette end, in its death

struggles, came into contact with the sweetmeat paper, and ignited it, helped in so doing by the slight breeze which came in through the top of an open window.

Soon the pile of paper was burning in real earnest. The flames crept up one of the wooden walls, ran across the ceiling, and extended long, fiery fingers in all directions. The fire had now got hold of the rafters, which began to crackle and shed sparks.

Mrs. Smith stirred wearily in her chair. A moment later a whiff of smoke sailed up her nostrils, and then proceeded to tickle her bronchial tubes, so that her throat remonstrated with a cough, and the cough awoke her. She sat up and blinked about her.

She stood for some seconds in an irresolute attitude; then, suddenly, the awful fact that the sick-ward was on fire burst upon her dazed mind, and she uttered a shriek. Immediately a dozen fellows who

slumbered lightly sat up. The smoke went down their throats and made them cough; they cried out in their terror, for though their eyes were fast closed their other senses were doubly on the alert, and they thoroughly recognised their peril.



"GOATY" WAS NOT TO BE TERRORISED BY A MERE DOMESTIC UTENSIL.



IT WAS A SIGHT THAT THOSE WATCHING NEVER FORGOT, AND NEVER WILL FORGET—THAT CREEPING LINE—THAT LONG, WHITE LINE OF FELLOW-BEINGS SAVED FROM A FRIGHTFUL DEATH BY ONE READY BRAIN.

Mrs. Smith rolled over to Hawkins's bed—he being the biggest boy in the room
 "Wake up! wake up!" she cried, shaking him roughly.

"What's the matter?" growled Hawkins, sleepily.

A shower of sparks fell on him; he uttered a yell, and sprang out of bed.

And now on all sides there were loud cries.

Alas! their eyes were fast sealed by the ophthalmia; they could not see; they were blind, helpless—at the mercy of the flames!

Hawkins almost fell down with fright. Then he dashed his hands into his eyes. It was no good, they were fast shut. Shaking with terror he plunged forward; his burly figure crashed against the stove. The pipe which conveyed the smoke through the roof came down with a run, so that the smoke and flames of the stove were added to the general conflagration.

The sick ward was a pandemonium; the poor blind invalids were rushing helplessly about, falling over beds, scrambling up again, and charging each other in a wild attempt to escape the awful monster whose hot breath was fanning their cheeks. Mrs. Smith, too terrified to act, sank on to a bed, and covered her face with her hands. They could not open the door, because Mrs. Smith, knowing the turbulent spirits she had to deal with, had, on coming in that night, turned the key, and then put it in her pocket.

Hawkins was sobbing like a child, and many were huddled around him, too scared to move. Even those fellows who had sense enough to seek the door felt all the heart go out of them when they discovered it to be locked. They rushed to the windows, and clawed at the bars and broke the glass, and thrust out bleeding hands and arms, crying vainly for help.

At this moment the door was kicked open, and Gardiner rushed into the ward. His voice rang out above the crackle and roar of the fire and the shrieks of the invalids.

"Now, you fellows, listen to me! Come over to me here by the door. You can hear my voice—I am by the door. Look sharp, I am waiting for you."

The terrified boys leapt up at the sound of his well-known tones, and scrambled along towards him, Mrs. Smith with them. Gardiner pushed the nurse into the little landing outside, telling her to go first. This landing led to another door, beyond which was a flight of steps, narrow and steep, on the outside of the building, leading to the playground.

By this time the fellows in the dormitories on the other side of the playground, awakened by the din and glare, were crowding to the windows. Staring open-eyed at the strange sight, they saw several figures dart across the playground. These were some of the masters, who had been aroused by the school porter. That functionary, going on his last rounds, had seen the flames shooting up just as he reached the door of Gardiner's study. Gardiner immediately darted into the playground, while the porter hastened away to the common room at the far end of the corridor, where he knew several of the masters were sitting up.

The boys in the dormitories, watching events with straining eyes, saw the masters dash up the iron stairway, but as they reached the outer door, Gardiner suddenly appeared and waved them back, speaking rapidly to them as he did so. Then he disappeared.

The onlookers held their breath. It seemed to them that the whole of the sick-ward was in a blaze. What did Gardiner mean by waving back the masters? Was he going to save all the patients single-handed?

They waited and waited, and presently, after what seemed to them an interminable period, the captain of Greyhouse reappeared on the threshold of the outer door, and this time he was not alone.

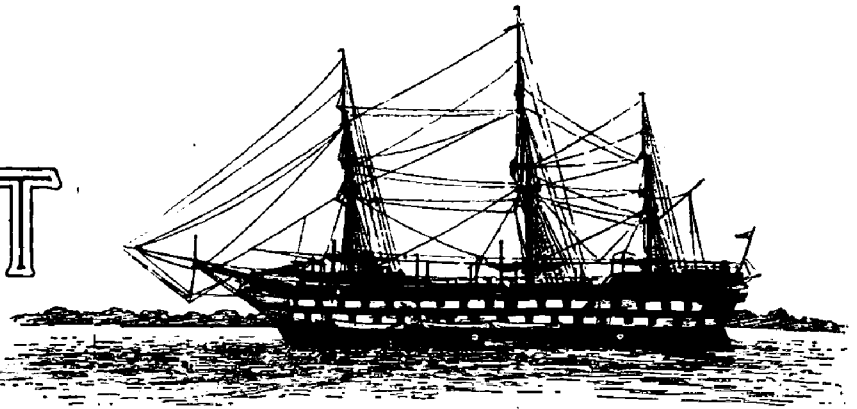
For, grasping him by the shoulder, came Hawkins, and grasping Hawkins in the same way came another fellow, and behind him another, and another, and thus, each holding and guiding himself by the boy in front, came all the inmates of the makeshift hospital. With Gardiner at its head, the long white line felt its way cautiously down the narrow iron staircase. One by one the ophthalmic patients emerged from the doorway, and moved steadily down the steps, each seeming to know that upon his coolness and nerve depended the safety of all those behind him.

Thus, without a single slip or tumble, Gardiner led his school-fellows out of the blazing ward. It was a sight that those watching never forgot, and never will forget—that creeping line—that long, white line of fellow-beings saved from a frightful death by one ready brain.

The line wound slowly down the staircase, and, as the last boy tremblingly placed his barefoot on the cold asphalt of the playground, with a tremendous crash and up-flying of sparks, huge tongues of flame shooting skywards, the Covered Way and the whole of the makeshift hospital fell down together in a blazing heap.

THE END.

ALL ABOUT THE



“WORCESTER”

BY THE REV. A. B. PEDLEY, B.A., CHAPLAIN.

When JACK GORDON, the only son of the Rector of Eastbury-on-Dane, waved adieu to his heart-broken mother from the deck of the barque *Rosalind* one sunny afternoon in the early 'sixties, he little thought—nor she either, for the matter of that—what hardships were in store for him. He had poured out to himself the sunniest side of a sailor's life, with all the pleasure attached to seeing foreign lands, and never once had looked on the darker picture. If the good rector and his wife, who had lavished such care upon their darling child, could have seen him at his work, with days of accumulated grime upon his face, and longing for a tropical fall of rain and the luxury of a decent wash, they would scarcely have recognised him as their own. If they could have seen him at his mess, hammering the weevily biscuit on the table to clear out the maggots ere he had his lunch, if they could

have fancied him mixing day by day with those whose manners were coarse and language foul, if they could have realised that their son might have to depend on his own abilities and application for mastering the intricate problems of navigation and nautical astronomy, they would doubtless have wished they had not so quickly yielded to his desire. Even Jack himself would

not have been so keen. But if the Rev. Septimus Gordon and his help-meet in life did not think of these things, there were others at that time who were pondering them in their minds. They were convinced that to take a boy from a refined home and to send him straight to sea with not a scrap of previous training for the work was wrong in principle and injurious in its consequences. They were of opinion that a midshipman's status in the Mer-



CAPTAIN D. WILSON-BARKER.
MR. DUCK (Head Master). MR. CLARKE (Chief Officer).

cantile Marine should be raised, and that considerably. Their views were quickly put into practice, and that is how the *Worcester* was



"SLEWING" ON THE UPPER DECK.

established in 1862. Of the original founders only two or three are still alive, and one of these, I know, has locks as white as the driven snow; but their zeal in the cause is not one jot abated. The benefits of an institution like this, which they have lived to see proved up to the hilt, are threefold. Firstly, the cadet is, in reality, serving his apprenticeship under very pleasant conditions, because two years on the *Worcester* count, under Board of Trade regulations, for one year at sea. Secondly, he gets a liberal education in the principles of navigation. Thirdly, he learns all about ships and their tackle before he goes to sea, and gets accustomed to habits of order and discipline, diminishing thereby considerably the hardships of his early career.

But the *Worcester* of to-day (Captain D. Wilson-Barker in command), moored off Greenhithe, opposite the Abbey Park, and within easy reach of London town, is a very different vessel to the old tub that first was stationed at dirty Blackwall, and later on for two years off Southend. Then the space was limited, indeed. Now there is ample room not only for work and for such sports as boys delight in when the work is o'er, but for the indulgence of hobbies, too, such as photography. Then one could only read at night with the aid of a lamp and colza oil. Now, thanks to the energy of the present commander, all parts of the ship are lighted by electricity, and

a great cluster fixed above the upper deck gives light for games even on the darkest night. At Southend, too, the position of the ship was bad; for if the sea were rough—as sometimes seas will be—and the ship began to pitch and roll, the effect was quickly felt by those on board. Often have I heard old masters tell of stormy days off the Essex coast, and how the boys, with faces white as chalk, would, one by one, steal out of class, until there was no class at all. Or perhaps the master first would disappear, ostensibly to fetch a book, but his pasty face had told its tale, and the braver boys would nudge their fellows in the ribs and chuckle with subdued delight. Now

there is no cessation of study because of stormy seas, for the ship is moored securely fore and aft, and rocking is not serious even on the foulest day. Not but that it can be nasty off Greenhithe. Many a time have we watched the barges driven ashore by violence of wind and wave, or sink before our eyes, and the bargees barely save their lives by leaping into the boat. It is not far from ship to shore. A few good strokes would land one at the pier. Yet often, in the winter term, crowding in the forecabin to get a better view, have we seen the boat struggling for an hour or

more in the teeth of a nor'-west gale, though the crew was composed of the pick of the *Worcester* cadets, and every oar was double-banked, and every bit of beef put into each stroke that willing hearts and hands could



"SWABBING."



PIPING HANDS TO SCHOOL.

force. 'Twas mighty fun for us who were not pulling in the boat, and loud we laughed when every sudden gust of wind sent a sheet of salt water o'er the bows, drenching the occupants from stem to stern. These are, however, merely incidental turns, with but a spice of danger in them all. At other times old Father Thames is right enough, and on a sunny summer afternoon, when boys are rowing round about the ship, or visiting the craft that may be anchored near—torpedo boats and pleasure yachts—or plunging in the briny when the tide is high, or getting up regattas with their own small self-made boats for prizes from the tuck-shops on the shore—why, life is but a pleasant dream, and old boys like myself do wish us young again.

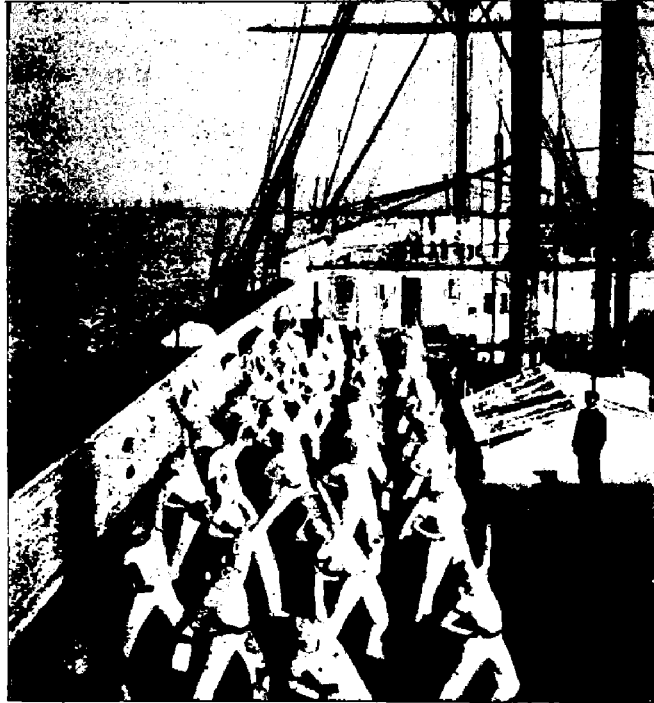
But it is time to get on board, or we shall have no leisure to look around and learn about the routine of the work. Two gangways fixed upon the port side of the ship give easy access to the upper deck, the scene not only of much romping fun, but hours of discipline in dumb-bell exercise, gymnastics free, and cutlass drill. The masts and yards, and sails, and stays, and ropes, are things which first will catch the youngster's eye, and, doubtless, he will long to climb aloft. 'Tis there, when weather fits, that much hard work is done.

"'Play,' do you call it?" said a *Worcester* boy. "By golly! you go up aloft and try. Bend sails, unbend, send down and up again, furl and re-bend. You won't wonder why we eat so much."

Up there, as well, on summer eves when work is done, is where the youngster seeks a glad repose—up by the crow's-nest in a little throng, or perched upon the yard-arms with a book. 'Tis not as easy

getting up there as you'd think, though most boys seem devoid of fear. I never shall, perhaps, forget my first ascent soon after joining in the spring of 1892. My previous climbing feats were as a lad when nesting in the woods. One evening, when the boys were safe in mess, I thought I'd try to reach the main-top for a blow. Step by step up the ratlines, and gripping fast the shrouds, I reached at last the futtock chains, but had not nerve to do the rest. Just then "four bells" was struck and a crowd of boys came trooping on the deck. All eyes were turned aloft. What could one do? "Bravo!" cried the merry-hearted ones, "Up over the fut-

tocks, sir, not through the lubber's hole." How could I face those boys again, or preach to them of bravery and fighting fearful odds at sea, if I retreated in disgrace, or ignominiously scrambled through the lubber's hole? So grasping hard the chains, with teeth set fast



GYMNASTICS.



"OFF DUTY."

and coat-tails fluttering in the breeze, I struggled o'er that last stiff bit, and reached the main-top with a beating heart.

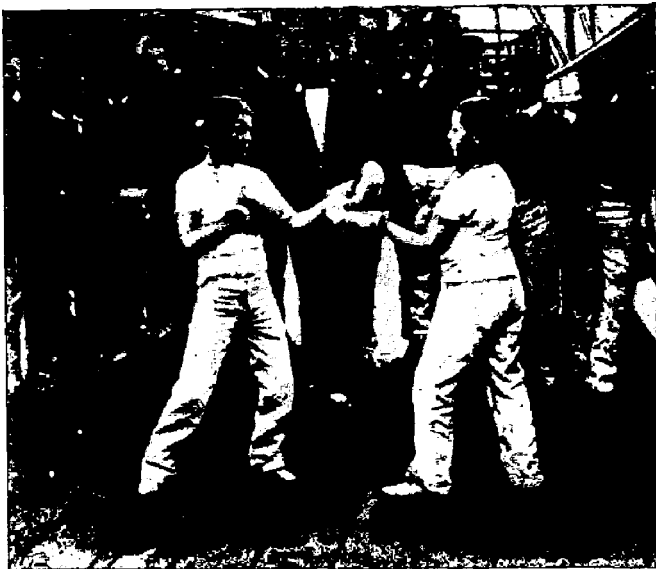
But let us step below. The main deck claims us for a while. Cleared of her guns, seventy-four in all, the *Worcester* bears a different aspect now to what she did in 1864,

when figuring on the Navy's "Active List" of ships. No booming cannon wakes the sleepers on the shore, though there is one for gun-drill on the upper deck. The fore part of the main deck is the mess room for cadets, and aft the various cabins of the staff. The space amidships is the real workshop of the ship. Here we have school. Here seamanship is taught. Here do the boys read

books, weave hammocks, write letters home, or, with their special chums, build "castles in the air." Here too, on each succeeding Sabbath, do we "rig" for church. Three English classes form the junior school, from which the navigation classes draw supplies. You will not conjugate *tu* in the lower school, nor dabble with the "Gallic Wars," but you will learn to write and spell, and get such a grounding in the mathematics as will stand you well in after

steam, magnetism, the sextant and the chart, plus algebra, Euclid, trigonometry, geography, drawing, and French. When school is over a

different class of work is taken in hand, for boys at sea must learn to knot and splice, make wire ropes, learn the "rule of the road," and signalling. Besides this there are decks to swab, brass-work to clean, boats to lower and hoist and clear, and a hundred other duties to perform that fall to the lot of an apprentice-hand at sea. Alas, for that boy's leave on shore that does not strive to do his best, for the chief officer—who has spent the



CADET NELSON—DISPLAYING THE SPIRIT OF HIS FAMOUS ANCESTOR BY HAVING A "SPAR" WITH CADET EDLER.

greater part of a long life at sea, much of it in command of one of the Union line of steamers, and who knoweth a ship as he knows his mother tongue—loves discipline as he loves his own soul. Youngsters do not always see the need of this, but they do in after years when the world has rubbed the corners off, and of none do they think more kindly than of him whose motto is, "Work before pleasure." But hard work with such agreeable changes as one gets here does good, not harm. "What magnificent specimens of British boyhood!" said a visitor the other day. He was merely repeating what had often been said before.

With duties of such varied kinds one might imagine there was no time for play. Such, however, is by no means the case. Much work is accomplished, because all is done by rule. But the *Worcester* has a fine record on the football field on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and in cricket holds its own. Boat-racing, of course, takes the chief place in our thoughts. Who has not heard of the annual race between the *Worcester* and the *Conway*, when—with hundreds of enthusiastic onlookers—the

pick of each ship in six-oared gigs compete for the magnificent silver cup? We have our own ship's races, too. Starboard *v.* Port for the



CLEANING BRASSWORK.

years, even though you never went to sea. In the nautical classes there is much to learn—navigation, nautical astronomy, meteorology,

handsome Wilson-Barker Challenge Shield, and the Junior Race for Mizzen-topmen Challenge Shield, presented by W. J. Fernie, Esq., an old

till, worn out with fatigue, they seek repose and dream of holidays and weeks of bliss. Time scarcely now permits to go below and view the library; or lower still to what was once the engine room, but now gymnasium, concert room, and lecture hall combined.



HOISTING BOATS.

“Worcester,” and twice stroke of the Cambridge eight. Aquatic sports, general sports, and gymnastic competitions, also play their parts in building up the constitutions of the boys. Writing just lately from Heidelberg, one of the earliest of the “Worcesters” says:—“Personally, I owe a great deal to my Worcester training; for, though my sea life was merely one episode out of many, the Worcester taught me how to rough it, engrained habits of discipline in me, and gave me the foundation of a physical education that stands to me to this day—for I can still run a mile, cycle a hundred, and jump the bar at 4ft. 6ins., which I consider to be quite a respectable achievement for a man who will be fifty next November.”

Next to the main deck is the lower deck, where the boys keep their chests, sling their hammocks, and woo the gentle sleep. Many happy hours besides are spent there when awake, and sometimes 'tis the scene of boisterous merriment. Oh, that I could paint to you in fitting terms the glories of a pillow fight on the last evening of the summer term, when every boy—from captain of his top to tiniest mite upon the ship—strips to the waist and enters into the conflict with an eager zest, fighting the future battles of our land. Port *v.* Starboard, on they come and rally up to aid their special side, though blows fall thick and hard and fast. Or the chariot races round the deck, with table for a chariot upside down;

There is one thing of which a Worcester cadet is always proud, and that is the interest which the Queen has taken in the ship ever since the Prince of Wales distributed the prizes on board in 1866. Once a year does Her Majesty give a gold medal to the boy who, in the opinion of his fellows, displays the qualities likely to make the finest sailor. It is a great day for the cadets—election day. For the first time, probably, in their lives are they called upon to exercise the privileges of the ballot. The shining “tiles” of Sir George Chambers (the chairman), and Mr. Bullivant (the hon. secretary), do excellently as ballot-boxes. Great is the excitement when the result is read out, and the winner is promptly “collared” by his shipmates and rallied shoulder-high around the upper deck. But the second on the list may well be envied, for a gold watch from the P. & O. Co., and the certainty of a berth in years to come, if he lives up to the record, is a consolation prize devoutly to be wished for by any boy. This is not all that Her Majesty does for the good of the ship, for there is a special Royal Naval Cadetship, granted by the Admiralty, and to the winner of this prize the Queen gives a magnificent



HALF-HOLIDAY SHORE PARTY FALL IN ON THE UPPER DECK.

binocular glass, with suitable inscription, and £35 towards his outfit.

Talking of prizes reminds me of Prize

Day, the red letter day of the ship, when the special steamer from London Bridge brings visitors to the ship, and the boys, in brightest uniform, man yards, and sailor-like receive their guests. Such an array of rewards for merit and inducements to persevere it has never been my lot before to see. From the Elder Brethren of the Trinity, from the Royal Geographical Society, from the Meteorological Office, from the leading London shipping companies, from ship-owners, committees and friends of the ship, come such an abundance of sextants, aneroids, barometers, binoculars, telescopes, and books, as almost pass the bounds of credibility.

Space forbids to linger more. Enough has been said to show that, from the time they pipe

"All hands" at 7 a.m. to the call for silence on the lower deck at half-past nine, there is plenty of occupation and plenty of change. The majority of prizes are, as I have said, encouragements to those who have chosen the sea as a profession to make themselves competent in all the branches of their calling. The

Queen's Prize, however, looks on the other side of the calling. A gold medal to the boy who



SENDING LINEN TO THE LAUNDRY



SWEEPING UP DECKS.

shows the qualities likely to make the finest sailor; which, in the opinion of Her Majesty,

are: "*Cheerful submission to superiors, self-respect and independence of character, kindness and protection to the weak, readiness to forgive offence, desire to conciliate the differences of others, and, above all, fearless devotion to duty and unflinching truthfulness.*"

Surely this is something great to aim at, and

many a Worcester boy has lived up to it. As for unflinching devotion to duty, there is a fine record now of brilliant deeds. When Barney Barnato, the millionaire, lost the balance of his mind and sprang from the royal mail steamer *Scot* in mid-Atlantic, the papers sang the praises of Sub-Lieutenant Clifford, who, regardless of all consequences, at once leapt after him, although the ship was going at full speed. "Worcesters" had a double right to sing his praises, for he was one of them.

Jumping into the water to save a person's life, although, happily, of common occurrence, needs some amount of pluck, and has its share of peril, for a drowning man is devoid of reason. Sometimes the risk is exceptionally great. It was so in the



THE LOWER DECK.

case of another ex-cadet (Adams) in San Francisco harbour. A youngster was plying

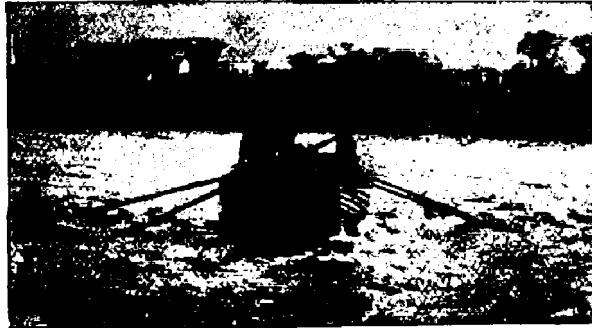


A CORNER OF THE MESSROOM.

about the docks, seeing no danger where danger was, when he slipped and fell into the water between the ship and the dock walls just at a time when a swell was on the water. To be crushed by a huge ship against an unyielding wall would of course mean pounding of every bone in the body. Yet, with the possibility of this awful death staring him in the face, young Adams never hesitated a moment. In he plunged, just as he was, and, fortunately, brought out the child alive. It was on the upper deck of the *Worcester*, in 1897, that he received the vellum certificate of the Royal Humane Society for his plucky deed. Another *Worcester* worthy is Lieut. Gaunt, R.N. Things have not been so quiet and comfortable in the Samoan Islands lately as they were when Robert Louis Stevenson was living in those parts. The rebels have been giving a lot of trouble. At Apia it was necessary to land a body of British bluejackets from H.M.S. *Porpoise* to protect the Government House and support the new King of the Samoan Islands. Lieut. Gaunt was put in command. For some time the

British sailors were in a tight place and in grave peril, for the rebels were round them on every side. But nerve and pluck were successful after three short engagements with the enemy. It was a very pleasing and graceful ceremony on the *Porpoise* afterwards, when, at the hands of the King, for special bravery displayed, Lieut. Gaunt was presented with the sword of the late King.

When we read of the brave deeds done in the Matabele War we remembered with pride that the Hon. Maurice Gifford had sat at these desks and gone through the discipline of the ship. When the *Aden* went down off Socotra, Ralph Manning and E. Hurlstone displayed fine pluck in attempting to save the women and children, and when these two officers had done what they could, they "went to their God," as Kipling puts it, like true sailors. But why say more? Are there not hundreds ready to go and do likewise? In every case a "Worcester" has done his simple duty, without question, without demur, facing death with that splendid courage which is the crowning characteristic of the British sailor. To the cool pluck of her sea-going sons, Great Britain owes her proud position as Queen of



LEARNING TO ROW.



THE MAIN DECK, LOOKING FORWARD.

the Seas, and every "Worcester" bears in mind, wherever he be, whatever the time, that he is expected to play the man.

With all due respect to the officers in our Merchant Service, I must say that you never find a vessel kept so trim and tidy, or navigated so carefully, as when the master or mates happen to have been educated in such schools as the *Worcester* and *Conway*.

The Captain of an "ocean greyhound," with his several hundred passengers, naturally prefers officers who have had a gentlemanly training, since on a liner the officers perforce must mix more or less with the passengers, many of whom belong to the cultured classes. So let *Worcester* boys remember that in the after-time, when they are in command of the bridge, a

great deal more will be expected of them than would be the case if they had merely worked their way out of the fo'c'sle.



H.M. "WORCESTER" (G.L. BENHITHE).

So to each and all of them, to the scores who are serving as officers in the Royal Navy or Indian Marine, to the hundred and more in the service of the P. & O., to the many in the pay of the other big companies, to the little army of them bringing merchandise from every quarter of the globe, to those who have taken up other modes of life—behind the bank counter in Mexico, or on the cattle ranches of the distant colonies—to all of them, wherever they may be, wandering over land and sea, the ship sends greetings kind, and wishes them, on the great voyage of life, God-speed, and safe arrival in the Port of Peace.

The photographs have been kindly supplied by Commander Wilson-Barker and Cadet Malet.

Esprit de Corps.

Esprit de corps is the feeling that every right-minded boy has for his school. It is a form of loyalty. It makes him very careful to respect the traditions of the school, and prevents him breaking through the unwritten code of school-boy law prevalent there. *Esprit de corps* grows up in a boy instinctively—often without his knowledge or realisation. He feels it first when he hears another boy speaking slightly of his school. Instantly his fists are up, and he is ready to do battle for the good cause. No boy worth his salt will allow another to speak disparagingly of his school or college, any more than he will allow another to slight his mother, father, or sisters.

If it were not for *esprit de corps* the fagging system would be impossible. All games, especially games like football and hockey, involve *esprit de corps*—the sacrifice, if need be, of the individual to the good of the cause.

Esprit de corps is still stronger at the

Universities than at the public schools. For men to have been at the same college together is a link which will bind them always and prevent them doing each other a shabby turn.

While boating on the river last year I moored my punt alongside some beautiful grounds. An elderly man came out of the house and, shaking me warmly by the hand, asked me to lunch. He had noticed my coat with the college arms, and twenty-five years ago he had been at the same college. This was an instance of *esprit de corps*.

The same spirit is shown to its greatest extent in the army. The officers and men of a regiment are bound together by an unwritten code of sentiment. It exists in time of peace, but it bears its fullest fruit in times of war when, shoulder to shoulder, men face the fire and feel themselves "comrades" even unto death.

THE ADVENTURE OF TWO HARES



BY G. E. FARROW.

Author of "The Wallypug of Why."

"COME on, Gilderoy!"

"Hang it all, man! You know I've got to do this beastly impot. Of course, I'd like to come well enough, only if I do I shall have to miss 'ducker' in the morning, if I am to get this rot done by ten, and I don't want to do that."

"Oh, blow the impot! Do it when we come home. Look here! I'll do your Greek for you, and that will give you time to finish it to-night. Come on!"

And without further pressing Gilderoy threw away his books, seized his cap, and tore down the steps after his chum, and was soon in the midst of a group of boys gathered together in the playground, making the final preparations for a paper-chase.

"Hullo, here's Gilderoy!" shouted someone as soon as he came up. "He'll do for one of the hares; Sutcliffe and Boxall, that's three. Look sharp, man! Here's the scent—be off now; we don't want to waste all the afternoon starting!"

And slinging the satchels containing the finely torn paper "scent" over their shoulders, the three

hares started off down Spinny Drift as fast as their legs could carry them, scattering a handful of the paper now and then as they went.

Over Hog's Back and through the copse by the railway line the boys tore, making the best of the start which had been allowed them, till

suddenly Sutcliffe grasped Gilderoy with a detaining hand.

"Hullo! What's the row, Polly?" he shouted, for Boxall, the youngest of the boys, who was a little way ahead, had given a sudden cry.

"My aunt!" cried that youth, who, greatly to his disgust, was called Polly by the other boys on account of his curly hair and pretty features. "Look here, you fellows—quick!"

The others hurried up to the gap in the hedge through which the youngster was peering.

A landslip had occurred, and the bluff over which they had intended going had been bodily carried

away, and lay in large lumps of grass and crag thirty feet below.

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed Gilderoy, when he



THE FEEBLE SUPPORT GAVE WAY.

saw what had occurred. "What a smash up! But I say, you chaps, what on earth are we going to do? We can't go back, you know; the other fellows will have found the trail by now, and would be sure to catch us before we could get on to the road again."

"I know!" said Sutcliffe, who had flung himself flat down upon the ground, and was looking over the edge of the gap. "The roots of this tree are sticking out down there, so we can lower ourselves by them and drop down on to the bluff."

The others threw themselves down beside him and peered over also.

"Huh! Looks rather risky," said Gilderoy. "Think you can do it, Polly?"

"Rather!" said Boxall, contemptuously. "You try me!"

"All right, then," agreed Gilderoy. "Let's make a false scent, and then drop over; it will be a fine lark; they will never think of our having done that."

And after scattering the paper for some little distance in two directions, the two elder boys let themselves down by the roots of the tree, dropping the few remaining feet at the end on to the loose soft crag below, and then called to Boxall to follow.

"Look sharp!" shouted Sutcliffe, as the little fellow lowered himself over the edge. "You'll have the hounds here before you're down. By Jove!" he continued, as a confused noise sounded in the distance. "Here they come. Drop, you little duffer! Quick!"

Boxall scrambled down on to one of the lower roots, steadying himself by the one above, and was just about to jump, when the feeble support gave way, and he fell to the ground with an involuntary cry.

"Hurt yourself?" exclaimed the other boys, running to his side.

"No!" said Boxall, scrambling up, and biting

his lip to prevent himself from crying, for he had ricked his ankle very badly.

"Come along, then, you young ass. What on earth did you want to do that for?" and they hurried round the bluff just as the hounds reached the gap in the hedge.

They crouched down behind some furze bushes and listened, for they could hear the others talking quite distinctly.

They had evidently not been seen, for after discussing the situation for a few minutes, the false trail was discovered, and, with a wild whoop, the whole pack started off to follow it up.

"That's where we score," chuckled Gilderoy.

"Jolly lucky thing, youngster, you didn't spoil our little game altogether!"

Boxall smiled in rather a half-hearted sort of way, and Sutcliffe, seeing that he was looking very pale, exclaimed: "Blowed if I don't think the poor little beggar has hurt himself after all, and is too game to say so."

"Have you?" demanded Gilderoy, hurrying to his side.

Boxall nodded dolefully, and bit his lip, while the tears started to his eyes.

"Poor little chap! Hard

luck!" said Gilderoy sympathetically. "Where is it?"

Boxall pointed to his foot, which by this time was beginning to swell.

Sutcliffe knelt down and began to untie his bootlace; but at every touch the poor fellow winced and groaned.

"Better cut them," suggested Gilderoy, and Sutcliffe whipped out his knife and did so.

Even then they had some difficulty in getting his boot off, for the foot had swollen very rapidly.

"If we could get some cold water and bathe it," said Sutcliffe, "it might do it good."

Gilderoy stood up and looked around.



"HULLO!" HE EXCLAIMED, "HERE'S ANOTHER OF 'EM!"

"There's some smoke rising up down there on the lower road," he announced. "I expect it's from a cottage. I'll run down and see if they have a well; the water would sure to be cold from that."

And he pulled his cap down firmly on to his head, and set off at a quick run down the hill.

Meanwhile poor Boxall lay on the ground, his face white and drawn with the pain.

"Feel any better, old chap?" asked Sutcliffe.

"No! It's jolly bad," said the other, faintly. "I can't think how I shall get back."

"Oh! we'll get you back all right," said Sutcliffe, cheerily. "Perhaps a trap will come along, and we can get a lift, you know."

"What's that?" asked Boxall, suddenly raising himself up and listening intently.

"What?"

"I thought I heard Gilderoy shouting."

"I can't hear anything—yes, hush! listen!"

A sound of angry voices was distinctly heard, and Gilderoy's above the others:—

"Shut up, you cad! Let go! What are you doing?"—and a confused sound of scuffling, and then Gilderoy's cries became muffled, as though something had been put before his mouth.

"Whatever can the row be about?" said Sutcliffe, in a startled voice.

"Go! go!" said Boxall, excitedly.

"But you?"

"Oh! never mind me—go to Gilderoy!"

And Sutcliffe bounded off down the bank.

Boxall sat still, listening in the greatest suspense for what seemed to him an interminable time.

Presently Sutcliffe returned, his face very white.

"It's old Gipsy Blake and those poacher chaps that Gilderoy's father sent to prison last year," he whispered. "They've got a camp down there in the coppice, and they've recognised Gilderoy, tied him up with ropes, stuffed some rags into his mouth, and dragged him into the tent. I hid behind some bushes, and heard Blake say they'd 'got a fine chance now of paying old Gilderoy out.'"

"Will they kill him, do you think?" stammered Boxall, his face blanched with fear.

"No, I don't think so," rejoined Sutcliffe. "I expect they will try and get some money from Gilderoy's father as a ransom. I believe that's their little game."

"But w—what can we do?" said Boxall, his teeth chattering, and a bright red flush coming on either cheek.

"Blowed if I know," rejoined Sutcliffe. "It's no use us trying to tackle the roughs—they'd soon settle us; and I can't leave you here alone, you know, or I'd go and get help."

"You—you must!" declared Boxall suddenly. "I don't mind being left alone—much," he added bravely.

"By Jove, you're a plucky little kid!" said Sutcliffe admiringly; "and if we get out of this scrape all right I'm blowed if I'll ever call you Polly again, or let any of the other chaps do so either."

Boxall smiled gratefully.

"Go on!" he urged. "Hurry up and get some help; there's no knowing what they may be doing to old Gilderoy!"

So Sutcliffe, without further ado, raced off in an opposite direction to the camp.

The time seemed very long to Boxall;

his foot hurt him exceedingly, and he was getting feverish from the excitement and pain, and would have given anything for a drop of water.

Presently, to his great dismay, he saw two rough-looking men coming straight from the direction of the camp.

He hoped that possibly they might not see him, but just as they had nearly passed one of them turned round suddenly.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, "here's another of 'em!"

The other glanced at Boxall suspiciously.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded roughly.

"I—I fell over the bluff and have hurt my foot," said Boxall.

"Shamming!" said the first speaker. "Get up!"



DR. TURNCOCK MADE HIS WAY INTO THE TENT.

"I—I can't," declared Boxall.

One of the men seized him by the arm, and dragged him to his feet, wringing from him a cry of pain.

"Were you with young Gilderoy?" demanded the man.

"Yes," said Boxall faintly, putting his hand to his head, for everything seemed to be whirling round.

"H'm," said the man, suggestively. "Was anybody else with you?"

But Boxall did not answer; the poor boy had fallen down in a huddled heap on to the ground.

When he came to he found himself in a corner of a black-looking tent. A fire was burning outside, and above it he could see the stars shining. His foot was still very painful, but had some wet bandages tied around it.

Three or four men lay around the fire outside, and at the further end of the tent a figure bound up with cords was restlessly tossing to and fro.

"Gilderoy!" whispered Boxall.

The figure turned around, and seemed to be peering in the darkness.

"Gilderoy, is that you?"

The figure nodded, and Boxall painfully dragged himself along the floor till he was close to his schoolmate.

"I've got a knife," he whispered, and a minute afterwards had cut the cords which bound the gag over Gilderoy's mouth.

"Ough!" cried the boy, freeing himself from the stifling rags which had almost prevented him from breathing. "*The cads!*"

"Hush!" whispered Boxall, warningly. "They'll hear you. Sutcliffe has gone for help, but he ought to have been back long before this."

"If he doesn't get back soon it will be too late," said Gilderoy. "I heard them saying that they were going to clear out of this at four to-morrow morning."

"*Sh!* Here comes someone," whispered Boxall, crawling back to the place where he had been lying.

A man came in and glanced at him and then went to Gilderoy.

"Oh! *that's* your little game, is it?" he said angrily, when he saw that the cords had been cut. "I thought you were up to something or other. Look here, Blake!"

The other men, hearing him call, came running in, with the exception of one, who stood at the door of the tent, glancing out in the direction of the roadway.

"Hist!" he said in a hoarse whisper. "There's someone coming."

"Help! Help!" shouted the two boys with all

their might—their fresh young voices ringing out clearly on the night air.

The men, with an oath, sprang on them, and covered their mouths with their coarse hands.

"Shut up, you young fools!" they cried. "Do you want a knock over the head that will settle you altogether?"

Gilderoy wrenched himself away.

"Help! Help!" he shouted again, and to his great delight an answering cry came from the roadway.

Blake and the other man exchanged glances, and with a muttered oath rushed from the tent.

A scuffle—and a shot; a confused medley of sounds, above which Sutcliffe's shrill voice could be heard, proving to the boys that help had at last arrived, and a minute afterwards Dr. Turnock, the head master, and a couple of the other masters made their way into the tent.

"Gilderoy! Boxall!"

"Here, sir!" shouted the boys. "Oh, sir, we are glad you've come!"

"My poor fellows! Are you all right?" asked Dr. Turnock's kind but anxious voice.

"All but Boxall's foot, sir," said Gilderoy.

"Ah! to be sure, the poor foot!" said the doctor, kneeling down and examining it, while Sutcliffe held the lantern up so that he could see.

"H'm yes! Nasty sprain, but we'll soon get that all right again, my boy," he said, kindly, and, lifting the little fellow up tenderly, the head master carried him out to the wagonette which was waiting in the roadway.

Blake and his three companions, scowling and muttering, with their hands securely fastened, were standing in the roadway under the charge of some of the local policemen, one of whom was staunching the blood from a slight wound in the arm, caused by the discharge of Blake's pistol, which had gone off in the scuffle.

Gilderoy and Sutcliffe and the two masters followed into the trap, and the whole party were soon on their way to the School.

"What a jolly long time you were!" said Gilderoy to Sutcliffe while they were driving along.

"Yes!" admitted his chum, "but, you see, after I'd got back to the school and told the doctor, blowed if I didn't forget whereabouts the camp was, and we've been driving all over the place ever since five o'clock this afternoon looking for you. If you hadn't shouted when you did, I'm sure we shouldn't have found you at all to-night."

"Oh! well—it's all right as it turned out," said Gilderoy. "I suppose I shall get out of doing that inpot now," he added, with a contented grin.

WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL.

II.—Engineering.



two sides of a school, known generally as the classical and the modern, represent two very distinct tendencies of the human mind. Some boys have a natural taste for a classical education, for what are known as "the humanities," so called because the study of them is supposed to develop some especially precious human qualities. Others, again, show a decided bent for knowledge of a more practical kind. They delight in mathematics, physics, chemistry, mechanics—all the various branches of knowledge, whose practice naturally follows theory. Language, which the "classic" loves for the sake of literature, is to the "modern" only useful so far as it serves a very practical end.

Now, if you would make a successful engineer, you must be "a modern" to your finger-tips. You must have a marked liking for machinery and mechanical contrivances of every description, for mathematics and drawing, and for the physical sciences.

It must be your hobby, as well as your life work.

Again, as the world is wide, and Great Britain is a small crowded island, you may wait long for employment here. Your skill will be welcomed abroad; therefore, do not neglect your modern languages. Learn one, at least, thoroughly, whether it be French, German, Russian, or Chinese. *The command of any one of these languages will secure to an English engineer instant and unbounded occupation.*

Engineering offers greater scope and reward to the really clever man than any other profession. Its possibilities are limitless. The highest honours the State can bestow, the richest remuneration may be the lot of the successful engineer. It is, too, in a very real sense, the profession of the future as well as the profession of the present. Marvellous as are the achievements which have been obtained in mechanical, civil, and still more in electrical, engineering during the present century, it may safely be prophesied that the twentieth century will see still greater wonders.

And I may here add, as a "by the way" remark, that if you want a splendid picture of the responsibilities of tip-top engineering,

you cannot do better than read "The Bridge-Builders," by Kipling, in "The Day's Work."

The profession of engineering is divided into three divisions, namely, civil, mechanical, and electrical. The term "civil" was originally used in contradistinction to "royal" or "military," but it has come to be applied to the branch of engineering which is devoted to works of construction—such as tunnels, bridges, harbours, piers, etc. In this sense it is distinguished from mechanical engineering, which, strictly speaking, is confined to machinery.

The Institute of Civil Engineers, however, comprises all classes of engineers.

There are various methods of becoming an engineer, and the choice of any particular one of them is generally a question of ways and means. In the case of a boy who wishes to become a civil engineer, and where every penny must be considered and the cost kept to a minimum, he may, on leaving school, enter the office of a professional man as an articulated pupil. This will necessitate the payment of a premium, which may vary from £50 to £500, but, as a rule, need not exceed £150 to £200.

At the age of one-and-twenty he would be in a position to take up a post as assistant engineer upon some works in course of construction.

While he is undergoing this practical course he should, if he wishes to get on in his profession, be devoting all his spare time to the theoretical side of his work, studying the subjects as laid down by the council of the Institute of Civil Engineers. To become a student-member of this body he must first pass a qualifying examination comprising English, geography, history, and literature; mathematics, physics, elementary chemistry, geometry, and a paper in one of the dead or modern languages.

The boy who wishes to become a mechanical engineer must proceed in much the same way, by being apprenticed to an engineering firm or the engine works of a railway company.

If he be exceptionally smart and clever, and devote his spare time to reading and study, he may be able to shift for himself in this way; but for the average youth who is apprenticed straight away from school, the chances are that he will never become anything more than a mechanical workman.

The successful engineer must have a most

thorough and minute education, and be able to work with brain and hand combined.

The Institution of Mechanical Engineers and the Institution of Civil Engineers require no formal examination for membership, both bodies relying upon experience as merits of qualification; but no one can hope to obtain a position of trust without having previously gone through a technical course and being able to show some recognised certificates or diplomas.

In every case, then, when it can possibly be afforded, the boy who is going in for the profession should have a three years' engineering course at some good college. For the first two years the course is the same for all engineers, while in their third year students specialise in the particular branch they intend to follow. Among the principal colleges where an engineering course may be taken are University and King's Colleges, London; Crystal Palace School of Engineering, Sydenham; Central Technical College, Kensington; Owen's College, Manchester; Yorkshire College, Leeds; University College, Nottingham; Mason College, Birmingham; University College, Bristol; Heriot Watt College, Edinburgh.

The fees at the above-mentioned colleges range from £60 to £120 for the whole course. The methods of training vary slightly at the different colleges, but in every case it is necessary for students to pass an entrance examination, and to satisfy the examiner that they are sufficiently proficient to profitably commence an engineering course.

To get through the examination, which is stiff and very thorough, it is advisable for most students to have recourse to a first-class coach.

At most of these colleges there is an examination at the end of each year in the subjects of instruction, and candidates must pass successfully in this before going on to the next year's course. At the Central Technical College, South Kensington, candidates must obtain at least sixty per cent. of the marks obtainable in their yearly examination, or they will not be passed.

When the three years' course is completed the final examination is held, and the successful student is in a position to start life for himself. If he has done little or no practical work during his course—and many students spend their vacations in the workshop—he should go into some good firm and work as a workman. It is absolutely necessary that he should be acquainted with every branch of the work—from the lowest upwards.

If he has passed well there will probably be plenty of firms ready to take him without premium, and in a very little time he will be able to command a salary.

At many of the colleges named there are good staff appointments, which are offered to the best students, and almost every college and institution has some positions in connection with it which it gives to those who have been most successful in the final examination.

To hark back to the poorer student, who yet desires to have the advantages that a college course gives, he is amply provided for in the way of scholarships and exhibitions. In the London district alone there are over seventy such prizes open to engineering students, and in the large centres, like Manchester, Leeds, Liverpool, and Edinburgh, there are many independent scholarships founded in connection with the technical schools.

Students of the Institute of Civil Engineers can compete for the Miller Scholarships of £40 a year for three years. At the Central Technical College ten scholarships are offered, from £30 to £60 in value, in several cases with free education for one, two, or three years.

Most of these scholarships are open only to students between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one.

For mechanical engineers there are the famous Whitworth Scholarships and Exhibitions. Sir Joseph Whitworth, once a struggling man, amassed a large fortune as an engineer, and left, at his death, a large sum of money invested in good securities, the interest of which goes to four scholarships of £125 per annum, tenable for three years, and twenty-five exhibitions of £50 each. These prizes are open to any of Her Majesty's subjects who have been engaged in handicraft in the workshop of a mechanical engineer for at least three years, and have been at work at the vice and lathe, or the forge, or the bench, for at least six consecutive months in each of those years.

I now come to the prospects of the profession and its remuneration. The engineering student has got through his course, secured his diploma, worked, say, for a year in the workshop—what next?

Well, if he be a man of means, he may then start for himself, take offices, and wait for work to come in, just as a doctor or barrister might.

But if he cannot afford, or does not wish, to wait, he endeavours to obtain an assistant managership in some engineering concern. In this capacity he may get anything from £200

to £700 a year, according to the practice of the firm and his own capacity.

From being assistant he may work up to chief manager, when his position, in a good firm, will very likely be worth £1,000, £1,500, or £2,000 per annum.

There are also most lucrative appointments as borough engineer, with salaries varying from £300 to £1,000 per year. There are also engineering posts in connection with county councils, railway companies, and other public bodies.

Electrical engineering offers a very wide scope nowadays, and there are posts for electrical engineers in connection with most of the corporations in our large towns and tramway companies.

In all parts of the world there is a growing demand for good engineers, and an Englishman who has gone through his course and received his diploma has, as a rule, little difficulty in obtaining employment anywhere.

Our colonies, too, offer good fields for work, and men from the mother country are welcomed there. English contractors, too, frequently receive orders from foreign Governments for the construction of railways and the fitting up of machinery in manufactories and so on, and send out their own engineers, who receive exceedingly good pay for this class of work.

I have reserved until the last mention of the most delightful college for engineering students. The Royal Indian Engineering College, standing in its own grounds, and pleasantly situated between Egham and Staines, is primarily maintained under the orders of the Secretary of State for India, with a view to the education of candidates for the service of Government in the Indian public works—telegraph, accounts, traffic and forest departments; but it is open, so far as accommodation will allow, to all desirous of following the course of study pursued in it. About fifty students are admitted yearly, and candidates must be between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one years.

In June of every year an entrance examination is held in the following subjects:—

(a) *English Composition*, to the extent of being able to write grammatically and with correct spelling, in a neat and legible hand.

(b) *Mathematics*, as under:—

Arithmetic.

Algebra, including quadratic equations, arithmetical and geometrical series, ratio, proportion and variation, surds, indices, and the binomial theorem.

Geometry.—Euclid, Books I.—IV. and Book VI., with easy riders.

Mensuration.—Elementary plane trigonometry, including identities; formulæ relating to the sum and difference, and the multiplication and division of angles; equations; properties and solutions of triangles, and use of logarithms.

Candidates must also give evidence of having received a fair general education by satisfying the examiners in some classical or modern language, as well as in history and geography.

A fee of £2 is charged for the examination, and only those who are undergraduates at a university, or who have received some diploma from a recognised examining body, are exempt from it.

The cost for every student is £183 per annum, which includes all charges for tuition and for board, lodging, and washing. Every student is provided with a well-furnished room, and there is a boat club, football club, cricket club, reading room, etc., in connection with the college, to which a small subscription is charged.

The college course in both engineering and forestry extends over three years; that in telegraphy, accounts and traffic departments, over two years.

The life at Cooper's Hill resembles in a great measure life at one of the universities. A chapel is attached to the college, which the students are expected to attend, and, although academic dress is not always requisite, there are occasions when the wearing of it is obligatory.

At the end of every year there are test examinations for students, and at the end of the course the final examination is held. The Secretary of State for India offers annually a number of appointments (generally about a dozen) in the Indian Public Works Department, for competition among the students, who become eligible for them in accordance with their order of standing after the final examination.

The passed students thus selected are appointed assistant engineers (third grade), at a salary of 350 rupees per month. They are provided with free passages to India, either on leaving the college or after the completion of a course of practical engineering, as may be arranged.

Employment in the Public Works Department insures a good income and a pension for old age. It also offers to the ambitious ample scope for rising to the higher ranks.

The various ranks of the Public Works Department are as follows:—

RANK.	Salary per Ann. (in Rupees).
Chief Engineers, First Class... ..	30,000
" " Second ,,	24,000
" " Third ,,	21,600
Superintending Engineers, First Class	19,200
" " Second ,,	16,200
" " Third ,,	13,200
Executive Engineers, First Grade ...	12,000
" " Second ,,	10,200
" " Third ,,	8,400
Assistant Engineers, First Grade ...	6,600
" " Second ,,	5,400
" " Third ,,	4,200
Apprentices	1,200

Certain prescribed departmental and language examinations have to be passed in India, according to the regulations of the service, as a necessary condition for obtaining promotion to a higher grade.

Other employments which are open to students at Cooper's Hill are:—

Employment in the Indian Telegraph Department.—This department is chiefly recruited from the college at Cooper's Hill. Students selected are appointed Assistant Superintendents (Class VII., Second Grade) of the Telegraph Department, with a commencing salary of 3,600 rupees per annum.

Traffic Department, Indian State Railways.—The initial salary for officers appointed from England is 300 rupees per month. The

appointments are non-pensionable, and the officers selected are engaged for five years, with chance of renewal.

Accounts Branch of the Public Works Department.—The duties of the staff of the Accounts Branch consist in the auditing of all charges for expenditure, in supervising the keeping of the accounts, and in maintaining regularity in the financial operations of the department. The students selected from the college will be appointed to the Service as Assistant Examiners (First Grade) at a salary of 3,600 rupees per annum.

Before being permitted to accept an appointment in India every student must pass a medical examination, to show that he is of sound constitution. He must also be able to ride well.

Those who, from ill-health or other causes, cannot proceed to India, and have obtained the diploma, can, as a general rule, on application to the authorities, be taken as pupils by civil or mechanical engineers of standing at moderate rates of premium.

Further particulars with regard to the college can be obtained from the courteous secretary, Lieut-Colonel Boyes, Royal Indian Engineering College, Cooper's Hill, Staines, and for those who are contemplating an engineering course a visit to the college is recommended.

I shall be pleased to answer any questions that correspondents may desire to ask. Address all letters to "Employment, care of the Editor of THE CAPTAIN."

A. E. MANNING-FOSTER.

(The next Article of this Series will deal with "Employment in the City.")



AFTER YE OLDE SCHOOL.



BY J. L. HORNIBROOK.

Illustrated by George Hawley.

THE big four-master, with her towering spars, long, tapering yards, and vast spread of snowy canvas, was bowling merrily along through the misty wastes of the North Atlantic, bound for the mouth of the St. Lawrence River.

Looking up from her poop—where the skipper, Captain Soames, paced slowly from side to side—one seemed to be gazing into the thick folds of a great white cloud, with the dark outlines of spars and ropes showing through it. Then—as the eye came down and swept the trim, holy-stoned deck, noted how the brass cap of the binnacle shone, and the polished gleam of the bars which protected the cabin skylight—one felt that the *Strathearn* was a ship to be proud of.

Of the five apprentices on board, two—Carruthers and Watts—had been in her since she made her maiden trip across the Atlantic. Carruthers was a tall, gentlemanly, intelligent lad; Watts—or “Wee Willie,” as he was called—a short, chubby youngster, whose uncle was one of the principal partners in the firm of owners.

On this breezy afternoon the whole five were down in the waist of the vessel. Carruthers stood at the side, his arms resting upon the bulwarks, looking out over the tumbling waters. Watts and the others amused themselves at leap-frog. Close by, perched upon a water-butt, the cook's mate—a coloured individual named Jobson—was busily engaged in peeling potatoes. He

grinned and showed his white teeth when a roll of the ship sent one of the boys down on his nose; but when they took to pelting each other with the potato peels, he threw back his head, opened his huge mouth, and laughed uproariously.

On the poop, Captain Soames continued to pace up and down, listening to the laughter and chatter of the boys with a good-humoured smile. Presently the round, jovial face and broad shoulders of Mr. Lanyon, the first mate, appeared upon the companion-ladder. He stepped to the captain's side, and the two were soon deep in a consultation regarding the weather.

A hail from the lookout forward, who reported a vessel in sight, interrupted their conference.

“Where away?” demanded the skipper.

“On the starboard bow, sir,” was the reply.

“What does she look like?”

“Can't make out, sir. She's very low down in the water, and a couple of her masts are gone.”

Mr. Lanyon seized a glass and ran forward. Carruthers, Watts, and the other youngsters scrambled into the shrouds, all eager to get a glimpse of the strange vessel. Away in the distance, on the far horizon, they could distinguish one solitary tapering mast, standing out clearly against the evening sky. Nothing else was visible; the vessel's hull was so low down that it was completely hidden by the foam-capped billows that rolled between.

The mate remained in the bows for some considerable time, with his glass fixed upon the distant vessel. Then he tucked it under his arm, and walked slowly aft.

"Well?" demanded Captain Soames. "What do you make of her?"

"Water-logged, sir," replied the mate.

"A derelict?"

"Fancy so, sir. No sign of life on board, as far as I could see."

"We must be sure of that," said the skipper. "Some of her fellows may be huddled up down below, as there's nothing much to keep them on deck."

He gave an order to the man at the wheel, and the *Strathearn's* bows swung slowly round until they pointed towards the water-logged vessel. Under the fresh breeze she plunged and dashed through the lumpy seas, sending the spray hissing from her bows.

Half-an-hour ago there was little to divert the attention of those on board; for the most part they had occupied themselves in endeavouring to while away the tedium of the long afternoon. But now a buzz of excitement, an unwonted stir, prevailed on every hand; the word "Derelict!" had spread like wildfire through the ship, and there is nothing which arouses such a keen interest at sea as the sight of one of these abandoned and helpless ocean wanderers. The crew clustered to the side, talking earnestly, and pointing towards the dismasted vessel. The

boys still hung from the shrouds, chattering and calling out to each other in their excitement. To them this was a new experience; not one of the five had ever beheld a derelict before, though they knew that a score or so of these battered wrecks were drifting about the Atlantic.

Nearer and nearer they drew to the water-logged vessel. By five o'clock they were within a couple of miles of her. What a sight she

presented—that dismantled, crippled ship—lying there at the mercy of wind and waves! Her boats were gone, her bulwarks had been torn away, and her decks were almost flush with the water. The main-mast alone was standing, and, with the exception of the lower yard, even that was stripped of its rigging. Sea after sea leaped over the stern of the vessel, and tore onward towards the bows, pouring at last over the sides in white cascades.

On board the *Strathearn* every eye was turned upon the derelict, while the captain and first mate swept her from stem



"A DERELICT?"

to stern with their glasses.

"Can you make out anyone on board, Mr. Lanyon?" asked the skipper.

"No, sir. Seems to me there's something bobbing in and out from the fo'c's'le, though Can't tell what it is, though."

"Well, we must overhaul her at any rate," replied the captain. "Swing out one of those starboard boats, Mr. Lanyon, and board her."

As the mate hurried down from the poop,

Carruthers came rushing aft, wild with excitement.

"Oh, please, sir, may I go?" he cried.

"Well, you may, my boy," said Captain Soames, kindly.

"And me too, please, sir?" put in "Wee Willie," who was close at his companion's heels.

"Very well. But only you two, mind," added the skipper, as he saw the others hurrying aft. "I can't have the whole lot of you scampering away from the ship in this manner."

The *Strathearn* hove to, the boat was swung

sight in the deep trough of the sea. As they approached the derelict, the mate craned his neck whenever the boat rose. He still saw something moving in the bows.

"What is it?" he said, pointing it out to the boys.

"I think it's a dog, sir," replied Watts.

"No," put in Carruthers, whose eyesight was remarkably keen. "It's—it's—a goat!"

"A goat!"

"Yes."

As if in corroboration of his statement, and



THEY SCUTTLED AWAY FORWARD AS FAST AS THEY COULD.

out, and bumped down into the water with a splash. The four men selected by Mr. Lanyon were quickly on board, and then the mate himself slipped down into the stern. At the last moment Carruthers and Watts came rushing up, fearing that the boat might put off without them. The mate looked an inquiry at Captain Soames, who nodded his head, and the next moment the two boys were over the side.

Across the heaving space which separated the two vessels went the boat, at one moment whisked along on the summit of a wave, the next lost to

to put an end to all doubt on the matter, the animal poked out its head and screwed it round in their direction. The curving horns, the long, scraggy neck, and the tuft of hair hanging from its jaw, were now distinctly visible. The next moment a faint bleat came across the water, as if the unfortunate creature was appealing to them for help.

"Give way, men!" cried the mate, turning an anxious eye towards the west. "That looks remarkably like a bank of fog over there," he added, to the boys. "If we don't hurry up, it

may sweep down upon us and cut us off from the ship."

On approaching the wreck, it became evident that the goat was the sole occupant of the deck. As the boat ranged alongside, Mr. Lanyon sprang on board, followed by the two boys. It was no easy matter to maintain one's footing on the wet, slippery planks; but they scuttled away forward as fast as they could, and quickly gained the shelter of the fore-castle.

The goat, a lean, miserable, uncanny-looking creature, with a half-starved look, appeared to regard them with considerable doubt. It backed away from them cautiously, and when Watts ventured to approach it, showed a decided disposition to receive him with a butt of its horns. The youngster promptly skipped back out of range, and stood looking at the animal with grave misgivings.

Meanwhile the mate had made a hasty examination of the fore-castle. It told its own tale—a tale of panic, of hurried desertion. Rough garments, sea boots, and odds and ends of every description were lying about, as if the crew had rummaged through their belongings before taking their departure.

"Nothing much to be seen here," said Mr. Lanyon. "We must have a look at the cabin next. But stay! You two had better remain where you are. The deck is so slippery that if the vessel gave a lurch you might be pitched off into the sea."

Off he went aft, the boys watching him as he advanced cautiously across the open expanse that lay between them and the poop. The derelict had a slight list to port, which made it all the more difficult to move about.

Just as the mate was within ten or twelve paces of the door leading to the cabin, a wave came tumbling over the vessel. Mr. Lanyon made a bolt for it, but slipped, missed his footing, and rolled over into the torrent. Down the slope of the deck he went, and the next moment was sent flying off into the sea.

Fortunately the boat was lying at that side, under the shelter of the poop. The sailors, hearing a startled cry from the two boys, and seeing a dark object roll from the deck, pushed off at once. The mate, however, was swept away to a considerable distance before they could reach him. Even then it took some time to drag him on board, during which the boat drifted further and further from the derelict.

While the boys were still anxiously watching the rescue, a thin, vapoury wreath swept down between, growing denser and denser every moment. Then a startling sound came to them from the *Strathearn*. They knew well what

it meant: it was the blast of the ship's fog-horn.

A sudden chill, a thrill of dismay and alarm, passed through both lads. Looking out from the shelter of the fore-castle, they saw the white swirls of fog drifting past, and rapidly shrouding the derelict in its thick folds. The *Strathearn* was no longer visible; the boat, too, had disappeared.

The boys bellowed and roared for help, and then listened with feverish intentness. But no answering hail reached them—nothing, save the mournful splash of the water against the vessel's side. From time to time they still heard the faint tooting of the fog-horn. The sound seemed to grow more and more distant, as if the two ships were rapidly drifting apart.

When at last it died away altogether, the full horror of their situation began to dawn upon them. There was little chance of the boat finding its way back to the derelict; still less of the *Strathearn* hitting upon them in such a dense fog as this. The lads looked at each other with white, agitated faces. The silence, the solitude, the utter loneliness of the situation weighed heavily upon their spirits. Even the goat awed them somewhat; the creature seemed like some evil spirit mounting guard over the derelict.

"Come," said Carruthers, at length, endeavouring to shake off these gloomy impressions. "It's not a very lively lookout, certainly, but it might be worse. The *Strathearn* will stand by till morning, and take us off the moment the fog lifts. Meanwhile, as it is clear we will have to spend the night on board, we may as well——"

Good Heavens! what was that? A snarl, a low growl, a scratching and tearing in the cabin yonder—that is what it sounded like. Watts, with white cheeks, and quivering lips, clutched his companion by the arm. Carruthers, though of a bolder disposition, was scarcely less agitated.

"What is it?" asked "Wee Willie," in trembling tones.

"Don't know," replied the other. "There's something very queer about it. Wonder if it's a man or a beast?"

With a vague feeling of awe and dread they stood there and listened. At intervals the sounds were repeated—the same angry snarl, the deep growl, and the scratching of wood. What could it be?

"Carruthers!" cried Watts suddenly, grasping him by the arm again. "Look at the goat!"

The other whisked round, and what he saw only served to increase his bewilderment and alarm. The animal was cowering back into a corner, trembling in every limb, and moving about uneasily upon its legs. It was evidently overcome by terror.

"Can't think what on earth to make of it," said Carruthers. "There's something or other shut up in the cabin—that's clear! 'Pon my word, I have half a mind to go and see what it is."

"No, don't!" interposed his companion, in alarm.

But Carruthers, once he had taken an idea into his head, was not easily deterred. He looked doubtfully towards the door of the cabin, as if debating whether he should make the venture or not. It was growing dusk already; in another hour darkness would have set in. The thought of having to remain on board all night—not knowing when that creature in the cabin, whatever it was, might break loose—was not pleasant to dwell upon. Anything was better than this uncertainty, this tension of mind, the haunting fear of some unknown but impending danger.

"I'll do it!" cried the lad. "I'll find out what it is!"

In vain Watts pleaded and endeavoured to dissuade him. Carruthers was bent upon solving this mystery, no matter what risk it entailed. The two ventured out on deck, and as the sea had gone down somewhat they found less difficulty in making their way towards the cabin.

Close by the main-mast Watts halted, and Carruthers went on alone. He approached the cabin door boldly, though his heart was thumping unpleasantly, turned the handle, and glanced inside. Before him was a narrow passage, very gloomy, into which he cautiously stepped. Beyond, he could hear the sound of deep, regular breathing. What was it?

He groped his way along, his senses keenly on the alert. Suddenly, with a cry of terror and dismay, he turned and bolted out on deck, in his alarm quite forgetting to slam the door behind him.

"To the mast!" he yelled to his companion. "Up the mast for your life!"

Watts seized a rope that was dangling down from the yard, and swarmed up the mast as fast as he could go. After him went Carruthers,

his eyes dilated with terror, and looking round in dismay towards the open door of the cabin. Scarcely was he out of reach than there was a rush—a deafening roar—and, with a bound, a huge speckled beast shot out on deck. It was a jaguar!

For a second or two the fierce creature stood still, and glared around the deserted deck. Then a terrified bleat from the unfortunate goat attracted its attention, and it bounded off towards the fore-castle. The next moment it had seized upon its prey.

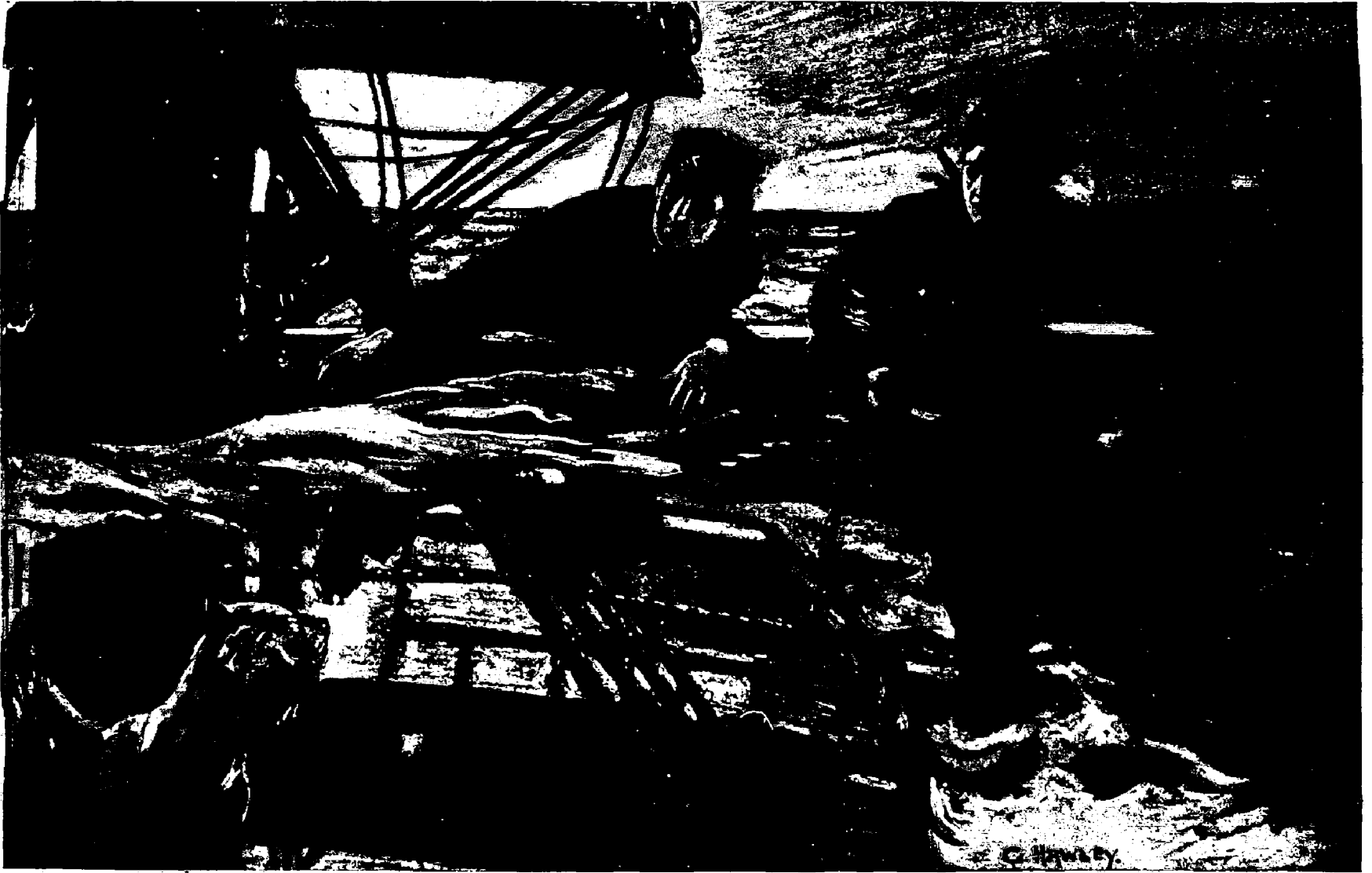
The two boys clambered out upon the yard-arm, and there they clung, palpitating

with fear. Below, they could hear the piteous cries of the goat, followed by a horrible rending and crunching, as the ferocious brute devoured its victim. The sound thrilled them with horror; they felt that they had narrowly escaped the same dreadful fate themselves.

Night came on, with all its attendant horrors, and still the boys remained perched up there upon the yard-arm, not daring even to move. What were they to do? At one time they thought of slipping quietly down the mast and



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making a bolt for the cabin; but the jaguar, now it had gorged itself upon the carcase of the goat, was prowling uneasily about the deck. To descend in the face of such a danger would mean certain destruction for one or other.

After a time, which seemed ages to the boys, the brute retired again to the fore-castle, where they could hear it crunching the bones of the goat. Watts stretched out a trembling hand through the darkness, and touched his companion on the arm.

"Now's our chance!" he whispered. "Shall we slip down?"

"Better wait a minute," returned the other, in the same low tone.

The delay, however, proved fatal to their hopes. As if aware of their intention, the jaguar stole out from the fore-castle and laid itself down before the entrance. They could just distinguish the dusky outlines of its form as it crouched there. Then, as the darkness deepened, nothing but the glare of its savage eyes was visible.

The baleful light which shone from those two fiery orbs seemed to fascinate the boys. Upon Watts especially it produced a thrilling, an all-powerful effect. He couldn't withdraw his gaze from the spot where the scintillating gleam of the brute's eyes twinkled through the darkness, and felt an almost irresistible impulse to hurl himself from the yard-arm.

"Carruthers, what are we to do?" he whispered again. The poor fellow's teeth were chattering, for the cold, damp night air chilled him through and through.

"There is nothing for it but to remain where we are," was the reply.

"I suppose so. We are safe up here, at any rate."

Carruthers made no reply. For some time a horrible fear had beset him, and he dreaded to think what might occur when daylight revealed their position to the ferocious beast below. The derelict was an old wooden vessel; the mast was of pine; and—*he knew that a jaguar could climb like a cat.*

To depict the horrors of that long night, during which the two lads sat astride of the yard-arm, would be utterly impossible. With cramped and numbed limbs, a constant strain upon their minds, they remained in that awkward position, feeling as if the hours of darkness would never come to an end.

When at last the night began to wane, and the grey light of dawn stole over the heaving waters, they looked around them with eager, searching eyes. Though the fog had cleared to some extent, it still shrouded the horizon, and

they could see no further than a mile or so from the wreck. In that limited range all was a blank. Not a vessel of any kind was in sight.

The sound of a mighty yawn came to them from the deck. Looking down they saw that the jaguar had risen to its feet, and was stretching its powerful limbs. Whether it was some involuntary movement on their part, or a half-stifled exclamation from Watts, that caught the brute's attention, it was impossible to say. It drew itself up, reared its massive head into the air, and glared up at them. The next moment, with slow, cat-like tread, it moved towards the mast.

Round and round it went in a circle, keeping its head turned upwards, as if considering the best manner in which to reach the yard-arm. They could hear the soft patter of its paws, the occasional low growl, and saw the hot breath streaming from the creature's mouth. In an agony of suspense they watched it from above.

Suddenly the brute backed away to a short distance and crouched on the deck. Its back was bent in a strong downward curve; it seemed to brace its powerful muscles, and to measure its distance carefully. Good Heavens! it was about to spring!

A breathless pause; and then, like a stone from a sling, the jaguar shot into the air. It struck the mast, which shook under the shock; the terrible claws were driven into the wood, and there for a moment or two the beast hung. The boys shrieked, and scrambled far out upon the yard-arm. It was a question of a minute or two now; if the jaguar maintained its hold nothing could save them.

At that critical moment, with death hovering so near, a sound reached their ears which brought a thrill of hope to their hearts. It was the loud blast of a fog-horn! They looked round, and—oh, joy!—there was the *Strathearn* bearing down upon them. Those on board seemed to be aware of their terrible plight, for the lads could see several figures rushing about the deck, while some of the crew were already scrambling over the side into a boat.

At the sound of that blast the jaguar, still clinging to the mast, had turned its head round in the direction. Suddenly it relaxed its hold and dropped back on deck, where it stood glaring across at the boat, which was now rapidly approaching the wreck. In the stern, with a rifle sticking up between his knees, was Mr. Wardlaw, the second mate. The very sight of him brought relief to the boys, for often they had seen him practising with that same rifle—smashing bottles which he had flung into the sea

As the boat drew in close to the derelict the men rested upon their oars. Wardlaw stood up, took steady aim at the jaguar, and fired. With a snarl of rage the brute bounded into the air, but came down on its legs again. A second, a third shot followed; and then the jaguar was sprawling on its back in the throes of death.

When it had ceased to struggle Carruthers and Watts crawled feebly back along the yard-arm, and slid down the mast. The terrors of the night, the long strain upon their minds, had told severely upon both. They were crippled with cold, too, and could barely keep their feet until Wardlaw reached them.

Before quitting the derelict the mate determined to have a look at the cabin. There was little to be seen there, however; the place was in dire confusion, and fragments of bones, which looked like those of a human being, lay upon the floor. One of the crew, at least, must have fallen a victim to that fierce beast.

As they rowed back to the *Strathearn* the mate informed the boys that Mr. Lanyon's boat had got safely back to the ship the previous evening, after pulling about in the fog for an hour or more. Indeed, as they neared the vessel's side, one of the first persons they caught sight of was the chief mate himself, who roared out a cordial welcome to them.

They would probably have remained in ignorance as to how the jaguar came to be on the wreck but for one of those curious coinci-

dences that sometimes occur at sea. The following day they fell in with a couple of boats, the occupants of which proved to be the crew of the water-logged vessel. When they were taken on board, they told how their ship, the *Lone Pilgrim*, had sailed from Rio with a general cargo. Part of their freight consisted of several wild beasts, consigned to a well-known importer in Liverpool, which gave them no little trouble even at the outset of the voyage.

A succession of fierce gales blew them out of their course, and drove them far north. As their vessel was badly injured and fast becoming water-logged, they were compelled to take to the two remaining boats. By this time all the beasts, with the exception of the jaguar, had been washed overboard. The captain, who was the last to quit the ship, was just stepping out from the cabin, when this ferocious brute broke loose and bounded towards him. Before the unfortunate man could close the door the creature was upon him. Probably, in the struggle which ensued, the door was slammed to, so that when the beast had devoured its victim, it found itself caged up there. That was all they had to tell.

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When it had ceased to struggle Carruthers and Watts crawled feebly back along the yard-arm, and slid down the mast. The terrors of the night, the long strain upon their minds, had told severely upon both. They were crippled with cold, too, and could barely keep their feet until Wardlaw reached them.

Before quitting the derelict the mate determined to have a look at the cabin. There was little to be seen there, however; the place was in dire confusion, and fragments of bones, which looked like those of a human being, lay upon the floor. One of the crew, at least, must have fallen a victim to that fierce beast.

As they rowed back to the *Strathearn* the mate informed the boys that Mr. Lanyon's boat had got safely back to the ship the previous evening, after pulling about in the fog for an hour or more. Indeed, as they neared the vessel's side, one of the first persons they caught sight of was the chief mate himself, who roared out a cordial welcome to them.

They would probably have remained in ignorance as to how the jaguar came to be on the wreck but for one of those curious coinci-

dences that sometimes occur at sea. The following day they fell in with a couple of boats, the occupants of which proved to be the crew of the water-logged vessel. When they were taken on board, they told how their ship, the *Lone Pilgrim*, had sailed from Rio with a general cargo. Part of their freight consisted of several wild beasts, consigned to a well-known importer in Liverpool, which gave them no little trouble even at the outset of the voyage.

A succession of fierce gales blew them out of their course, and drove them far north. As their vessel was badly injured and fast becoming water-logged, they were compelled to take to the two remaining boats. By this time all the beasts, with the exception of the jaguar, had been washed overboard. The captain, who was the last to quit the ship, was just stepping out from the cabin, when this ferocious brute broke loose and bounded towards him. Before the unfortunate man could close the door the creature was upon him. Probably, in the struggle which ensued, the door was slammed to, so that when the beast had devoured its victim, it found itself caged up there. That was all they had to tell.

Though this adventure on the high seas occurred many years back, Carruthers and Watts have always retained a vivid remembrance of it. Each now commands a vessel of his own; but neither has forgotten, or is likely to forget, the terrible experiences of that night on a derelict.



SANDY HOOK.

Some Curious Postage Stamps.

By H. M. GOOCH.



AN EARLY SHANGHAI.

It has been estimated that the total number of all known postage stamps issued throughout the world up to the present year is fourteen thousand, this number being decidedly exclusive of any minor varieties, such as shade, watermark, perforation, etc.

Those who have set themselves to the herculean, but not fruitless, task of accumulating these varieties must have met with many a curious design which has figured on the postage stamps of various countries. A little inquiry will elicit some interesting information upon their *raison d'être*, and in certain cases stories worth keeping in memory. A curious design is met with; the person who realises no interest in stamp-collecting passes the specimen over as a crude and ill-formed production of the engraver's art; the stamp collector sees in his curiosity that which is an object lesson in past history.

Some of the most curious designs in postage stamps pertain to the earliest issues, and this with good reason. It is customary in days of quick travelling and prompt communication for the leading centres of commerce to be requisitioned for a new stamp design, or series of designs, these executed in present-day excellence of engraving. The primitive issues of postage stamps were for the most part the product of local genius, in some cases representative of local art, in others a design with little or no special meaning.

The design of the first issue of British Guiana would in all probability be passed over by the uninitiated as an ordinary post-mark. The design is certainly curious, being type-set; the difference between the four values, 2c., 4c., 8c., and 12c., being distinguished by a mere alteration of the central numerals, and a difference in the colour of the paper used for each value.

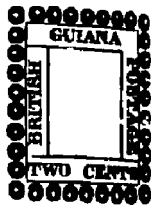


FIRST ISSUE.

The curiosity attaching to these stamps extends to their difficulty of acquisition, and consequent value, the 2c. being worth several hundred pounds, while the specimen illustrated is valued at £8 in used condition.

In these "circular" stamps, as they are called, so primitive was the design that it was deemed advisable to initial each specimen before issue, this being effected by the postmaster.

Another curious stamp pertains to the same colony at a later date. Many a curious design owes its existence to a temporary exhaustion of a regular issue. To this cause the accompanying rude design is attributable. The stamps were merely type-set in the local printing office, and so limited was the supply of type that varying ornaments were used for the surrounding frame. In the illustration a border of pearls is shown, but the same design showing borders of "hearts" and "trefoils" is obtainable.



BRITISH GUIANA—PEARL BORDER.

Here is a stamp which must always take rank among the most curious stamps which have been issued, and this in an historical connection. It is the 5c. stamp of New Brunswick, which had an ephemeral existence in the year 1860. The portrait in the oval is that of Mr. Charles Connell, the then Postmaster-General of the colony. Just after his accession to office the currency of the colony was changed from "pence" to "cents," hence a new series of postage stamps became necessary. A happy thought which struck the Postmaster-General was to include his own portrait on one of the values, the 5c. The order was given, and the stamps arrived in the colony, when an unlooked-for event took place. The political opponents of Mr. Connell raised objection to the new stamp, with the final result that a new 5c. stamp was substituted, bearing a portrait of Her Majesty the Queen. Mr. Connell, mortified and disgusted, retired from office into private life, taking his stamps with him, which at a subsequent date he burned, with the exception of a few specimens which are known, and which it is supposed were given to personal friends.



"CONNELL" STAMP.

Among the Russian rural stamps there are many curious and grotesque designs, in some cases with interesting meaning attaching to them. These stamps, by no means popular with British collectors, owe their origin to the vast extent of



RUSSIAN RURAL POST STAMP.

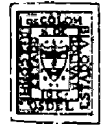
Russian territory, and the great distance between many of the towns and villages. The carrying of mails over such great distances proving unremunerative to the Government, the towns and villages were but poorly

served, in some cases there being no facility for delivery of letters at all. The local authorities instituted local posts for the conveyance of letters between certain distances, issuing distinct stamps for the pre-payment of the postage. The illustration is that of the local for Oustsolsk, and although the design may appear meaningless to the reader, there is good reason for its curious nature. The Vologda district, in which this town is situated, is inhabited by numerous bears and wolves, which commit serious depredations on crops and Government property. This has caused the Government to offer rewards of 10 roubles (£1) for every bear's head, and 5 roubles (10s.) for every wolf's head, captured by the peasants.



WINANS' CITY POST.

Among a similar class of stamps—the United States locals—some very quaint designs may be found. The accompanying illustration of the stamp for Winans' City Post is an example of these curious stamps, all of which are now obsolete, being superseded by Government issues.



THE SMALLEST STAMP IN THE WORLD.

Considerable difficulty might be found, even by the stamp collector, to mention off-hand the smallest stamp in the world. The first issue of Venezuela, the four quarters of the Mecklenburg-Schwerin 4/4sch. stamp, the Brattleboro', and even the obsolete adhesive of Great Britain, are among the smallest stamps that have been issued. But we think claim to the smallest stamp in the world can be made by the Republic of Colombia, which has issued the accompanying microscopic label for use in the State of Bolivar.

The primitive designs which form many of the first issues of various countries are extraordinary. The early Shanghai stamps, much coveted by collectors, bear a grotesque figure as a centre-piece—a dragon—the remainder of the design

being type-set locally. It is not surprising that so-simple a label has been extensively forged, although the detection of the counterfeit is generally an easy matter, the forger having given the dragon a more bushy beard than natural, the original having seven points only!



EARLY MOLDAVIAN.

The earliest issue of Moldavia are among the most curious stamps which are to be found. These consist of a single-lined circle enclosing an inscription which stands for "Postage stamp," a star above a bull's head, and a posthorn, in the bend of which appear the numerals of value—27 paras, 54 paras, 81 paras, or 108 paras. All these stamps, although little better than postmarks in appearance, are excessively rare and valuable.

The stamps of Naples, bearing the arms of the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, are curious both in their design and history. The well known varieties of the "Arms" and "Cross" stamps figure among the curiosities of postal romance. The alteration of the "Arms" design, illustrated, consequent upon the accession of King Victor Emmanuel in 1860, was effected by the addition of the Savoy Cross, the alteration of the plate being hastily done, so that the arms of the late kingdoms are to be seen beneath the cross in clear specimens of this issue.



"ARMS."

Bicycle stamps are not numerous, but one or two cases figure among the curiosities of the stamp album. During the railway strike in America (1894), an enterprising individual residing at Fresno in California, instituted a bicycle mail service for the purpose of conveying mails between Fresno and San Francisco, a distance of over two hundred miles; the journey being accomplished in eighteen hours. He issued a stamp the design of which represented a cyclist travelling at full speed, the inscription being "Fresno and San Francisco Bicycle Mail Route, 1894." The service was short-lived, enjoying but fourteen days' existence. The Coolgardie Cycle Express stamps were also issued in West Australia for a similar purpose, although no official warrant appears to have been given in either case for the service, both being of a private nature.



CROSS.



Illustrated by Dudley Cleaver.

SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—IV.).

"CAMBRIDGE HALL," a private academy, receives a football challenge from a public school in the same town. Dr. Worgler, the Principal of Cambridge Hall, who for some time has been burning to meet his haughty rival "in fair field," accepts the challenge with great satisfaction, and immediately proceeds to train up his team for the contest. He sends off a mysterious telegram, and late in the afternoon of that day there arrives at Cambridge Hall a "new boy"—a big, rough-spoken, uncouth fellow, of apparently eighteen or nineteen years of age, who is promptly dubbed "The Red Ram," on account of the colour of his hair. The new boy, whose name is "MacGubbin," makes himself at home with astonishing ease, but pays no respect to the assistant masters, and very little to the Principal himself. He is allotted a bed in the biggest dormitory, and wins instant popularity by jumping on a monitor whom he discovers in the act of bullying the cripple of the school. It soon becomes evident that the "Red Ram" does not realise his position, for he plays practical jokes on the head master himself, and without troubling to ask permission goes off, on the following afternoon, to see an important football match at a neighbouring town. Returning late at night, and finding several monitors sitting up in the big school-room, he organises a dribbling match, which is interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Nunn, the second master. The monitors slink out, leaving the "Red Ram" and Mr. Nunn together.

CHAPTER V.

Nor till the lights had been turned out did MacGubbin arrive in the dormitory; then he, for once, showed himself rather grumpy, and declined to discuss the matter which kept the rest of us from going to sleep. All we could get out of him was that the Principal had not come in yet, and that he "didna care a brass bawbee" for whatever Mr. Nunn had said to him. He went straight to bed and lay snoring ostentatiously when both

the assistant masters came to see that we were all quiet, "making their rounds in a couple of them, like the Irish constabulary," as MacGubbin remarked next morning, which showed he must have been pretending to be asleep. In view of the mutinous spirit abroad, Mr. Nunn had reinforced himself with Mr. Delaney; and I guessed the latter would be rather disappointed than otherwise by not getting a chance to try his hand at reducing the Red Ram to submission.

Next morning, that worthy was stirring before the bell rang, when we discovered him half dressed behind his screen, engaged in shaving off a few bristles from his beefy chin. This toilette operation attracting general notice, he proposed to shave us all round, by way of a friendly joke. As many fellows as would submit to the ordeal he lathered and scraped so vigorously that more than one of them came down to breakfast their smooth cheeks ornamented with cuts and dabs of gore.

He was in high good humour again; and in vain we tried to impress upon him a sense of his situation as a criminal awaiting sentence.

"You are bound to catch it, you know, if Nunn has reported you."

"I'll tell my nither!" he answered, with a comic affectation of alarm.

"But we'll catch it!" Josephs told him, as a point of more importance.

"Do ye good to be waked up a bit," was all his sympathy.

"There will be no end of a row, and all because you cheeked old Nunn, like an idiot," grumbled someone else; but we could not get our reckless accomplice to display any concern either for us or for himself.

He produced a bag of peppermint drops, which he threw about the floor and set the small boys to scramble for them, "trying to make us all late and

get us into more scrapes!" as Josephs vainly protested. Also, he gave a performance of his trick with a wet cork on the window pane; and showed us further how to draw lines on the looking-glasses with a piece of soap, so as to make them look cracked. But Josephs prudently stayed behind to obliterate these marks of mischievous art, when at last MacGubbin went downstairs, cheerily whistling the "Wearing of the Green," as if no reckoning were in store for him.

At breakfast-time, indeed, there were evident signs of a storm in the air. One look at the Principal's face told experienced judges that he knew how we had taken advantage of his absence. At his end of the table Mr. Delaney sat very stiff and silent. It afterwards came out that he and MacGubbin had encountered each other at that football match, and that some fresh unpleasant-

ness there took place between them. Mr. Nunn had his usual air of meditative composure. The untimely football players were more or less overcast by a foreboding of calamity at hand. Only MacGubbin devoted himself heartily to his breakfast, snatching at the bread and butter like a hawk pouncing on a swallow, bawling lustily for the mustard, and winking to the maid to fill his cup, like one unconscious of any cause to spoil his appetite.

We knew better, for the half-hour between breakfast and school-time was the time our Principal usually chose for holding assizes of justice. And sure enough, when, at the accustomed signal, we rose to follow Mrs. Worgler out of the room, as soon as Mr. Delaney had performed his accustomed ceremony of opening the door for the lady's exit, her husband arrested us by a gesture.

"The lower boys, go!" he bade. "The seniors—those who were sitting up last night—will stay. I have a word to say to them."

A good many words, we culprits guessed by his tone, as we huddled together towards the fireplace, where he took up his stand, beckoning us to come forward for sentence. MacGubbin got up with the rest, but presently squatted down on the edge of the table, swinging his legs and sprawling

his arms very much at ease. The two masters held a little aloof, as if waiting to be called as witnesses to our delinquency.

The court thus constituted, our judge began his charge. I need not report all he said, because it was very much what other schoolmasters have to say on such occasions, and because he said it at a length which might be only less trying to the reader than to the hearers. Our master rather "fancied himself" as an orator, and when he had time, as now, to prepare a speech, he made the most of it, not less eloquently denouncing any outbreak of spirits than if it were a real disgrace to the school. We knew pretty well beforehand what he would say, and were mainly interested about his coming to the point, which he came to in the end. Yet he did not come to it very clearly even then. In a doubtful way we under-

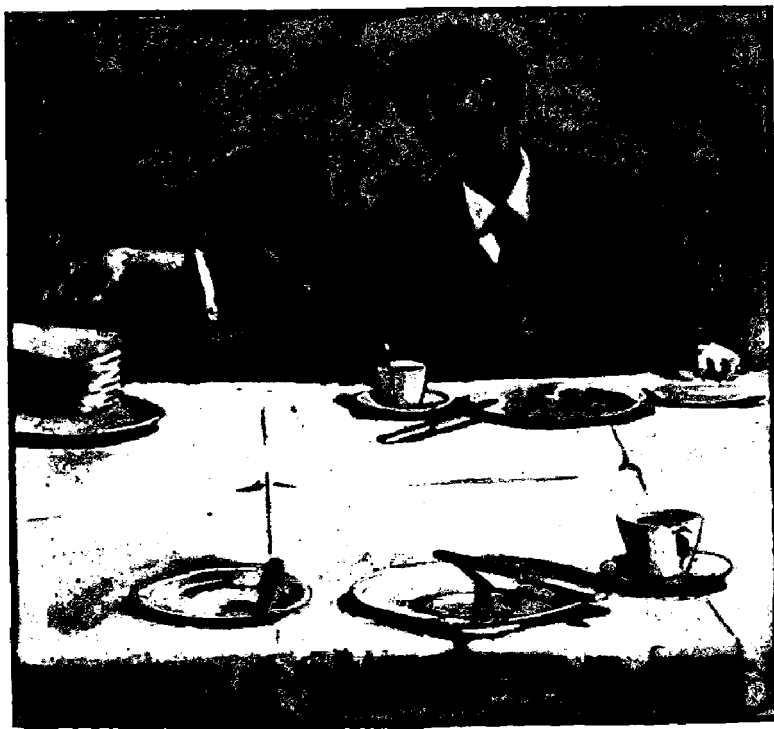
stood ourselves condemned to an imposition of five hundred lines; but this was not to be begun till after the match, and if our side won, a half-promise was held out of its being abridged or even wholly forgiven; so now interest as well as glory would spur us to play up against the Cauliflowers.

"You will write down the names of these boys and bring me the list presently," he enjoined on me. "Though I was not big enough to be a prefect, Dr. Worgler often gave me

commissions of the sort, in flattering testimony of my unrewarded trustworthiness.

All this time he had said nothing of MacGubbin's special offence; but at last, with apparent reluctance, he turned to that topic.

"Most of all am I concerned to learn that one of my masters has been insulted in the execution of his duty." It was grand to hear how the Principal rolled out *my masters*, investing them, as it were, with a reflection of his own dignity. "Stand up, if you please!" This to MacGubbin, who still sat comporting himself as if he had no concern with the matter. "I need not repeat the language you permitted yourself to use to Mr. Nunn. I have told him how much I regret it, and I am sure that, upon consideration, you will see fit to express your own regret. I have to



SNATCHING AT THE BREAD AND BUTTER.

insist that you make him a proper apology here, in public. I hope Mr. Nunn will be able to report to me that he is satisfied; then I trust that such a thing will never again happen in my school."

With this, to our surprise, Dr. Worgler swept out of the room, manifestly in no mind to preside over the apology he had prescribed in such masterful style. Mr. Nunn was left to have it out with the rebel, on whom all eyes now turned. He stood sheepishly grinning, with his hands in his pockets; and there followed an awkward silence, impatiently broken by Mr. Delaney.

"Well, sir; we are waiting to hear what you have to say."

"You mind your own business, will ye!" growled MacGubbin.

His fellow countryman stepped forward with an exclamation, but Mr. Nunn beckoned him to keep quiet, saying mildly to the culprit: "You must know that you were rude to me last night; and you are old enough to feel that an apology is due."

"Apology—what like a long-nibbed word's that? I tell't ye to go and be hanged, did I? Well, then, ye needna gang—there!"

He brought this out in such a droll way that some of us could not help smiling; but Mr. Delaney looked furious, and seemed on the point of extorting a more civil apology by violence, if Mr. Nunn had not still held him back.

"Is this mere stupidity or fresh impertinence?" he asked, flushing a little, but keeping his spectacles steadily on MacGubbin, who seemed more impressed by his quiet air than by the other master's hardly-restrained indignation.

"What's a chap to say? There, then—I'm sorry: I'll be as good as pussy! Will that do for ye?" he ended, with an uneasy laugh.

"No, sir," said Mr. Nunn; "you have taken on yourself to upset the discipline of this school, and it is my duty to make sure that you understand your place in it."

"That's more than I do," put in Mr. Delaney, with a sneer.

"I am sorry that Dr. Worgler has not stayed to see this matter out. But as you seem bent on taking advantage of his indulgence, I insist upon your making your apology before him. Come!"

MacGubbin tried to grin, but it was a failure: he was too red to blush. Mr. Nunn moved towards the door, looking round with another "Come!" and there was something magnetic in his mild determination, for the Ram ended by following like a sulky lamb, Mr. Delaney bringing up the rear as if to guard him. We could understand how the two masters had made alliance against this despiser of their authority.

So, after all, the Principal would have to settle that difficult question which he seemed so willing to shirk, and we were much agog to know what went on in the privacy where he was now being brought to give judgment. As I had been charged to follow him presently with a list of my fellow-culprits, the others urged me to take this good excuse for prying upon the proceedings; but I shrunk from such intrusion, and less scrupulous scouts could only report the door shut and no

high words to be heard within. Our curiosity, then, remained unsatisfied, with nothing to go upon but a fresh suggestion thrown out by young Bloxam, or somebody, that the Red Ram was a lunatic, who had come to school so late after being too soon let out of an asylum.

Not till the bell was about to ring for school did I venture to approach the Library on my errand. I met MacGubbin coming away, who, so far from appearing overwhelmed by the upshot of the long interview from which he had just been dismissed, winked at me jovially and jerked his thumb backwards in derision. He had left the door slightly ajar, so that I overheard Dr. Worgler soliloquising, as I supposed, in a dejected tone:—

"I have made a mistake. I never thought he would give so much trouble—the idiot!"

"Never mind, dear! He has promised to behave himself better now. It will turn out all right," answered the comforting voice of Mrs. W.—that milky-natured mother, who always took a hopeful view of things and stood up for everybody in trouble, for her husband above all.

He answered by a stifled groan, as if wrung from him by a burden too heavy to bear in silence.

But I wasn't going to listen at doors. I had already announced myself by a shy knock that passed unnoticed; now I gave a louder one.

"Come in!" cried Dr. Worgler crossly, all his grandeur gone sour. "What's the matter now? Oh, that list—put it down! Why will you all do nothing else but get me into trouble—and on the day of the match, too!"

From this peep into his retirement I gathered that our Principal was ill at ease in his mind, and wondered all the more what could be the cause of his putting up with a fellow like the Red Ram, who so clearly stood in no awe of him.

He came five minutes late for school, during which time, however, he had managed to compose himself so as to appear with his habitual majesty of demeanour. Then all went smoothly for the first part of the morning, the more so as MacGubbin did not turn up to disturb our studies. It was whispered among us that he had gone for good; that Mr. Nunn had presented an ultimatum—one or other of them to leave the school at once. But during the "quarter" interval the Red Ram strolled into the playground, as bumptious as ever. He had been up town, he said, getting himself fitted out for the match. We were not, then, to lose his valuable assistance. He declined to enlighten us as to what had been said or done to him in the Library, which evidently weighed little upon his spirits, for he now treated us to a performance, first of an Irish jig, then of a Highland fling, and was about to wind up with a sailor's hornpipe when the bell called us back into school.

Here MacGubbin was handed over to my charge, I being appointed to see that he began his imposition of five hundred lines from "The Deserted Village." A pretty way of getting through an imposition, in school time, thought I; but all Dr. Worgler seemed to be concerned about was this troublesome pupil's making some show of work to keep him quiet. And now he did have

the grace to sit quiet for a time, writing more or less industriously at his lines in a big clumsy scrawl, only now and then stopping to refresh himself by a yawn or a fit of fidgets.

But towards the end of the hour he was at his tricks again, distracting and disturbing all the desks within sight of him. Mr. Delaney, who sat in front of MacGubbin's place, could not make out what was tickling his class into such inattention, till, suddenly turning round, he caught that mischief-maker in the act. The Red Ram had cut out a ring of cardboard, and, with this screwed into his eye, like a glass, he was giving a ludicrous imitation of the teacher's manner behind his back.

Mr. Delaney glared at the mocker in unspeakable wrath. Those who saw this bit of by-play fancied for the moment that he was about to appeal to the Principal. But he sat down without a word, and contented himself with frowning so fiercely at his small boys as to overawe any mood for further trifling on their part.

A few minutes later Dr. Worgler dismissed us with a speech, calling attention to the importance of the afternoon's match, and expressing his wish that every boy should be present. He strode to the door, our established etiquette being that the Principal should march off in state before anyone else offered to move. Mr. Nunn came next, and they went out confabulating together. The rest of us broke up to follow in more disorder, but when only some half-dozen had escaped, Mr. Delaney rushed

up to slam the door, placing his back against it.

"Stop!" he said, and we all stood still in amazement.

"A word with you!" He addressed MacGubbin. "Dr. Worgler may have some reason for putting up with your impertinence, but I won't! Do you hear?"

"Aye, I hear fine!" said MacGubbin coolly. "Ye're making bletcher enough. Cackle away—give us the whole hen-yard!"

"I am going to give you a good thrashing!" announced Mr. Delaney, flinging off his coat, and turning up his shirt-sleeves with the air of one

who would prove that he was not only a master but a man.

"You! Who are you? Small potatoes and few in a row!"

"Take off your coat, will you?"

"Here's a wild Irishman for ye!" taunted the Red Ram; but appeared not very keen for the encounter, so stern was the resolution displayed on our young master's face, his eyes shining with the lust of conflict, his lips set tight beneath the budding moustache.

"And it's the like of you that are a disgrace to Ireland!" retorted he, excitement making him drop for once into his native accent. "Stand

away, you fellows! Move that form! Come in and shut the door!" he bade the few boys who had left the room, but now peeped back to see what might be detaining the rest of us. "I am going to teach this bouncer a lesson he needs very badly. Now, sir, put up your hands!"

MacGubbin took his hands out of his pockets, but still showed himself not very forward for the fray to which he was thus plainly challenged, till Mr. Delaney, with a hit straight out from the shoulder, sent him staggering backwards.

Over went the Ram like a nine-pin, his downfall stayed only by a clutch at the master's desk; but up he sprang, as lightly as if made of gutta-percha, roaring defiance, and now—not waiting to strip—rushed upon his adversary. In another moment, with breathless interest, we saw

these two doughty champions engaged in a rough-and-tumble fight.

Fighting is so much out of fashion at schools nowadays, that it was seldom we had such a thrilling spectacle, spiced by the zest of one of the combatants being a master, who should have set a better example. They were not ill-matched—both about the same height and age, MacGubbin the heavier and stronger, with long arms and big fists to give him an advantage, but the other a practised athlete, wiry and spirited, who now for the first time had a chance of showing that he had not boasted vainly of his skill in boxing. For a little the Red Ram seemed likely to get the



AN IRISH JIG.

worst of it ; but when once he had fairly measured his length on the floor, he rose with fresh fury, and, thoroughly put on his mettle, made such vigorous fight, though in a less scientific style, that Mr. Delaney found he would have at least no easy victory. He took to standing on his defence against the other's onslaught, who

Showered his blows like wintry rain ;
And as firm rock, or castle roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill.

Thus, with clenched teeth and flashing eyes, they pressed together in dubious strife, hitting out at each other in the ring we had hurriedly cleared on the floor, desks and benches dragged aside to make room for this sudden encounter, which let us see how, when Irishman meets Irishman, then indeed comes the tug of war.

So hot was it, that they did not allow themselves to be interrupted by the entrance of Cook, bringing in her mop and pail to clean out the schoolroom. Taken aback by the strange scene enacting in a place she expected to find abandoned to her peaceful toils, she dropped these implements with an exclamation, and waddled off to give an alarm. A minute later the Principal arrived on the battle-field in such haste that he had not put on his panoply of cap and gown, without which he usually made a point of not showing himself in the schoolroom.

"What is the meaning of this ?" he might well cry in horrified astoundment ; and, when even his presence did not avail to separate the blind combatants, he snatched up Cook's mop, rushing forward to interpose this wand of peace between them just as the Ram had at last succeeded in getting in a telling blow. Then only they drew apart, still exchanging defiant glances.

"Mr. Delaney ! Have you forgotten yourself, sir, so far as to strike a pupil ?"

Mr. Delaney, taken up with staunching the blood from his aristocratic nose, could not answer this reproach ; but the panting MacGubbin spoke for him.

"Deed, and all the striking wasn't on his side ! Come on, will ye, and I'll show whuch of us is a disgrace to ould Ireland ! Hurroo ! Ulster against Cork any day !"

"I am giving this impertinent lout the licking he deserves," explained Mr. Delaney, and seemed ready to close again in combat, if the Principal had not barred his on-rush with the mop. "Either he leaves the school, sir, or I do. You had better let us fight it out."

"Do you wish to ruin my school among you ?" exclaimed Dr. Worgler in fretful perplexity. Then his eye fell on us boys, whom he felt better able to command. "What are you all doing here ! Leave the room this instant !" he ordered us, and fell to sweeping forth the spectators at the point of his mop. He banged the door in our faces ;

and once more we had to go disappointed of what could not fail to be a most dramatic scene.



OVER WENT THE RAM LIKE A NINE-PIN.

CHAPTER VI

SHUT out from the counsels of our superiors, we could only give ourselves up to excited surmising what might be the upshot of this scandal—the climax of all the sensations that had agitated us, one after the other, during the last three days.

Rumours ran that MacGubbin was to be expelled ; that a policeman had been sent for ; that the match would be put off ; that we were sure to lose it if the Red Ram failed us. But fears on this head were quieted by his appearance at dinner in full football array.

Our uniform was a white shirt with light blue hoops. The shop that served us must have run short of this material, or could not supply a ready-made shirt of it, for our new member had fitted himself out with the nearest pattern, a blue flannel with white lines, which helped to give him the air of a glorified butcher's boy. He wore it unbuttoned about his red bull neck, but at the waist was tightly girded by a black leather strap. Short serge breeches and thick, grey stockings, protected by pads that to me suggested Homer's "well-greaved" heroes, displayed an athletic hiatus of hairy knees and brawny calves ; and this business-like costume ended with a pair of formidable boots that seemed fitting foundation of a tower of strength for our team.

Josephs declared that he looked exactly like a prize-fighter. He had not been able to wash away from his face an extensive discoloration promising a beautiful black eye for next day. Mr. Delaney, for his part, had a swollen lip as trace of the recent combat. It was fine to see the formal

courtesy with which the young master asked his late antagonist to have some more veal. The Red Ram took all he could get, and swallowed it down in silence, appearing to be a little subdued out of his usual cockahoop demeanour.

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As the church clock struck a quarter to three the College team began to lounge forth in all the splendour of their purple jerseys. The two captains advanced to each other for the toss, and were joined by the tall figure of that athletic curate who had been agreed on as referee.

We won the toss, and Croft chose the goal at the pavilion as having the advantage of wind and sun. The other side left off knocking about their ball and moved across into position. Our champions took their places, Croft nervously signing to this and that one, but the Red Ram, too, seemed to be playing captain independently. He, posted as a right forward, made ready for the fray by rolling up his sleeves above his elbows, which gave him still more



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worst of it; but when once he had fairly measured his length on the floor, he rose with fresh fury, and, thoroughly put on his mettle, made such vigorous fight, though in a less scientific style, that Mr. Delaney found he would have at least no easy victory. He took to standing on his defence against the other's onslaught, who

Showered his blows like wintry rain;
And as firm rock, or castle roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill.

Thus, with clenched teeth and flashing eyes, they pressed together in dubious strife, hitting out at each other in the ring we had hurriedly cleared on the floor, desks and benches dragged aside to make room for this sudden encounter, which let us see how, when Irishman meets Irishman, then indeed comes the tug of war.

So hot was it, that they did not allow themselves to be interrupted by the entrance of Cook, bringing in her mop and pail to clean out the schoolroom. Taken

aback by the strange scene enacting in a place she expected to find abandoned to her peaceful toils, she dropped these implements with an exclamation, and waddled off to give an alarm. A minute later the Principal arrived on the battle-field in such haste that he had not put on his panoply of cap and gown, without which he usually made a point of not showing himself in the schoolroom.

"What is the meaning of this?" he might well cry in horrified astoundment; and, when even his presence did not avail to separate the blind combatants, he snatched up Cook's mop, rushing forward to interpose this wand of peace between them just as the Ram had at last succeeded in getting in a telling blow. Then only they drew apart, still exchanging defiant glances.

"Mr. Delaney! Have you forgotten yourself, sir, so far as to strike a pupil?"

Mr. Delaney, taken up with staunching the blood from his aristocratic nose, could not answer this reproach; but the panting MacGubbin spoke for him.

"Deed, and all the striking wasn't on his side! Come on, will ye, and I'll show whuch of us is a disgrace to ould Ireland! Hurroo! Ulster against Cork any day!"



OVER WENT THE RAM LIKE A NINE-PIN.

"I am giving this impertinent lout the licking he deserves," explained Mr. Delaney, and seemed ready to close again in combat, if the Principal had not barred his on-rush with the mop. "Either he leaves the school, sir, or I do. You had better let us fight it out."

"Do you wish to ruin my school among you?" exclaimed Dr. Worgler in fretful perplexity. Then his eye fell on us boys, whom he felt better able to command. "What are you all doing here? Leave the room this instant!" he ordered us, and fell to sweeping forth the spectators at the point of his mop. He banged the door in our faces; and once more we had to go disappointed of what could not fail to be a most dramatic scene.

CHAPTER VI.

SHUT OUT from the counsels of our superiors, we could only give ourselves up to excited surmising what might be the upshot of this scandal—the climax of all the sensations that had agitated us, one after the other, during the last three days.

Rumours ran that MacGubbin was to be expelled; that a policeman had been sent for; that the match would be put off; that we were sure to lose it if the Red Ram failed us. But fears on this head were quieted by his appearance at dinner in full football array.

Our uniform was a white shirt with light blue hoops. The shop that served us must have run short of this material, or could not supply a ready-made shirt of it, for our new member had fitted himself out with the nearest pattern, a blue flannel with white lines, which helped to give him the air of a glorified butcher's boy. He wore it unbuttoned about his red bull neck, but at the waist was tightly girded by a black leather strap. Short serge breeches and thick, grey stockings, protected by pads that to me suggested Homer's "well-greaved" heroes, displayed an athletic hiatus of hairy knees and brawny calves; and this business-like costume ended with a pair of formidable boots that seemed fitting foundation of a tower of strength for our team.

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Such were the ejaculations that rang out thick and fast when the spectators as well as the players had warmed to their parts. Two or three fields off these cries were echoed, at times almost drowned, by the distant din that arose round another school match, which seemed to excite more interest than ours. Dr. Worgler exerted himself to stir up the applause, clapping his gloved hands as he called on us to admire each achievement of his new recruit. I am not sure if our Principal knew enough of the matter to put in his admiration always at the right place; but he could talk of "passes" and "dribbles" and such like as glibly as anyone.

"Buck up! Buck up, light blue!"

I could hardly believe my ears when I heard this slang resound from his magisterial lips, wont to give out none but most exemplary phrases. I was amused also to note how Josephs, strutting up and down with a sky-blue flag, as linesman, held his nose in the air, as if critically regarding our champion's prowess, for his part.

MacGubbin, however, was quite independent of encouragement or disdain. He moved as in his element, dashing in and out like an animated battering ram, or like a nimble knight or a far-stretching bishop among the common pawns of the game, or like a jumping frog on springs, here one moment and there the next, where you would least expect him, while Croft, playing back, had little to do but look on at the feats of that formidable lieutenant. The comparison that came most readily into my mind was from a bit of Homer I had been hammering out with Mr. Nunn that morning: "He seemed like a comet sent by the son of Saturn for a beacon to sailors, or to some great army; and in his fiery wake went dismay and downfall to the foe."

"Who's that fellow with the chimney-pot head?" the Cauliflowers began to ask each other; and presently one of them put the question to me in a tone of overdone civility which I felt to be a way of holding Cambridge Hall at a distance.

"His name is MacGubbin. He's our best player," I told them with an attempt at proper pride.

"Oh, a Scotchman! I suppose he means to come out as a professional?"

"No, he's an Irishman, and such a fellow to fight!" I boasted, thinking this would impress these public school-boys.

"Has he been long at your place?" asked another.

"He came only the day before yesterday," said I, innocently.

"Looks as though you had got him in on purpose!" sneered one, unable to keep up the strain of politeness to a guest.

"He gets his fair share of the ball, anyhow."

"That red head of his blazes into our fellows' eyes and makes 'em wink," quoth one joker.

"I don't wonder that his hair frizzles up in that queer way. It must burn the brush."

"You will see the water fizz when he takes a header."

"Do you never use him to warm the beds on cold nights?"

These ingenious pleasantries were cut short by a commotion among the players. The captain of the College team spun round and staggered to the ground, where he lay in the attitude of the Dying Gladiator, while over him stood the Red Ram, flushed redder than ever, tucking in his shirt. A group gathered round them, and to the spectators it seemed for a little as if a serious accident had taken place. Presently the overthrown leader got to his feet again, and was seen to be able to hobble along; but there was a hitch in the game. Where I stood at the opposite corner it was said that he had been winded, that MacGubbin had charged him in the back, that the referee had pulled up our hero; and all round me the

College boys were heard loud in denunciations of this fire-tipped thunder-bolt as not playing fair.

That wrangle on the field soon spent itself, and play went on again, the Red Ram once more shining through the medley, the oriflamme of our side, and making such vigorous and dexterous efforts that we had indeed some right to be proud of him, while

Even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer!

Secretary of the club as I was, I could not long keep my attention fixed on the fortunes of the match, as they ebbed and flowed in the usual exciting manner. In my dreamy way I fell to comparing this game with the one described in "Tom Brown's School-days"; and now for the first time the difference struck me, that then everyone seemed to play himself in a general mob, whereas nowadays most of those present are lookers on. From that my thoughts easily passed to this College, which ranks almost with Rugby among our educational foundations, and, in my honest veneration, stood second to



"BUCK UP! BUCK UP, LIGHT BLUE!"

none. Sauntering along, I made the best of an unusual opportunity for a close view of the lordly school buildings and of the tall boys to whom I looked up so modestly, as knowing perhaps as much Greek as any of our masters. How I wished it had been my lot to belong to such a school, and not to be lame! But all at once my

while they swiftly raced behind to intercept him if yet possible. He was not thirty yards from the posts, behind which I had strolled, when I saw him stoop to give the ball, bobbing up and down before him, a sly pat, so as to place it well for the final kick, which that anxious goal-keeper stood alone to baffle. Even I knew enough of football to understand that this touch with the hand was an offence against Association rules.

And mine were not the only eyes that caught his manoeuvre. MacGubbin must have too rashly reckoned on the referee and the other players being behind him. Just as he seemed to secure his triumph with a clever cross-shot, sending the ball almost through the goal-keeper's hands into the further corner of the goal, the referee's whistle blew; and our joyful shout was lost in the College boys' clamour:—

"Goal!"—"Foul!"

The referee hurried up, and a crowd gathered round him, its centre forming a core of angry dispute. When I got up to the skirts of this word scrimmage, all I could make out at first was MacGubbin talking very loud and bold—denying, asserting, arguing, abusing, in his broadest accent and rudest manner. The reverend referee could hardly make his clear-cut tones heard to give the decision that it was certainly a foul; then the Red Ram, in his vehement protest, used the word "lie," and a general hubbub broke loose.

"We won't have this sort of thing here," cried one of the College masters above the din. "The match can't go on if the referee is to be insulted."

"Yah! Who are you?" retorted MacGubbin.

"Who are you, is the question?"—put in the referee. "I thought I had seen you somewhere before, and I remember now. You were playing last week for the Birmingham Swifts. They told me you were a new man brought up on trial from Glasgow."

"And it's Glasgow now I wish I was back at ;



DIBBLING THROUGH THE COLLEGE BACKS.

eyes were brought back to the field through my ears, as a louder outcry from both sides proclaimed some crisis of the contest.

I turned to see how that doughty Red Ram had the ball to himself in the centre of the field, how he was dribbling through the College backs, how he got clear away, making straight for their goal.

they wouldn't cheat a chap out of his goal there!" said the Red Ram, sulkily.

The referee, the College master, and their captain turned aside to consult in a low tone. I edged my way a little further into the crowd. Inside the circle I saw Dr. Worgler, looking very ill at ease. To him spoke the College master with icy civility:—

"May I ask if you represent this fellow as one of your pupils?"

"Certainly," stammered Dr. Worgler, all his dignity shrivelling up like a pricked bladder. "He has recently entered my establishment—that is—I was induced—I considered—"

"Are you aware that he is a professional football player?"

To this our unhappy Principal had nothing to say; but the Red Ram answered for him, brazening out the matter with a touch of his jovial impudence.

"Well, and if I have signed on with the Swifts, what's that to hinder a body from improving his education meanwhiles?"

"I think there is no more to be said," the College master put it to the referee, who lifted his eyebrows significantly.

"If you play a professional I am afraid we can't match you!" the College captain told Croft, trying to keep himself up to the same tone of calm contempt, before which our fellows might well wish the ground to open and swallow them, but MacGubbin burst into a horse-laugh.

"Och, but there's a good game spoilt! Heth! I could have shown ye a whole bag of tricks to open your eyes for ye, stuck up spalpeens that ye are!"

"You have shown us quite enough," one of the Cauliflowers drily replied; but his captain refused to bandy further words.

At this point I slunk out of the crowd, unable to face the scorn of those haughty young aristocrats. What passed next I cannot report, beyond the fact that presently the Cambridge Hall team came sneaking away with their tails between their legs, the match at an end, and all hope of friendly contest between the two schools. Had we lost the game, even that had been glorious; but now honour and all were lost, and we felt for the moment that we could never again

encounter any school in the town. Such was the disgrace our Principal had brought upon us in his crafty zeal for victory.

How he had ever supposed that he could make this rough clown pass for a pupil, I cannot understand. He had seen MacGubbin, it was said; then we could only suppose that their interview had been too brief to let him realise what intractable material he was taking in hand. Bloxam devised a story that some trick had been played on our master, another youth having been introduced to him as a dummy representative of the wild Irishman, who for three days thus played the part of bull in the china shop of our scholastic proprieties. You may be sure we never ventured to question the Principal on what was too manifestly

a sore subject with him. He, indeed, must have bitterly repented of the troubles he brought on himself and on Cambridge Hall through the introduction of such an alien element. I tried to draw some information out of Mr. Nunn; but he would not utter a word on the subject beyond an expressive "If me!"

MacGubbin we saw no more of—smuggled off from Cambridge Hall, as he was, that same evening. But it was long before his meteoric career would be forgotten, either by ourselves or by the other schools of the town, among which an exaggerated account of his doings quickly spread. To his late

school-fellows, if so we might be called, he left a painful legacy, not only in that long imposition he had brought upon some of us—which Dr. Worgler even doubled in the resentment that should have turned upon himself—but through certain vulgar tricks he had found time to teach in the school, that continued to bring others into trouble long after his departure. And worst of all was the consciousness that henceforth made us hang our heads before those haughty Cauliflowers.

They printed a magazine of their own, vainly run down by our envy as the "Cauliflower Leaf." In its next month, under the head of "Football Intelligence," appeared a sarcastic paragraph, gleefully elaborated, no doubt, while we were toiling over that imposition of ours.

COLLEGE 2ND V. CAMBRIDGE HALL 1ST.—This match, of which so much was expected, came on,



"WELL, AND IF I HAVE SIGNED ON WITH THE SWIFTS, WHAT'S THAT TO HINDER A BODY FROM IMPROVING HIS EDUCATION MEANWHILES?"

but can hardly be said to have come off, upon our ground, November 18th. Our opponents, it seems, had a *professor* of the game on their staff, so that we were hardly in a position to match them. Some clever tricks were displayed, but the play could not be called *good*; and the referee considered himself justified in putting a stop to it before a goal was *fairly* won. May we suggest that the ambitious name Cambridge Hall might be exchanged for White-chapel Court?

To such sneers what could we reply, even had we had access to any print? We had to bear it, without grinning.

At Christmas Mr. Delaney left Cambridge Hall in disgust. Mr. Nunn, too, went away to a head-mastership of his own. And I, also, to my

satisfaction, was removed to another school where, though far from being head boy, I found myself in the way of learning more. I am hardly, then, in a position to say whether Cambridge Hall recovered from these blows to its welfare. Of the Red Ram, however, I can tell that he has flourished exceedingly in his proper sphere of action, to judge by the renown which, after a year or two, he began to gain in the football world. There are columns in which the name of MacGubbin is famous and familiar, and many boys—men, too, for the matter of that—already know more about his career than about Nelson's or Napoleon's. But that early episode of it, I believe, is now for the first time communicated to the public.



The Aim of Education.

EDUCATION and instruction are very often confused, though they mean two very different things. Instruction is "putting in" knowledge; education is "drawing out" possibilities. The true aim of "education" is development of character.

To have a large knowledge of more or less useful facts is not the results of education but of instruction. When you have learnt to think for yourself, to follow an argument or a train of thought, your education is beginning.

Hear what the late Professor Froude said:—
"To make us know our duty and do it, to make us upright in act and true in thought and word, is the aim of all instruction which deserves the name, the epitome of all purposes for which education exists."

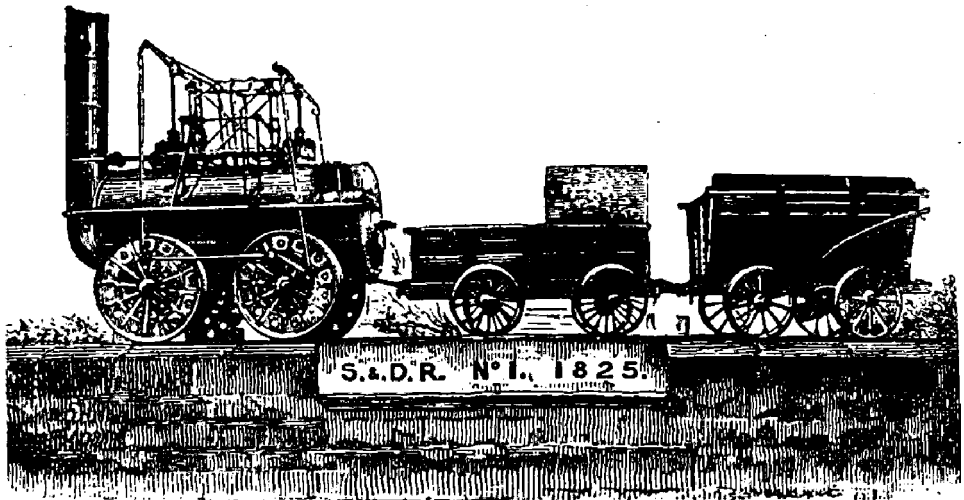
People often speak—incorrectly—of So-and-

so having "finished his education." No one has finished his education so long as he is alive, and probably not even when he is dead. Certainly all life is education—the gradual unfolding and development of all the powers and capabilities in a man.

Education has for its object the whole of man. It does not propose to deal with one part of his being and leave the rest untouched. Man is a three-fold personality, and a true education aims at the development, in due proportions, of his mind, body, and soul.

The mind will be trained to think, the body to act, the soul to feel.

A perfect education would mean a perfect man, since it would follow that the man would be perfectly developed in proper proportions. Mind, body, and soul would act think and feel in unison.



THE BEGINNINGS OF THE RAILWAY.

BY WALTER DEXTER.

The

MAJORITY of my readers will say that the first railway engine was that invented by George Stephenson, and that the first

railway was the Stockton and Darlington.

This is right and yet wrong.

The first railway consisted of wooden rails, and was laid down about the year 1602. at Newcastle, to make the transport of the coal from the pit's mouth to the river easier for the horses, who had to draw the trucks behind them. Many such railways then sprang into existence, the motive power still being horses.

In 1776 the first iron set of rails was laid near Sheffield, and in 1801 the first railway was sanctioned by Parliament for the carriage of passengers. It was known as the Surrey Iron Railway, and ran between Wandsworth and Croydon. But still the motive power was the horse. No one had thought of utilising the power of steam, which James Watts had so clearly demonstrated some time previously!

It was in the next year (1802), however, that a Cornish mining engineer, named Trevithick, patented the first steam locomotive, and exhibited it in London. In 1804 he made another, and used it in place of horses at a mine at Merthyr Tydvil. For the next ten years several other mining engineers adopted steam to draw the coal trucks, but most of their engines were ineffective, and neither as reliable nor as rapid in their progress as the horse. Amongst those who had con-

structed such locomotives was George Stephenson, an engine wright at Killingworth High Pit, whose first locomotive was constructed in 1814 and called "Bluther."

About this time Edward Pease was endeavouring to get a Bill passed through Parliament to enable him to construct a line between Stockton and Darlington. Stephenson heard of this, and by the aid of his employer, Lord Ravensworth, he obtained an interview with Mr. Pease, and informed him that he had constructed a locomotive engine capable of drawing a load fifty times as great as that which could be pulled by a horse. Pease was greatly interested in this wonderful engine, for he had purposed using horses to draw the passengers, and inspected Stephenson's engine at Killingworth Pit. So struck was he with the utility of such an invention that he made Stephenson his partner, and established a manufactory for the construction of locomotives. By the help of Edward Pease, George Stephenson was appointed chief engineer to the new railway at a salary of £300 per year.

September 27th, 1825, was a red letter day in the annals of the world's history. That day saw the execution of an idea which was destined to revolutionise modern travelling. Little did those who were gathered together on that particular morning at Darlington think of the rapid strides which would be made with their but infant project. It was a momentous period in

the lives of the projectors. Would it succeed?— or was it destined to be a dismal failure?

No better account of the opening of the first passenger railway propelled by steam can be given than by an onlooker, who, writing at the time in the *Scotts Magazine*, says:—

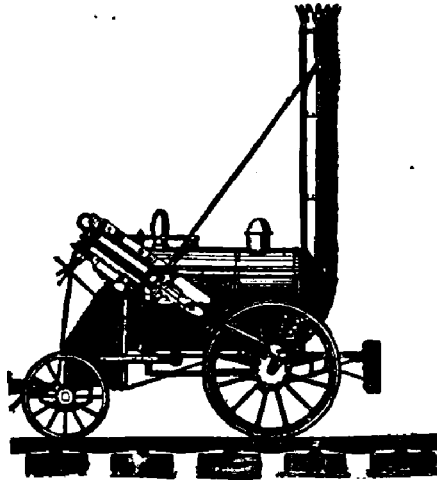
“On Tuesday, that great work—the ‘Darlington and Stockton Railway’—was formally opened by the proprietors for the use of the public. It is a single railway of twenty-five miles, and will be the means of opening the London market to all the surrounding country.

. . . . The novelty of the scene and the fineness of the day had attracted an immense concourse of spectators—the fields on each side of the railway being literally covered with ladies and gentlemen on horseback and pedestrians of all kinds. The train of carriages was attached to a locomotive engine—‘No. 1,’ of the most improved style, and built by Mr. George Stephenson—and in the following order. Locomotive engine No. 1, with the engineer (Mr. Stephenson) and assistants; tender, with coals and water; six wagons, loaded with coal and flour; an elegant covered coach, with the committee and other proprietors of the railway; twenty-one wagons for passengers; six wagons, loaded with coal—in all, a train of thirty-eight carriages, exclusive of

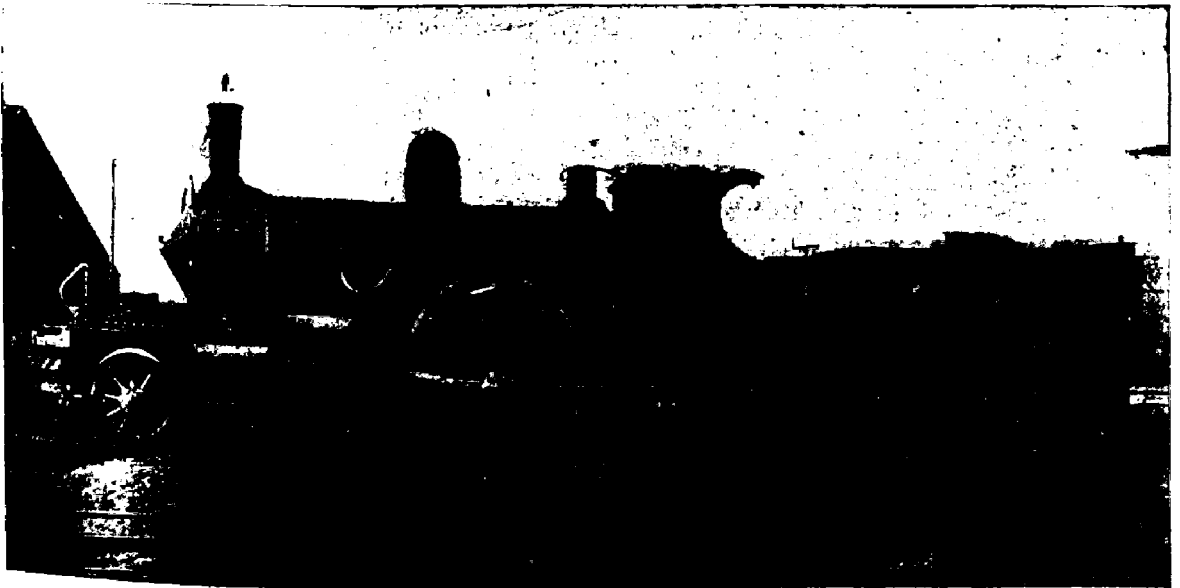
engine and tender. The signal being given, the engine started off with this immense train of carriages, and here the scene became most interesting—the horsemen galloping across the fields to accompany the engine, and the people on foot running on each side of the road, endeavouring in vain to keep up with the cavalcade.

“The railway, descending with a gentle inclination towards Darlington, though not uniform, the rate of speed was consequently variable. In some parts the speed was frequently twelve miles an hour; and in one place for a short distance, near Darlington, fifteen miles per hour; and at that time the number of passengers was reckoned at 450, which, together with the coals, merchandise, and carriages, would amount to near ninety tons.

At length the engine and its load arrived at Darlington, a distance of eight and three-quarter miles, in 65mins., exclusive of stops, or at an average rate of about eight miles an hour. Six carriages loaded with coals, intended for Darlington, were then left behind, and after obtaining a fresh supply of water and arranging the procession to accommodate a band of music and passengers from Darlington, the engine set off again. Part of the railway from Darlington to Stockton has little declivity, and in one place is quite level;



THE “ROCKET”—(1825).



A LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN BOGIE-COUPLED EXPRESS LOCOMOTIVE, WITH WIND-CUTTING APPARATUS ON SMOKE-BOX—(1899).

and, as in the upper part it was intended to try the speed of the engine, in this part it was decided to prove her capability of dragging a heavy load, and certainly the performance excited the astonishment of all present, and exceeded the most sanguine expectations of everyone conversant with the subject. The engine arrived at Stockton in 3hrs. 7mins., including stoppage, having completed the whole length of the railway at the rate of four miles an hour.

"Nothing could exceed the beauty and grandeur of the scene. Throughout the whole distance the fields and lanes were covered with elegantly-dressed ladies and all descriptions of spectators. The bridges, under which the procession in some places darted with astonishing rapidity, were lined with spectators, cheering and waving their hats. At Darlington all the inhabitants were out to witness the procession. Numerous horses, carriages, gigs, carts, and other vehicles, travelled along with the engine and her immense train of carriages, in some places within a few yards, without the horses seeming the least frightened, and at one time the passengers by the engine had the pleasure of accompanying and cheering their brother-passengers by the coach, which passed alongside, and of observing the striking contrast exhibited by the power of the engine and the horses—the engine, with her six hundred passengers and load, and the coach with four horses and only sixteen passengers. And the engine gliding smoothly and majestically along the railway at such an astonishing rate of speed, left an impression on those who witnessed it that will never be forgotten. Part of the workmen were entertained at Stockton and part at Yarm, and there was a grand dinner for the proprietors and their most distinguished guests at the Town Hall in Stockton."

In such a manner was the first line of railway opened, and in such a manner did a paper of the time look upon a travelling speed of from four to eight miles an hour as "*an astonishing rate.*"

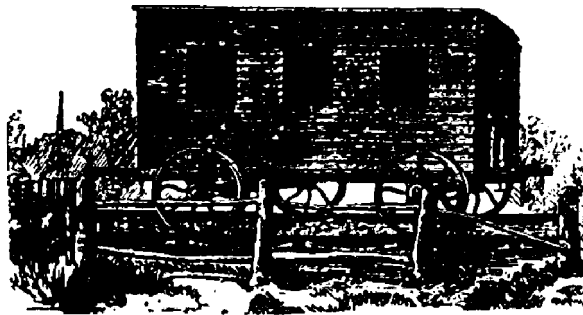
The opening day was a huge success, and on Monday, October 10th, 1825, the line was opened for regular passenger traffic. The coach was called the "Experiment," and, contrary to what one would think, instead of being driven by the "No. 1" locomotive, was drawn by one horse,

which completed the journey between the two towns (which was a distance of twelve miles) in two hours. One journey to and from was made every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. On Tuesdays one journey only—from Stockton to Darlington; on Saturday one journey only—from Darlington to Stockton. The fare was one shilling for each passenger, and 14lbs. of luggage was allowed. Excess of this was to be paid for at the rate of twopence per 14lbs. Small parcels were carried for threepence.

The coach, the "Experiment," of which we give an illustration, resembled very much a showman's caravan, and had three small windows on each side. The seats were all round the inside of the carriage, and, moreover, it boasted in the centre a long deal table. Entrance to the carriage was made by a door at one end.

Following in the wake of this first railway, a second was projected, and sanctioned by Parliament after a great amount of unnecessary

argument. It was called "The Manchester and Liverpool Railway," and a tempting salary of £1,000 induced Stephenson to leave the Stockton and Darlington Railway, and become engineer to the new venture. Once again steam had been decided on as the power to be used on the new



THE "EXPERIMENT"—(1825).

railway. The old "No. 1" was not sufficiently powerful; what was wanted was an engine that could travel at an average rate of not less than ten miles an hour, and, consequently, it was resolved to excite the mechanical talent of the country to supply the best possible form of engine for the required purpose. A premium of £500 was accordingly offered for the best engine to run between Manchester and Liverpool, consuming its own smoke, in accordance with the Railway Act. If it weighed six tons it had to be capable of drawing on a level railway a train of carriages weighing twenty tons, including the tender and water tank, at a rate of ten miles per hour. It was also stated that preference would be given to an engine of lighter weight, provided it performed an equal amount of work. Stephenson had been busy perfecting his first locomotive, and decided to compete for the prize. On October 9th, 1825, the day appointed for the trial, he presented his engine, the "Rocket." He was not the only competitor,

for Messrs. Braithwaite & Ericson showed the "Novelty," T. Hackworth the "Sans Pareil," and Mr. Burstall the "Perseverance."

The "Rocket" was tried first, for the "Perseverance" was unable to compete, as its inventor could not make it go. The "Rocket" went twice over the prescribed thirty miles, and at times reached a speed of thirty miles an hour. The "Novelty" was next tried, but broke down after going four miles. The "Sans Pareil" was little better, for after fifteen miles, its cold water pump got out of order and it had to give up. So Stephenson's "Rocket" gained the

prize; and more than that, it showed the spectators, much to their surprise, that it could go for thirty miles at an average speed of fifteen miles an hour, or five miles more than specified by the company. Its greatest speed was thirty miles an hour. In consequence of his success, Stephenson was appointed chief engineer at a salary of

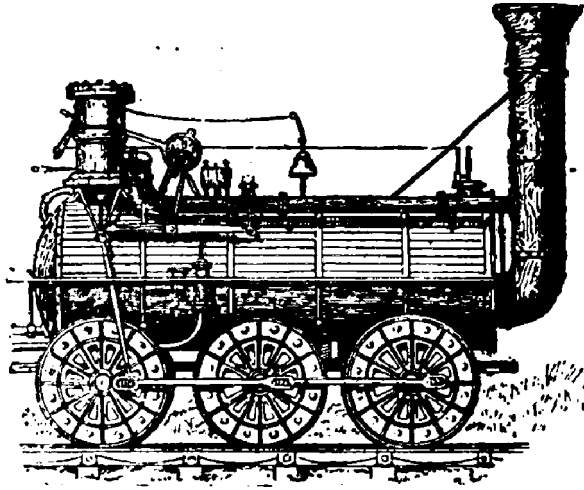
£1,000 a year, and he held the post until his death.

The Liverpool and Manchester Railway was opened on September 15th, 1830, with far more

pomp than had attended the formal opening of the Stockton and Darlington line five years previously. Although the King had declined the invitation to be present, yet the Government was well represented in the Duke of Wellington (the Prime Minister) and Sir Robert Peel (the Home Secretary). The procession was headed by eight new engines, the foremost being the "Northumbrian," driven by

George Stephenson himself. Then came the "Phoenix," driven by George's son Robert. The "Rocket," which had won the £500 prize, was next.

And so the first lines of railway were laid down in this country, and the first trains were run on them. What a difference seventy odd years have made in the history of the railway world!



THE "SANS PAREIL."



AN EARLY TRAIN.



Denzil's "Metric."

BY

A. E. MANNING FOSTER.

Illustrated by T. W. Holmes.

DENZIL SOMERS chewed the end of his pen savagely. On the table before him lay a tattered Euclid, very much thumbed and decorated with strange drawings not wholly in harmony with the subject of the volume. But his mind was not in the work. A letter in an envelope bearing an Indian stamp lay by his side, and this he now took up and read for the third time in twenty minutes.

There was no grain of comfort to be derived from this constant perusal, and he crushed the thin paper in his hand and was about to throw it into the grate. But he changed his mind, and, smoothing out the sheet, replaced it in the envelope.

He turned again to the Euclid, but in vain. His mind was too full of gloomy thoughts to permit of his dwelling with any sort of satisfaction on triangles and semi-circles.

There was a knock at the door, and a sallow youth, with a rather blotchy complexion, entered noisily.

"Hullo, Denzil!" he cried. "Hard at it, I see. I thought I would look in and see how you are after last night."

He stopped short as he noticed the air of settled melancholy on Denzil's boyish countenance.

"What's up?" he inquired. "You look beastly off colour. Is it that infernal whisky we had at Brown's? I've got a bit of a head on myself?"

"I'm in a dickens of a fix, Percy!" said Denzil, shutting up the Euclid viciously. "I have just got a letter from the governor, and he won't part. Read it."

Percy Bishop took up the crumpled paper. "Dear Denzil," he read, "I am much surprised and annoyed at the request in your last letter. When I sent you a remittance a few weeks back it was on the distinct understanding that you would settle up your bills and incur no further debts of any kind. Your allowance of £250 a year ought to be more than sufficient to cover all necessary expenses, and I absolutely refuse to increase it. You will be going up for your matriculation examination very shortly after you receive this, and I trust you are well prepared for it. If you prove successful in it, I may, perhaps, help you, but certainly not otherwise; and you must distinctly understand that I will not do so on any other occasion."

"Well, Denzil," said Bishop, folding up the letter, "the only thing for you to do is to get through that exam."

"But I haven't a ghost of a chance. I know absolutely nothing about mathematics and mechanics."

"When does it start?"

"In a fortnight. There's no time to do anything. Besides, I can't wait. Old Moses is sending round every other day about his money, and Walker has put his bill into a collector's hands. I don't know what I can do."

"You must tell them that you will settle after the result of the exam. is out."

"But I am positive I can't get through."

"Now look here, Denzil," said Percy, "you be guided by me. I know a man who will pull you through if any man on earth can. He is a chap of the name of Mitchell, rather

disreputable, but as clever as they're made. He was sent down from Cambridge for something or other—drink, I believe—and I know he's on his beam ends. He is the most tricky coach, and manages to get fellows through in a marvellous way. You drop him a line and tell him what you want."

A little further discussion decided Denzil to adopt his friend's proposal.

"After all," he remarked, "I can but have a shot at it. If I don't get through, I shall be no better or worse off than I am at present."

A letter addressed to James Mitchell, Esq., at his rooms in Bedford Square, promptly brought that gentleman to Denzil's abode. In appearance Mitchell was more like a broken-down actor than a respectable tutor. He looked somewhat out at elbow, and his face had that particular blue-grey complexion that suggests the constant use of grease-paint. His manner was urbane and hopeful.

"Your friend was quite right, Mr. Somers, in mentioning my name to you. I flatter myself I can prepare a man for an exam. in the shortest possible period, and no doubt, as you are already in some

measure prepared, my task will be comparatively easy. The great thing is to know what to cram. So much superfluous energy is wasted on getting up useless information."

But James Mitchell had in this case reckoned without his host. Denzil Somers, though by no means a fool in most matters, showed an absolute inability to grope with the intricacies of mathematics. His mind was pre-occupied with the difficulties he had got himself into, and the fact that so much depended upon

his success in the examination seemed to paralyse rather than excite his energies.

His father, who held a Government appointment in India, had sent Denzil to London to prepare for a professional career. The responsibility of this only son, whom he had not seen for years, and whose mother had died while he was still a boy, weighed rather heavily upon him. He had decided views on the subject of education, and insisted

on carrying them out in spite of the fact that, being separated from his son, he was unable to test their effect upon the boy's character. He had a strange prejudice against the English universities, and had decided that his son should live in town and take his degree at the London University. This was, as a matter of fact, the worst thing for such a boy as Denzil. He found himself, at the age of seventeen, freed from the restraints of boarding school life, living in rooms in London. His father, owing to his long residence abroad, had few friends in the metropolis, and Denzil had to choose his own circle of acquaintances. Being of a happy go-lucky disposition, and very good-natured,

he was not very fortunate in his selection, and a few months after he was installed in town he got into a somewhat wild and rakish set. Most of the men in it were considerably older than he, and it was not long before he found himself by slow degrees led into all sorts of habits from which a few years earlier he would have instinctively shrunk. Gambling, horse-racing, drinking, and many other pursuits by which some youths seek to obtain colour in their lives, became



"YOU MUST TELL THEM THAT YOU WILL SETTLE AFTER THE RESULT OF THE EXAM. IS OUT."

his daily routine, until at last he was unable to concentrate his attention on other matters.

At the end of a week's tuition Mitchell was obliged to realise that his pupil's knowledge of the examination subjects was totally insufficient for success.

"Look here, Somers," he said at last, "we've been at it a week now, and you don't seem to be much more forward. You don't give your mind to the thing. My advice to you is, chuck the exam. this June and wait for another six months. You seem run down, and want a change of air."

"Impossible," replied Denzil. "I must have a shot at it any way. So much depends upon my success in it."

Mitchell said no more at the time, but next week, when there were only four days to elapse before the exam., he returned to the charge. Denzil had not the least chance, he said, and it was only a pity to go up for certain failure.

Denzil listened gloomily. Then he explained all the circumstances of the case to Mitchell.

"If I don't get through I shan't get a farthing from the gov'nor, and Heaven only knows how I am going to live through six months. I've only got a fiver left of my allowance, and another quarter is not due until September."

Mitchell listened sympathetically, but kept silence for some time.

"Is there nothing you can suggest?" asked Denzil.

"Well," said Mitchell reflectively, "how much is it worth to you to get through?"

"Oh, I think I can get a couple of hundred from the gov'nor."

"Then you would be willing to give £80—say—to see your name among the successful candidates?"

"Oh, I don't say that, but——"

"Promise me £50 down when the result is published, and £30 six months later, and I guarantee to get your name on the pass list."

Denzil hesitated.

"I don't understand——," he began.

"Oh, it's quite simple," replied Mitchell coolly, as if he were speaking of an everyday occurrence. "I mean I will take the examination for you."

The simplicity of the plan proposed fairly staggered Denzil. Briefly, and in a matter-of-fact tone, Mitchell explained how easily he could impersonate him. The conditions of the examinations held at the London University render such a course very possible. Denzil was known to no one at Burlington Gardens. He was acquainted with only one man who was up for the examination. The affair, Mitchell assured him, was simplicity itself.

Still Denzil wavered. He was not by nature dishonourable. A few short months ago he would have scouted the proposition scornfully; but now, immersed in debt, he found himself considering it seriously, and finally assenting to it.

"Just give me a written guarantee for the money," said Mitchell, "and all you have to do is to keep out of the way during examination time. Don't go and meet any of your friends in the streets."

The examination week came at last, and every day Denzil grew more feverish and restless. His friends who saw him at the time put down his distraught looks to the anxiety of the examination. But, indeed, it was his own dishonour preying upon his mind; and once or twice on the eve of the battle he felt inclined to step boldly into the breach and do the right thing. Had it not been for the presence of Mitchell—cool, calm, and self-assured—he would probably have done so.

On the actual days of the examination he either stayed indoors, or, if he felt too restless, he took a train into the country. At every step in town he was in mortal fear of meeting someone he knew, and he slunk down side streets and unfrequented alleys. Up to the last day of the examination, however, no untoward incident had taken place, but on that day, when he was beginning to feel a certain relief at the nearness of the end, he ran straight into Percy Bishop at Waterloo Station. The fact that Denzil had a ticket in his hand and was just proceeding to a platform made denial of his purpose useless. He coloured up at Percy's surprised greeting.

"Yes," he said, "I got through my paper quickly, and was just going down to Wimbledon for a breath of fresh air."

As the time was just half-past eleven the explanation was a little lame, but Percy Bishop did not challenge it. Nodding carelessly, he passed on. But he was putting two and two together as he went on his way, and the upshot of his ruminations was that he called at Denzil's rooms. The landlady opened the door, and in reply to his inquiry for Denzil informed him that "Mr. Somers had just gone out."

"I suppose he has been out every day of this week, Mrs. Moggs?" pursued Bishop.

"No, sir, he hasn't," she replied. "I don't know what's come to the gentleman. He don't seem at all well. He paces up and down the room, and his face is so worried. I feel quite sorry for him, that I do."

Percy Bishop did not wait for further information, but, as the clock struck one, made his way to Burlington Gardens, and watched until the well-known form of Mitchell came

slinking out of the university. Mitchell was not altogether pleased to see him, but that did not trouble Bishop much, and, as the two lunched together, and talked long and earnestly, they had evidently some point in common.

When the pass list of the Matriculation Examination was published, and the name of Denzil Somers appeared in the first division, there was a good deal of surprise among his friends. Denzil was much congratulated, and was obliged to stand them a dinner on the strength of it.

He had cabled the good news to his father, and was waiting impatiently for the next mail from India for the remittance he confidently expected to receive.

Two things only troubled him—the attitude of Mitchell, who had come in one day and demanded speedy payment, and the fact that Percy Bishop had met him that morning at Waterloo. One evening the latter made his way to Denzil's rooms, and after various congratulations and sly allusions to their meeting at Waterloo, he blurted out:—

"Denzil, I want you to lend me fifty pounds!"

"Great Scott, Percy!" replied Denzil. "You know I haven't got fifty shillings."

"But you will have when your father sends."

"Yes, but—but—I have to pay it all away."

Bishop changed his front. He turned round fiercely, with a nasty look in his eyes, and laid his hand upon Denzil's shoulder.

"See here, Denzil," he cried, threateningly.

"You will have to find me fifty pounds within a fortnight, or it will be the worse for you. I know enough to make you very uncomfortable."

He went to the door, and with his finger on the handle turned and said:—

"Understand me! A fortnight—not a day longer. If you fail you will be sorry."

And, disregarding all protestations and entreaties, he walked resolutely away, while

Denzil's heart sank at the thought of this new claim upon him.

As the days went by the net in which he had entangled himself grew closer and closer round him. He realised that he had to buy the silence of two unscrupulous men who held him in their power. He endeavoured unsuccessfully to raise a loan in order to

get rid of them. Almost every day Mitchell would call and threateningly demand at least part of his payment.

An absolute despair seized upon Denzil. There was no one to whom he could turn for advice or help. He seemed alone in the world, with everyone's hand against him. All kinds of wild plans entered his brain—plans of flight, of stealing away in the dead of night never to return.

The fortnight's grace was up, and still he had not heard from his father. Mitchell came in and

stormed and threatened. Denzil, he said, must get money somewhere. He didn't care where. He must and would have it. Finally he departed, saying he would make the whole matter public unless Denzil paid him at least twenty pounds on the morrow. Close on his heels came Bishop, with the same threats.

When they had gone Denzil sat alone in his room with the deepest despair written on his face.

To-morrow the end must come. All his friends would know of his dishonour, and would shun him. His father would hear, and would have nothing to do with him. There was no way—but one—out of the ruin and disgrace he had brought upon himself. He resolved to end it all that night. He could not face the morrow and go through another day of torture. He got up, went to his drawer, and, unlocking it, took out a little pistol. He toyed with it almost lovingly, while memories came back to him of how he had practised shooting with it in happier days. Sitting down, he placed it on the table by his side, and, covering his face with his hands, sobbed aloud.



"PROMISE ME £50 DOWN WHEN THE RESULT IS PUBLISHED."

He did not hear the ring at the bell, nor the footsteps on the stairs. He was conscious of nothing until he felt a hand placed on his head, and a kind voice saying:—

“Denzil, my boy—my poor, dear boy—what is the matter?”

over! I’ve disgraced myself, and you, too. You should have come sooner or not at all.”

In his reckless misery he thought only of his side of the question; he did not realise the blow that it was to his father, who—seized with sudden anxiety about this boy so far away—had



“DENZIL, MY BOY, WHAT IS THE MATTER?”

He could scarcely believe that the encouraging hand and voice, that the kindly eyes looking into his, were his father’s—it seemed too good to be true.

“Father,” he stammered, while instinctively he tried to conceal the pistol from that keen, searching glance, “you are too late! It is all

taken the first mail from India and hurried straight to his son’s rooms, to find him sobbing in despair, with a loaded pistol at his side.

Denzil had thought of him so continuously as stern and inflexible that he could not understand all in a moment how much sympathy there was in the grave, bronzed face and in the

firm hand-clasp, until Mr. Somers said quietly : "My boy, if you are disgraced, to whom should you turn but your father? It seems to me I have come just in time. Tell me all about it."

Then suddenly Denzil felt confidence, and kneeling at his father's feet he slowly and brokenly told the whole of his miserable story, excusing nothing, omitting nothing.

Mr. Somers listened gravely without any comment. At times the lines on his face grew very stern and angry.

He had returned from India prepared to be very strict with Denzil. The constant demands for money and the silence on the boy's part as to his friends and amusements had led him to suppose that there was something wrong, but he had not been prepared for the tale of dishonour that Denzil poured out to him. The soul of honour himself, he could not readily forgive any breach in another. It cut him deeply that his own son could have been guilty of such conduct. But as he looked at the boy's wretched face his wrath died away and gave place to sympathy.

"I think," he said, at last, when Denzil had told him all, "that you have suffered enough. You have made your own punishment, and it requires no words of mine to drive in the lesson. Leave these men to me."

So it came about that when Mitchell called on the following morning, he was shown into the presence of the stout old Anglo-Indian.

"I hear that my son is indebted to you for getting him through his examination," said Mr. Somers pleasantly. "I should be glad if you would let me know how much he owes you for tuition?"

Mitchell fidgetted and hesitated, and finally said that his terms were fifteen guineas, but that there was a little private arrangement between him and his pupil for extra hours, and that he would call again and see Denzil himself about it.

"Here is your cheque," said Mr. Somers, "and it may save further trouble if I tell you that my son has confided to me the private arrangement you speak of, and I have this much to say about it: You are a thorough-paced blackguard, and if I find you coming near my son again I will give you the soundest thrashing you have ever had in your miserable life. Now go, and remember that I hold you in my power!"

Mitchell was so flabbergasted at the turn events had taken that, for a few moments, he was at a loss what to say. Finally, he began to bluster:—

"That's all very well, Mr. Somers," he said,

"but I'm not to be put off so easily. I hold your son's promissory note, and I demand its settlement."

Mr. Somers waved him to the door. Mitchell became insulting. He had lost his temper, and the veins stood out on his forehead.

"Do you think, you dunderheaded old fool, that I am going to be done out of my money? I'll expose your blithering little idiot of a son, and you—you canting old hypocrite!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when he received Denzil's fist square in the jaw. Denzil, hearing the loud voices, had entered unobserved. His blood was up in a moment when he heard Mitchell's words.

"I'll teach you to insult my father," he cried, furiously, showering blows on Mitchell's face. "Say what you like about me, but you shan't mention his name."

Mr. Somers stepped in between them.

"Enough!" he said; "we won't have any fighting here. Now, listen to me, Mr. Mitchell. Unless you leave this house instantly, I shall call for a policeman to eject you."

"Give me my money then," said Mitchell doggedly.

Mr. Somers walked across the room and threw open the window, as if to call a constable.

Mitchell waited to see no more, but turned tail hurriedly and slunk out of the house like a whipped cur. His nose was bleeding profusely, and his eyes were just turning into a rich blue-black. In this condition he met Percy Bishop at the corner of the street and confided to him the story of his morning's work.

After hearing the whole narrative, Bishop decided that he would not try conclusions with Mr. Somers, but contented himself with writing a threatening letter to Denzil, of which not the slightest notice was taken.

It is hardly necessary to add that neither of these two worthies ever ventured to spread abroad the story about Denzil. Their own positions and share in the matter made it far too precarious.

As for Denzil, from that time he was a different man. The lesson he had learnt was too severe a one to be lightly forgotten, and he had no desire to return to his former life and associates. It had shown him his father, too, in a new and delightful light, and a new-born affection had sprung up in his heart.

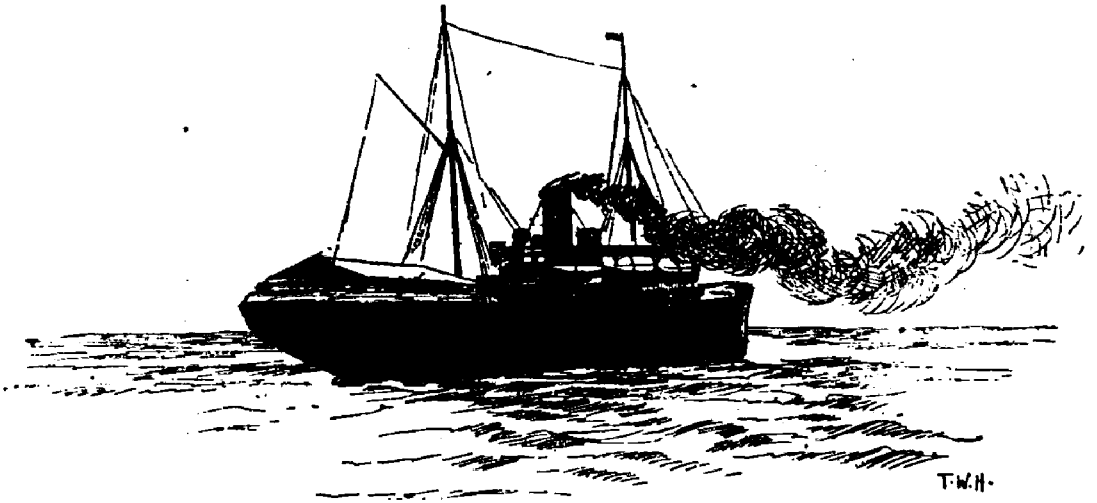
Mr. Somers on his side was ready to blame himself for his neglect of his son, and as he studied Denzil's character day by day, he came to thoroughly understand and appreciate him.

"What would you like to do, Denzil?" he said one morning.

"I should like to leave this horrible London and come away with you, father," Denzil replied.

"And so you shall, my boy. I have been thinking of retiring from the service for some time, and now I am decided. I will take

a plantation in Ceylon, and you shall come and help me. London is not the place for you, and, now I come to think of it, I am wondering how I have got on all these years without you."



OFF TO COLOMBO.

What "Charley's Aunt" Wanted to Be.

IN answer to your question as to "what I wanted to be when I was a boy," I must say at once that my position as a boy was unique, as I did not desire to be a policeman, engine-driver, or an actor.

I had a soul that aspired to be something totally out of the common, something that was to place me on the pedestal of fame, something that was to blazon forth my name over the whole earth's area.

Well may you start when I tell you that I wanted to be a pirate, one who would cause ocean travelling to be a dangerous exploit. I was intent upon deeds that would make the nautical achievements of Captain Marryat's heroes fade into insignificance.

With the aid of my little sister's petticoat and a rusty sword, once the property of a naval ancestor whose valour and renown was my father's constant topic, I fought my first action in our diminutive dining-room. The sofa was my junk, and the other articles of furniture were utilised as merchant ships named by some half-dozen play-mates, who were intent upon curbing my marauding proclivities. The battle lasted but half-an-hour, my father's favourite arm chair offering but feeble resistance to my mighty blows; indeed, anyone seeing it after that combat would have doubted whether it was fit for anything but fire-wood. How I revelled in that afternoon up to a certain point, and that point was when my father entered the room armed with a thick cane.

He was a nervous man, and trembled when he met a soldier or a policeman; but, unfortunately for me, he despised pirates, as I found to my cost. There ought to be a special and dignified method of punishing pirates, and it argues a want of

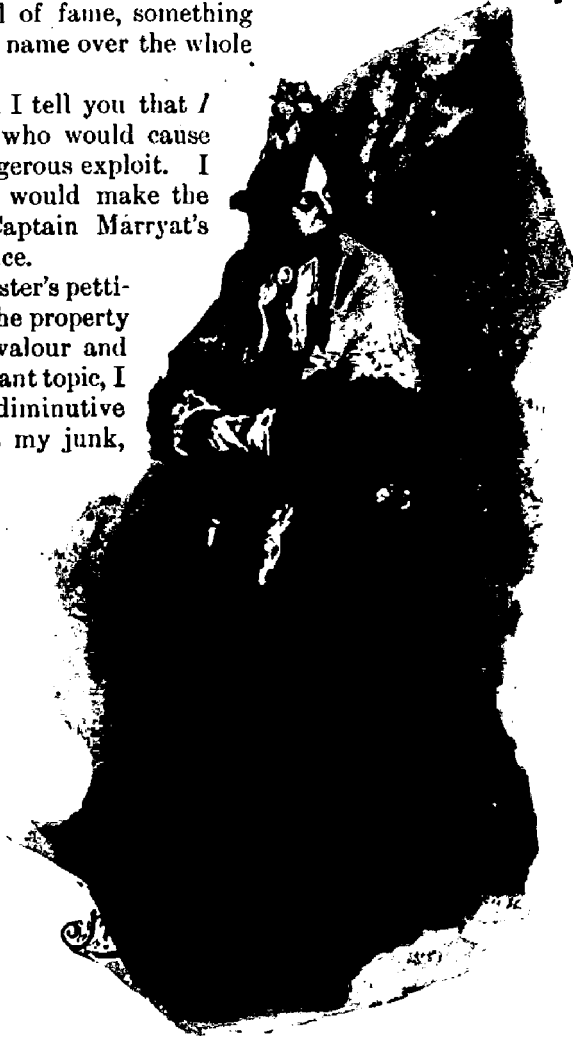
originality in a father when he inflicts condign chastisement on such a delinquent by placing him, in the usual way, across his knee.

You will very likely ask, did I ever want to be anything else besides a pirate? Yes, I did; I always desired to be "somebody," in what sphere

I could not tell; the desire was there, but what shape that "somebody" was to take was at that early age indefinite, though I felt it was to be something artistic. It is, in my opinion, a very good thing for a boy to make up his mind to be a "somebody," for, depend upon it, the boy who has no aspirations will be a "nobody."

In conclusion let me give boys a word of advice. When you are young learn to take your own part; if bigger boys try to bully you, stick up to them, and show no fear; it's surprising how their courage will evaporate if you are only firm and resolute. As I fought my way at school, so have I fought my way through life, until I have attained a position of which I am justly proud. Take for your models great men who have succeeded in life; disdain to be led away by false heroes, such as Jagers—an insignificant youth made famous

by newspapers—but rather set up as an example the boy who stood on the deck of the *Stella*, and who, in that terrible hour, fortified by his English pluck, resolved to die in company with his captain—the man who throughout his life had been his friend and benefactor.



W. P. R. R.



BY G. F. LEATHERDALE.

Illustrated by George Soper.

WE four were a cheery little party, as we sat over our wine and fruit in the saloon of the *Margherita*.

It was between Christmas and the New Year, but the night air, coming with its burden of sea-weed scent through the open portholes, was mild as any zephyr of an English June. The light brown locks on Linda's forehead scarcely stirred, and the smoke of Guido's eternal cigarettes curled calmly upward. The lights of Naples and its suburbs, to far Sorrento on the right, twinkled brightly across the bay.

We had come down by boat from Genoa that day—the young Americans, Linda Merton and her brother Walter, a boy of sixteen, Guido, a Neapolitan nobleman, and I myself, the roving Englishman. The Mertons were old friends of mine, but none of us knew much about Guido. He had been introduced to Mrs. Merton by mutual friends, and she had invited him to join our tour.

As I sat there smoking idly, I observed that Guido was looking at Linda in a dreamily thoughtful way, which rather puzzled me. Walter began writing quickly in a little note-book which he always carried. Linda leaned over and watched; then almost before her

brother had finished she snatched away the note-book.

"Very good for an impromptu!" she said lightly. "But I will not have you signing my name to your effusions, you bad boy. It is really quite clever, isn't it, count?" And she handed the book over to Guido.

"Very clever," answered the count. "One of our own improvisatori could not do it better, and then it is much harder, surely, to compose quickly in English. You need not feel ashamed to have your name under the verses."

"Oh, it isn't that," said Walter, laughing. "Linda's too rich to let her signature get about, now she is grown up and has got the dollars."

"But no doubt the handwriting is quite different."

The count threw himself back in his chair and began to light a fresh cigarette, although, as I noticed, he had laid down on his plate one which was hardly begun.

"No, it is exact," said Linda. "Nobody could tell the difference. Clever boy, isn't he?"

"It does seem fortunate, Walter, that you are such a Cræsus yourself," said I laughing; and Guido muttered sleepily:—

"Yes, it would be a great temptation."

Then he rose from his chair, and added as he reached the door, "Richard, my friend, let us leave these millionaires and go ashore."

I followed him, and on the way we discussed again our plans for the next few weeks. Our party was to sleep on board, and the next morning we were to catch one of the Capri boats. As soon as Mrs. Merton, who was coming to Naples by land, should have arrived, we young people were to be free for all the excursions we might wish to make, either along that classic coast or in the romantic haunts of Tiberius on Capri: all under Count Guido's guidance.

This programme we carried out with great success. Mrs. Merton was landed safely in Capri, and then we visited every place of interest in the neighbourhood, from Amalfi in the south to Ischia. Even Vesuvius was courteous, and had but a mild attack when we climbed among his venerable cinders.

But a great part of our time we spent in Naples itself, and a great deal more than time was spent in the fascinating shops, where Linda awoke at once to realise the possibilities of her enormous wealth.

In all her extravagance the count most certainly encouraged her.

When, therefore, Walter joined in the game and began to purchase recklessly, I felt obliged to mention the matter to the count. I had reason to believe that the greater part of the boy's expenditure was provided for by his sister, and besides, I was not greatly pleased with the Neapolitan's growing influence with both of them.

Guido probably divined my suspicions when I opened the matter to him, and by the light of subsequent events I can now imagine how he must have chuckled in his noiseless way, knowing how very far short of the truth they were.

Each of us liked the count, without being on confidential terms with him. He made no show of resenting my interference, but he seemed afterwards to avoid my society and Linda's too; Walter he cultivated more and more. One morning the count bade us good-

bye "for a few days," as he said. He had business of his own, it seemed, to attend to in connection with an estate of his near Naples. He wished to take Walter with him, and the boy wanted very much to go; but Mrs. Merton had no very high opinion of Neapolitan manners and customs, and refused to let her son accept the invitation. Walter accompanied Guido to the boat, and returned to us in a very bad temper.

That evening he was missing, and we did not see him again for three days, during which time the poor fellow went through a terrible experience.

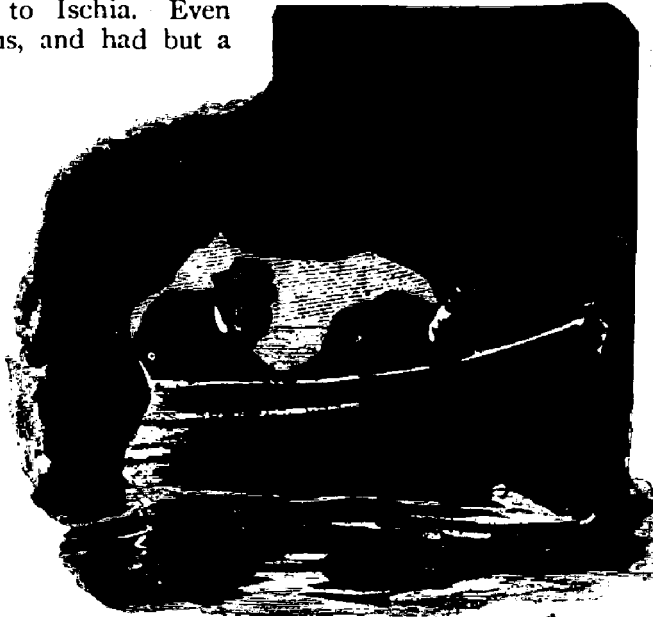
The count and he had arranged to visit one of the caves, of which there are so many round Capri. Here Guido had discovered a passage

leading to a palace of the Emperor Tiberius, built more than eighteen hundred years ago. There were weird underground rooms, said the count, which had remained unvisited and unaltered while every vestige of the buildings overhead had disappeared. The subterranean halls were, in fact, a good hundred feet below the surface, and, so far as he knew, there was no communication with the outer world except by way of the cave.

There was a spice of adventure and mystery about a visit to such a place, and the fact that the cave was accessible only in the calmest weather, and even then to nothing but the smallest rowing boat, added considerably to the attractions of the expedition.

Guido came across from Sorrento that afternoon in his own small boat. He took Walter on board at the appointed time, and, lying down in the boat, they passed successfully within the low entrance and were lost to the bright world without.

As in the famous Blue Grotto of Capri, there was visible now in the eerie light, which came up through the still depths of the cave, a platform of rock at the further end. At this they landed, and entered what seemed a short and narrow fissure made by the natural action of



THEY PASSED SUCCESSFULLY WITHIN THE LOW ENTRANCE.

water. Here any further progress was apparently barred by a heap of broken rock, but this was really the result of a small blasting operation by which the count had gained access to a passage on the right. The existence of this passage was a secret which had been hidden for centuries—hidden even from the keen eyes of modern smugglers, and in the Middle Ages from the pirate bands of Barbarossa himself. It was long and winding, but high and broad, so that Walter and the count walked side by side. Each carried a candle. The passage ended in a small room, through which they passed directly into a larger room beyond. In this there was a low table of stone, or, rather, three tables in one, the whole being like a square horse-shoe in shape. There were other apartments, Guido said, and in one of these he kept a few necessaries and fishing tackle, besides a few books. Here, in the hottest weather, he had been accustomed to come when the sea was calm. One thing had always puzzled him, and the problem had hitherto defied all his efforts—where did the

ventilation come in? There seemed to be no draught, and yet the air was pure and dry.

"Now, Gualtiero mio," said the host, "you shall sit—or rather recline in the Roman way—at the table of an emperor. We will enjoy a frugal meal; then we will explore the rest of my palace."

The light meal was eaten in silence, and Walter was just about to remark that the ancients must have been pretty hard, unless they used softer cushions than the rugs on which he was lying, when the

count looked up suddenly and began to speak with a slow, measured utterance.

"I have brought you here," he said, "to make you write a few words for me. You are millionaires, you and your sister, and I wish for some of your money."

Walter was naturally too much surprised to utter a word. The count leaned over towards him and looked closely into his eyes with a cold stare, which had a mesmeric effect upon the poor boy.

"Do you understand?" Guido went on. "I will tell you what you shall do. You yourself have no money. Your sister has about fifty thousand francs at the bank in Naples. She has a much larger sum with the agent at Paris."

The man was so calm and business-like that Walter felt no excitement whatever at his audacity, but lay there, resting his head on his hand, feeling no longer the stiffness of his arm and the pain which the hard ground was causing his elbow: The count's coolness fascinated him. He felt inclined to argue the point, and quite as calmly as his captor.

"How are you going to run it?" he asked coldly.

"Easily—oh, so easily!" said the count, in a mocking tone. "You remember your little poem impromptu in the saloon of the *Mar-gherita*? See, it is here!"

He placed the paper before him on the table. "I have also," continued the count, "a letter in the pretty Linda's handwriting, a few sheets of her notepaper, two of her pens, and a little of the ink she uses. You will observe that I take every precaution. Your poem is, so far as I can see, not only signed,



CLUTCHED ALL THE PAPERS TOGETHER AS HE ROLLED OVER STUNNED BY A TERRIFIC BLOW ON THE SIDE OF HIS HEAD

but written throughout in a writing which closely resembles your sister's. Surely the rest is easy?"

"You think I will forge my sister's name?"

"My dear boy, you will please do your very best to write three short letters exactly as your sister would write them. The signature I could write myself, but that you shall also do."

"How are you going to make me?"

"*Ebbene!* I shall frighten you, hurt you, *kill* you, if necessary."

With the Neapolitan's cold eyes fixed hard upon his face, the American boy did a plucky thing. He darted out his left hand, seized all the papers together, and kept them clutched and crumpled in his fingers as he rolled over stunned by a terrific blow on the side of his head. When he came to his senses he was lying, bound hand and foot, on the table. The count was standing by his side looking down upon him with a sardonic smile.

"Fool!" said he. "What good could it do?"

Walter looked about him, but did not reply for a moment; then he answered, "It made you pretty sick. You can't use those papers."

"No. But you will have to stay here by yourself while I get others. You will have a few hours to think the matter over. Your resistance is useless; it is ridiculous. I want a few thousand francs. You have millions. You cannot give me your own, but you can help me to get a small part of your sister's money. She would not miss it, and later on you could pay her back. But to me it would be wealth. In any case I could get what money she has in Naples by copying her signature. I have made her spend money lavishly that there might be plenty passing through her account. I know there was over fifty thousand francs paid in from Paris a few days ago. But I want more, much more, and you, boy, shall get it for me."

"Never! You may kill me, I know, but what would you gain by that? You would be guillotined—if ten million dollars were spent in hunting you down."

"Boy!" exclaimed Guido, impatiently, "do not argue. You will make me hate you—until I shall kill you, only for the pleasure of it!"

Walter realised at that moment that he had played his trump card and lost.

"We shall see," he muttered, still defiant in spite of his real fear.

The count stamped angrily on the rocky floor.

"I will convince you! Oh, yes, I will

make you see! Now I will go, and when I return you will not be so obstinate."

Three whole nights, and two days which were as nights, did Walter lie there, bound. His wrists had been tied together so tightly that he could scarcely carry food to his mouth. The count had left wine and fruit beside him, so that, except for the loneliness and the fear of what his fate might be on his persecutor's return, there was no great hardship for a strong and courageous youth. But the fear of death had its full effect during those dreary hours. Walter was not long in making up his mind to humour his captor. The money was nothing to his sister or himself. There was but one consideration which made him hesitate. What would stand between him and Guido's revenge when once the forged letters were in the Neapolitan's hands? He could not see his way to escape from his dilemma. If he refused there was no knowing what the count might do to him; but, on the other hand, if Guido had once got all he wanted, why should he wish to keep alive the chief witness to his crime?

But Guido's difficulties, as Walter said to himself, were almost as great. His prisoner must be in a fit condition to do the work he needed. If the fear of death had not been enough to subdue Walter's courage, surely no torture which would not seriously impair his fitness for the task required of him would serve his end. Walter, therefore, did not despair. Some compromise would, he thought, be found—if only the haunting dread which held his mind proved groundless—if Guido, weak and brutal as he was, were not driven by despair to revenge his defeat by murder.

After what seemed to Walter a full week of darkness the count returned. The prisoner's hopes died away when he looked up at the pale, malignant face.

After placing several lighted candles on the table, Guido came round and looked sharply at the boy's face; but neither spoke, and the Neapolitan lighted a cigarette and walked restlessly up and down the chamber. After a few minutes of silence he began to speak, letting the words out in jerky sentences, as though it were difficult for him to master his impatience.

"It is the end," he said. "Do you hear? It is still dark outside. In a short hour it will begin to grow light. We shall have finished by then. The world outside is swarming with the searchers—it cannot bear to lose one of its millionaires. Fools that they are!" Then he walked up to Walter, and kicked him roughly in the side. "I have

more of the paper here. Sit up and write what I shall tell you, and take care you do your best. Any more of your tricks and you shall lie buried here till the Day of Judgment comes!"

"It is no use," answered Walter quietly. "You need not lay the paper out."

Guido restrained his anger by a supreme effort, and sat down upon the table by which Walter was lying bound.

"You have had time to think it over," he muttered. "You fear I would murder you when you had done it. But, my good boy, I should not wish to risk my neck for nothing. Capital punishment is not popular in Italy, but in the case of a rich American killed, what could the Government do? I should be guillotined. But if you will not do this little business for me, I do not care—you shall die a hundred deaths!"

Guido's eyes grew red with fury, and the corners of his mouth drew back in a sardonic smile of cruelty.

Walter was silent. He had strained his voice over and over again, while alone in the rock-bound chamber, in shouts which

only returned to him in ghostly echoes. One hundred feet of solid rock, Guido had said, was heaped above his head, making the bright world above deaf to his loudest cry.

"If I had more time!"

The count, as he spoke, leaned over Walter and held the glowing end of his cigarette against the prisoner's forehead. It was not only the actual pain, but the horrible fear which the brutal act now seemed to justify, which made the poor boy shriek aloud.

He did not know—nor did his torturer—that help was near. Directly overhead was the wild rocky garden, a wilderness of fig and vine and cactus, in which our villa stood. The

count had rightly said that there was a depth of one hundred feet from the surface to the depth of the secret chamber of Tiberius; there was even more. But there was a passage which Guido had not found; choked partially at both ends it was, and less than half-way down there was a great hall as large as all Guido's rooms together; but it led straight down by steps to the very room where Walter lay.

Almost directly overhead I myself was pacing backwards and forwards waiting for the dawn, waiting to organise yet another search party, though almost every foot of the island had been already examined. The wind was beginning to blow black clouds across the few stars I saw from time to time, and the sea was rising quickly.

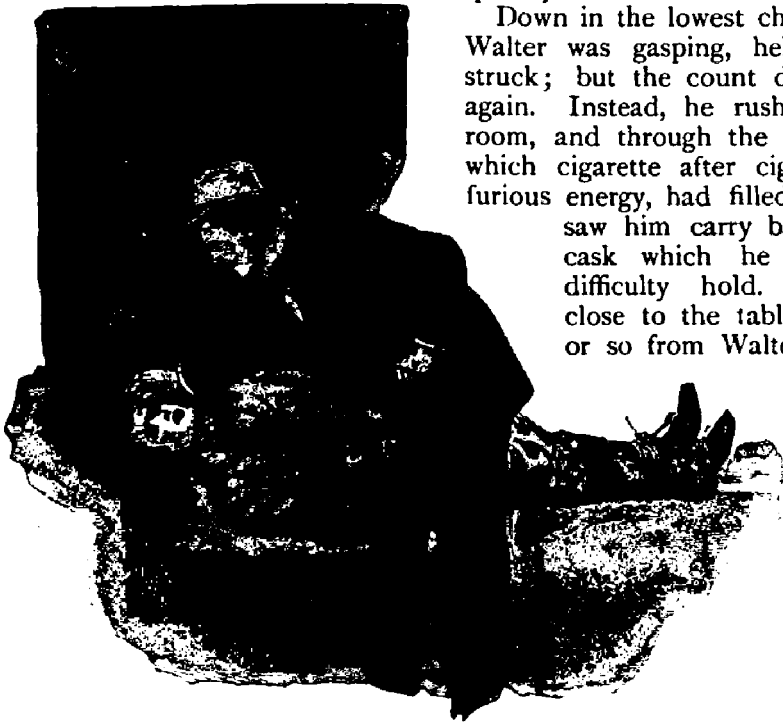
Down in the lowest chamber of the rock Walter was gasping, helpless and horror-struck; but the count did not attack him again. Instead, he rushed into the inner room, and through the dense smoke with which cigarette after cigarette, smoked in furious energy, had filled the room, Walter saw him carry back in his arms a cask which he could only with difficulty hold. This he placed close to the table, and only a yard or so from Walter's feet. Then he came quickly up to the boy and bound him more securely, so that he could not move an inch from where he lay, and drove a pointed bar of iron deep into the ground beside him, and slipped over it one of the ropes which

formed the poor fellow's bonds.

"You have conquered by your obstinacy," said Guido sarcastically; "but you will not triumph over me. I shall be safe up there, and I shall get the money in the bank. But you shall see death crawling to you. *Look!*"

He lighted a cigarette, and placed it on the table's edge beside the cask, the top of which he then removed carefully, and shook a little powder on the ground.

"*Look!*" he repeated mockingly. "The lighted end is at the table, the other end projects over that gunpowder. The cigarettes I smoke never, of themselves, go out. It will burn—keep your eyes on it—slowly it will burn



HELD THE GLOWING END OF HIS CIGARETTE AGAINST THE PRISONER'S FOREHEAD.

until the projecting end shall be heavier than the part remaining on the table. What will happen then, Gualtiero mio? I leave you to your answer."

The count laughed lightly, and passed out of the room towards the cave.

Meanwhile, up above, I had heard the thin, metallic sound, when Guido drove that bar into the hard rock. I heard that, although I had not heard Walter's despairing cries.

I was standing close to where an ancient fig tree sprawled against an almost perpendicular wall of grey rock. Behind it the ground rose slightly, and the sound came clearly to me from within the hill. I started forward and shook the tree with all my force. The branch gave way, and, at the same moment, a large piece of crumbling rock fell outwards. From the opening came a strong scent of tobacco, which somehow made me think of

Guido and his eternal cigarettes. It was still quite dark. I hurried to the house, and, seizing a lamp, ordered a servant to follow me, and hastened back to the fig tree. The rock behind did not long resist our efforts. We soon had the opening large enough for me to enter. I passed in, and a broad flight of steps cut in the solid rock invited me to proceed. I hurried down, followed by the servant. When the large hall was reached I

heard a cry in the distance, and rushed across to find the steps which led in the direction from which the cry had come. A few yards further, at the foot of forty or fifty steps, I saw the light from Guido's chamber pouring through a hundred tiny crevices.

I did not hesitate, but, hurling myself against the rotten wall, I burst into the room.

"Walter!" I shouted, when I saw the prostrate body of my friend. The boy had fainted.

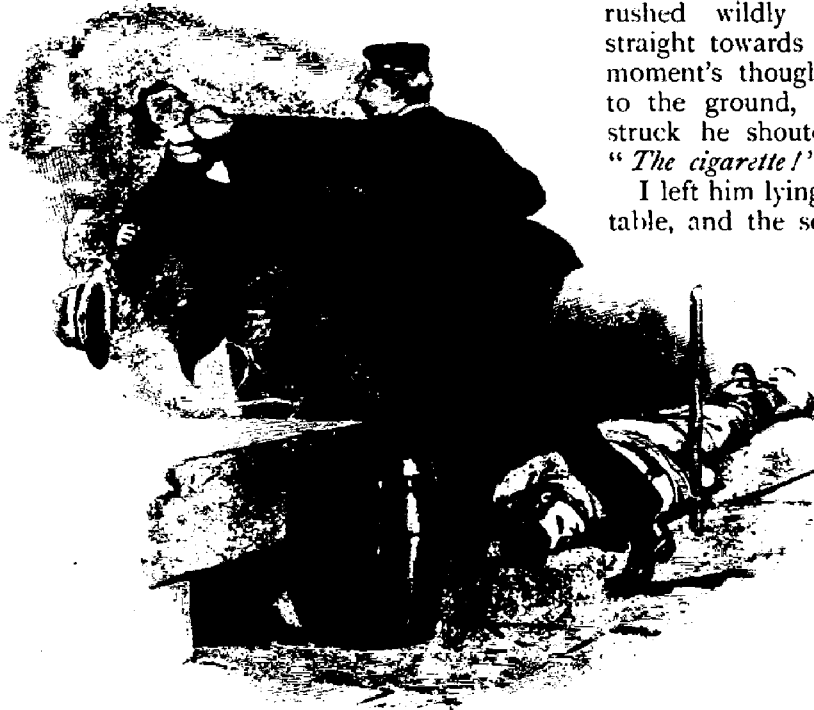
My only thought was to get him away from there, so I stooped to lift him in my arms. As I did so a man rushed wildly in, and came straight towards us. Without a moment's thought I felled him to the ground, and as he was struck he shouted despairingly, "*The cigarette!*"

I left him lying there near the table, and the servant and I together bore Walter quickly up the steps. When we had reached the open, and Walter awoke from his swoon, the first thing he did was to murmur, as the count had shouted, "*The cigarette!*"

I did not understand him, but if I had it would

have been too late; for, even as he spoke, there was a dull rumbling thunder below us, the ground shook slightly, and from the dark staircase rolled a stifling smoke, which was not from Guido's fragrant cigarettes.

Later in that day we reached the burnt and shattered body of the count. He had found his escape prevented by the rising sea, and he had returned—to meet the fate which he had planned for the boy who had defied him.



"THE CIGARETTE!" HE SHOUTED DESPAIRINGLY.

The End.



BY CHARLES EDWARDES.

Illustrated by T. W. Henry.

WHEN young Timothy first went to school he was as green as grass. He had a little pocket money and rather a large silver watch. The watch had been his father's, and in giving it to him his "pater" bade him take great care of the venerable treasure. But the bustle and anxieties of school life made him

forget this injunction, so that when Bassett, a big boy, cast eyes of desire upon the watch, it was already as good as lost to Timothy.

"What!" cried Bassett, "do you mean to say you haven't a stamp collection? I'll be blessed! But I tell you what I'll do. I happen to have a duplicate collection—a splendid lot. They're worth, according to any catalogue, quite £2. You shall have book and all for that old ticker

of yours. You're about the only fellow in the school without a collection, and you're much

too young for a watch. Come, what do you say?"

What could young Timothy say! He blushed, felt proud of Bassett's interest in him, and handed over the watch. And the stamps were his. But in a little while, Gray (whose friendship also young Timothy coveted) in glancing through the stamp collection exchanged for the

watch, discovered many specimens not in his own collection, which, however, was contained in a much better album than Timothy's.

"Look here," said Gray; "you're new at collecting. The book's more important to you than the stamps stuck in it. Besides, I don't suppose you know much about them. If you like, we'll swop collections, and I'll help you to understand the difference between the stamps."

Young Timothy assented. The cover of Gray's album pleased him much.



"MY SON, YOU'LL HAVE TO GET IT BACK."

"Well, they are a rotten lot, and no mistake!" said Chater, a week later, when he had inspected this second stamp collection. "I used to go in for them. Do you like musical boxes?"

"Oh, yes, very much," replied young Timothy.

"Wait here a minute and I'll fetch mine. It plays four tunes."

Chater set it playing "Men of Harlech," and when it stopped suddenly in the middle of a bar, he said: "There, what do you think of that?"

Timothy praised it genuinely. It really did take his fancy.

Then, in an off-hand manner, Chater said that he'd got tired of it.

"I know all its tunes by heart, you know. They'd be fresh to you though. I—I don't mind giving it you for those few stamps of yours. The rare ones have got awfully common lately. It's a bargain!"

This time young Timothy hesitated. He was not now quite so green as grass. But Chater's eyes exercised a great influence over him, and so he said "All right!" with a certain melancholy. Afterwards he tried to comfort himself with the tune "Cheer,

Boys, Cheer!" which the musical box was supposed to play. But the periodical pauses in the music (due to missing teeth) on the whole depressed him. He began to be convinced that things were not what they ought to be. Whenever he turned the key of that musical box he became more convinced. By-and-bye he hated the box, and was perfectly willing to let Pillway have it for a new book of Henty's, which Pillway had just received by post. Pillway was no older than himself, and, therefore, could not be expected to "do" him.

But long ere the term was at an end every fellow in the school had borrowed that book of

Henty's, so that it was not wonderful if by then at least twenty of its pages were missing, and its covers had departed this life. When it was returned to him for the last time, young Timothy—being then quite experienced—applied his foot to it. Others did the same. The leaves of the book littered the playground, and there was an end of it.

"My son," said young Timothy's father, when in the holidays the tale of the watch's disappearance was told, "you'll have to get it back. I used it when I was a young man. It was the companion of my early struggles, and I hoped it would be the same for you. I shall give you no

pocket-money until I see it again."

When young Timothy returned to school he was no longer green as grass, and he was, as his father had promised he should be, without pocket money. It was a horrible situation.

But Blew took pity on him.

"Here, youngster," said Blew, "you do the cleaning of my bike every day and I'll give you sixpence. I've a noiseless popgun you can have as well. What do you say?"

"Oh, thanks," said young Timothy, who was more grateful still when Blew gave him the sixpence in advance—being, of course, flush just then.

Other boys spent their money with Madame Sugarplum, who brought a basket into their midst daily to beguile them. But young Timothy treasured his sixpence, and in the meantime exchanged the popgun for a pair of dirty boxing-gloves. "I'm too lazy to clean them, you know," said their late owner.

Young Timothy was not too lazy to do this. He spent hours over them.

In mid-term he parted with the sixpence to



IT SEEMED MUCH SUPERIOR TO HIS FATHER'S OLD TURNIP.

young Pillway, who had a birthday impending, and undertook to pay a shilling for it when he received his birthday letters. To the same youth he sold the boxing-gloves for three-and-sixpence, payable at the same time.

When Pillway fulfilled his obligations, young Timothy blushed for joy to find that he possessed four-and-sixpence.

Being impetuous at that moment, he hastened to Bassett and explained things.

"What! Four-and-six for the watch!" cried Bassett, derisively. "None of your cheek! You go and ask them at the pawn-shop in town what sort of a watch they'll give you for four-and-six and see how they'll laugh at you."

Hearing these words, young Timothy retired, red and humbled; and, meeting Chater, told him the whole sorrowful history from beginning to end.

Chater laughed, but seemed struck when young Timothy mentioned his wealth.

"I suppose you don't want to buy back that stamp collection?" he said afterwards. "One or two are out of it, but it's still pretty good."

Young Timothy winked to himself, asked to see the collection, borrowed a price catalogue, and offered half-a-crown for the whole show.

Chater looked like knocking him down for his impudence—yet took the half-crown.

The next week young Timothy approached little Kipp, who had been visited that day by a grandmother.

"I've a splendid stamp collection, Kipp," he said. "It's cheap as dirt at five shillings, and—and the fellows will think ever so much more of you if you have one, you know."

It touched young Timothy very much when little Kipp replied eagerly, "Oh, will they?" and

still more when this most verdant of juveniles proceeded to mention the half-sovereign his grandmother had given him.

"You're the first I've told about it," little Kipp added.

Young Timothy did not leave little Kipp until the transaction was completed. With seven shillings in his pocket he felt a proud boy indeed.

It was now that chance allowed him to look at the watches in the window of the pawnbroker in the town. To his astonishment he discovered that watches were much cheaper than he supposed, and with real trembling he entered the shop, and asked to be shown one at five shillings. He bought it too. It seemed much superior to his father's old turnip.

His crowning reward came when once more he approached Bassett.

"Do," he pleaded, "let me have my old watch in exchange for this!"

Bassett was not long in assenting.

"The old brute," he said, impolitely, "quite weighs me down, and it's more often wrong than right in the hour hand. There you are."

"My son," said young Timothy's enchanted parent, when the holidays came again, and the history of the re-purchase of the watch was told, "you have the makings of greatness in you. The watch is yours for life, and here are two half-cr—but stay, on second thoughts, you do very well indeed on your own account, and it is the most excellent discipline in the world for you. I will put the five shillings in the savings bank in your name, and it shall be the same in future every time you bring me so satisfactory a report about the state of your finances."



OFF GRAVESEND.

MY OBSTINATE GREAT-GRANDFATHER

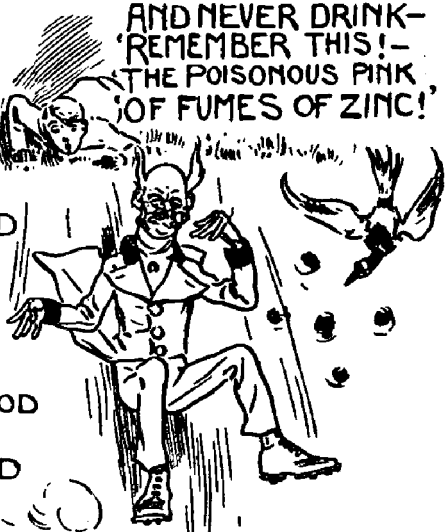


I.
 'MY DEAR GRANDAD,
 'PRAY NEVER GAD
 'ABOUT THE BRINK
 'OF A PRECIPICE!

AND NEVER DRINK—
 'REMEMBER THIS!—
 'THE POISONOUS PINK,
 'OF FUMES OF ZINC!



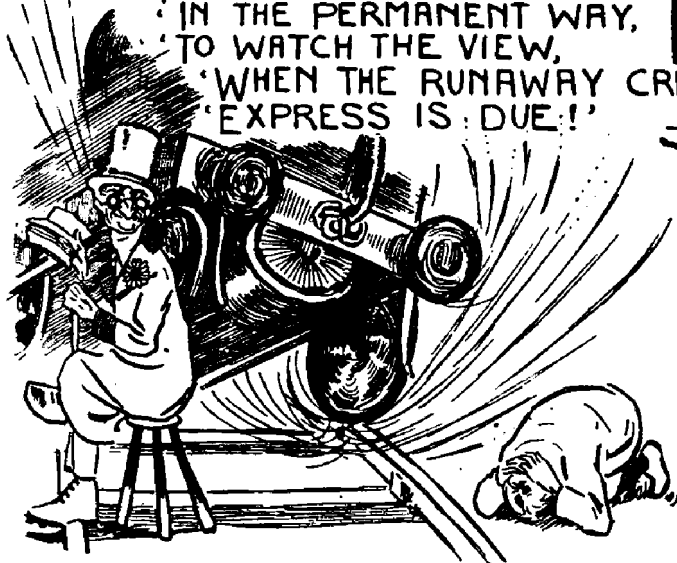
II.
 BUT GRANDAD SIPPED
 THE POISON PINK;
 AND TWICE A YEAR
 HE GAILY SKIPPED
 OVER THE BRINK
 OF A CHASM SHEER.
 HIS HEALTH WAS GOOD
 AND HIS ONLY VICE
 WAS THIS: HE WOULD
 NOT TAKE ADVICE!



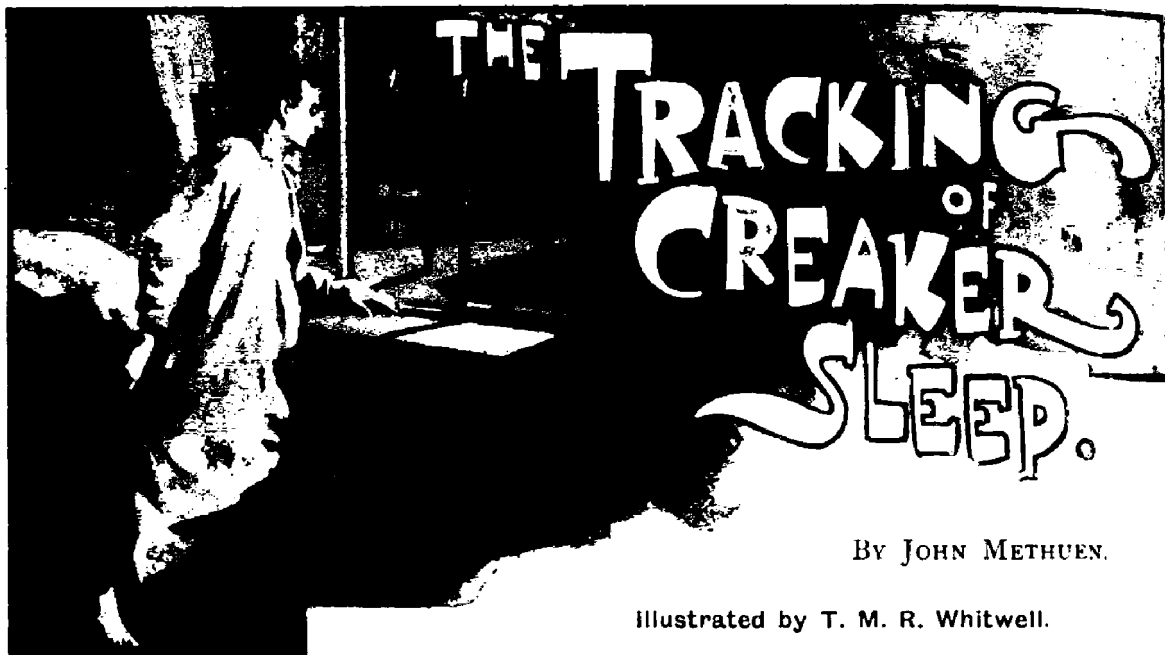
III.
 'MY DEAR GRANDAD,
 I USED TO SAY,
 'YOU'RE DRIVING MAD
 'AND TURNING GREY
 'MY SEVENTH WIT.
 'IF I WERE YOU
 'I'D NEVER SIT
 'IN THE PERMANENT WAY,
 'TO WATCH THE VIEW,
 'WHEN THE RUNAWAY CREWE
 'EXPRESS IS DUE!'



IV.
 THESE WORDS WERE SAID
 WITH GROANS AND WHINES
 WITH TEARS OF DREAD,
 WITH SOBS UNCHECKED.
 BUT GRANDAD READ
 BETWEEN THE LINES,
 SO CALM, ERECT;
 REMARKED, 'YES, YES!
 'DEAR, DEAR! I'VE WRECKED
 'THE UP EXPRESS!'



Ye Microbe.



BY JOHN METHUEN.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

"Now," said I to myself, as I turned for the forty-second time on my hard school bed, "let me see whether I can say the gender rhymes straight through from end to end. That ought to send me off."

"Ho, ho!" said myself to me, "you know you're the greatest blockhead in the Fifth, although you are the oldest and biggest chap in it!"

"Never mind that," said I to myself. "I've got my cricket and footer colours; and as to the grimy gender rhymes—here goes!" And I began at once:—

"Common are to either sex
 Artifex and opifex,
 Conviva, vates, advena,
 Testis, cives, incola.
 Parens, sacerdos, custos——"

I never could get past *custos* somehow. "*Custos—custos*—oh, heavens! I can't stand this! Let's have some fresh air!"

I crept quietly out of bed, and opened my cubicle window, which looked over the quadrangle. It was a warm night in early summer, and the half-moon made a clinking effect as it shone down on the old school buildings. I could distinctly hear the waves dashing against the cliffs, for the Manor House was only two miles inland, on the North Cornish coast.

Hullo! Who on earth was that, skulking down there in the shadow of the chapel? A man, a tall man, and—Great Scott!—*he was looking straight at me!* I felt sure that he was watching me closely, for his deadly white

face was turned up towards my window, and I fancied I could detect the glitter of his straining eyes.

For several minutes—it seemed like hours, but it must have been about five minutes—we stared fixedly at each other, he below and I above. And then he moved out into the moonlight, and I saw that it was Creaker Sleep, the new fourth-form master. It was just these odd tricks, skulking about at two in the morning, and so on, that had got him his nick-name of Creaker. You know the noise that old boards make when you try to walk over them quietly in the middle of the night. Whenever we heard that noise we always whispered: "*Cave Creaker!*" And he had only been at the Manor House a month.

He crossed the quadrangle very slowly, watching me all the time. I wasn't going to give the show away by moving—you bet. I waited until he disappeared beneath my window, and then hopped into bed and began gently to snore.

Creak, creak, creak on the stairs! Here he was, crawling up to see if I was in bed or not. I heard him turn the handle very gently, and then I felt five slimy finger-tips placed upon my forehead. Still I gently snored, and still he kept his fingers on my forehead until I thought I should go mad. At last he drew his hand away, and went gliding out of the room.

But he wasn't gone yet, and if I hadn't

been up to his little dodges I should have been nicely caught. Sleep generally made quite sure of a thing. On this occasion he went half-way down the passage; then he came stealing, stealing back, and I felt his hot breath on my face as he leant over the bed.

At last he felt satisfied, went downstairs again, and out once more into the quadrangle. I watched him more cautiously this time, and what I saw sent me half mad with excitement.

Creaker first of all glanced up at my window; seeing nothing of me, he edged slowly round the square—keeping well in the shadow—until he came opposite to the doctor's study window. For a minute or two he seemed to be fumbling with the catch; at last he raised the sash, and deliberately climbed into the room.

In two seconds I was standing by Duncan Graham's bedside, waking him up and keeping him

quiet at the same time. In two minutes we had each lugged on some darkish clothes, and were skirting round the quadrangle in the shadow, just as old Creaker had done.

And then—we were underneath the study window, stooping low, and peering over the sill. At first we saw nothing, but presently a round patch of light shone on the wall, and we traced the beams back until we twigged that they came from a bull's-eye lantern that Sleep was carrying. We held our breath as we watched him rummaging in the doctor's desk, opening drawer after drawer, and cursing softly at the delay.

"Ha!" He gave a gasp of relief as he examined a small packet of letters by the light of the lantern. Apparently they were what he wanted, for he shoved them into his breast pocket, and switched off the light.

In the nick of time Duncan and I darted behind a buttress, and Creaker wound himself out of the window like a snake. He pulled down the sash very quietly, and began to creep away. But not towards the school. Out of the quad he went, and we followed.

"Look," said Duncan, "he's going into the bicycle shed."

Quite right, he was. We waited patiently until he wheeled a machine out; then he closed the door, mounted, and rode away at a good pace.

"Confound his cheek!" said Graham. "He's got *my* machine!"

"Never mind," said I, dragging him towards the shed. "He's also got the Head's letters, and he's making off with 'em. Whatever they're worth I'm going to stop him. So come along."

We seized the two bikes that came first, felt the tyres, leapt into the saddles, and then away! away! away! to capture a crawling sneak of a thief—cost what it might! The night air sang in our ears, the breakers roared as they broke

angrily against the cliffs, the machines felt like living things beneath our buoyant tread, and we laughed deep down in our throats in the mad delight of that midnight chase.

The Manor House School stands in a very desolate part of North Cornwall. The nearest town is seven miles away, and the tradesmen who supply the school with provisions complain bitterly in bad weather. The village of Wenstow lies half-a-mile from us inland, but there is not one solitary house between the



"CONFOUND HIS CHEEK! HE'S GOT *my* MACHINE!"

school and that sea-coast, which is said to be the wildest in England. There are coast-guard stations scattered along the cliff, but even these are few and far between.

Duncan and I sped along the school lane which led to the road, and looked up and down the highway for Creaker Sleep.

"There he is," said I, pointing in the direction of Bude; "now then, steady's the word! He's taking his time."

We rode slowly, just catching sight of the thief at the bends. It was trying work.

"Look here," said Graham, when we had been keeping ourselves in check for some two miles, "I vote we sprint and catch the beggar up. After all, we're two to one."

I would have given the world to dart forward on the word, but, as leader of the pursuing party, I was bound to be cautious. So I said: "Very true, but he may be armed."

"Humbug!" retorted Duncan, and, before I knew what was up, he was scorching ahead for all he was worth. All I could do then was to follow, so we pounded along together.

Every moment we expected to catch sight of Sleep, but when we dashed round a corner on to a long piece of straight road he was nowhere to be seen.

"Come on!" yelled Duncan. "We'll catch him up at the next corner!"

As he shouted this we were passing a lane that ran off at right angles to the sea. Hardly were the words out of his mouth when a revolver rang out, and a bullet came whistling through my spokes. Crack! crack! crack! Three more shots followed in rapid succession, and then Creaker Sleep bounded out from his place of ambush in the hedge, jumped on to the machine, and dashed down the lane towards the sea.

I looked round for Duncan. He was lying in the middle of the road, the bicycle on top of him, and, as I approached, he groaned horribly.

"What's the matter, old chap?" said I, kneeling by his side. "Did he hit you?"

"It's nothing much," said Graham; "he got me in the calf, I think. Are you hurt?"

"No," I replied, "but one of his confounded bullets punctured my tyre."

"Take my machine," urged Duncan, as I bound up his leg. "You *must* catch that chap now, and I can limp home somehow."

Of course, the idea of my taking his machine was absurd. I found that his leg was not bad enough to prevent his pedalling with one foot, and so I made him get up, helped him into the saddle, and started him off home, much against his will.

"What are *you* going to do?" he asked, as I gave him a final shove off.

"I'm going to run down to the cliffs and hit him over the head with my bicycle-pump. Now, off you go, and tell them to send reinforcements."

I watched him ride slowly away, and then I was left alone in the darkness of the night. But there was no time to wait about. I snatched up my pump—which was long and fairly heavy—and doubled off down the lane. Presently I came to a gate, and that, I knew, was the end of the road. From this point there was nothing but a rough track to the top of the cliff.

Keeping a cautious look-out for another ambush, I passed through the gate, and headed off for the sea. Ha! what was that? I almost stumbled over Creaker Sleep's—or, rather, Duncan's—machine, which was lying in the track. But where was the rider? And how many chambers of that revolver were loaded?

I walked on. The path now led me across an open field, and in a few minutes I was at the edge of the cliff. Ugh! It was horribly steep, and right down there, two hundred feet below, the waves were dashing over the rocks and throwing up foam high into the air. The tide was up.

Suddenly I remembered that one of Sleep's hobbies was to clamber about these cliffs, and that once he had startled some of our kids, who were on the beach at low tide, by shoving his head out of the mouth of a cave a hundred feet above them. Perhaps there was a track down here, and he had clambered over.

Carefully I searched, and at last found a narrow little path which seemed to afford some foothold. I shoved the pump into my inner breast-pocket and started down.

That was a terrible journey. Three times I slipped and thought I was gone for good, but managed to cling on somehow, until I suddenly found myself on a narrow ledge of rock, with a dark opening in the cliff a little to my right. *It was a cave!* Was he in there? Was he covering me now with that revolver? Would he jump out suddenly and send me hurtling over the edge, to be dashed to pieces a hundred feet below? The cliff went sheer down from there; a cat couldn't have climbed further.

I grasped my pump in my right hand, and *crawled into the cave!* It was pitch dark, and I must confess that I was in a blue funk. But, of course, a chap couldn't turn back then. Anyhow, I crawled on.

Twenty yards in, and I could feel that the passage turned a corner. I slipped my left hand into my pocket, drew out a wax match, struck it, and held it up over my head. Good heavens! Never shall I forget the shock of that moment, for there, crouching down on his haunches like some wild beast at bay, his dead white face distorted with passion, and his evil eyes flashing at me over the glint of the levelled revolver, was Creaker Sleep!

All this I saw in an instant, and then a

I rushed forward to strike him with the pump before he could fire. We were close to the mouth of the cave as I stepped up to him, and then I gave him one hard, smashing blow over the head with the heavy metal instrument.

Like a log he fell, and *his head and shoulders were hanging over the edge of the ledge!* I started forward to save him from a horrible death, but I was too late. With one convulsive effort he threw up his legs, turned completely



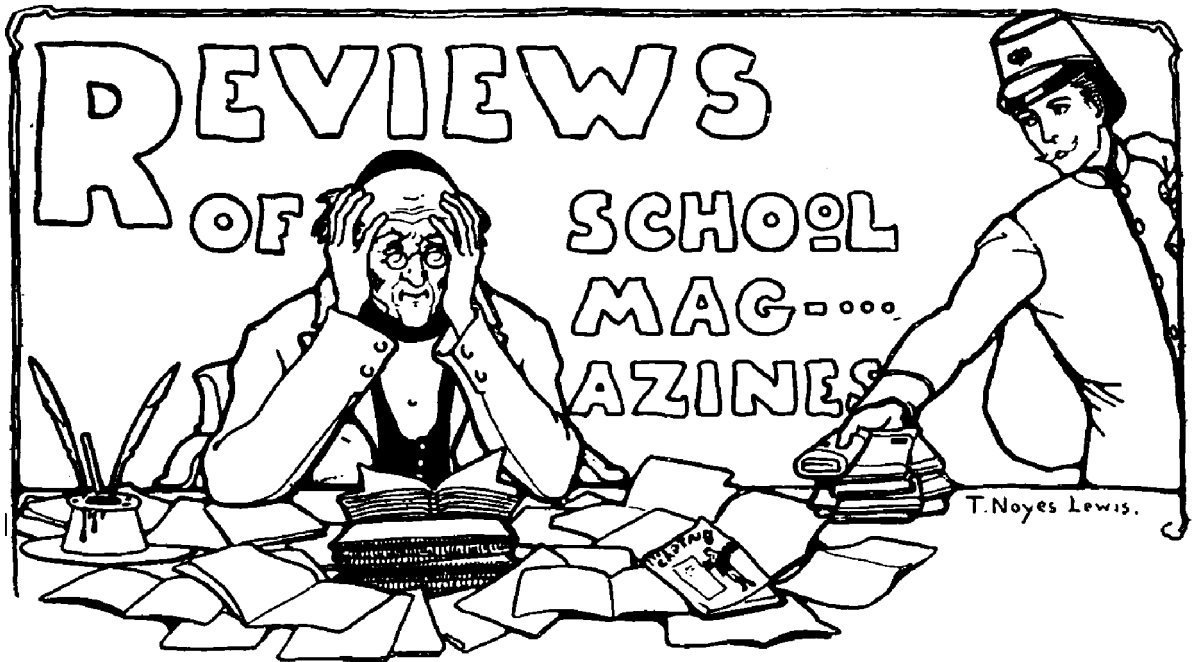
"WHAT'S THE MATTER, OLD CHAP? DID HE HIT YOU?"

report rang out, and the match was knocked from my hand by the whirring bullet. Before he could fire again I had leapt back behind the angle of rock, and began slowly to creep backwards out of that awful death-trap.

But before I could get outside I heard him coming. Quick as lightning I threw myself on to my stomach, so that he might not catch sight of my figure against the light. Cautiously he came on, stumbled over me, and fell. But we were both on our feet in an instant, and

over, and went crashing down! down! down! on to those jagged and hungry rocks one hundred feet below.

The letters? Oh, yes; they were found all right, hidden away in the cave. The body? No, we never saw that again. What did the Head say? Oh, never mind. The worst of you kids is that you always want so many details.



"Hæc olim meminisse iuvabit."

HINT FOR THE MONTH: *Don't be too diffident.* I heard it said the other day that undue depreciation of self is the worst form of vanity. Although that is an epigram, there is a germ of truth in it. You would be amused to see how many editors of school magazines open their editorials with the sentence, "It is with fear and trembling that we take up the quill," or words to that effect. Of course, it's all humbug. When you're going to edit a magazine you mustn't start by telling everybody that you're not up to the job. If that happens to be the case the readers will soon find it out. If it doesn't happen to be the case, why say it?

The Alfred Monthly for March leads off with a long article on "Kipling as a Writer of Prose." It may be that the world has been waiting to know what the *Alfred Monthly* thinks about Mr. Kipling's work, and so we hasten to give publicity to the writer's opinions. He summarises his remarks thus:—

What shall be our judgment of these fifteen years of authorship? In Kipling's early work there was much to repel. His style was often cynical and abrupt. He indulged in slang without occasion, and some peculiarities of diction could be nothing but affectations. But he can write without committing any of these offences, and his later work is nearly free from them.

The Arvonian comes from Carnarvon County School, and is beautifully got up. We were rather scored off by this little journal. The *Arvonian* you must know, had to be cut open before it could be read, so we sent the office boy into the Strand to buy a paper-knife, sat down, cut the sheets with avidity, and found the following:—

Y MABINOIGION.

Pan ofynir i un wneyd ychydig sylwadau ar destyn hanesyddol neu h. nyddol—yn enwedig os bydd y rhybudd yn fyr—diogel bob amser yw myned ddigon pell yn ol. Mae y beirnaid yn sicr o fod yn llai eu nifer, a gellir rhoddi ffwrn i'r drôchymyg, pan fydd gwybodaeth yn pallu, a'r amser yn rhy brin yngyngori a'r awdurdolau.

There's any amount more of it, but I think I will hold the rest over.

The Blue sports a good cover, which we must reproduce some day if we may. The April number is well put together, and is an excellent chronicle of the term's doings.

The Bramptonian for March shows that it is not going to be hustled. The editor very quietly sets to work by wishing his readers "The Best of New Years," in large capitals. That is a humorous touch, but this goes one better:—

To the Editor of *The Bramptonian*.

DEAR SIR,—When is the talked-of Debating Society to find its voice? Can nothing be done to give it a start?—Yours faithfully, VERBAS.

[I should say the best way would be for "Verbas" to make a start by bringing forward a motion. I feel sure an opposer would soon be found.—ED.]

Scored off, Verbas!

The Brighton College Magazine for March kept us in reading matter for a fortnight, and we are still saving up "An Appreciation of Joseph Newton" for a wet Sunday. The remainder of the magazine is really excellent, and we congratulate the editor on his skill and evident ability.

The Eurian for April is quite a sound number—fat, but not heavy; clever, but not irrelevant; confident, but not conceited. The treasurer of the tuck-shop is named Luun. Any relation, I wonder, to the famous Sally?

The Colstonian for February contains a good deal of "funny" matter, which did not move us to laughter. When the present Colstonians are bearded men, and turn up this number to see how many matches were won in the 1898-99 season, I don't think they will be consoled for the small amount of football news by reading a long poem on the "Effects of Unaccustomed Study," or "When Greek meets Greek," by the Editor. Read our motto, sir, and be advised.

The Decanian comes from Cheltenham, and is the "Dean Close School Magazine." The February number is most sensible, and the production is altogether in excellent taste.

The Georgian, of St. George's College, is printed and published quite regardless of expense. Several photos are excellently reproduced, and the tone of the magazine is manly and straightforward.

Liverpool College Upper School Magazine has reached us, and we like everything about it but the name. A prominent feature of the April number is an ode, in 128 lines, celebrating the school's victory in the competition for the Rugby Football Shield, competed for by Liverpool schools. It is an ambitious ode, and Mr. L. S. Holmes has kindly sent us an elaborate explanation of the more subtle points. Thank you, sir.

The Maidstonian for March contains some swinging verses, entitled the "Submarine." We give the first and last verses:—

The frightened fish, as they poise at rest
In the deep sea's weedy maze,
Dart hither and thither and right and left,
As it looms through the glass-green haze.
What manner of monster's this? No shark,
No whale, was ever so slow:
And they scurry away with the speed of dismay
From the black mysterious foe.

When it marks its prey, it feels its way
To the twice seven thousand tons,
Of the stately warship, crouching low,
From the belch of the quick-fired guns.
In the fighting top leaps the gunner's heart
As he scans the waters near,
And the levers are gripped for instant change
In the grasp of the engineer.

The Masonian for March is printed in brown, but, apart from that, seems a very sensible production, and is carefully edited. The "List of Wild Flowers found in the neighbourhood of Wood Green in the Summer of 1898" makes good reading, but is rather too long to quote. This extract is amusing:—

DEAR SIR,—About two years ago you published that a box for contributions would be put up in the main building. Would it not be an advantage if this matter were seen to? Hoping you will approve of this, I remain, yours truly,

A CONTRIBUTOR

[We beg to state that, had we known so valuable a member of society as "A Contributor" existed in the school the box would have been put up long ago. The matter is now being gone into, but owing to a delay in the carpenter's shop the box has not yet made its appearance.—E.D.]

The Reptonian has come to hand at last, and we find the March number staid and rather stolid, but but none the worse for that. Reptonians, past and present, will be pleased to hear that C. B. Fry—most famous of "O.R.'s"—will write for THE CAPTAIN every month.

The Review chronicles the doings of the Grocers' Company's School, and the editor tells us, with tears in his ink, that he *must* let out the cover for advertisements, because he only charges twopence per copy. We have given some thought to the matter, and have at length hit upon a solution of the difficulty. Let him charge threepence.

[Owing to a pressure on our space we have only been able to notice those magazines which have not been reviewed before in these columns. Next month we hope to have more room for this feature.—Ed. CAPTAIN.]

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

The highest age limit has been altered to twenty-five, instead of twenty.

CONDITIONS.—The Coupon on Page II. of advertisements must be fastened or stuck on every competition submitted.

The name and address of every competitor must be clearly written at the top of first page of competition.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like (providing you come within the age limits), and have as many tries as you like for each prize, but each "try" must be sent in a separate envelope and must have a coupon attached to it.

Address thus:—Competition No. —, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by June 16th.

No. 1.—**TWO GUINEAS** for the best essay (not exceeding five hundred words) on "My Profession." Age limit: Twenty-five.

No. 2.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best poetical extract on the subject of "Courage." The extracts are to be of the same length as those we have published on "Perseverance," etc. Age limit: Twenty-five.

No. 3.—**AN "EASTMAN'S TWO GUINEA KODAK"** for the best snap-shot of "A Game of Cricket." Age limit: Twenty.

No. 4.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best essay (not exceeding three hundred words) on "My Favourite Character in Fiction." Age limit: Twenty.

No. 5.—**ONE GUINEA.** Same subject and length. Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 6.—**ONE GUINEA.** Same subject and length. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 7.—**ONE GUINEA.** Same subject and length. Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 8.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best pen or pencil drawing of "A Master's Desk." Age limit: Sixteen.

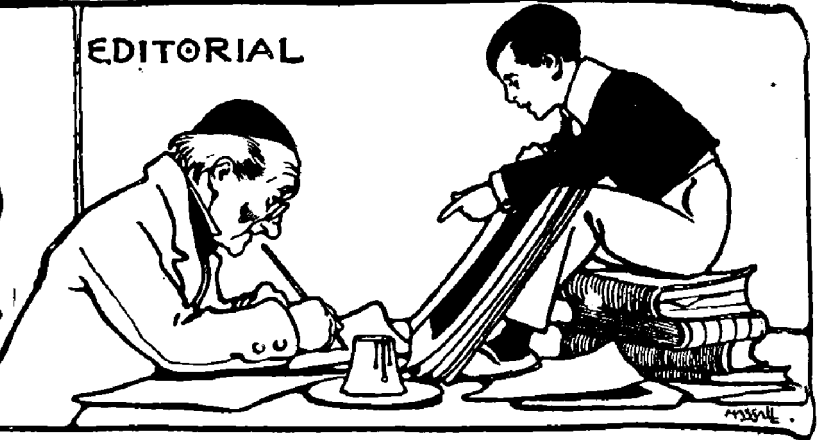
No. 9.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best map of China. Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 10.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best written copy of the first column in this month's "King's Red Coat." Age limit: Twelve.

NOTE.—*Second prizes of half the amount offered will be awarded in each competition.*

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



I hope you won't think me a very boastful old man if, with natural pride, I tell you what a splendid reception our first number had. The newspapers all over the kingdom published reviews of *THE CAPTAIN* couched in the most complimentary terms; from schoolmasters and school-boys living in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, letters of congratulation poured in, and you can imagine how pleased I was, after all the worry and trouble of getting the magazine out, to read so many epistles informing me that my labour had not been in vain. To one and all of my correspondents I doff my hat and say "Thank you!" from my heart.

But not only did my letter-box—filled to overflowing, as it was, every morning for weeks after



selling. "Splendidly!" It was the same cry at all the newsagents' shops, big and little. It was, as

No. 1 appeared—tell me that *THE CAPTAIN* had succeeded; I witnessed it for myself. Whenever I had to go anywhere by train, I found little knots of people gathered round the piles of *THE CAPTAIN* displayed for sale on the bookstalls. The managers, clerks, and boys connected with the stalls all made the same reply when asked how the magazine was

you may imagine, an eventful and anxious time for us in this office, waiting to hear how our new venture had "caught on." That anxious time is over now. *THE CAPTAIN* has caught on with a vengeance! The only thing we can do by way of acknowledging all the compliments that have been paid us is to forge ahead, and turn out every month a better number than the one preceding it. This will be my endeavour and aim as long as I occupy *THE CAPTAIN*'s editorial chair.



And now, taking my big pile of correspondence at haphazard, I beg to acknowledge very friendly letters of congratulation from the head masters of Sherborne School, Cheltenham College, Radley College, Shipley School, Tonbridge School, Llandovery College, Clayesmore School, King Edward's School (Birmingham), Christ College (Brecon), St. George's College (Woburn Park), St. Edmund's (Canterbury), Leatherhead School, Harrow Lower School, Truro School, Cranleigh School, Sudbury Grammar School, Kingston School, (Yeovil), Nelson Technical School, Newport Intermediate School, Shepton Mallet Grammar School, Commercial Travellers' School (Pinner), Sexey's School, Birmingham Grammar School, St. Augustine's (Rainsgate), Kent College (Canterbury), Bewdley Grammar School, Soham Grammar School, Oakfield (Rugby), Maida Vale School, from 'Varsity men writing from Oxford and Cambridge Colleges, from a host of school captains, and from all the "old boys" who have dropped me letters and postcards welcoming *THE CAPTAIN*.

My readers will be glad to hear that a Serial Story, dealing with life aboard a British man-of-war, is now being written for publication in this magazine by

DR. GORDON STABLES.

The hero of the tale is a midshipman, and I don't think Dr. Stables—who was, as I daresay you know, for many years a surgeon in the Navy—will mind my telling you that the action of the story takes place mainly in Chinese waters. The story promises to be the finest this eminent and popular author has ever written. In all probability it will follow "The King's Red Coat."

I have also under consideration a number of bulky manuscripts, and hope shortly to publish the first chapters of

A PUBLIC SCHOOL SERIAL,

which promises to be the best thing dealing with life in a great Public School that has been written since poor Talbot Baines Reed died.

As to short stories, I can promise you that I have some fine surprises for you up my sleeve. In the matter of articles, I am arranging with the best known experts in such subjects to supply **THE CAPTAIN** with papers on Photography, the Care of Pets, Cycling, Carpentry, Fishing, Butterfly and Moth Collecting, and every other hobby dear to thy heart, O boy! The best way to get what you like in **THE CAPTAIN** is to write and ask for it.

Turning now to general matters, I may mention that an Oxford correspondent asks me to have an article on "The Way a Letter is Sent Through the Post." Perhaps some reader connected with the Post Office will send me in a nice little half-page on the subject. I don't like to

waste any room, and I think these half-page articles are appreciated, judging by the way they have been referred to in the newspapers. And while talking about the way tales and articles in **THE CAPTAIN** have been "quoted" in the newspapers, I may mention that nearly every paper in the country published extracts from the article in No. 1. called "What I Wanted to Be." The most frequently quoted letters were Lord Brampton's, Dr. Conan Doyle's, and Mr. Phil May's.

Mr. Punch expressed himself as "indebted to the editor of **THE CAPTAIN** (which he congratulates upon an excellent first appearance) for the idea of collecting the early impressions of famous men," and then, if you please, proceeded to parody

the article in question in the happiest manner. This is what the German Emperor is reported to have said:—

As a small Crown Prince We resembled common little boys in one particular—the craving for a large military moustache. The exigencies of birth developed Us into a War Lord. Lately we have become another War Lord, making two altogether—one for the Army and one for the Navy. Also we have issued a rescript doing away with nautical moustache unless accompanied by beard. This creates an uncomfortable dilemma for Ourselves. As regards facial hair, which of the War Lords are we to obey? We have made a riddle about it as follows: Why is Our moustache like a dilemma? Will wire the answer next week.—**WILLIAM K.**



The Librarian of Archbishop Holgate's School, York, sends me the card of his Literary Society. It seems that all the masters and a number of the boys contribute a periodical each to the library, this periodical being either a daily paper, a weekly paper, or a monthly magazine. I am glad to see that **THE CAPTAIN** figures high in this list. Altogether, twenty-six periodicals are regularly subscribed to the library in this way.

On payment of a small coin called "sixpence" you can read an extraordinary book called "A Yankee Boy's Success," being an account of how an American urchin worked his way through Europe. This enterprising youth actually called upon the Queen at Windsor, and had a long interview with her. This is how Her Majesty received him:—

As I entered the room, my eyes rested immediately upon a short, stout, grey, plain old lady, with a sweet grandmotherly expression, and I knew at once that she was the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India, mightiest of earthly sovereigns. I hesitated at the door, uncertain about how far forward I should step, but the ever-present Chamberlain relieved my perplexity by beckoning me forward. Her Majesty didn't look up from her book, for she was reading, until I was about fifteen feet away. Then she slowly raised her head and smiled upon me. I never saw a more queenly action than this. She accomplished it with such superb grace and dignity that anyone would have known that she was a queen. Laying her book on the table beside her she spoke, and I awaited her words in breathless silence. "Come nearer, my boy," she said; "I can't talk to you so far away."

As for the conversation that followed, you can buy the book for yourselves and read it.

When I read of a brave thing done by boys, it seems to me that I cannot do better than keep it for **THE CAPTAIN**. Here is a specimen:

Whilst playing on the banks of the Wye, at Buxton, on Easter Monday, a boy named Arthur Pyle, aged fourteen, slipped and fell into the river. The current was strong, and he was carried a considerable distance down the stream before the eyes of an excited crowd of holiday visitors. The accident might have had a tragic ending had it not been for the presence of mind shown by the drowning boy's school-fellows. Rushing some distance down-stream, they linked hands so that the boy who formed the outermost link in the chain was able to grasp hold of Pyle as the current bore him past, and so, amid hearty cheers, he was dragged safe ashore, but little the worse for his exciting adventure.

I remember seeing something of the same sort done while skating, years ago. A lady fell through some rotten ice, whereupon a number of men lay down and held each other by the ankles. The man nearest the hole stretched out a thick walking stick, which the lady clutched and held on to until a rope was brought.

I think the boys who saved Arthur Pyle displayed presence of mind, ingenuity, and pluck, and I am glad to be able to record what they did in this fashion.

Contributors will please note that I do not require, for a long time, any more *sea stories*, as I have a number in hand, and a long sea serial coming on. Also, I must ask authors, one and all, not to send me so many tales in which boys of fourteen fall in love with the Head's daughter, and wax violently jealous of the "six foot beggar" on whom the young lady very naturally prefers to cast the eye of affection. I have been bombarded of late with stories of this sort. I may add that because a certain incident happens to amuse the school in which it occurs, it is not necessarily amusing to the outside public. Many school happenings are mirth-provoking if you know the people; but the outsider finds them very flat reading, as a rule.

Copies of portraits of School Captains on thick paper suitable for framing can be had for six stamps.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. H. C. (ALLOA, N.B.).—Your congratulations are indeed hearty, and I thank you for them. I have given instructions that no more cigarette advertisements are to appear in this magazine. Now to your questions. (1) Dumb-bell exercise both before and after the bath is good. Personally, I prefer to exercise with dumb-bells *after* my bath, because then I am all in a glow and feel far more inclined to indulge in vigorous exercise than I do before it. However, you must please yourself. I will hand your letter to Mr. Fry, and see what he says. (2) If you want French and Belgian newspapers and magazines suitable for a student of French you had better write to Hatchette & Co., Chaudos Street, Strand, London, who will send you their list.

Old Eastbournian points out that in reviewing the December *Eastbournian* we refer to the "swinging Rugger chorus" of some verses in it. He explains that Eastbourne College doesn't play that code of the game, but is famous for the excellent "Soccer" teams it has turned out.

A Head Master wishes to see a serial story dealing with public school life in this magazine. I am now considering several stories of this kind, and hope to publish the first instalment of one very shortly.

R. J. R. (SALISBURY) asks me if I can tell him of a good Latin grace, both for before and after meals. I have much pleasure in complying with this request. **BEFORE MEAT**: "*Benedic, Domine, nos et hæc tua dona que de bonitate tuâ sumpturi sumus.*—Amen." **AFTER MEAT**: "*Agimus tibi gratias, Omnipotens Deus, pro donis tuis per Jesum Christum Dominum Nostrum.*—Amen."

P. A. (CLAPHAM).—The best way for a youth to work his way into newspaper life is to start doing little reports of local concerts, football matches, etc., for the papers in his neighbourhood. He should be constantly on the look-out for interesting topics to write about, and never miss an opportunity of sending the editors in his neighbourhood paragraphs of local interest. Vacancies on newspapers are generally advertised in the *Daily News*. If you started newspaper work you would have to begin in the office of a country weekly at about £1 a week, or perhaps not so much. You could obtain a far more comprehensive answer than I can give you by writing to the Editor, the *Journalist*, Finsbury Pavement, E.C., who will probably give you a reply in his columns. The *Journalist* is published once a fortnight, price twopence.

A. M. (EARL'S COURT).—Of course the "habit" you mention is injurious both to body and mind. If you do not break yourself of it you will suffer in after years. It produces consumption, heart disease, and other organic complaints. If you want to know why, ask a doctor. Take plenty of exercise, avoid alcohol, read pure literature, and seek in prayer that help which only God can give you. Write to me again soon, and tell me that you have taken my advice. More plainly I cannot speak, except in a private letter.

A. W.—The fact that you have stitch after you have run a short distance shows that you are not in very good condition. It is absurd to try and run long distances if you are attacked by stitch and have to give up. It is evident that for the present you must content yourself with short distance running, and gradually extend these distances until your wind improves; i.e. until you find that you can run the quarter, half-mile, and mile without being greatly "distressed" by your exertions. The only preventative for stitch is to train up and get fit.

Bessie F. (ST. LEONARD'S-ON-SEA).—I am glad you like **THE CAPTAIN**. I have always been told that girls prefer boys' papers to girls' papers, and your letter strengthens that opinion. Outdoor games will do you a great deal of good. I shouldn't think that you require any particular training, but I advise you not to eat too many sweets. Take a cold bath in the morning (if you can stand it), don't indulge in too much pudding, and don't read in bed. If you follow these simple rules you will find that you are always pretty fit.

J. A. (BELLINGHAM).—I congratulate you on catching such an extraordinary fish. If you know anybody who collects old curiosities, take it to him, and he will no doubt be able to tell you the value of the old rusty candlestick you have fished up out of the river. Perhaps your best course would be to keep it by you until somebody comes to your house who is an authority on such old things. From your description, it seems to me just possible that a collector of curios might give you half-a-crown for the candlestick, which is a good deal more than you would get for a fish of the same size.

A. L. F.—Abandon once and for all any idea of going on the stage. I wonder at any fellow of nineteen hesitating between the Army and the Stage. Be a soldier, my friend.

W. E.—The first thing to do is to decide on the number of copies you think you can sell, and then approach a few printing firms in your neighbourhood, and ask them to supply you with an estimate for printing a school paper, quarto size, of four, eight, or twelve pages—according to the amount of room you think you will require. You might charge sixpence for the magazine, or certainly not

less than fourpence. Before deciding, however, to bring out a magazine, you had better circularise your public, and find out how many people would become annual subscribers. It is better not to have any advertisements if you can get on without them, as a magazine of this sort is intended for private circulation only, and is not put on the stalls to be bought by the public.

W. S. (ISLINGTON).—You are young yet to be writing tales. The story you send displays an ignorance of punctuation. However, "Lost and Found" is not bad for a first attempt.

M. C. B. (TUNBRIDGE WELLS) wants to get fat, and can I tell him how to do this? I should say, M. C. B., that you should endeavour not to worry about anything. Take plenty of fresh air and exercise, eat slowly, go to bed in good time and get plenty of sleep, and laugh as frequently as possible. If, after this, you don't get any fatter, you will not, at any rate, get any thinner. Some of us are fat by nature, and some of us are thin, and if it is your nature to be thin you must not rebel against it.

J. C. S. (BRIGHTON) observes very truly that every boy is preparing for an exam. of some kind, and thinks it would be a good idea if I printed a few useful hints on work. I will get some articles of this sort written.

E. W.—Dumb-bell exercise will have the effect of making you grow. I can't tell you straight off what the average chest measurement should be at the age of eighteen, but I should say from 32ins. to 33ins. The average height of a boy of eighteen is 5ft. 8ins., or 5ft. 9ins. I should practise for half-an-hour when you get up in the morning, and for ten minutes before you go to bed at night.

J. N. P. (LITTLE YELDHAM) is an "Old Boy" who writes, "that if THE CAPTAIN is going on as it has begun, there is no magazine published that he would not sooner miss seeing." Many thanks, J. N. P. You are the sort of "Old Boy" that I like.

Leo (DUBLIN) and many others.—A thousand thanks for your good wishes. I knew you would make a "chum" of THE CAPTAIN.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of April Competitions.

Nos. I. and II.—As these Competitions did not close until May 24th, results will be announced in THE CAPTAIN for July.

No. III.—Best fifty books for school library.

Winner of £2 2s.: JAMES FRANK WEBB, 43, Caverley Road, Redland, Bristol.

Honourable mention: Clifford Beards, Wolverhampton; William Cassie, Banff, N.B.; Francis E. Bawden, Ottawa, Canada; Ernest J. Butler, Stoke Newington; J. K. Clayton, Manchester.

No. IV.—For best parody on "Mary had a Little Lamb."

Winner of Study Clock: FLORENCE MANN, 1, Endelweiss Terrace, Partick Hill, Glasgow, N.B.

No. V.—"Good Cheer" competition.

Winners of £1 1s. each: (a) E. H. KEELING, 4, Manning Lane, Bradford; (b) MARJORIE DALLAS, 9, Victoria Street, Akerdean, N.B.; (c) PATRICK J. MURPHY, Mungret College, Limerick.

Honourable mention: Robert Brown, Bath; Katie K. Livingstone, Edinburgh; Dan Kehoe, Dublin.

No. VI.—Winner of £2 2s.: EDITH WINIFRED FROWD, "Brent Knoll," Mayou Road, Forest Hill, S.E.

Honourable mention: Stanley C. Bennett, Upper Clapton; Thomas Parker, Leeds; Harry Burton, Nottingham; Henry M. Pritchard, Cardiff; J. Verschoyle, Dublin; Maud Everett, Guildford Road, S.W.; Harold Kershaw, Worthing; M. M. Carpendale, Dublin; Annie B. Johnston, Kutherglen, N.B.; Robert J. Knight, Hugglescote.

[Note.—A great number of beautiful maps were sent in. The prize was not given for the best executed map, but for the most correct map of the Soudan. Unsuccessful competitors should remember this.]

No. VII.—The sum of £2 2s., offered for the best letter describing "What I would do with £1000," has been split up into four prizes of half-a-guinea each:—

Winners: A. WHITBY, 146, Seaford Road, South Tottenham, N.; JAMES MCKENZIE WEESTER, Dalton, Newcastle-on-Tyne; F. FREWIN, 21, St. Mary's Road, Southampton; RICHARD CARE, 44, Claude Road, Roath, Cardiff.

No. VIII.—For coast line resembling a man's face.

Winner of £1 1s.: EVEREST WINDSOR, 40, Weston Street, Great Lever, Bolton, Lancs.

Honourable mention: Florence Maud Britton, Upper Gloucester Place, N.W.; Albert E. Bromley, Egham; Florence E. Randall, Bowes Park, N.

No. IX.—The Six Fountain Pens offered in this competition for the six best letters criticising THE CAPTAIN have been won by: CHARLES G. ARTHUR, 9 Athole Gardens, Glasgow, N.B.; THOMAS WALKER, 39, Devon Street, Glasgow, N.B.; GORDON McVOY, 17, Springfield Place, Leeds; BERTRAM GRANT, 8, Clarence Place, E. Stonehouse, Devon; E. COATES, 98, Selbourne Street, Sheffield; ARTHUR J. CLARK, 39, Durlston Road, Upper Clapton, N.

A Consolation Prize of Five Shillings has been sent to ARTHUR W. MORRISON, 431, Victoria Road, Glasgow, N.B., who sent in a poetical criticism.

No. X.—For best drawing of a postage stamp.

Winner of £1 1s.: THOMAS T. MCHURATH, 1, Park Place, City, Glasgow, N.B.

Honourable mention: William P. Clough, Leeds; John H. G. Smith, Ballinacurra; Thomas P. Browne, Rugby; Robert Grant, Hillhead, Glasgow; D. L. G. Williams, Leicester; Rosa Leeman, Heaton Mersey; Percival C. Southwell, Douglas, Isle of Man; Norna Walford, Warleigh, S. Devon.

No. XI.—Handwriting. Age limit: Twelve.

The sum of £1 1s offered in this competition has been divided into a first prize of 10s. 6d., and two second prizes of 5s. 3d. each:—

Winners: First, VINCENT LE LIEVRE, The Parsonage, Bieldside, Aberdeen.

Second (a) GLADYS BRADELL, 32, Mount Park Crescent, Ealing, N.

(b) P. L. HOGAN, St. Winifred's, Kenley, Surrey.

Honourable mention: Leslie H. Strudwick, Nora Wyle Margaret Marris, Aubrey Lucas Cordis, Donald Macdonald.

No. XII.—(Old Boys.)

Winner of £2 2s.: Mr. MURDO MUNRO, 5, Abingdon Mansions, Kensington, W.

"PIPES AND FACES" COMPETITION.

(Second Series.)



1.



2.



3.



4.



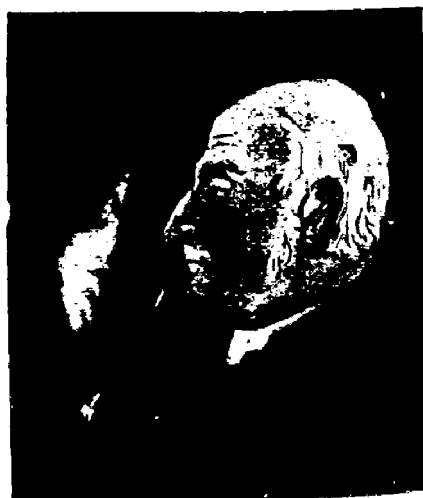
5.



6.



7.



8.

On the "Pipes and Faces" Coupon, which you will find among the advertisements, write down what "calling" each smoker follows. No age limit.



Specially photographed for THE CAPTAIN.

Hawkins & Co., Brighton.

*Yours truly
Ranjit Singh*

*Yours truly
C. P. Singh*



BY KEBLE HOWARD.

HAVE you looked at those two men in our frontispiece? You have. Are there any two cricketers of the present day more popular than these twin heroes of Sussex? Certainly not. Yet one of them gives you his best advice on athletic matters month by month, and the other has been so gracious as to receive me as your representative, and answer with princely courtesy the inquisitive questions that I found it my duty to put.

Now I don't propose to go over all the old ground of K. S. Ranjitsinhji's school and college career. Nothing very extraordinary happened to him during these periods of his life, and this fact has been clearly demonstrated by previous interviewers. It is Ranji the man that I wanted to get at, and, unless I am much mistaken, it is as an ordinary mortal that you would like to read about him in this article. That being settled between us, I will tell you exactly how I cornered my cricketer, and what he said to me and I to him.

You must not suppose that the Indian Prince is an easy man to get hold of. Far from it; he is as slippery as an eel, and all the agility that he shows in the field is brought into play in the pavilion when he desires to dodge the notebook demon. And that was just why I meant to bring him to book. I was reading an account of an interview with him in a weekly paper, and the writer went out of his way to declare that Ranji would not give anyone else a hearing this season. Said I to myself, "That's the man I must corner."

This occurred to me on a wintry afternoon at the beginning of May. Without further delay I bought a paper and scanned the cricket columns. The very thing. Sussex v. the M.C.C. at Lord's. Ranji down to play. I jumped into a cab and was lugged quietly to St. John's Wood.

When I got on to the ground I found, to my disgust, that Sussex were in the field and Ranji was nowhere in sight. Then a bright idea occurred to me. I would ask "our Mr. C. B." where his chum was. But how could I secure him? He couldn't leave the field—that was certain. I must go to him.

I worked my way round to his side of the field, waited until a wicket fell, and then made a dash for it. The crowd expostulated, but I ran on, burst into the midst of the astonished Sussex team, seized C. B. Fry by the arm and led him apart.

"My dear sir," he said, anxiously, "what on earth is the matter?"

"Can you," I panted, "get us—an interview—with—Ranji?"

The Treble Blue and Famous Journalist mused. Then he said:—

"Look here. Ranji's not about now. His throat was too bad for him to play, but I'll do my best. Be here after lunch to-morrow. Mind—I can't absolutely swear, but I'll do my best."

"Good," said I. "Congratulate you on making 98 this morning. Pity it wasn't——"

"Man in!" yelled the field, and I scooted for my life.

Well, the next day I was there to the second and found—Sussex again in the field! And again no Ranji! What was to be done? I got out my card, walked into the pavilion, seized a boy, and said sternly:—

"Take this card to Mr. Fry at the fall of the next wicket."

"Oh, but, sir——"

I clenched my teeth and glared at him.

"Thank you, sir," said the boy, shivering a little. "I'll take it."

When the wicket fell I pushed him out of the door, and he hurried across to "C. B." The modern Admirable Crichton looked at the card, got out a pencil, scribbled something, and gave the card to the boy, who brought it in to me. This is what I read:—

*"K. S. R. says he will be interviewed. He will be at the nets soon.—
C. B. F."*

I chuckled and hurried off to the nets. There I found the Australians, bowling and batting for all they were worth. Keeping my weather eye open I presently spotted a small crowd on its way towards us. In the middle of the crowd was my man.

He wasn't in flannels. He had got on an old pair of striped blue trousers, an overcoat, and a straw hat with the light blue Cambridge ribbon. Directly he appeared there was a rush.

"Hullo, Ranji, old boy, how are you? How's the throat? Going to play on Monday? Had much practice?"

Dozens of people tried to shake him by the hand, and the rest turned up his collar for him and patted him on the back. In the midst of all this he looked out of the corner of his eye and twigged me. Then he got out of the crowd and sheered off in the opposite direction.

But I was on him like a bird.

"Excuse me," I murmured over his shoulder. He stopped and looked at me in a scared sort of way.

"Mr. Fry," I continued, "very kindly asked you to be interviewed for THE CAPTAIN. May I——"

"Ah," he returned, pleasantly. And then he added: "I shall be in the pavilion directly."

I went back to the pavilion and waited. Sure enough, the Prince came across, glanced at me, and hurried into the bar, where he was joined by some dozen old friends.

I could see at once that he was a very modest, retiring man, and hated the idea of being interviewed in public. So I hung about until I could get him alone.

Presently I peeped into the bar again. He was gone!

"Quick!" said I to another boy in livery. "Take this card, search the pavilion high and low, and give it to Prince Ranjitsinhji!" Alas! The boy came back with the card, and said Ranji wasn't to be seen nowhere. I gnashed my teeth. But help was at hand. "Our Mr. C. B.," a large crowd at his heels, came hurrying across the ground and into the pav.

"Got him?" he said.

"Given me the slip," I sighed.

"Wait a bit," said Charles. "I'll look for him."

"Good man," said I, and meant it. Just as the effect of the champion jumper's cheery optimism was beginning to wear off, Ranji himself came downstairs, changed, and carrying

his cricket-bag. I threw myself across his path. "Look here," he said, "I've been waiting upstairs for you."

I looked him in the eye, and he faltered.

"Give me ten minutes," I said.

"But I want to get some practice," said K. S. R. "Can you come down to-morrow?"

"No."

"Can you see me on Sunday?"

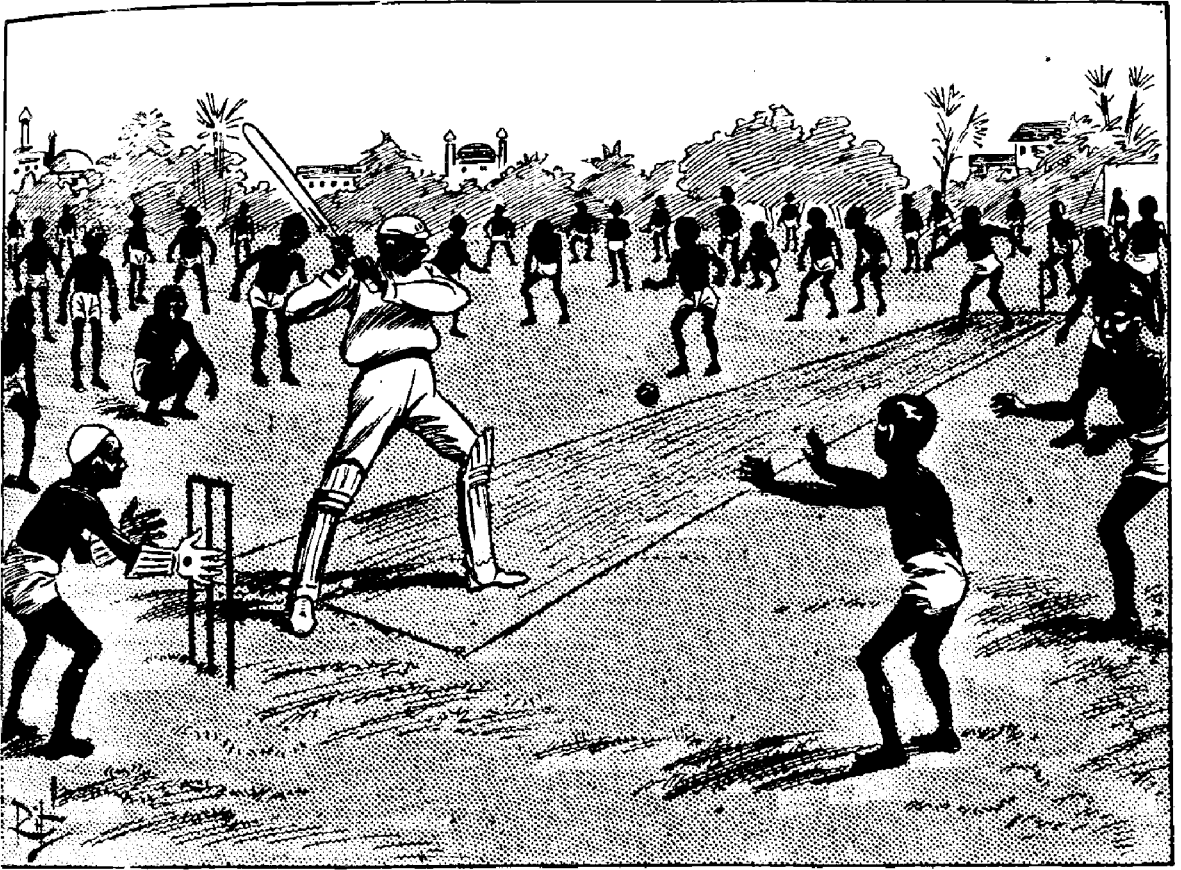
"Seven-day journalism? No."

"Can you come to Cambridge?"

"No."



RANJI ROBED AS AN INDIAN PRINCE.



RANJI ON HIS NATIVE COCOANUT MATTING.

"Can you come to the Crystal Palace on Monday?"

"Yes. What time?"

"Early. An hour before the match. Say eleven o'clock. Good-bye."

He slipped out and shut the door. I opened it.

"May I bring a photographer?" I shouted.

"Certainly," he yelled, and was gone.

On Monday morning, therefore, I went down to the Palace. It was the opening day of the Doctor's new ground, about which you read in our May number. More than that, it was the first appearance of the Australians, and they were to play the South of England. A lovely day, crowds of people, a beautiful ground; but all I wanted was Ranji.

I made my way, followed by the photographer and his assistant, to the pavilion. Everyone was rushing to and fro in great excitement; there was the Doctor superintending; there was Mr. Fry prepared to make his century (as he nearly did); but no Prince.

Wait! Here he comes, surrounded by the usual crowd. I get in his way for the fourth time. (Please observe the Historic Present stop.)

"Our interview?" I gasp.

"Oh, yes," he says pleasantly, disregarding the fact that he is half-an-hour late for the appointment. (You know you were, sir!) "I'll send out," and he passes through the gate.

"Shall I get up the camera?" says Mr. Snap Shot.

"Better wait a bit," say I, knowing my man. The minutes go by. Then K. S. R. comes out for practice at the nets. I get in his way for the fifth time.

"Our interview?"

"We'll see who wins the toss," he suggests in that soft, pleasant way that he has.

I see that Snap is getting impatient, so I lead him away to take some shots at the Grand Old Doctor at the nets. Presently they all come trooping back to the pavvy. S. Shot, Esq., is lying in wait for His Majesty. His Majesty sees him, and so, choosing the lesser evil, he suddenly swerves aside and comes up to me. This is our sixth conversation.

"Look here," he murmurs, "if you come to the 'Grosvenor Hotel' at nine to-morrow I shall probably be there."

"Nine in the morning?"

"Yes."



RANJI'S SCHOOL CRICKET PAVILION.

"Right."

I tell Snappy, who barks, and goes off to shoot everything, living and dead, all over the Palace, whilst I watch the cricket.

Next morning—to turn off the Historic Present—I was up betimes, and hurried to the "Grosvenor Hotel."

"Prince Ranjitsinhji? Yessir." And the porter blew up the tube.

"Tell '152' that— Your name, sir?"

"THE CAPTAIN."

"Tell '152' that THE CAPTAIN wants to see him."

Silence; then came a shrill whistle, and a muffled voice.

"Will you go up in the lift, sir?" said the porter. "No. 152."

I went up to the top floor.

"End of the passage, sir," said the lift man.

"Right."

I walked down the passage, found No. 152, and knocked.

"Come in."

I tried to turn the handle, but it wouldn't work.

"Can't you open the door?" said a voice from under the bed-clothes.

"All right; wait a minute."

I heard a grunt, then a thump. He was getting out of bed. Pit-a-pat,

pit-a-pit—royal feet crossing the room. Plumph! The door was pulled open, and there stood my great little hero, in a dreamy state of mind and a suit of pale blue pyjamas—Cambridge colour.

"Come in," said Ranji, cheerily. "Chambermaid," he called down the passage, "get me the *Sportsman* and some other morning paper, will you? Sit down somewhere." And he hopped back into bed.

"Sorry to disturb your rest," I began, being much more sorry to have disturbed my own.

"That's all right," he rejoined, snuggling down, "I've only got to field to-day. Bad luck getting out l.b.w. yesterday, wasn't it?"

"You were nervous," I asserted, watching the coal-black eye that peered at me over the bed-clothes.

"Not a bit," he retorted. "Of course, the ground was a bit strange, but it was such a ripping good wicket that I settled down in two minutes."

"And got out in ten," said I, spotting the old blue bags hanging on the door. "What do you think of the ground?"

"Very good," was the reply. "Wants levelling a bit, but the wicket's all serene, and it's the only pretty ground in London now they've spoilt Lord's."



AS AN UNDERGRAD.

There was *one* pretty bit at Lord's, but they've taken it away and shoved up some hideous seats in its place."

"More money," I observed.

"Money?" he said scornfully. "The M.C.C. are wallowing in money—simply wallowing!

But just get ahead with the interview, please. I want to have a bath."

"Right," said I.

"You told an interviewer the other day that you never made your arrangements far ahead. Now, I want to know your programme for the next twelve months."

"Shan't tell you," said His Royal Highness, snuggling his nose against the pillow. "Who's that knocking at the door?"

I opened the door. It was the girl with the papers. I grabbed them, and held them behind my back.

"Your programme," I repeated, "for the next twelve months."

"Well," he said, sulkily, "first of all there's the Indian

tour. It will be much the same as Lord Hawke's tour. Principal towns, playing teams of natives and teams of Europeans. Then we wind up against a combined team of natives and Europeans—see?"

"But look here," I interposed, "how do the natives learn?"

"They play when they go to school, just as you did when you were a boy; but I must admit that the coaching is not very good. Now let's have the papers."

"Wait a bit. That only takes us from September to Christmas."

"And jolly cold it is over there in September, I can tell you. Always have to keep your sweater on when you're fielding. But when the sun comes out—shall I tell you about the hat we wear, called the 'topi'?"

"No, thank you," I said, just to show him that I could be rude if I tried. "We've read all that before. My readers won't stand old stuff,

you know. We have to be bang up to date. Are you coming over next season?"

"Yes."

"Thank you. I will now tell you, Prince, what the papers say."

He lay down and prepared to hide his blushes with the sheet. I opened the *Daily Telegraph*, and read to him as follows:—

Ranjitsinhji, on taking up his position, was loudly cheered, but he never appeared very comfortable, and, after making 8, was out for obstructing his wicket.

"It's false," cried K. S. R.

"No," said I, "you certainly were cheered, if not loudly."

"I don't mean that; I mean about not being comfortable. Two minutes after—"

"So you said before. Now listen to the *Sportsman*:—

"A few minutes after the resumption of play, England, the South of it at least, suffered the grievous loss of C. B. Fry, but his 81, cleanly and cleverly got, made amends, Fate

came to him in the shape of C. Hill in the slips, whose catch disposed of the famous athlete for this time. His score delighted us, and so the presence and prowess of the Indian Prince promised to; but alas! for one's high hopes, this pillar of our cause could put on but a miserable 8, when the fortunes of war went against him, and, retiring, he was applauded, not for what he had just done, but for what in the past stands to his credit."

"Yes," said the Prince, "Charles Fry played a magnificent game, and he deserves his good fortune. A man who can turn out and practice in the cold six weeks before the season begins—as he tells me he did—deserves to score."

"Talking of that, we want a photo of you and Mr. Fry together, taken specially for THE CAPTAIN. What do you say?"

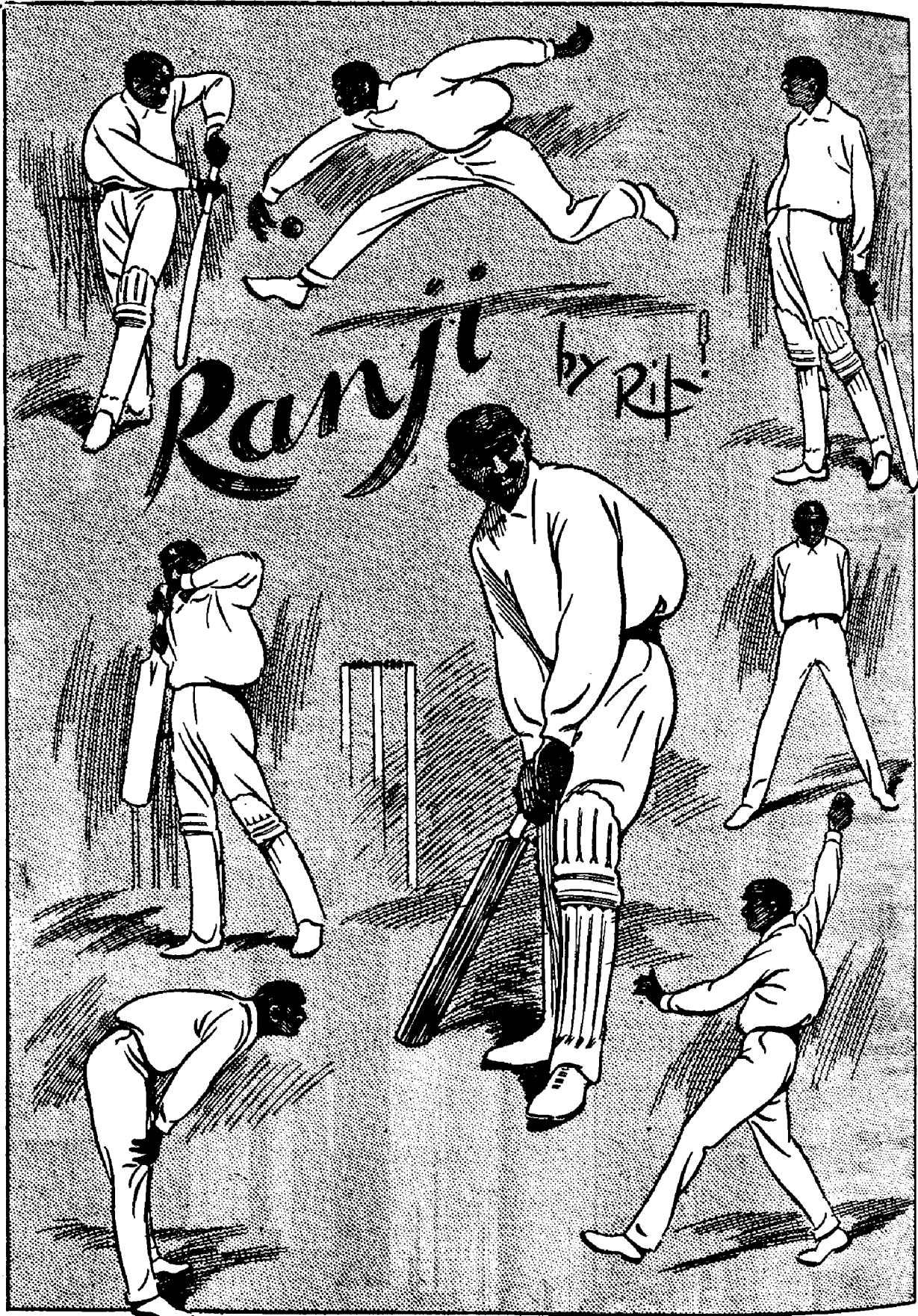
"Right you are. We'll get shot down at Brighton and send it on."

"Promise?"

"Faithfully."



OFF FOR A SCORCH.



"READY FOR RICHARDSON!"

"By the way, what does your name mean in English?"

"'King of the Field.' Of course," he added, hastily, "that means the battlefield."

"And, finally," I said, edging towards the door, "how did you feel at your first appearance for Sussex?"

"I was very fortunate," said K. S. R. "It was against the M.C.C. at Lord's. In the first innings I made 77, and in the second innings 150."

"Any other great feats?"

"Why don't you look 'em up? These chaps will think I am beastly conceited."

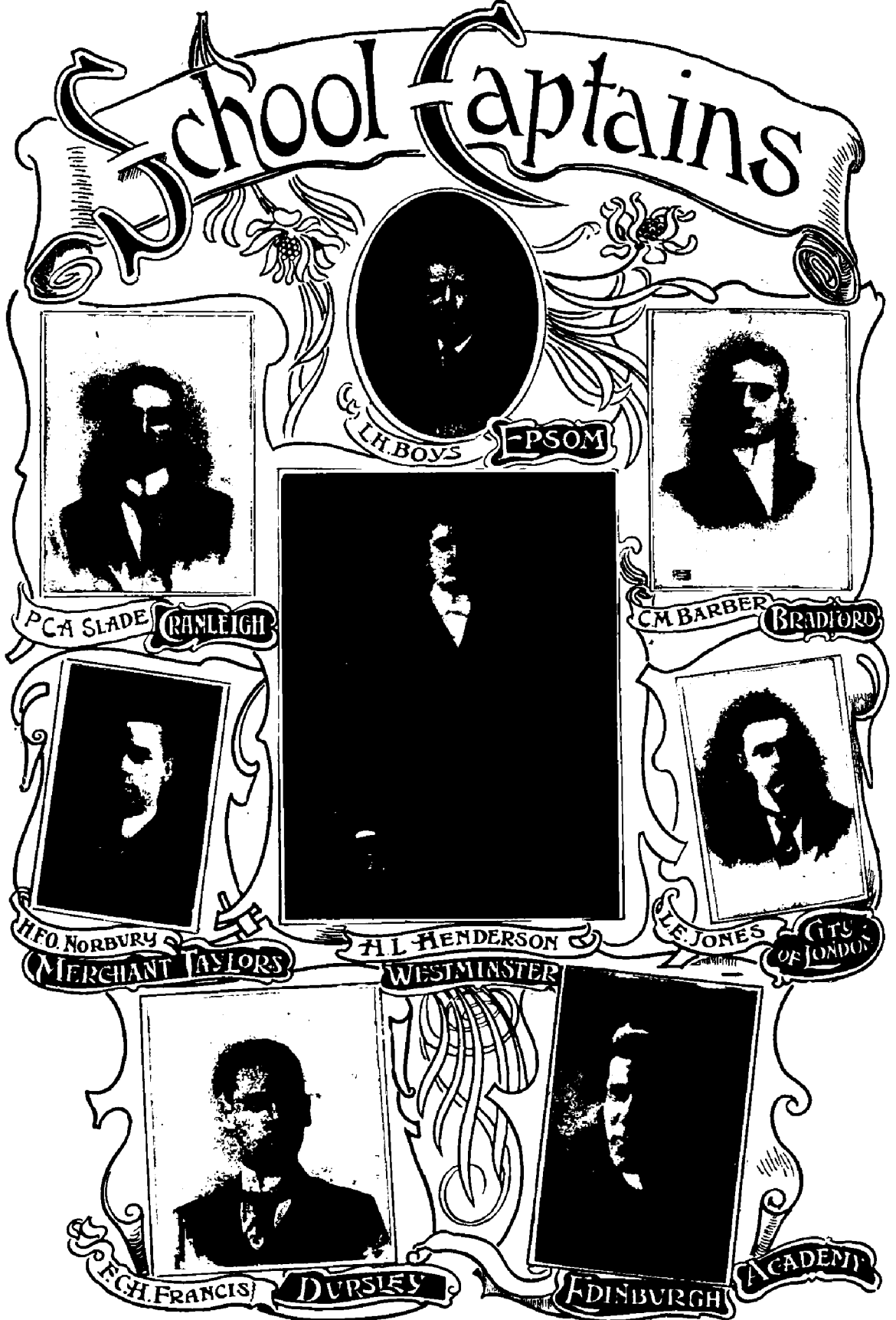
"Go on, please. I want something startling to wind up with."

"Well, in 1896 I had a good year. I managed to fluke 2,780 runs in the season. Shan't answer any more questions."

He opened the *Sportsman*. As for me, I took one more look at this little brown man in bed, and then went down in the lift feeling rather subdued.



A WINTER PICTURE OF THE PRINCE.



(FOURTH SERIES.)

In No. 2 of THE CAPTAIN, by an oversight, the portrait of F. T. Barrington-Ward was printed as that of the "Captain of Westminster School," instead of "Captain of the Queen's Scholars," his correct designation. In the present series we are publishing the portrait of H. L. Henderson, Captain of Westminster.

FRIENDSHIP.

THERE is no friend like the old friend, who has
shared our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome, no homage like
his praise :

Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy
crown of gold ;
But friendship is the breathing rose; with sweets
in every fold.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

∴ ∴ ∴

Friendship, peculiar boon of heaven,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only given,
To all the lower world denied.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

∴ ∴ ∴

Friendship, the dear, peculiar bond of youth,
When every artless bosom throbs with truth ;
Untaught by worldly wisdom how to feign,
And check each impulse with prudential rein !

BYRON.

∴ ∴ ∴

O friend, through thee alone the sky is arched
Through thee the rose is red ;
All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth,
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.

EMERSON.

∴ ∴ ∴

He that is thy friend indeed
He will help thee in thy need :
If thou sorrow he will weep,
If thou wake he cannot sleep ;
Thus of every grief in heart,
He with thee doth bear a part.

SHAKESPEARE.

How blessed the heart that has a friend
A sympathising ear to lend
To troubles too great to smother !

HOOD

∴ ∴ ∴

Not chance of birth or place has made us
friends,
Being oftentimes of different tongues and
nations,
But the endeavour for the self-same ends,
With the same hopes, and fears, and aspira-
tions.

LONGFELLOW.

∴ ∴ ∴

Friendship ! first treasure of the breast,
Strong as the stamp on iron prest,
Changeless by trial, time, or shore,
And firmer still as cools the ore !

WILTON.

∴ ∴ ∴

First on thy friend deliberate with thyself ;
Pause, ponder, sift ; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen : fixing, fix—
Judge before friendship, then confide till death.

YOUNG.

∴ ∴ ∴

O well for him that finds a friend,
Or makes a friend where'er he come !

TENNYSON.

∴ ∴ ∴

Life offers no joy like a friend ;
Fulfilment and prophecy blend
In the throb of a heart with our own —
A heart where we know and are known.

LUCY LARCOM.

THE TWO FAGS

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY



BY ALBERT LEE.

Author of "The Key of the Holy House," "The Inca's Ransom," etc.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

CHAPTER I.

THE IRON-BOUND BOX.

"HALLO, Snowdrop! Where do you come from?"

I had just been to see the Head, and was now going along the cloisters to Furguson's, where I had been told to leave my boxes until it was finally determined which house I was to settle in. The tutor had left word for me to be sent there immediately on my arrival, and of course I went, and was now returning. I was staring into the grass-covered quad, or Green Yard, round which these cloisters ran, and unexpectedly, while all agape, bundled into someone. Looking up, I saw a big fellow watching me good-naturedly, although I had trodden on his toes, and had also brought him up suddenly, and with a gasp which showed that I had winded him a bit.

There was this question awaiting its answer, and I gave it.

"I've been to see Dr. Wantage."

"That's all right; but I mean, where's your home?"

"In Exeter."

"When did you come in?"

"This afternoon," I said; but I wondered why he called me "Snowdrop," and put the wonder into words at once.

"Oh, well, youngster," the other answered, "your face is like the flower. They don't use paint in your part of the country, I can see, for you look as pale as a ghost, if you must know."

He was standing with his hands in his pockets, a broad-shouldered, athletic fellow, well on for 6ft., and I could not help thinking that he was good-looking, and still more good-natured.

Presently he smiled, and, pulling the right hand out of his pocket, he took me by my left ear and drew me towards the daylight, as if to have a better look at me, for it was somewhat shady in the cloisters that afternoon. Then, leaning against the stonework and crossing his feet, he began to talk again.

"Whose house are you going to be in?"

"Furguson's."

"Oh! that's my house, and I'm captain there. How lucky! I want a new fag, so I'll engage you at once, although your duties, if you object to begin earlier, will start this day fortnight."

"I'll begin at once," I answered, impulsively.

"Will you?" was the smiling response. "All right. But come along." Again he took me by the ear, and off we went. It was his habit to pull one's ear, as I found out later.

Our way led through the school yard, and Boardman told me, as we strolled across it, what the various buildings were. To the left was the handsome school chapel, and it bore a wonderfully familiar look. I had seen King's College Chapel at Cambridge, and this building reminded me of it. On the steps were half-a-dozen Lower School boys, who shouted across the yard to know my name,

and seemed very anxious to be told about my mother's health; but Boardman simply called on them to mind their own business, and went on pointing out the other buildings. To the east

was the dark red-brick clock tower, with white stone dressings and its beautiful bay-window. The Upper School was opposite, and in it—so my cicerone was careful to tell me—were busts of famous old Ellingham boys, and who could say what other boys might be added to the list? On the north was the Lower School, with the old dormitory, or Long Chamber, above it—now, however, divided, and no longer used as a sleeping-place. In the centre of the yard, surrounded by iron railings and mounted on a pedestal, was a bronze statue of the king who—as Boardman put it, for he was mightily proud of his school—“had the honour of being the founder of Ellingham.”

The captain of the house pointed all these things out with such geniality that before we had gone through the old gateway I had come to the conclusion that I was in luck's way to be fag for him, and did not tremble much at the thought of any drubbings I might get at his hands.

Walking beneath the great elms which fronted the chapel and the Upper School, we returned presently into the road and got to Furguson's, which was to be my future home.

“Come and see my quarters, Snowdrop; then we'll go to Dame Martin and see what room she means to set apart for you. If you come now I can tell you what I shall expect of you. You need not wear yourself out for a week or so, you know, but you may as well find out what's before you. For my part, I believe in youngsters getting into harness quickly.”

He turned out of the hall to the left, and tramped upstairs, followed closely by myself, and presently we were in his study. The house captain evidently had some ideas of comfort, for the place was furnished well, and pictures hung about the walls. The whole thing took

me by surprise, and I looked about, having a certain sense of awe by reason of the belongings of this great man whom I was to serve. On the floor was a box, massive and weighty



“I WANT A NEW FAG, SO I'LL ENGAGE YOU AT ONCE, ALTHOUGH YOUR DUTIES IF YOU OBJECT TO BEGIN EARLIER, WILL START THIS DAY FORTNIGHT.”

to all appearance, and strapped round with broad bands of iron. It was padlocked also, and doubtless contained his valuables, such as one might want at school.

I caught myself speculating as to what this chest might contain, but Boardman pulled my ear, and reminded me that I was wandering and not attending to what he was saying. Of course, I begged his pardon, and listened attentively; but there came another interruption. The great bell in the clock tower struck, and Boardman, looking at his watch, cried:—

“By Jove! we shall be late for calling over,” and, without waiting to say another word, he dashed out of the room and down the stairs, leaving me to follow if I chose. But, as I knew nothing about “calling over,” and did not know whether it applied to me or not, I went, as Dr. Wantage had advised me, to find Dame Martin, the housekeeper at Furguson’s, so that she might tell me what room would be set apart for me.

When she showed it to me, and told me the porter should bring up my boxes, I looked round on what was to be my sanctum for the future—at all events so long as I was a Lower School boy. It was small enough, in all conscience, about half the size of the captain’s; and I inwardly resolved to spend a bit of money on renewing one or two articles of furniture which my immediate predecessor had suffered to fall into woeful dilapidation.

It was growing dark when I left the room, intending to make my way to the pupil-room. A big fellow was standing at the top of the stairs, with his back to the light, so that I could not see his face, although he could look at mine well enough.

“Hallo, young’un!” said he. “Are you the new boy?”

“Yes,” I answered.

“Then you’ll be my fag.”

“I can’t. I’m going to fag for the captain of the house,” I retorted; for I did not like his tone—it was rough and peremptory, to say the least.

“You little beast,” he cried, savagely, as if disappointed at finding me already appropriated; and with that he gave me a cuff on the head which sent me spinning. I staggered forward, not seeing where I was going, and, unable to save myself, I fell down the steep staircase. My head crashed, now against the wall, and then on one of the steps, and down I went sprawling into the passage below. During that fall I saw a hundred stars, heard a rush of sound as of ten thousand feet falling on the stone floor, felt darting pains in my head and body; and after that I lost sight of all my surroundings.

When I came round it was broad daylight. I looked about and found myself in a small room, which at first I did not recognise, but gradually I saw one thing and another which belonged to

me, and knew the place presently for my own. My head, which was throbbing painfully, was bandaged, and then I recalled that blow in the passage, and the heavy fall down the stairs. The only thing I seemed to be certain about was that pain which made me cry out when I tried to rise on my elbow, and have a look round. I suppose I must have cried out loudly, for almost immediately the door, which was somewhat ajar, was pushed wide open, but softly, and a light-haired boy, about my own age and size, came in, his only clothing being his night-shirt.

“What’s the matter, Snowdrop?” said he, walking to my bedside; but before I could answer the question I felt that the room was going round; the floor on the other side got up to where the ceiling had been, and I wondered why my visitor did not come sprawling over me, for he seemed to be in mid-air. As for myself, I fell back and clutched at the iron bar at the head of the bed, where I held on for dear life, lest I should roll off on to the floor. It was only a momentary giddiness, but when it had passed I saw my companion staring at me with some concern. But the room not yet being steady enough, I closed my eyes again.

“Talk about ‘Snowdrop,’” I heard the other say; “he’s the colour of death. I’ll go and fetch old Boardman.”

I opened my eyes just as he was disappearing through the open doorway, and heard his bare feet pattering on the floor of the passage outside. A minute or two later he came back again, and took up his place beside me, asking how I did, so soon as he saw that my eyes were open.

“Who are you?” I asked, faintly.

“Oh, I’m Tom Sinclair, but they call me ‘Sparrow’ more often than not. But, I say, how are you?”

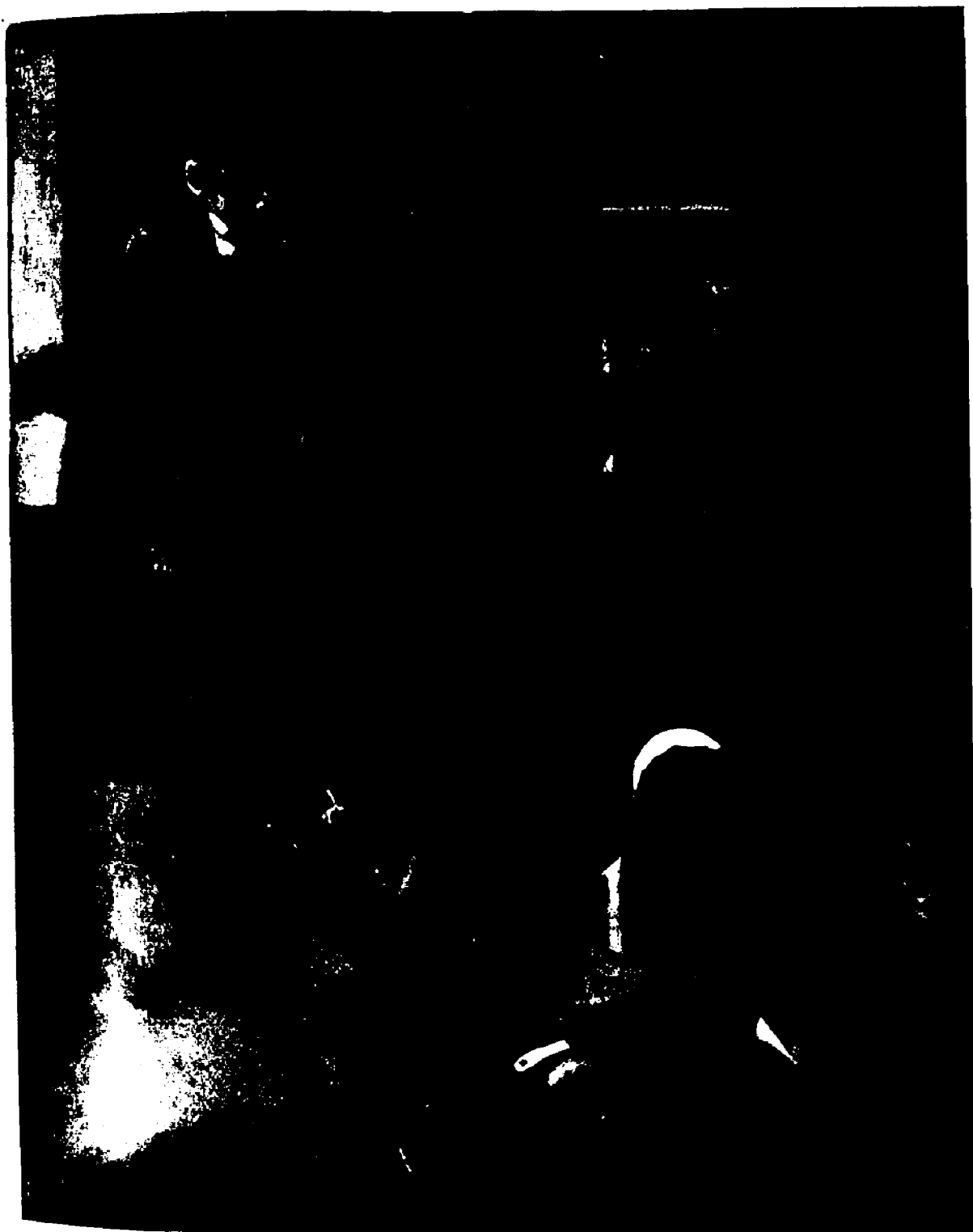
“How did I get here?” I asked, ignoring his question.

“Oh, they brought you up out of the passage last night. That beast, Blotch, came down soon after you fell sprawling. He said he didn’t touch you, but Chappie—that’s the fellow whose room is just opposite this one, and if you listen you’ll hear him snoring—says he saw the brute give you a clout; then you tumbled down the stairs with such force, and lay so still, that everybody thought that you were dead. Old Furguson—that’s the tutor—carried you up and laid you here. The cad!—I mean Blotch, of course, not the tutor. I half wish you had died—no, I don’t, though—but they would have hanged him, so you wouldn’t have died for nothing. But

there! you'll do now, I expect. Ah! here's old Boardman."

I looked up and saw Boardman coming in with his trousers and stockings on, and he was pulling on a boating jacket.

"Well, Snowdrop, how do you feel?" said he, sitting down on the bedside, and looking at me as if to see for himself how I fared; but before I could answer three or four fellows came bundling in.



BLITCH GAVE ME A CUFF ON THE HEAD WHICH SENT ME SPINNING. I STAGGERED FORWARD, NOT SEEING WHERE I WAS GOING, AND, UNABLE TO SAVE MYSELF, I FELL DOWN THE STEEP STAIRCASE.

"Now, youngsters, what are you doing here? Get back to bed!"

"Oh, let's know how the new chap is going on," said one, deprecatingly; and he and the others stared at me as though I were some fresh arrival at a menagerie.

"The cad!" said this same youngster, drawing nearer, when he found that Boardman did not answer.

"Who's a cad—this one?" asked Boardman, pointing to me.

"No, I mean Blotch."

"I'd like to punch Blotch's head," observed another.

"I'll scuttle his boat for him the first chance I get," was a further remark.

"Oh, I say! D'ye think the new'un will die?" asked one. "I'd like Blotch to be executed, confound him!"

"You're a bloodthirsty young wretch," said the captain of the house, smiling good-naturedly. "There will be no hanging if you all look after Snowdrop. And mind you do, for he's to be my fag."

"I wish you'd take me," said one, with a rueful look on his face. "I would be jolly nice to get away from Blotch, and fag no more for him. I'd like to see him dangling. He deserves it, you know. He punched my head yesterday, because I burnt his bacon——"

"And you'd hang him at the expense of the new youngster, Tony?" interrupted Boardman, taking Blotch's fag by the ear, and pulling it a trifle harder than usual by way of discipline.

"Oh, I say! you hurt."

"Then don't be nasty, and want to gratify your own murderous wishes at the expense of this new boy. Now, be off to bed, the whole lot of you! and when it's getting-up time do it softly, so as not to disturb Snowdrop. By the way, what's your real name?"

"Harry Baldwin," I answered.

"Then go to sleep, Harry Baldwin, and don't worry. You will be all right in a few days."

CHAPTER II.

THE VICTORIA CROSS.

Two or three days went by slowly enough, and I chafed at the thought of the time I was losing. There were a thousand things I wanted to know. I wanted to see what the river was like, for I had a latent ambition to pull in one of the house-boats some day; perhaps get into one of the eights, just as my father had done, and I don't know what else. Then, I was a bit of a dab at cricket, and thought no end of my lobs. There was the town. I wanted to see

that; and more than once I grew impatient while I lay in bed, and, through the open window, saw the various school-houses—some low-built and almost mean in appearance, while others were tall and handsome. Just beyond them were the broad and green playing-fields, where the fellows were cricketing. They stretched away to the winding, shining river, which gleamed like silver in the sunlight. Every now and again, when I saw a skiff or a four-oar go by, I found myself saying that it was a beastly shame, and I'd take the chance, when it came, of paying Blotch for what he had deprived me of.

Now and again Boardman came up to see me, and more than once brought up his work, to keep me company, since he saw that I was lonely. Sparrow, too, came in, and retailed a dozen plans of revenge on the cowardly fellow who had made my life at Ellingham commence so undesirably. But Boardman, who overheard some of them while he was busy at his prep., told him to mind what he was about, or he would possibly find Blotch one too many for him.

A whole week went by, and then I was up and about as if nothing had happened. I got into my fagging, and found the captain an easy fellow to work with, one who, now and again, spared a bit of time to see how we were getting on with our work, and gave us suggestions that were as good as the best crib going. Now and again we got into scrapes, and, thinking a bit of discipline would do us good, he would not interfere unless things were going too far. Sometimes things went wrong at Eleven o'clock School, or in the Mathematical Class; Sparrow would show up weak in construing, and the master, catching me helping him, floored me. But, on the whole, there wasn't much to grumble at. Where Sparrow used to grumble most was at the interference of Boardman when we were at lessons. He seemed to think it his bounden duty to slip into our rooms now and again to see how we were getting on, and if we were dawdling bade us go on and get our work done off-hand. Those surprise visits often meant our complete undoing, for, while he was down on cribs, he was sure to slip in just as we were using them. Then there was a row. We argued it out with him sometimes. We didn't see that there was any harm in using a crib if we looked out all the words we didn't know, and so on, and did our lines as perfectly as possible. But it was no use. Old Boardman was as stiff as buckram on those points.

But on others he was as good as gold. I

think all the fellows in our house loved him—I do not mean such cads as Blotch, Scrawly, and one or two more like them. He was such a brick that youngsters like Tony Anderson, who had to serve a stony-hearted black-guard like Ttoplady—that is to say, Blotch—used to look at Sparrow and me and think us lucky dogs, who ought to consider ourselves in the seventh heaven to be fags to Boardman.

Of course, these other fellows did not know everything. It was not all clover, even with us, as I have already shown. Dick Boardman had other queer ways, like most people, and was sometimes exacting—especially when I had to get up of a morning a quarter of an hour before him and run down to the kitchen for shaving-water. When he wasn't looking I used to scrutinise his chin, and he had no more hair on it than my sister.

Sometimes, too, when the contrary fit took us, we used to think ourselves rather badly treated, and then we nearly had a fall out with him. Still, take him altogether, he was a good sort—to put it plainly, the best sort in Ellingham.

One afternoon we had laid his tea and slipped off to our own room, where Tory Fellows was an invited guest. The provisions, as was the rule on such occasions, came out of Boardman's own larder, and I was in the act of handing Tory a choice sardine—a special brand—and Tory was doubtless thinking no end of things about Sparrow and me, as lucky fellows to be able to afford such luxuries in the middle of the term, when in stalked Dick Boardman.

"Snowdrop, where are my sardines?"

"Sardines?" I asked innocently, but clapping a round of bread over the little pile on the plate

"Yes, sardines; *my* sardines!"

Tory, who was Scrawly's fag, and knew something about the real troubles of fagging, looked askance, wondering whether we should get a licking there and then. I looked aggrieved at Sparrow, and Sparrow looked at me as if he thought I was to be pitied ten thousand times over.

Of course, Boardman understood all that.

"What's that bread doing there?"

"Waiting to be eaten," said I, as cool as I knew how.

"Put it on another plate, then."

Of course, the mischief was out after that.

"Whose sardines are those?"

"Mine."

"Yours? Where did you get them from?"

It was no use trying to edge out after that, so the confession came as pat as possible, and

a sort of hope sprang up that we should get credit for being straightforward.

"From your cupboard."

"How many did you take?"

"Eight," chimed in Sparrow at the very moment when I was venturing to say "seven." I kicked him under the table, and looked at him as though I could choke him.

"Then kindly carry the eight sardines back to the cupboard now," said Boardman severely; but I thought there was a twinkle in his eye.

"I can't."

"*Can't!*" This came out explosively. "A fag says he can't! What's the world coming to, I should like to know? Come, now, carry those eight sardines back instantly."

Then I blurted out: "I can't, because we've eaten three."

"Oh!" Then a pause. "Then carry the five. Now all three of you come with me; then I shall know that you won't be able to congratulate each other on having raided my larder. What did you take me for? Come along, Tory; follow up with the others."

Sparrow and I, feeling sheepish, and hoping no end that Tory Fellows would not tell of our discomfiture, passed Boardman, and came in for some ear-pulling rather more severe than usual. Boardman brought up the rear of the procession, which marched to the captain's room, where another of the Sixth Form fellows was standing. He was called Chang, because he was so prodigiously tall.

"Now for the penalties," said Boardman, severely, standing with his back to the fireplace, and a coat-tail over each arm. "Sparrow, sit down. Tory, do the same. Snowdrop, you were the purloiner of goods that did not belong to you, so you must stand a bit. Go to the cupboard."

I went, meekly enough.

"There's a paper parcel. Get it down."

It was done at once, and, according to instructions, I placed it on the table. When it was opened it proved to be a meat pie from Leybourne's, the confectioner.

"Dig the knife in, Snowdrop. Now cut three slices two inches thick, not more. Now eat away, and think while you eat that thieving never prospers."

How he laughed when he saw our faces! It was rare fun to him, and delight to us; more so when he sat down and joined us, and called on Chang to do the same.

While the unexpected tea proceeded, we began to talk, and going from one thing to another we got to Egypt, where our English soldiers were just then trying to smash the Mahdi.

"By the way," said Chang, "the papers say this morning that Jack Coolidge, who used to be in this house, has been recommended for the Victoria Cross, for conspicuous bravery in the last big fight."

"You don't say so?" exclaimed Boardman. "Let me have a look at that. Sparrow, hand me over the paper. It's on the sofa behind you." When the captain had read out the account aloud, he said, as if to himself, "Fancy Jack Coolidge doing a thing like that! He used to be timid, and I know we laughed at the idea of his going into the army. Well!"

"What's a Victoria Cross like?" asked Tory.

"I'll show you one," exclaimed the captain, jumping to his feet. "Clear the tables, youngsters, first."

That was soon done, and then, pulling a bunch of keys from his pocket, he opened the iron-bound box which stood on the floor. He knelt at its side, and thought for a while; then began to take out some of the contents, which he placed on the table. The first thing was a big bag, but as he laid it down it tumbled over, and all sorts of coins rolled out on the table—gold and silver mixed.

"Never mind, I'll put that right presently. Let it stay. You know, don't you, Sparrow, that the fellows make me their banker of spare cash, over and above the allowance they get from Ferguson. They bring plenty away from home with them, but are afraid it will burn a hole in their pockets, so they bring it here—but not for interest though!" Boardman added, smilingly.

"Put that on the table, Snowdrop," he added, for we were inquisitive as to the contents, some of which were wrapped in soft paper, and three or four in chamois leather. Most of these came out, and then a small case. On opening it we saw a Maltese cross of gun-metal, and he held it up for us to see.

"There! that's a Victoria Cross. It was my dear old dad's, won for bravery, a year or two before he died."

There was a shakiness about the words, and we kept quiet.

Just then the door opened, and in walked Blotch.

"Oh, I beg pardon, Boardman. I didn't know you had company. I knocked, but no one answered."

"All right, old fellow," said the captain, pleasantly, rising to his feet, as if to know what Blotch desired.

"I only wanted to borrow your 'Terence,'" said the other. "I lent mine to Epworth, and now he says it's lost."

"I'll get mine," was Boardman's response; and, so saying, he went to his book-shelf to look for the book.

The others were busy with the Victoria Cross, examining the bit of metal keenly; but as I seemed to be crowded out of the group just then I stood by idly. I chanced to look at Blotch's face, and was struck with the strange look upon it. He seemed to gaze at the gold and silver that lay scattered on the table with greedy eyes. He looked as if he would have pounced upon it and appropriated the treasure for himself; but when Boardman turned round he controlled himself, and put on a look of indifference, took the book with a "Thank you," and went away. Even that look of indifference struck me. The contrast was remarkable—it set me wondering.

CHAPTER III.

BLOTCH'S STUDY.

A DAY or two later Tony Anderson got leave of absence for four-and-twenty hours, and would not be back for that night. Consequently Algernon Toplady—to give Blotch his right name—was a fag short. The rule of the house was that no Sixth Form boy should use another's fag without express permission, and Boardman had always refused to let us out on hire, as he termed it.

But that afternoon Sparrow and I were passing Blotch's door, and found him standing there.

"Here, Sparrow, I want you to fag for me."

"Can't do it," was the smart response.

"Then I'll have to make you," said Blotch, angrily.

"Now, look here," said Sparrow, "a man may take a horse to the water, but a dozen can't make him drink; and a dozen Blotches won't make me fag, for it's against rules."

"You little brute!" exclaimed Toplady, savagely, when he heard this saucy retort. "If you call me by that name again, Sparrow, I'll half murder you!"

"My name is not Sparrow, Blotch. I am the Honourable Tom Sinclair; so please do not take liberties. I only allow my friends that privilege." But the next moment he darted off, just avoiding the swing of the big fellow's foot.

"Blotch, you are a cad!" cried Sparrow, when at a safe distance. "Come along, Snowdrop—but kindly hit him back if he touches you."

This was an unheard-of attitude on the part of a Lower School boy towards one of the Sixth; but Toplady, unable to avenge himself just

then, turned round and walked off with a nasty look on his face.

"I shall catch it now, the first chance," said my companion, somewhat ruefully; but it was only a passing fear, for he walked out of the house whistling as gaily as though none in the whole wide world had a grudge against him.

That evening, when we had come in from the river, Sparrow was venturesome. He remembered that he wanted an umbrella he had left with Tony Anderson, and went to Toplady's room on the chance of seeing him there.

"Is Tony Anderson here, Mary?" he asked of the boys' maid, whom we found in the room.

"I don't think he'll be back to-night, sir," said the girl, going away, and leaving us standing just inside the door.

We looked around for a few moments, curious to see what was in this room. Blotch was not only a swell so far as personal adornment went, but indulged in all sorts of luxuries. He was "warm," as Sparrow put it, and so could afford such things.

"Just look at it all," said Sparrow, glancing round the room, and enumerating various things while he did so. "There is the cupboard where he keeps his jams and pickles, I expect, the greedy *gourmand*! I wonder if he ever shares them with anyone, or whether he eats them all himself? Look at that bureau—inlaid, if you please. What else? A sofa, three horsehair-seated chairs, engravings—a prize-fight, by Jove! Well, I always thought that Mr. Toplady was a sporting character."

By this time Sparrow had gone round the room, and now turned his attention to an easy chair, into which he flung himself.

"My!" said he, surveying it critically; "an easy chair like this, fit for the Head, or old Ferguson, and not for a cad like Blotch. Yes, a cad like Blotch," he went on, his elbows on the arms of the chair, his hands clasped together comfortably, and a leg thrown over his knee. He seemed to like that phrase, and said it again and again, while I leaned over the back of the chair, half disposed to try the sofa close by.

"Sit on the sofa, Snowdrop," said Sparrow presently; "it looks inviting. But, as I was saying, Blotch is a cad—*good heavens!*"

He came to a full stop, for someone grabbed him by the collar, and another hand held my own. Sparrow was lifted out of his place in the easy chair, and then we were shaken until our teeth chattered. But that did not satisfy Toplady, who was doing this, for presently our two heads went smack together, and again, and even a third time, until we both went sick and

half silly. Then we were let go suddenly, and down we fell in a heap on the floor.

I do not think I ever felt so bad as I did when this big fellow had his revenge on us in such a cowardly way. For several minutes we sat where we had fallen, dolefully rubbing our poor heads, while Blotch now and again stirred us up with his feet in a way which made us inwardly vow vengeance when the chance served. Blotch flung himself into the easy chair, out of which he had just turned Sparrow, treading with his big boots on my chum's fingers as he did so, and laughing when the bruised finger-tips went inside their owner's mouth. But that did not break his spirit by any means. We looked up into Blotch's face, and a very unwholesome one it was—patchy and pimpled, red and white all over, and a certain ill-tempered expression added to this, made him generally repulsive.

"Come, Snowdrop," said Sparrow, who had been alternately sucking his fingers and rubbing his head; "let's get." But while he scrambled to his feet, his lugubrious look passed away, and one of mischief took its place. When we stood on our feet and began to move towards the door, keeping out of reach of Toplady's long legs, which kicked out at us, Sparrow spoke with a mock courtesy which made the bully mad.

"Mr. Algernon Toplady, we came to your room to see whether you had appropriated my best silk umbrella. I had reason to suppose that it was here——"

"You impudent little brat," interrupted the other with a roar; and he placed his hands one on either arm of the chair, as if he meant to spring to his feet.

"Pray don't trouble yourself to move," said Sparrow, making for the door, which he held wide open. Meanwhile he was fumbling at the lock, but what he was doing I could not make out. By the time he had ended his little speech he was standing in the open doorway, his hands in his pockets, and with as easy an air as if he were watching a house match, and was pleased with the way in which things were going.

"Clear out, Snowdrop," he whispered, when Blotch sprang out of his easy chair savagely. "Good evening, Mr. Algernon Toplady. I will call to-morrow." Then, laying a hand on the door, he drew it together with a bang. There was a slight squeak in the lock, and Sparrow was dancing about in the passage, waving the door-key frantically.

"We've done him this time, no matter what comes afterwards," he cried, darting off with me at his heels, and heedless of the



SPARROW WAS LIFTED OUT OF HIS PLACE IN THE EASY CHAIR, AND THEN WE WERE SHAKEN UNTIL OUR TEETH CHATTERED.

shouts of the infuriated and imprisoned bully. As it still wanted an hour to lock-up, we quitted the house and strolled into the town, leaving Blotch to find a way out of his prison.

On our return we loitered about in the lower passage, where Boardman was talking to two or three Sixth Form fellows of the house.

"Keep near these fellows, Snowdrop," said Sinclair; and, nothing loth, we moved up and down, half afraid that our prisoner had escaped and might jump out on us from some dark corner. Half-a-dozen other youngsters came bundling down the stairs just then, wild with fun, and ready to tell us that Blotch Toplady was suddenly gone mad, and had been locked in his room because he was deemed dangerous.

That settled our doubts. We could venture upstairs whenever we pleased, but Sparrow would not move till he had told the story, which, rehearsed in his usual way, with plenty

of embellishment and deliberation, took up some time.

"Let us go and listen again," shouted one. "Come on. Ah, Sparrow, you're a downy bird! But won't Blotch spank you when he gets out!"

That rather tended to sober both of us; but we looked round on Boardman and the other big fellows, and plucked up courage when we took stock of them physically, and noticed that they seemed mightily amused at the story which they heard Sparrow tell. One of our lot, while we proceeded, was Harry Digby, Blotch's second fag, and it was a sight to see his face. Sparrow declared that he had never seen him look so happy. He could not have appeared more pleased if he had been taken to Leybourne's for unlimited treating, and he was first to set foot on the stairs.

We went up with a hurly-burly. Feeling

sure that Toplady was safely locked in his room, we had no fear, as we should have done had we any suspicion that the prisoner had been let loose. We rushed down the passage with Digby and Williams minor leading, but Digby pulled up. It was such a sudden halt on his part, so unexpected, that we went over him in a bunch, and lay there, a big heap of kicking youngsters, all trying to get to our feet at the same moment, and effectually keeping each other sprawling.

But we got up at last, and understood why Digby, who had crawled out and was on his feet first, was hurrying down the passage.

Blotch's door was wide open!

CHAPTER IV.

PRISONERS.

At first we thought to make a run for it, lest the escaped prisoner might be somewhere about; but, standing there in breathless silence, we listened. All was as still as night in Toplady's room. We looked this way and that, but he was nowhere in the passage. Then Sparrow went on his toes to the door and peeped in, every one of us ready to be off if he gave the alarm. His first look gave him no sight of Toplady, and, plucking up courage, he went in with bent body, far enough to look behind the door. He stopped and had a long look—long enough to pry into every corner.

"He's gone," he exclaimed, standing upright, as if all need for precaution had passed.

"Sure?" said one.

"Come and see."

One went forward, then Williams minor, a third followed on his toes—then the whole lot of us went in and looked about us. Sparrow, grown bold, flung himself into the chair, crossed his legs over his knee, and sat back with his elbows on the chair-arms and his hands folded.

"I was sitting like this, you chaps," he was saying, "and Snowdrop was leaning over the chair-back, just as you are doing, Paddy, when——"

He stopped short, sprang from the chair, and twisting round to the door gazed in that direction, as did each one of us, with something like horror in his face. I believe there was not one in the whole party who did not tremble in his shoes by reason of what he saw.

Blotch was standing in the open doorway.

He did not say a word, but stood there with his hands in his pockets, blocking up the entrance, and looking diabolical. His patched face had a nasty expression on it—something

vindictive. His mouth had a twitch about it which seemed to suggest some contemplated cruelty. You could almost feel that he meant to have his revenge, but did not quite know what form it should take, since he had not had time to think things over.

"I've caught you, you little brutes!" he said, savagely. "Is Snowdrop there? Yes, I see him. Is that little beast of a Sparrow there? Yes, I see him, too. But as for you other fellows, you shall smart for being in my room. It never does to be in bad company," he went on saying, with the same leer on his face; "you have heard the Head say that in chapel, haven't you? The Head's advice is always good, but you wouldn't take it, and you will find out that you have been fools for your indiscretion. You shall have a bit of time for quiet thought."

When he had said all this he pulled the door together; then we heard the key twist in the lock, and knew that *we* were prisoners.

For a few moments we stared at the door which stood between us and liberty in something like blank despair. All knew Blotch of old, and knew that he would devise some sort of torture which might prove unbearable, while he could threaten us in such a way that we should not dare to breathe a word either to our tutor, or the Head, or anyone else.

We stood there for a full minute, and not one of us spoke. We simply stared, and breathed hard. But silence like ours was not to go on for ever, and Paddy Turner broke it.

"I believe he's thinking out a new torture."

"So do I," said Sparrow, flinging himself into the easy chair again, resolved to get as much comfort out of life as possible. It was a case of "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die," with him, I think. "Tell me, you fellows, if Mr. Algernon Toplady comes in. We are all in a tight place, and I must sit and think. Paddy, go up to the door and see if the key is in the lock."

"Go and do it yourself," said Turner, walking up to the fireplace, against which he leaned his back.

"Let us go for the door," said Tory Fellows. We called him "Tory" because his father was in the Conservative Cabinet. But what was the use of bumping our shoulders against such a door as that? It was made of oak that would stand any amount of storming.

We looked round to see whether there was anything in the room that would help us. There was the poker—that might serve to beat the lock off, and Tory fetched it. The first blow hit off the door-handle, which was no good—rather a hindrance, since nothing was left to lay hold of to give the door a shaking.

A score of blows had no effect. We tried our pocket-knives, so that we might move the screws, but they were stuck fast with the paint, and three blades snapped in quick succession. There were no panels, or we might have burst one of them out and crawled away through the opening, leaving Toplady to make explanations to old Fergusson, who was the best tutor going, but down on cruelty, or anything that savoured of the blackguard.

"What about the window?" asked Turner.

"Splendid!" said Sparrow. "Paddy," he added the next moment, "you are an ass. There's a drop of twenty feet into the back yard. Suppose you drop first, and we'll drop on top of you."

By this time he had the window open, and four or five heads were thrust out, and twice as many eyes were gazing into the yard below. There was no water-spout down which we could climb, and the walls were as straight as bricks could make them.

"I know!" said Paddy, presently, when we were about to forego the window as a possible exit. "Let us get a rope and slide down. Won't Blotch be mad when he finds us gone?"

"A rope?—dash it! Where's the rope to come from?" asked Tory. "Go down to the kitchen and fetch one, Paddy, and then we'll let you be the first to slip down it."

This was said with fine sarcasm, which was wonderfully infectious. I think everybody looked sarcastic at that moment, except Turner, who said instead:—

"Oh! Confound it!"

There was silence for a while, but Turner was thinking, and presently exclaimed:—

"Here you are!"

We were round in an instant, wondering what he had found. He was standing at the fireplace, holding the hearth-rug by two corners.

"Oh, I say! That's delicious!" exclaimed Sparrow. "Paddy Turner means to go down into the yard, and hold the hearth-rug out for us to tumble into, just as they do when a house is on fire. Paddy, you ought not to be in the Lower School; your talents are wasted there. They ought to send you up to the Sixth right away." So saying, he turned, as if to go back to the window again.

"Dash it!" said Turner, testily. "You don't give a fellow time to explain. My idea is to strip up this rug and make a rope of it."

We tumbled to this at once, and before long the handsome rug was only a memory. Blessing our gaoler's love of finery, we looked round to see what we could fasten the newly-made rope to before we began our perilous descent.

"Here you are," said Tory.

At that moment the key went into the lock, there was a twist and a squeak, and the door opened.

It was Toplady, who stood in the doorway, with that same evil look on his face. Peeping round the corner of the door was another—Scrawly. His was a face that anticipated a good time for himself and Blotch, whom he had come to reinforce. All that we could do was to stand and stare at the figure in the doorway and the unfriendly face beside it.

Toplady was looking around, and I had a fear that he might see our rug-rope; but Turner, who had wound it into a coil, held it behind him. The open window took the bully's attention.

"Oh, I say! That's an awfully good idea. You've got the window open. If you like, I'll go and tell Dame Martin to fix you up a ladder."

He disappeared with a grin, and we were locked in once more.

"He thinks we daren't try the yard," said Tory Fellows; "but let us lose no time. See! We can tie the rope on to this," and he pointed to the leg of the sofa, which looked strong enough to stand the strain.

"Now, Tory, you go first," suggested Sparrow, when all was ready. "You're heaviest, so we shall all follow if the rope's strong enough."

Tory demurred, but ventured. Then Paddy went and the others, save Sparrow and myself. Tom Sandhurst was the last to go, and I was to follow; but when he was within a couple of feet of the stones the rope snapped off clean at the window-sill. He went down the last two feet with a bang, but that we did not care about. We had our own trouble to face.

Sparrow took the broken end and looked at it woefully.

"Just our luck, Snowdrop. It's you and me that brute wants, and he's got us. Confound it!" And for two whole minutes he stamped about the room blessing Blotch every way.

"Oh, I say! We must hide somewhere," he said, when he had kicked the bureau viciously, making one of the knobs fly. "There's the cupboard. It will hold two, and I don't suppose he will look there. He's sure to think we've all gone out of the window, so perhaps we may have a chance to slip off."

"But what if he finds us?" said I, fairly staggered at this misfortune.

"We must risk it," Sparrow observed, entering the cupboard, with me in close attendance.

We had not too much room, for there were all sorts of things in the place. Top coats and silk hats were there—Sparrow viciously put his foot into one of the latter, and, squashing it flat,



SCRAWLY FOLLOWING IN FULL CAREER . . . DASHED INTO FURGUSON, WHO WENT DOWN LIKE A NINEPIN.

begged me to do the same with another, which I did most willingly, having a sort of inexpressible joy while doing so. I do not remember all the things that were there. Bats, gloves and leg-guards, skates, boots, slippers, caps, and a score of other things lay about on the strip of floor or stood in the corner. The mischief lay in this, that by the time we had got in, what with the coats and jackets which hung from the pegs, there was not much room for us, and consequently, squeeze in how we would, the door would not come together, but stood open quite a couple of inches.

While we were crowding in like this a coat tumbled from one of the pegs, and out of the pocket fell a letter, almost into my hands. I caught it as it rested between me and the door, and without a thought thrust it into my coat pocket and waited.

I do not think we had been in more than two minutes before Blotch entered the room. He stood with Scrawly in the doorway, his hands in his pockets, and the old diabolical grin on his face, as if he had come prepared to enjoy our terror. But when he looked around and saw none of his prisoners, the

grin passed, and there came instead a look of blank astonishment. He stepped into the room and looked behind the door warily, as if he thought it possible that we might be hiding there, ready to spring upon him un-awares.

"Where can those little beasts be?" he said, standing irresolutely in the middle of the room. When he saw the open window, he darted across to it, followed by Scrawly.

"No one there," we heard him say; but he swore when he turned round and saw the end of the broken rug-rope. He stooped and picked up the remnant, and knew at a glance—although the light was failing—that it was his own rug, sliced up and joined to form a rope.

"Get ready, Snowdrop, to make a run for it as soon as his back is turned to us. See, the door is wide open, and Scrawly is staring out of the window."

"Broken off," said Toplady, examining the severed strands. "I wonder if the last one cracked his spine! I hope he did," he added, viciously, as he went again to the window.

"Now," whispered Sparrow, pushing open

the cupboard, and crossing the floor on his toes. We got as far as the door before we were discovered; then Toplady, turning, caught sight of us. He dashed first of all to the cupboard, which was wide open, to see whether any others were there, and that gave us a start.

"Run!" screamed Sparrow, showing the way. Furguson, our tutor, was coming along, but he took no notice of us, for he seemed to be in a brown study; so we passed on to the head of the stairs, where we saw all the fun. The

tutor was close to Toplady's door, when the bully came bundling out, swearing shamefully. He ran blindly, swinging round into the passage, Scrawly following in full career, and in so doing dashed full into Furguson, who went down like a ninepin, Blotch sprawling over him, and Scrawly on top of the other two.

What happened after that we did not wait to see. We thought it best to clear out, and as speedily as possible lost ourselves in the crowd in the Lower Form room.

Albert Lee

(To be continued.)

An Acidulated Idyll.

BY E. U. RIPIDES, B.A.

A CHUBBY little sage was he
Who in a meadow sat,
His eyes were saucer-like, his cheeks
Were pale, but very fat.
I asked him why he moped apart,
And what he mused upon;
Softly the mystic murmur came,
"λογος, λογε, λογον."

"Oh, say not so," I made reply,
"That were a bitter thought,
And savours not of toffee-drops,
Or jujubes sold and bought;
Come, let us talk of pleasant things.'
He took a butterfly,
And muttered, o'er its broken wings,
"λυω, λυεις, λυει."

I marvelled much that such a child
Should seem so lone and sad;
I questioned him about his tuck,
And asked him what he'd had.
He merely tried if beetles' legs
Should pull out or unscrew,
Then whispered, gazing into space,
"γλυκυτατος, γλυκυ."

"I thought as much," I made reply;
"The beggar always cops
A pain inside who feeds upon
Acidulated drops.
But come—how many did you eat?"
He filled his mouth with moss
To cool his parching tongue, and gasped,
"παντος, πασης, παντος."

The case was bad. I made him lie
Upon a bracken bed,
And brought him drinks of Gregory,
To soothe his aching head.
"How do you feel?" I intervened,
Betwixt a sigh and groan.
In accents of reproach he said,
"κακων, κακων, κακων."

Yet by-and-bye the crisis came,
And took him low and deep,
Leaving him painless, that he fell
Into a dreamless sleep.
And when he woke I grinned at him,
And asked the symptoms now:
He pressed my hand, and gently breathed,
"αθρωπον αγαθου."



BY MAJOR-GENERAL A. W. DRAYSON.

Illustrated by J. Littler.



soon after obtaining my commission it was my good fortune to be ordered to the Cape of Good Hope, and, after serving during some months on the Eastern Frontier of the Cape Colony, where a Caffre war was then in progress, I was ordered to proceed to D'Urban, Port Natal.

At that date (1847) the town of D'Urban consisted of about two dozen mud huts, termed wattle and daub; the country round was practically a wilderness, inhabited only by a few Caffres, a branch of the Zulu nation. These Caffres did not possess firearms, their weapons consisting only of assegais and knob kerries. Hence large game, such as elephants, buffaloes, and hippopotami, were allowed to roam about undisturbed.

At about a mile and a-half inland, and running parallel to the coast, there was a dense forest, termed the Berea. This forest extended far up the coast to the east, and was a mile or more in breadth.

A few days after my arrival an event occurred which assured me that I was in a wild country. Twice a week two mounted orderlies proceeded with the mail-bag from D'Urban to the chief town, Pietermaritzburg, about fifty-four miles.

These men had to ride through the Berea, along a narrow road. As they were ascending this road, and came to a turning, they found their way blocked by a herd of wild elephants, which, instead of retreating, commenced uttering shrill screams, and a large bull elephant charged down the road. The two soldiers turned their horses, and rode at full gallop back to camp, to report what had occurred.

It was at about sunrise that this incident had taken place, and, soon after breakfast, I, accompanied by three officers and the two orderlies, each armed, and attended by a white man, who was an old elephant hunter, rode up the track.

We soon came to that part where the soldiers had seen the elephants, and we saw the foot-prints of these giant animals on the soft, sandy soil.

The elephant hunter pointed to these foot-prints, and said: "There are three large bulls and several half-grown bulls; the remainder are cows and calves. I should say there are about fifty in the herd. The bulls are very savage, because they have cows and calves with them."

(I may here mention that among elephant hunters it is usual to speak of a bull elephant as a bull. It is necessary to state this, because in the first book I wrote, when speaking of a

herd of elephants, I stated that there was one large bull. A learned critic, in reviewing that book, remarked that I must be very ignorant of natural history not to know that there was a great difference between a male elephant and a bull.) I now received my first lesson in connection with the footprint of an elephant. Those of the bull elephant were nearly circular, those of the cow elephant were nearly elliptical, or egg-shaped. The height of the elephant might be fairly estimated by multiplying the diameter of the footprint by seven. So that if the footprint was 18 ins. in diameter the elephant must be about 11 ft. in height at the shoulder.

The elephant hunter, pointing to a large footprint, remarked: "That fellow is over 11 ft. high, but perhaps I can measure him."

Riding into the forest towards a large tree, he pointed to a branch which grew nearly at right angles to the stem. The underpart of this branch had the bark scraped off. Putting his horse under the branch, the man held his gun by the butt, and the muzzle only just reached the branch. The elephant, in passing under this branch, had rubbed off the bark with his back. "Over 11 ft.," said the hunter, "and he ought to have good tusks."

"I suppose you will go after him and shoot him," I suggested, "as his ivory would be worth £50."

"Go into this dense bush after a herd of elephants consisting of bulls, cows, and calves—no thank you! I don't want to leave my crushed bones here. If that bull were alone I might risk it, but not when there is such a herd as this."

Finding several very well-defined footprints in the damp sand, I made a sketch of these, and

noticed that each footprint had a pattern on it, just as we have patterns on our fingers and thumbs, so that I could easily distinguish one elephant's footprint from that of another. On subsequent occasions I found it of great use to be able to distinguish the footprint of a particular elephant, especially when it had been wounded.

I obtained a great amount of information from the elephant hunter about these giants, especially as regards the danger of attacking them in dense forests, but I prefer relating from my own personal experience what I learned about the elephant at home.

Being now certain that within a mile or so of my tent there was a herd of wild elephants, I determined to devote all my spare time to finding out their habits and their private life when at home. During three years I had special opportunities for this study.

It was at the commencement of the spring of each year that the elephants used to migrate into the Berea forest, where they remained about five months. They always crossed the Urgan River on the east of D'Urban, at the same ford; they then ascended



THIS FEEDING WAS A NOISY BUSINESS.

a steep hill and entered the forest. When they departed they took the same line of country. So steep was the hill up which they ascended that when I followed their tracks I was obliged to use my hands and climb up. When they descended this hill the tracks showed that several had slid down the hill. They usually selected the night for these journeys.

During the heat of the day the elephants selected the most dense parts of the forest, and would remain quiet and almost motionless. If it came on to blow hard, especially, also, if it rained, the elephants would move about and feed. This

feeding was a noisy business, as the animals would break off large branches, eat the tenderest parts, then place the thicker portions of the branch under their feet and crush this and then chew it. The trees they preferred for food were the acacia and the Caffre boom. They seemed to be much afraid of the giant euphorbia tree, a sort of cactus, for wherever one of these trees was located in the forest the elephants always gave it a wide berth. I never found the footprints of an elephant within several yards of one of these trees.

As soon as the sun had set the elephants began to move about, and would during the night wander on to the open plain. They usually selected the night for taking their drinks from some ponds, and they seemed to prefer the water of these ponds to that of a running stream. They drank about every third night, unless the days had been very hot, when they would drink every other night.

These elephants never missed an opportunity of wallowing in the mud, a proceeding which probably protected them from mosquitoes, by which even an elephant is annoyed.

When these elephants were covered with mud it was very easy to track them rapidly in the bush, as they left their marks on the stems and branches of trees; the height of the animals could also be ascertained by the same means.

An elephant walks at the rate of about four miles an hour, but it can run faster than can a man. When mounted on a smart, active pony I was once chased by a wounded elephant, which came on me suddenly. During the first fifty yards it was a close thing; then I rapidly left the enraged monster behind me. Had I been on foot I should have been caught, as there was no cover near round which to dodge, and an elephant has a wide swing with its trunk.

From a long series of observations I am convinced that elephants have various signals which are mutually understood. A sharp, short, shrill note means that feeding or moving may be adopted; this is usually uttered by the leading bull of the herd. A low, deep growl is a signal of danger, and is usually responded to by other members of the herd. A prolonged shrill scream is an indication of rage, and when one hears this within a few yards, and in the midst of a dense forest, it is trying to the nerves, as it seems to vibrate through one just as does the whistle of a railway engine when one is close to it. There is a sort of short chirrup which an elephant sometimes emits; this is, I believe, a signal to call other elephants to him, or her.

There is one noise which an elephant makes involuntarily, and which resembles the noise made

by water being poured out of a bottle. This may be termed the rumbling of his vast stomach. However quietly an elephant may stand, concealed in some dense cover, his proximity is revealed by this strange sound.

More than once, when in the dense forest, and having no suspicion that an elephant was near me, I have been made aware by this noise that one of these giants was within fifty yards. On two or three occasions I had obtained distant views of the elephants as they moved over some open spaces in the forest, and, by the help of my field-glasses, was able to watch their movements. It was interesting to see how cautious they were. Every two or three minutes they would remain immovable, except that they spread their huge ears to listen, and elevated their trunks in order to smell if danger were near.

One afternoon I had ridden to the most elevated part of the Berea, from whence I had a good view of various parts of the forest. I had crossed the recently made footprints of two young bull elephants, so I knew these animals could not be very far off. Presently I saw the two animals moving slowly up a hill, rather more than a quarter of a mile from me. They were walking very quietly, feeding occasionally on some small branches which they broke off the trees. I noticed that if they continued moving in the same direction they would soon pass to leeward of me. There was very little wind blowing, and the elephants were certainly six hundred yards from me.

Suddenly both elephants stopped, turned facing me, spread out their ears and raised their trunks. They then turned round and strode away rapidly. They had smelt me.

I may mention that I used to bathe every morning and every evening in the sea, and could not, therefore, be very "foul"; yet, at a distance of six hundred yards, these creatures had scented me. It is useless to attempt to approach any really wild animals when the wind blows from you to them, as their sense is so acute that they become aware of your approach however ably you may be concealed. Animals that live in the forest trust almost entirely to their hearing and scent, their vision being limited by the surroundings.

My first close interview with a South African elephant was as unexpected as it was exciting. As I was riding on the outskirts of the Berea, near the Umbilo River, I crossed the fresh tracks of a bush buck. I was armed with a double-barrelled gun, which was loaded with buckshot. Dismounting from my pony I followed the tracks of the buck into the dense bush.

A week previously two herds of elephants had departed from the Berea, and had travelled up

the East Coast, so I concluded that all these animals had left this part of the forest. I walked very carefully, so as to make no noise, and looked all round in hopes of seeing the buck. I had followed a well-worn elephant path, the bush being so thick that it was impenetrable except where the elephants had made paths.

I had entered about a quarter of a mile into the forest when I came to a dark and gloomy place, where the underwood was very thick. I was looking low down, near the ground, for my buck, but suddenly there was a movement in the underwood, almost over me, and I saw something which I at first mistook for a snake. A steady look, however, showed me that it was an elephant's trunk, and amidst the gloom I made out the head, ears, trunk, and tusks of an enormous bull elephant, within ten paces of me. The lower part of his body and his legs were almost concealed by the undergrowth amidst which he stood. His trunk was raised, his head thrown back, and there he stood, like a statue.

I did not wait to see more, but jumped behind some bushes, and ran down the path up which I had come. I could hear the cracking of the branches as the elephant moved through the bush, evidently in pursuit of me; but I got clear of the forest, mounted my pony, and rode away about a hundred yards, then stopped to see if the animal would come out in the open. I could hear him smashing the branches, and occasionally giving a sort of low growl, indicating his displeasure at having been disturbed, but he would not leave the forest.

On another occasion I came unexpectedly on a solitary elephant in this forest. My attention was attracted by a curious sort of rustling of the

underwood, and, on creeping near to where I heard the noise, I saw a cow elephant, without tusks, rocking herself backwards and forwards. She was evidently not aware that I was near her, and I watched her during two or three minutes going through this strange performance. I once saw an elephant in a menagerie rocking itself in the same way, and asked the keeper why the animal did so. The keeper, ready to account for that of which he was ignorant, told me it was a habit the elephant had got into when on board ship, by the rocking of the vessel. I think it probable that an elephant moves in this way in the bush in order to keep flies, mosquitoes, etc., from settling on its hide.

My first actual battle with the South African elephant was an act of recklessness that I should not have committed had I been acquainted with the habits of these formidable giants. It was quite early in the morning, when a brother officer called on me and said that a large herd of elephants were in the forest within two miles of us, and suggested that, immediately after breakfast, we should enter the forest and



WITHIN TEN PACES OF ME.

attack them. The folly of our proceeding was that our guns were mere fowling-pieces, carrying a fourteen-to-the-pound bullet, and an elephant hit by such a bullet was not likely to be stopped in a charge, or mortally wounded. Probably the bullet wound might injure his constitution, and he might die from the effects a week or so afterwards. We followed the fresh tracks of the herd, taking very little care to walk quietly, our main object being to overtake the animals. We heard the branches of trees violently shaken, both to our right and left, but my companion told me that this was caused by monkeys, many of which we saw in the trees. Suddenly, in front of us, and distant about

thirty paces, I saw an enormous elephant facing me. His trunk was raised, and his ears extended. Taking a rapid aim at his chest, I fired both barrels at him, my companion at the same time firing both barrels at another elephant which was on our right. The loud report of our guns was instantly followed by the shrill screams of at least a dozen elephants, several of which were evidently behind us, and which we had passed close by without being aware of it.



I FIRED BOTH BARRELS AT HIM.

path on our right, we rushed along this, and heard the elephant crashing straight on.

We loaded our guns as rapidly as possible, and then stood quiet to listen, recover our breath, and await developments.

At intervals of a few seconds at least half a dozen elephants gave shrill screams, and we realised that in our careless approach we were surrounded by some of the herd. After a consultation we decided to retreat slowly and quietly down an elephant path, where the bush was less dense than in any other direction, and finally, without further adventure, we reached the open plain, the elephants every now and then uttering their shrill screams of defiance.

When I became better acquainted with the habits of the elephants I used much greater caution when approaching them in this dense bush.

On one occasion I and a fine Caffre followed the footprints of a large herd into the thickest part of the forest, where the undergrowth was as dense as a quick-set hedge, and about 10ft. high. We sat down about every hundred yards to listen, so as not to pass any elephants which might cut off our retreat. By this precaution we discovered that there was an elephant on our left, and quite near, whilst the other members of the herd were in front of us. Making a circuit so as to approach this elephant up wind,

we advanced with the greatest caution.

In front of us was some very dense undergrowth, and, as we stopped to listen, I found I could actually smell the elephant, but could not see him. Suddenly that rumbling noise that I have described was audible close to us, and I knew that the monster was within about twenty paces of us.

During several minutes we remained still and silent, whilst I glanced behind me to see in

Through the smoke from my gun I could see the elephant at which I had fired striding towards me. My companion and I did not wait for a closer acquaintance, but ran as hard as we could down the path up which we had come. I could hear the elephant crashing through the bushes behind me, and expected every instant to feel his trunk, either laying hold of me or knocking me over. I don't think the elephant had gained much on us, when, seeing a well-worn



WE HAD BEEN SCARCELY MORE THAN A MINUTE UP THIS TREE WHEN A COW ELEPHANT AND A CALF, FOLLOWED BY A BULL ELEPHANT, STRODE OUT OF THE DENSE BUSH.

which direction to run when the elephant charged, as I was certain he would. No inexperienced person would believe that he was within a few yards of a savage wild elephant which was on the alert to stride forward and crush him. Suddenly the dense bush almost above me was pressed down, and I expected that the elephant would rush on us. Still, I could not see him, and dared not fire at random. Then again all was quiet. During more than half-an-hour we waited, on the chance of getting a shot. Then the animal gave a sharp, shrill cry, which was answered by several elephants which we could hear approaching. My Caffre companion signalled to me that we must retreat, so, moving away quietly, we made our way through the bush, and gave the animals a wide berth.

On another occasion, with this same Caffre, we came on the fresh tracks of elephants in the densest part of the forest, and we could hear them. Seeing a very large tree, my Caffre and I placed our guns against the stem of the tree, and climbed up, in order to obtain a view over the surrounding underwood. We had been scarcely more than a minute up this tree when a cow elephant and a calf, followed by a bull elephant, strode out of the dense bush, and, putting their trunks close to the ground, swung these over the footprints of the Caffre. The proceeding was most amusing, as the small elephant every now and then would raise its trunk and open its mouth, as much as to intimate "this is a very bad smell." The three animals came close to the tree, when, fearing that they might smash my gun, I gave a cough, when the animals shuffled off. Not the least ridiculous part of this scene was that in another tree, distant about forty yards, were a number of monkeys, which kept jumping about and grimacing as though they were much interested in what was going on, but the elephants seemed to take no notice of these monkeys.

One afternoon I rode from my tent on the flat at D'Urban to "Sea View," the residence of Mrs.

Dunn, the mother of John Dunn, who afterwards became a Zulu chief. I fastened my horse to a tree near a Caffre kraal, and had tea and supper with Mrs. Dunn and her four charming daughters. At about ten o'clock I said good-bye to the ladies, and went to saddle my horse. I then found that the animal had been frightened, and had broken its head-stall, and had galloped off. The night was dark, and it was four miles from Mrs. Dunn's to my tent, the greater part of the roadway being close to the forest, in which I knew a herd of elephants then resided. I had no weapon, so borrowed an assegai from the Caffres and started on my journey. Leopards and hyænas were then common in this locality, and at night the elephants were very savage.

When the beaten track passed between dense bush I walked very slowly, and stopped now and then to listen; when the country round could be seen I ran. On getting on to an open piece of ground, termed the "Kongola," I could hear the elephants breaking the branches off trees in the forest, and feeding; the animals were about two hundred yards from me. I walked on quietly, saving myself in case it would be necessary to make a rush. In spite of stopping now and then, I journeyed the four miles considerably under the hour. Several times I heard animals moving in the bush near the road. These might have been leopards, hyænas, bush-pigs, or antelopes; I could not see anything. When I had entered my tent, had lighted a candle, and had been welcomed by my two dogs, and had gone to bed with my two loaded guns within reach of my hand, I certainly felt very comfortable; and as I recalled my feelings during parts of my four-mile walk, I mentally exclaimed that I would not again willingly undertake such a journey. Such experiences, however, do a young fellow a deal of good; they teach him self-dependence, and give him confidence in himself; and I have ever felt that the best part of my education was that obtained whilst hunting the South African elephant.





ILLUSTRATED BY STEWART BROWNE.

Being a Letter from William Richards, Midshipman, to a Chum.

DEAR DICK,

I promised to write before, but I have had a very busy time one way and another. You will certainly be surprised when you read my letter.

You remember that the whole six of us managed to get together, and bagged an empty carriage at Portsmouth; and how you were nearly carried off with us when the train started. At every station where we stopped we managed, by judiciously filling the windows with our coats and hats, to give those who wanted to come into the carriage the impression that it was full; and this, in addition to the row we kicked up, kept everyone away. Such a lively time we had—comic songs and dancing by that ass Jones, who thinks he can do a hornpipe; then Haughton broke the rack while showing us a new trick he had learnt at the "gym." We patched them up somehow—Haughton with court plaster, and the rack with our penknives. Then I had a desperate struggle with the door. I merely turned the handle to see the working of that new patent dodge they have, and the wretched door flew wide open. Have you ever tried to close a carriage door in a railway train which is travelling at about forty miles an hour? You want to be as strong as Hercules to do it. In the end we gave it up and waited until the train slowed down outside Guildford, when we managed to shut it; but the rack came down again.

At Guildford some fussy old idiot in the next carriage complained of the noise we had made. The guard gave us a bit of a wiggling. It was so awkward for us; we all stood in a row so as to hide the damage done to the rack. Mac tipped the guard, and, having got rid of the beggar, we fixed up the rack again.

The train was just on the point of starting when a chap with a long beard popped into our carriage almost before we realised it. He was followed by a quiet-looking man.

"Outside," said Jones. "Plenty of room farther up."

As the train was getting up speed this was an unreasonable request; but we all looked daggers at the intruders, who collared corners opposite each other.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said the quiet man; "I had no time to choose my carriage. I'm sorry if I am in the way."

"Have you a second-class ticket?" asked Jones rudely.

Of course this was going too far. We were all annoyed at the impudence of these strangers who had thrust their company upon us; but we did not want to insult them. "Steady, Jones! Sh—h! Don't be a cad!" were our remarks, and McWilliams said: "You must excuse him, sir; he is only a kid, and wants to show off a bit."

The quiet man did not seem a bit put out. Then the other chap apologised. "Gentlemen,"

he said, "if you object to my being here, I will get into another carriage at the next station we stop at, and probably this other gentleman will do the same. I think you will not mind my presence after a while, as you will find me an excellent companion, and I shall keep you amused until we reach Waterloo—er—I suppose we are all going to Waterloo, eh?"

We all nodded, wondering what made him so friendly. He continued talking as he placed his bag upon the rack, which of course gave way, greatly to his astonishment and to our dismay.

"Well, I never!" he said. "I see they warn people against placing heavy articles upon this

it up so ingeniously with string that it was hard to detect the damage without looking closely at it.

After settling this, the quiet man produced a paper and started reading it; but the other chap was very chummy.

"I can see you are naval officers," he said. (You remember we were wearing our uniforms.) "Now, I'll tell you who I am. My name is Thurkill—Professor Thurkill—and I am generally described as a high-class drawing-room magician. I am now travelling to London to fulfil an engagement, and as I have disturbed the privacy you seem to value so much I mean to make amends for it."



THEN HE TOOK A PACK OF CARDS OUT OF HIS BAG, AND DID ALL SORTS OF THINGS WITH THEM.

rack; but for a bag like this to break it down seems rather peculiar."

We all looked foolish, as we helped him fix it up again. "I must tell the guard about this," he remarked; "if I don't, he'll think I did it on purpose. Ha, ha, ha!"

"I shouldn't trouble about it if I were you," said McWilliams earnestly. "He'll find it out for himself soon enough."

"Ah, you sly young dogs! They don't usually fix up these things with pocket-knives."

We felt very uncomfortable; but both he and the other fellow assured us they would say nothing about it. And, better still, they fixed

Then he started off, and told us a lot of rattling good tales of his experiences. He taught us any amount of hoaxes and practical jokes, which we did not know (and that's saying a great deal). Then he took a pack of cards out of his bag, and did all sorts of things with them. I thought him a jolly decent fellow when he showed me the way to deal myself a "nap" hand, no matter who shuffled the cards. Talking of cards, by the way, don't you let yourself in for a game with any of the chaps who were with me; they have learnt too much. Then the professor pulled yard after yard of coloured paper strips out of my hat (they seemed to come from nowhere),

and took a live mouse out of Jones's pocket; Jones was quite huffy about it. The time passed quickly, as you may guess. One can get tired of watching a conjuror on a stage; but when one is only a yard away from the conjuror, it is very different. Once we twigged him as he was doing a trick with a handkerchief. He wasn't a bit wild about it; simply told us we were sharp and intelligent young men, and that he should like to have us all as pupils.

At last he suddenly asked us if we had a piece of jewellery, or anything of that sort to lend him. Of course, we had any amount, but each of us waited for the others to fork out.

"Come, gentlemen," said the professor, "I shall not harm it in any way."

The quiet man, who had been interested in the last few tricks, handed him a gold ring. "I hope you will take great care of it," he said.

"Well, as to that," said Thurkill, coolly, "I can't be bothered with it." And he shied the ring out of the window.

The quiet man said nothing, but looked uneasy.

"Oh, it hasn't gone far," said the professor, as he waved his hand out of the window. "In fact this ring on my finger looks remarkably like it." And there was the ring.

We all applauded, and Thurkill looked pleased. "Gentlemen," he continued, "you have often, no doubt, seen a magician smash up a watch, and then restore the fragments to their original form. That shall be my next trick."

We all offered our watches, and the professor took mine. He pulled out the works, snapped off the hands, and put the lot into a sort of small stone basin. Then he took a kind of pestle, and pounded the watch into fragments, which he threw carelessly out of the window.

"I am sorry I have destroyed your watch," he said. "You had better take this one in place of it." And he took *my* watch from his pocket and handed it back to me.

Again we applauded.

"This is only a simple trick," said Thurkill. "I propose to do it on a much larger scale. You have never seen a man smash a dozen watches at the same time and restore the lot. I have reasons for believing that I am the only man who can do that successfully. Give me all your watches, gentlemen."

We gave up our watches with lamb-like simplicity.

"I hope you will be able to identify them afterwards," he said, as he busily smashed them up, one after another. "I suppose each one of you will be able to sort out his own watch. Have you any other articles?"

We gave him a miscellaneous assortment of tie-pins, studs, rings, etc., all of which he bent or broke, and threw the fragments on top of the pile in his basin.

The train had stopped (at Clapham Junction we afterwards found out), but we were too much interested and excited to notice the name of the station at the time. Then came the climax. Professor Thurkill stood up just as the train was starting: "Well, gentlemen," he said, "I am sure you would not like property returned to you in this condition,

so I will bid you good-day."

In a moment the door was flying open; he was gone, and, heedless of the growing rapidity of the train, the quiet man had dashed out behind him. We caught one glimpse of them as they rolled over on the platform. Then we stared at one another for a few seconds, and I believe some of us would have risked our necks and followed



WE GAVE UP OUR WATCHES WITH LAMB-LIKE SIMPLICITY.

the pair if McWilliams had not stopped us.

"Get back, you young fools!" he said (he always calls us young, although he is only two years older than I am). He closed the door and looked out of the window. "I can see nothing," he said; "we have gone too far to see the platform."

Again we stared helplessly at one another, and that ass, Jones, blandly remarked that he reckoned we had all been taken in.

"Have you only just found that out?" growled McWilliams, who, besides his gold watch, had lost a chain and a pair of gold links.

"Jones doesn't mind losing his twopenny-halfpenny Waterbury ticker," said Nixon, "but it is a serious business for some of us."

"It's quite evident that the fellow is no conjuror, but a low thief," said Jones.

"Silly young cub," said Mac. "Can't a fellow be a thief and a conjuror as well?"

"I see how they worked it," I exclaimed.

"That other chap was an accomplice, of course; he lent his ring when he saw that we hesitated. Those two men knew each other, you may depend."

"I wish you chaps would shut up theorising about it," said McWilliams. "The thing is done, and the sooner we take steps to collar the thieves the better."

So we arranged to get out at Vauxhall, and to go back to Clapham Junction by the next train. There was not much chance of collaring the fellows, but we thought we might possibly find out enough about their movements to set the police on their track.

We followed this plan when we reached Vauxhall. Jones grumbled, and said his mother and sisters would be waiting for him at Waterloo, and would think he had been run over or something if he did not turn up at the

time appointed. Why will they have such kids in the service? They're no good. Our fellows would simply cut Jones if he had not such fine sisters. They're not as good as yours, though, especially young Katie. You may tell her I said so if you like.

We settled the matter by dragging our junior out of the carriage, and after obtaining tickets we waited impatiently for a train to Clapham Junction. Five minutes after we had

been waiting another train arrived from Clapham Junction. Imagine how surprised we were to see our friend the quiet man looking out of a carriage window. The moment he saw us he left the carriage and beckoned. All of us rushed down the stairs and up on to the other platform — that is, all except McWilliams, who was so excited that he took a short cut across the lines, nearly knocking down a porter who tried to stop him. When we reached the platform we saw him holding the quiet man by the arm.

The latter pushed him off. "Keep your temper, my young friend," he coolly remarked; "you don't suppose I should come and look for you if I were an accomplice of that man? He is Sawney Jones; I have caught him red-handed. He is safe in Battersea Police Station by this time. But we are gathering a crowd," he

continued; "so let us adjourn to the waiting-room."

We followed him into the waiting-room, and, with McWilliams' help, he ejected some curious busybodies who wished to see the fun. McWilliams kept his foot against the door.

"Names and addresses, please," said our friend; "you'll all be wanted as witnesses."

We willingly gave them, and then we asked for our property. "That's safe enough," said



"KEEP YOUR TEMPER, MY YOUNG FRIEND," HE COOLLY REMARKED.

the detective; "but you may not have it yet. I want each of you to describe his belongings."

We gave him minute descriptions. Then that young cad Jones offered him a shilling, and asked him to say nothing about the broken rack. The man ignored him. "I will leave you now," he said, as he raised his hat. "You shall have your things later on."

When he had left us we took the next train to Waterloo. Jones was awfully chipped over his funk about the rack. McWilliams also got at him over Sawney Jones, making out that they were relatives. "That's why he didn't want to come back to Clapham Junction with us," said Mac.

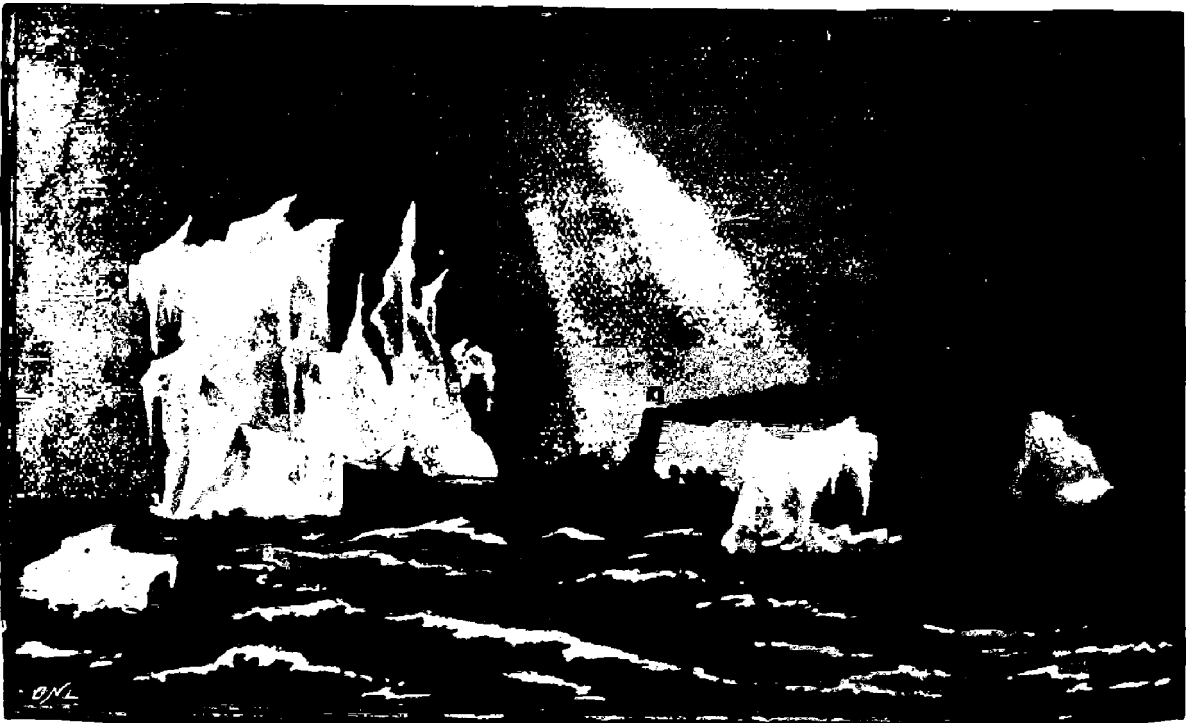
That's all I have to tell you at present. I'll let you know how it all turns out later on. I hope we shan't hear anything about that wretched rack.

Yours truly,
WILL.

P.S.—I am sorry your sister Kate is in Paris. Why couldn't your governor have taken one of the other girls with him? I am afraid I shall not be able to spend a week at your place after all, the trial will not leave me much time to myself. That kid Jones is going to Paris with his people; I hope they don't run against Katie. He is a fearful little bore, and never seems to know when he is not wanted. By the way, we haven't heard from the quiet-looking man yet—about the trial, you know. I suppose he is collecting more evidence against Sawney Jones.

P.P.S.—Uncle George—who's a barrister—says that, in *his* opinion, the quiet-looking man was *really* an accomplice of Sawney Jones, and pretended to be a detective just to keep us from making a row about it with the authorities at Waterloo!

P.P.P.S.—We are reluctantly beginning to think that Uncle George is right. Rotten luck, isn't it?



ICE AND FOG—MIDSUMMER IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC. (SKETCHED ON THE SPOT.)

HOW TO BAT AND HOW NOT TO BAT



III.—Other Hints, with Diagrams.

THE foundation of batting is a command of both the forward and the back stroke. Proficiency in these two means success. In

addition you must know how to drive, and had better be able to cut and to play to leg.

Before any more is said, know once and for all that, as in racquets and golf, so in cricket, the ease with which you can make a stroke correctly depends to a very great degree upon *using your feet properly*. In most cases if you put your feet right the correct stroke will come of itself; if you put your feet wrong the chances are all in favour of a bad stroke.

THE FORWARD STROKE. A batsman plays forward when he advances his left foot and reaches out with his bat to meet the ball.

The main ideas to keep in view are to play with an absolutely straight bat, to get well over the ball, and to time it and yet avoid any suspicion of stiffness or restraint.

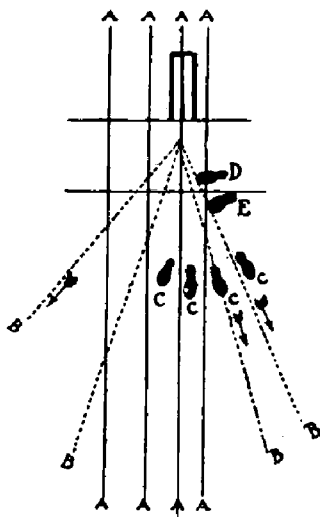
To make the stroke correctly requires assiduous drill, and great attention to detail. For the action involved, though beautifully easy when once acquired, does not come by nature.

The key to the whole stroke is how you use your feet. Please look at the accompanying diagram.

The right foot must remain in its initial position, except that you may rise slightly on to the toe in finishing the stroke.

THE LEFT FOOT is all-important. Having judged the line of flight of the ball, you must so advance your left foot that the ball will pass within from zins. to 6ins. of your shin. Thus, for a ball that would pass, say, 6ins. outside the off stump, you must throw your foot right across the wicket—in fact, an inch or so outside the off stump. For a ball on the middle stump you must advance your left foot straight down the pitch in a line with the off stump the other end. For a ball a few inches outside the leg stump your left foot must move out towards mid-on. In each case the toe of your left boot should point in the direction in which you mean the ball to go. Study the diagrams.

Forward Play



- AAAA Line of flight of ball
- BBBB Directions of stroke
- CCCC Left toe D- Right foot
- The direction ~~left~~ shoulder point.
- E- Original position of left foot

Unless you put your right foot in the right place in playing balls on the wicket and to the off you cannot play straight, nor can you easily

get over the ball. If your leg is away from the line along which the ball passes, your left shoulder is pulled away, too, and with it your left arm, left hand, and the handle of the bat. How, then, can the blade be straight? Try and see.

YOUR WEIGHT should be upon the right foot till the stroke is begun; then, as the body follows the left leg forward, the weight should be transferred on to the left leg, smoothly yet smartly. It is important that the transference should, at the time the bat meets the ball, be in progress and not completed; otherwise you do not get your weight into the stroke.

One of the commonest faults in forward play is getting the weight on to the left foot too soon, so that the stroke must be finished by dragging the right foot after the bat.

The line of the shoulders should be parallel to the line of flight which the ball ought to follow after being hit. That is to say, the left shoulder must always be kept well forward; for example, in playing forward towards mid-off the batsman should point his left shoulder at mid-off, not at the bowler or mid-on. This is a most important aid to keeping the bat straight and getting over the ball. Neglect of it is only too frequent, especially at the finish of the stroke. Sometimes one sees the left shoulder brought round to the on so that the bowler can see all the batsman's chest when trying to play towards extra cover. A bad fault; the bowler should never see your shirt-front save when you are playing to the on-side.

Some players use their feet right and keep their shoulders right, yet entirely spoil their stroke by drawing the hips away from the ball. The left hip-bone should go forward along with the leg and shoulder.

THE ARMS should swing loose and free like bits of live rope. Every joint and muscle should add power to the stroke, but there should be no trace of stiffness or restraint. The fault of prodding at the ball with stiff arms and tied shoulders is common enough, especially in careful, painstaking batsmen. But it is bad play. The action should be free and swinging, rather than pushing and restrained. The bat must be kept straight (*i.e.*, upright from the bowler's point of view) all through the stroke. It should swing like a pendulum seen sideways.

If you draw a straight line from the middle stump in the direction you mean the ball to travel when hit, and cutting the line of the ball's flight from the bowler's hand, you get the line along which this pendulum swing should go. The closer the swing of your bat keeps to this line from start to finish, the better.

IN BEGINNING THE STROKE, lift the bat well back before moving your left foot forward, and in finishing be careful not to pull the bat round and away from the said pendulum line. Released at the end of your stroke, the bat will, if your stroke be correct, fly after the ball. Often enough, however, you see players, in driving towards the off, finish their stroke so that their bat would fly towards square leg.

The bat should meet the ball as it passes the left leg; certainly not more than an inch or two in front of it.

The right leg should never be bent, else the right shoulder drops, and there is a tendency to get under the ball.

There should be no stooping in the forward movement; always stand up to your full height. Mind, too, that you use both hands and both arms equally; do not prod with the right arm only.

If you follow these directions (especially with regard to your feet and your shoulders)—if you watch the ball and play free, you will not go far wrong.

When you have learnt the mechanical part of the stroke, be careful not to fall into the fault of playing too soon. Let the ball come well to you before you begin to move forward.

ESPECIALLY AVOID making a preliminary dab forward with your left foot, else you use half your stroke before the ball comes, and therewith lose half your power. If you play too soon you must extricate yourself from your mistake by playing half-cock, *i.e.*, stopping half-way through your stroke, and waiting for the ball to come on to the bat. Do not finish with a jobbing, jerky little pull; and do not pull your right foot out to help the bat through with the stroke.

To become proficient in forward play, you must drill yourself in the necessary movements and action till it becomes impossible for you to play forward in any but the correct way. Then you must study when, and when not, to play forward.

THE SCOPE OF THE FORWARD STROKE IS GREAT. With it the ball, if suitable, can be hit as wide as forward short leg on the on side, and as cover-point on the off. But the usual range is from mid-on to extra cover. Notice that the forward stroke is made the same way in every case, the only difference being in the matter of direction.

At the same time there is no greater mistake than to think forward play a stand-by that suits every occasion and every difficulty. The fact is, the virtue of forward play is almost gone if you cannot play back; the two strokes are complements the one of the other; separate, they lose more than half their value. The balls

you ought to play back are just as frequent as those you ought to play forward. This is a vital consideration. Excessive forward play is only too common among young cricketers. The thing is to be able to play both back and forward, and to know which you ought to do in the case of every ball bowled you.

Whether a ball is suited to the forward stroke depends upon its direction, its length, its break, and its pace; and, of course, the state of the wicket makes a great difference.

AS TO DIRECTION, the line of the ball's flight must be either straight for the wicket, or within a foot each side of it. But the longer your reach the wider you can play forward.

AS TO LENGTH, the ball must pitch near enough for you to get well over it.

At any rate you must not play forward unless you feel you can get over the ball. The idea is to reach out as near to the pitch of the ball as you can; without, of course, playing in front of your leg. But in playing fast bowling you will find that there are many balls you must play forward because they are too fast to play back, the pitch of which, however, you cannot possibly reach.

AS TO BREAK, it is a pernicious practice to play forward at a breaking ball unless you can smother it. The breaking ball you must either play back or drive.

AS TO PACE, the faster the bowling the more you must play forward. At really slow bowling you should never play forward, but either play back or drive.

In sum, in playing fast bowling on wickets that are fast, play forward as much as possible; except, of course, to very short balls. To medium pace bowling on fast wickets play forward to balls you can reach and get over, and back to the rest. Never play forward to slow bowling. On wickets where the ball breaks avoid to your utmost playing forward at all. On a sticky wicket to a ball of good length pitching 3 ins. outside the off stump and breaking so as to hit the middle, the very worst stroke in the world is to "feel" forward. Such a ball you must play back or hit with all your might.

BACK PLAY. There is nothing artificial or difficult in the back stroke. But here again you must get your feet right. This time it is the right foot about which you must take great care; the left may almost take care of itself.

Having judged the flight of the ball, its exact

line and length, at the same time watching the ball off the pitch, step back about 18 ins. with your right foot, planting it just inside the line of the ball's flight from the pitch, so that you can play the ball quite close to your right leg. The stroke is simplicity itself; you need not bother about your arms, shoulders, or action; you merely have to step back and play the ball with a straight bat as easily as you can.

BEFORE PLAYING BACK be careful to have your bat well back in an exactly contrary direction from which the ball is coming, so that you play down a line exactly opposite to that on which the ball comes to you. Thus you will avoid the mistake of chopping down across the ball. You must be very careful to keep your bat perfectly straight and get well over the ball.

Be very careful never to step back away from the wicket, but always towards it. When the ball is on the off stump or outside it your right leg will be in front of the middle stump or perhaps even in front of the off stump. This you will see in the diagram.

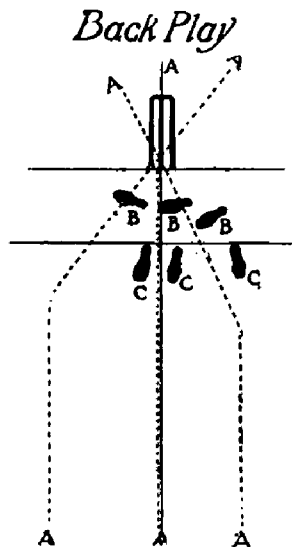
BE SURE AND WATCH THE BALL from the pitch right on to your bat. Should you at the last moment find yourself commanding the ball with ease, put as much power into the stroke as you can. These forcing back strokes are splendid cricket. But make sure that the stroke is in the first place perfectly safe.

The difficulty about back play is so to judge the flight of the ball as to know for certain that you can play the ball back. My experience is that batsmen do not play back enough. Try in practice to play

back at every ball bowled you. You will be surprised how very seldom you will be beaten. Perfection in back play is very rare. But, curiously enough, it is at least five times as easy to learn to play back as it is to master the intricacies of forward play.

The slower the wicket and the slower the bowling the more ought you to play back. On a sticky wicket, when the bowler can make the ball talk, you must rely on your back play to save your wicket. I strongly advise you to take the very first opportunity of finding out how easy and how useful it is to play back. If you follow the above simple directions you will be doing what Shrewsbury, Maclaren and Ranjitsinhji do; neither more or less.

THE DRIVE is in many respects like the forward stroke. The directions above given



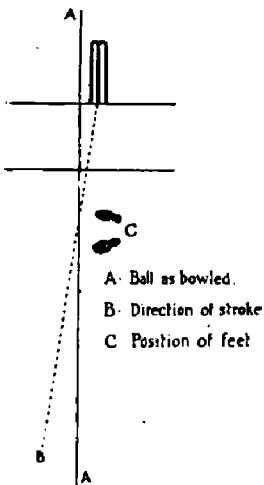
AAA - Line of Ball.

BBB - Right foot

CCC - Left foot.

about the shoulders, poise of the body, and swing of the bat, hold good. The point of difference is this, that instead of stretching forward with the legs wide apart, you hit at the ball with your feet close together. The nearer you get to the pitch of the ball, the safer your stroke.

The Drive.



A. Ball as bowled.
B. Direction of stroke
C. Position of feet

Hence, unless the ball is pitched right up to you, you should dance out in order to get near the ball as it pitches. Get out of your head once and for all that driving, *i.e.*, correct hitting, is dangerous. It is often much safer than playing forward. Be very careful to let your bat swing through perfectly straight, without any pull or jerk. The commonest faults in driving are, not getting to the pitch of the ball, not swinging straight, snatching the stroke, and pulling.

IN CUTTING you must be very careful how you move your foot—your right foot that is. It should be placed about a foot from the off stump, with the toe pointing towards short slip. If you point your toe towards point you cannot get your shoulders in the proper position for cutting. The bowler should be able to see your back as you make the stroke, *i.e.*, your chest should be square with the direction in which you are hitting. You must stand well up, and come down on top of the ball. Stooping and dropping the shoulders are fatal. Be very careful to keep your right shoulder level with the left, and to make the stroke as much as possible with the wrists.

THE BALL TO CUT is one a foot or so outside the off stump, pitching rather short of good length. If, after shaping for the cut, you find the ball unsuitable, leave it alone.

IN PLAYING ON THE LEG SIDE you may either use the plain on-drive or the sweeping leg hit or the glide. Balls well pitched up on the legs, or just outside them, it is best to on-drive. Shorter balls on the legs may be either glided—*i.e.*, played with the face of the bat meeting them at an angle, so that the ball glances off—or they may be played by standing back and placing. Balls well outside the legs should be swept round with the old leg-hit; for this, advance your leg down the wicket, as in playing forward at a straight ball, and sweep round with a horizontal bat at the pitch of the ball.

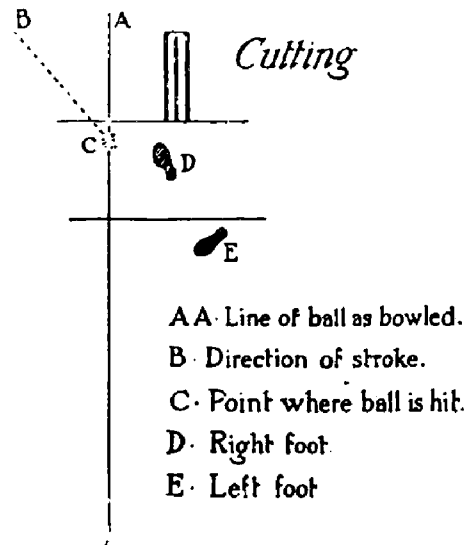
The commonest mistake in leg play is that of getting pinned upon your left leg in an awkward position so that you cannot turn round after the ball.

It only remains to mention the much misunderstood and wrongfully abused HOOK STROKE. It should only be used to short balls on slow wickets, and then only when the ball is well in reach. Step back as if shaping to play back to a ball on the off stump, and, watching the ball carefully from the pitch, hit it round to the on side with a more or less horizontal bat. Be sure and get the bat well back in good time; then, if you pick the right ball, there is no easier stroke and no safer in cricket. But if you pick the wrong ball, there is no more difficult or more dangerous stroke. Let the wicket be slow, the ball short and within easy reach, and you are all right. Do not commit the absurdity of muddling the scientific hook with the rustic pull which is aimed at the pitch of the ball; that is quite another story altogether.

Appended are some tables you may be amused to puzzle out. They are approved of by many great cricket authorities who have examined them.

These tables premise that a batsman in each case:—

- (1) Judges the ball accurately;
- (2) Times the ball truly;
- (3) Is able to make correctly the required stroke.



AA. Line of ball as bowled.
B. Direction of stroke.
C. Point where ball is hit.
D. Right foot.
E. Left foot

The tables do not tell a man *how to bat*, but tell him *what strokes are the best for typical balls on typical wickets*. There are minute differences that cannot be taken into

TABLE SHOWING THE STROKES FOR BALLS OFF THE WICKET.

(Outside Leg Stump, or more than 7ins. outside Off Stump). Condition of pitch immaterial.

PACE OF BALL.	PITCH OF BALL.	DIRECTION OF BALL.		
		WELL OUTSIDE OFF STUMP (say 7ins. to limit of reach).	ON LEGS, OR BETWEEN LEGS AND LEG STUMP.	OUTSIDE LEGS.
FAST.	Over-pitched	Leave, unless easy to reach forward.	Hit, or glide.	Hit.
	Good length (near or uppish)	Leave, unless easy to reach forward.	On drive, or glide (forward).	Leg hit, or glide.
	Good length (shorter)	Cut, or leave.	On drive, or glide (forward).	Leg hit, or glide.
	Short	Cut, or force with horizontal bat.	Glide (back), or place.	Hit, or place.
MEDIUM.	Over-pitched	Leave, unless easy to reach forward.	Hit, or glide.	Hit.
	Good length (near or uppish)	Leave, unless easy to reach forward.	On drive, or glide.	Leg hit.
	Good length (shorter)	Cut, or leave.	On drive, or glide.	Leg hit.
	Short	Cut, or force with horizontal bat.	Glide (back), or place.	Hit, or place.
SLOW.	Over-pitched	Leave.	Hit.	Hit.
	Good length (near or uppish)	Leave.	On drive.	Leg hit.
	Good length (shorter)	Force with horizontal bat.	On drive (run out), or place.	Leg hit, or place.
	Short	Force with horizontal bat.	Place (forcing back stroke).	Hit, or place.

NOTE.—(1) HIT: Hit as best you can. (2) LEG HIT: Sweep-stroke, front foot advanced down pitch. (3) THE GLIDE is really only good and safe on *fast* wickets. On slow wickets a hit, or forcing back stroke, or a strong placing stroke must be substituted.

TABLE SHOWING THE PROPER STROKES FOR VARIOUS STRAIGHT BALLS ON VARIOUS WICKETS. (Straight—From Leg Stump to 6ins. outside Off Stump.)

PACE OF BALL.	PITCH OF BALL.	PACE OF WICKET.					
		FAST.			SLOW.		STICKY.
		DESCRIPTION OF WICKET.					
		Perfect.	Crumbled, or broken.	Wet surface, very fast.	Dead.	Sloppy.	Surface either glue-like or baked.
		Ball keeps straight.	Ball breaks, etc., fast.	Ball keeps straight.	Ball breaks slow.	Ball cuts through.	Ball breaks both slow and fast.
FAST.	Over-pitched	Drive. Forward.	Drive. Drive.	Drive. Forward.	Drive. Drive.	Drive. Drive.	Drive. Drive.
	Good length, near or uppish	Forward, or half-cock.	Half-cock	Forward.	Back.	Forward.	Back.
	Good length, shorter	Back.	Back.	Back.	Back, or hook.	Back.	Back, or hook.
MEDIUM.	Over-pitched	Drive. Forward.	Drive. Drive (run out).	Drive. Forward.	Drive. Drive (run out).	Drive. Drive (run out).	Drive. Drive (run out).
	Good length, near	Forward, or back.	Back.	Forward, or back.	Back (force).	Back (force).	Back, or hook.
	Good length, shorter	Back.	Back.	Back.	Back, or hook force.	Back (force).	Back (force), or hook.
SLOW.	Over-pitched	Drive. Drive (run out).	Drive. Drive (run out).	Drive. Drive (run out).	Drive. Drive (run out).	Drive. Drive (run out).	Drive. Drive (run out).
	Good length, near	Back.	Back.	Back.	Hook.	Back.	Back, or hook.
	Good length, shorter	Back (force).	Back.	Back.	Hook.	Back (force).	Hook.

consideration. The tables do not aim at elaborate detail, but at main and general points of play.

C. B. Fry

(N.B.—Next month Mr. Fry's article will deal with "Bowling, Fielding, and General Advice.")

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Douglas Knight.—Yes, all the remarks apply to swimming. The ordinary school diet is excellent for training; in any case do not alter your every-day life provided it is healthy. Take what exercise you like on shore and swim as much as you find suits you. Do not over-do it.

John Segrue.—For the half-mile run four days a week. Practise full speed three hundred yard spins two or three times on the first and third day, and on the other two run about six hundred yards. Run the full distance about three times during training. Sprints should always be practised at full speed. Personally I prefer cricket. Thank you for your kind inquiries.

T. E. Spooner.—It depends. You should certainly see a doctor and follow his advice.

X. Y. Z.—Yes, you may safely take both races. A long stride tells at any distance; I expect you are a long distance runner. But the more you practise short distances at high speed the better. Yes, stop cycling and swimming. Both muscles are used about equally. No; skipping, for instance, is good. Do not wear socks if your shoes fit you.

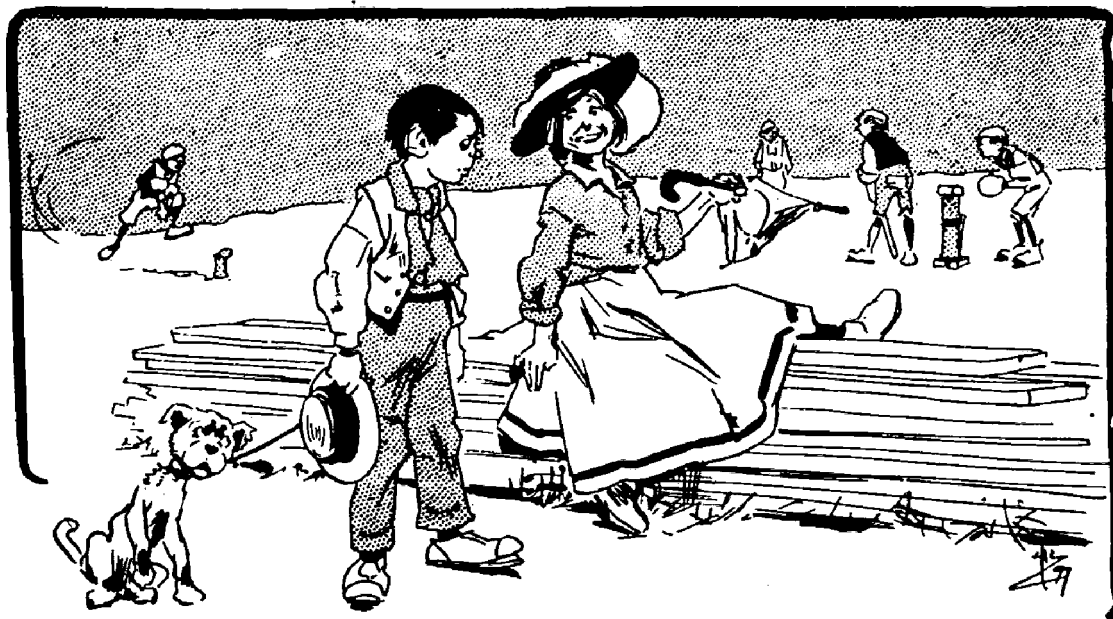
George Ballantyne.—Any rich mould sifted. Do not lay on too thick. Carter's or Sutton's for grass seed. You might write to Alfred Shaw, Nottingham, for further advice.

A. H. Clarke.—Six weeks. The way you start for a mile is immaterial. The bending position in any case is no use unless done properly. Most sprinters use it now. I found the upright position better.

Evelyn Easton.—It is a question of degree. The batsman is not out i.b.w. unless the ball both pitches on the wicket and would hit the wicket. Net practice is good in moderation, but nothing is so good as practice games. Yes, if wicket-keeper is good enough. You must be guided by the number of byes. A compromise would be to have a fine long leg on the boundary for your last bowler.

H. C. Lott.—I expect you have outgrown your strength. Try leaving off the cold bath. You should train very, very lightly. Have a good breakfast and a light lunch. A sole and two cutlets for breakfast. A slice of cold beef for lunch.

C. B. F.



HE (PASSIONATELY): "I FANCIED YOU WERE ALL THAT WAS GOOD AND TRUE AND BEAUTIFUL, BUT NOW I KNOW YOU ARE NOTHING LESS THAN A HEARTLESS FLIRT. GOOD-BYE FOR EVER!"

WHAT I WANTED TO BE.

MISS ELLEN TERRY.

WE wrote our usual letter of inquiry to Miss Ellen Terry, the famous actress, who has been associated with Sir Henry Irving for so many years in Lyceum productions. On the same day we wrote a letter to Mr. Jem Mace, son of the celebrated champion boxer of that name, relating to some articles on the noble art of self-defence. Some mischievous demon must have been hovering over our writing-desk, for, by a strange and comical accident, the letter intended for Miss Terry was placed in the envelope addressed to Mr. Mace, and that intended for Mr. Mace was placed in the envelope addressed to Miss Terry. Hence, much laughter and bewilderment on the following morning. Miss Terry discovered among her letters a strange epistle, in which (to

her amazement) her "Hints on Boxing" were duly acknowledged, while worthy Mr. Mace was equally astounded on receiving a query as to what he wanted to be "when he was a girl." Of course, the letters eventually found their way to their right destinations, the simple result being some amusement and no harm done.

It will be seen by the letter which we here reproduce that Miss Terry, as a young child, wished to keep a shop or to be a sailor on reaching woman's estate. How she could have achieved the latter ambition we know not; at any rate, history records that at a very early age she adopted the calling followed by her parents—the theatrical—and made her first appearance on the stage, to quote her own words, "somewhere between the ages of 7 and 8."



Photograph by

Window & Grove, Baker Street.

I wanted to keep a shop.
A Baby-linen shop; - or a
Chemist's - or to be a Sailor.

Yours truly
Ellen Terry =



Photograph by

AN EXCITING CHASE IN THE LONG REACH.—WHO WILL BUMP FIRST?

Messrs. Stearn, Cambridge.

THE FRESHER AT CAMBRIDGE.



TOMMY DODDS has said good-bye to his old school, has had a splendid hol—I mean “vac.,” has bade his admiring family *au revoir*, and with his trunks and boxes full of clothes and crockery, his mind laden with maternal advice and his pocket with paternal

gold, he drives up to the gate of St. Hilary's. His impression of the place during his ride from the station is not favourable, for it is pouring with rain, as it usually does at Cambridge when you go up as a Fresher. However, he is buoyed up by the thought of being a 'Varsity “man,” that he is on his own, and by the anticipation of the pleasures of a 'Varsity life that lie before him.

As he steps out of the cab he is met by the under-porter, who for the first and last time asks his name, and leads the way up a rickety and erratic staircase to the rooms that will be his for three years or more.

At first Tommy Dodds is not struck with the look of them. They smell damp and stuffy after the “long vac.,” in spite of a fire that George, the “gyp,” has set blazing. There is not much furniture, and what there is looks seedy. However, he will soon alter that. On the table is a sheaf of letters from tailors, grocers, photographers, tobacconists, etc., offering unlimited credit and exceptional advantages.

While he is taking stock of his new home, George comes thump, thump, thump, along the passage. Tommy feels rather nervous, for George eyes him with disdain, and grunts a “Good evening, sir.”

“You're my ‘gyp,’ aren't you?” asks Tommy.

“Yessir; I does Gee and Haitch, and my wife is your bedder. I suppose you will want some bedroom crockery, sir?”

“Well, yes—naturally.”

“‘Cos the other gentleman left me 'is, and you 'can 'ave them, sir, and the fire-irons.”

Dodds pays the exorbitant price demanded, finds out what time Hall is, and then sallies forth to look at the college and make a few purchases. Tommy is much impressed with the quaint old “coll.,” with its towers and battlements, its picturesque garden and courts, and feels proud of belonging to it. Wandering about in the same way are one or two other Freshers, who exchange curious glances with him. But he must hurry up and get a cap and gown before Hall; likewise some “bacey” to smoke in the pipe he thoughtfully borrowed from his brother. A new pipe always looks so *fresh*. He returns in time to hear the bells ringing for chapel. Curiosity and leisure prompt him to keep his *first* chapel. As he enters he is stopped by the porter.

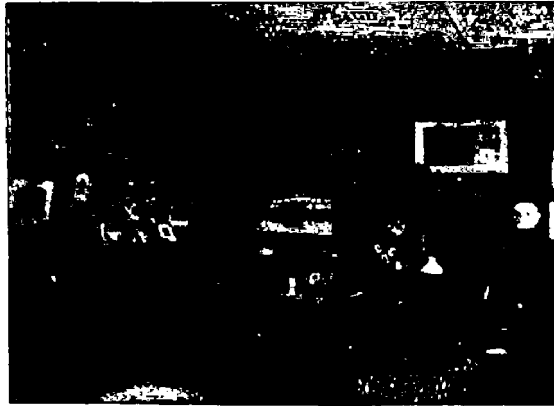
“Beg pardon, sir, but you 'aven't a surplice, and this is a white chapel, sir. I think I 'ave one as'll do you.”

So Tommy, arrayed in white, rather shyly takes his seat in the Freshers' pews, and amuses himself by studying the fine old windows and

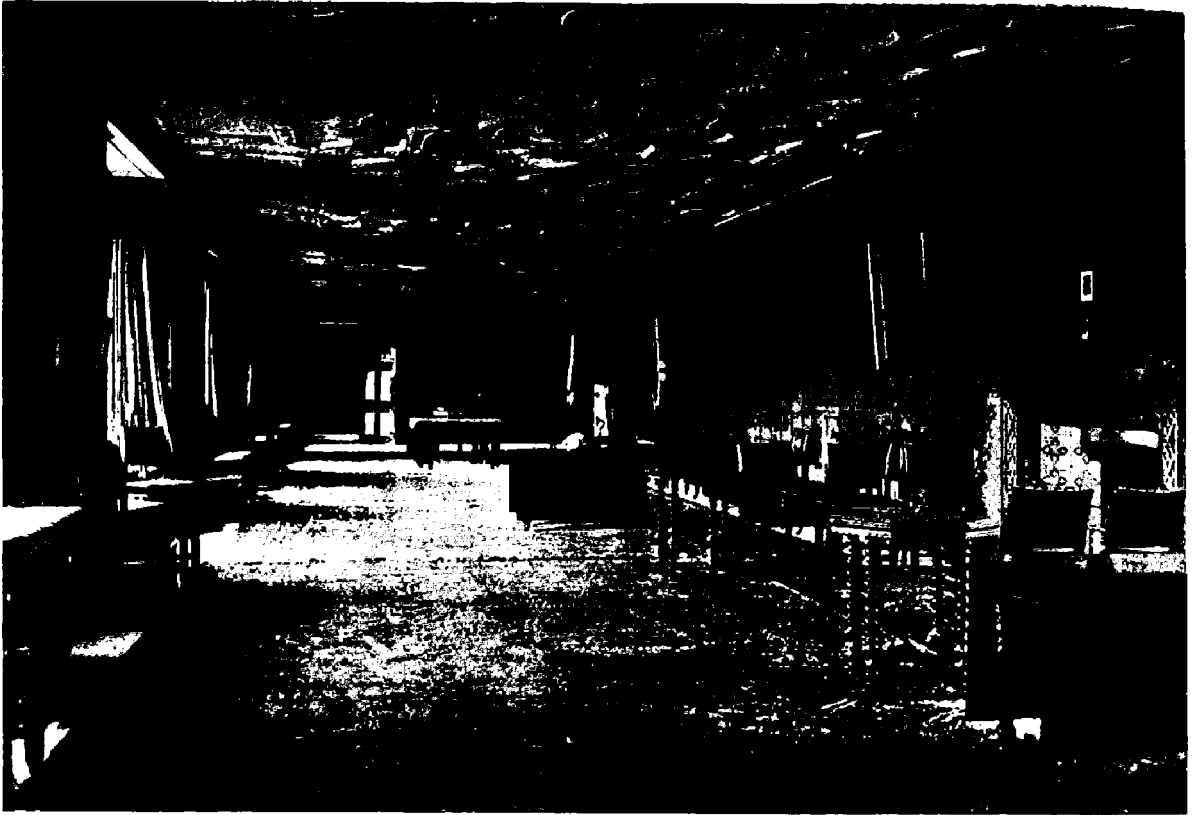
the handsome carving. Soon the Master and the dons come in and give Tommy new food for reflection.

Chapel over, it is time for Hall. Save for the other Freshers, it is rather empty. One or two dons are at the high table, half-a-dozen senior men are laughing and talking at the third-year table, while he and the men of his year sit mute and shy at the Freshers' table. But this shyness soon wears

off, and before the end of Hall the Freshers are talking to each other, finding out names and exchanging school news. More than one finds mutual friends, and they even get as far as asking each other round to their rooms after Hall. It is then that Tommy discovers the advantage of making coffee and of smoking a pipe as if he were used to it. The others help themselves to cigarettes, and some of them don't look very happy.



TOMMY'S "ROOMS."



Messrs. Stearns,

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.

Cambridge.

So the first day of 'Varsity life ends ; Tommy has broken the ice, and has won a certain amount of respect among his fellow Freshers by his nice little ways, his geniality, and his *savoir faire*.

The first week is uneventful, not to say dull. Tommy has been duly summoned before the tutor, who is affability itself. He calls Tommy "Mr. Dodds," hopes he will be happy during his stay at Cambridge, and trusts he will be a credit to the college. Thence he is sent on to the don who will look after his work. This interview is hardly pleasant, but not alarming. In a day or two he is taken with the others to the Senate House to be matriculated, which is a long word, and might be written £ s. d. He has got some new furniture, smartened up his rooms, unpacked his china, and feels almost comfortable amid his new surroundings.

By this time the second and senior year men are coming up. Every train brings a fresh batch, and the courts of Hilary's are full of porters wheeling luggage to the different rooms, of gyps and bedders bustling about getting things ready, and of old friends shaking hands and being delighted to see one another again and to begin another year of good comradeship and frolic. Tommy and Co. feel rather out of all this, especially as these great men hardly seem to notice their existence. But

Tommy is not aware that the boat captain has already spotted him, and the rugger captain thinks he would look well in a scrum. Now Hall presents a different appearance. All the dons are up, and chat gaily, and perhaps cleverly, at the high table. The fine old place echoes with the clatter of plate and glass ; from every table comes the sound of laughter and merriment. Good stories fly around, and nick-names are exchanged. The Freshers, feeling that they are being criticised, put on their easiest and most jovial manners.

When Tommy returns to his rooms after a visit to an "out-coll." man, he finds a pile of visiting cards from the second-year men. He knows enough about 'Varsity etiquette to return these calls in person, and to continue doing so till he finds their various owners in. It is now that he meets some third-year men, and wonders at their ties and fancy waistcoats, their meerschaums and strong "baccies." He finds them a very genial lot, but ready enough to sit on an unlucky Fresher who dares to presume.

One evening Tommy is sitting at his fire with some friends, when a thundering knock comes at his oak. He gets up and finds that he has unwittingly "sporting."

"What the deuce are you sporting for?" says the irate visitor

Before Tommy can explain, the boat captain, for it is *he*, asks him if he can row, if he wants to, tells him he has to, adds, "You will find your name in the tubbing list on the screens," and departs.

Tommy has barely recovered from the boat captain when the rugger ditto makes his appearance, but he is more suave; for the soccer captain is on the prowl. He finds out that Tommy wants to play, and that he was in his school fifteen.

"All right, Dodds. Come down to the ground on Monday at two. We are going to have a practice game."

Another evening the secretary of the debating club enters. He has heard that Dodds was a luminary at school, and will he open the Freshers' debate on Saturday night? Thanks him very much; gives him a subject, "That in the opinion of this house girls should be boys, or as like them as it's possible to be," and, before Tommy can refuse, is downstairs. For the rest

of the week Tommy ponders over this momentous question, and by the time that Saturday evening arrives he has his arguments pat.

The "Reader" is full of senior men curious to see the Freshers as orators, or anxious to display their easiness before the awkwardness of their juniors.

The president has been bated, questions have been asked and answered, repartees have been

revived, and then the president rises, reads the motion, and says:—

"I call on Mr. Dodds to open."

Tommy gets on his feet feeling very hot and nervous, pulls himself together, and begins in his best style:—

"Mr. President and gentlemen——"

"Order! Order!" from the senior men.

"Please address the chair, sir," cries the president, sternly. Tommy looks bewildered,

all his ideas have gone; he blushes and stammers, until a friendly voice whispers:—

"Say 'Sir!'"

Tommy once more pulls himself together, and says, "Sir," in a loud and determined voice; then, gathering strength as he proceeds, delivers himself of his views in a clear and calm manner, and finds that when he once more resumes his seat, he is greeted with cheers. He now feels at home, and listens carefully to the oratorical efforts of the others. At the end of the debate he is again called on, and is again

cheered when he has polished off his opponents' arguments.

"Jolly good speech, Dodds," says the secretary, who is a big Union man. "You ought to join the Union."

Meanwhile, Tommy has been to the practice game, and acquitted himself with some credit. He is picked for the first match, plays up all he knows, and is asked by the rugger secretary to tea. This he enjoys immensely, and so he



Messrs. Stearns,

A COLLEGE HALL.

Cambridge.

*Messrs. Stearn,*

PUZZLE: FIND THE OTHER BOAT!

Cambridge.

ought; for it is one of the jolliest functions at the 'Varsity. You come in glowing from the struggle, ready to sacrifice your Hall to cup after cup of foaming tea, innumerable pieces of cake, and a good pipe. You sit round a blazing fire, and talk of the episodes in the game. Tommy looks forward to a good many more jolly afternoons of this kind.

In obedience to the boat captain, he goes down in Freshers' "longs" to the river, and hangs about in the cold until he and another victim are taken out in a "tub" pair. He finds that, although he can pull a boat along at a picnic, "rowing" at the 'Varsity is another story. Will he ever learn the twenty-seven essentials of one stroke? However, he sticks to it; comes down every day when he is not at rugger, and eventually finds himself in a "Crock eight." Now he experiences the delights of Barnwell; he makes acquaintance with the not unpicturesque reaches of the Cam below the "Pike and Eel," and sees real live Blues coaching on horseback, or rowing in Light Fours. The sight of these and of the trial eights teaches Tommy more rowing than he got from his coach's stormy language; and at the end of his first term he is looked on as a good man for the Lents.

Of course, Tommy goes to lectures, and cuts them; keeps chapels, and gets "gated" for not keeping them. He gets progged for smoking in cap and gown; goes to the New Theatre and many smokers. At Hilary's he

takes a prominent part in the Freshers' smoker; he has a big voice, and sings out like a Briton. His rollicking ditties soon become popular, and he is asked to sing at the College Smoker, which he does with great gusto and success. On Sunday he makes up a four at "brunch"; and when they have all put away from them the desire of eating and drinking and smoking, with a chosen pal he goes to King's, and, if he is fond of music, listens with delight to the splendid choir, and the thundering peals of the organ.

And so the term rolls on, and, in spite of the many events that have been crowded into it, it seems but yesterday when he came up, a shy and nervous Fresher. He is still a Fresher, but his shyness has disappeared. He has made many friends, and few enemies, and when at last he goes "down" to the bosom of his adoring family, he feels that he has had a thundering good time his first term.

Having made a mark in the Crock eights, he has to be "up" early to be tubbed for the Lents. By the time the other men are up, Tommy has been out several times in the Lent boat. This term rowing is more severe. Now they always go to Baitsbite and back, where before they usually rowed to the "Pike and Eel." The coach is mounted, and their doings are watched by the other crews. Soon Tommy experiences a new joy—going into training. At seven o'clock the little cox rous him and the others out of their beauty

sleep: then, after a plunge in his icy-cold tub, he slips into flannels and joins the rest of the crew for their morning walk. They don't talk much, for it is pretty chilly in Cambridge, but they trip on smartly, and get back to breakfast with a beautiful edge to their appetites. Tommy enjoys these training breakfasts. Everyone is in the best of health and spirits, and the noise and fun that will come from eight and a-half men in this state can be easily imagined. But there are drawbacks; you must only have one small cup of tea; you have to eat more than you are used to, and, worst of all, there is no pipe for you at the end of it. Tommy misses this fearfully at first, but he has to get used to it. Towards the end of training Tommy does a "Clayhythe touch" in the Lent boat; in other words, they go for a long pull to Clayhythe, a village about three miles below Baitsbite. There they have tea, and come back to Baitsbite in one piece. It is a fine thing, if you are comfortable in the boat, and it pulls the men together. At Hall Tommy says good-bye to the Freshers' table and sits with the Lent boat crew. If training breakfasts are lively, training Halls are livelier: the day's work is done, the appetite is immense, and the hard work makes you feel as fit as a fiddle. After Hall the crew will sometimes indulge in a little port, after which to bed at half-past ten to sleep like a top till the cox rakes you out again.

But the Races are near at hand; the boat now indulges in short bursts, Red Grinds and Long Reaches, until at length the first day of the Races arrives, and Tommy and his

friends are waiting on the bank, cold and shivering, in spite of their sweaters and blazers. Bang! goes the first gun; they strip and get into their boat, feeling very creepy-crawly. Bang! goes the second gun, and they are shoved off into mid-stream, the cox holding the chain that keeps their boat the proper distance from the others. The coach stands on the bank with a watch in his hand, counting the seconds.

"Half a minute gone!" he yells. "Quarter more—ten, five, four, three, two, one——"

Bang!—the oars dash into the water, and they are off!

Tommy can only see the shoulders of the man in front of him swinging steadily forwards and backwards. He can hardly hear the shouts of the Hilary men on the bank. Soon he feels his boat rocking in rough water. Before he can make up his mind what it is, the cox yells out "Easy all!" He looks round and sees the nose of his boat running along the stern of the boat in front, and hears the cheers of the men on the bank. "Well rowed, you men! well rowed, Hilary's!" and he discovers they have made a bump. Then they put into the bank, don their blazers, and stick up their flag in the stern of the boat. The boats behind them sweep by, and they again embark as heroes, and paddle down to the railway bridge. Then, in victorious procession, they march to the boat-house; when they troop into Hall they are met with a deafening cheer, the dons smile benignly from the "high table," and they set to, feeling very pleased with themselves.

This victorious career is pursued for the next



Messrs. Stearn,

"WELL ROWED, YOU MEN!"—AFTER A BUMP.

Cambridge.



Messrs. Stearns.

AFTER THE BALL. Six a.m. in the Market Place.

Cambridge.

three nights, and who can tell the delight of Tommy when he makes his fourth bump and carries back his oar in triumph to the boat-house? This oar will be painted up, the names of the crew inscribed thereon, and it will be hung up in his room, and remain one of the most precious treasures of his Varsity life.

What cheering there is when Tommy and the others get back to college, and how they relish a good smoke and a big tea! But better is to follow.

The captain has paid a visit to the Dean, and comes back with the fore-gone conclusion that there is to be a "bump supper." At eight o'clock the crew come into Hall and sit with their coach and captain at the high table, smiling at the admiring college beneath them.

After supper come speeches and toasts *ad lib.* Then into the court to have a bonfire, if they can, and heaps of fun anyhow. All this Tommy likes immensely, and is first and foremost in all that goes on. But, it must be confessed, he feels rather knocked up next day; but he soon gets over this, and feels and looks better for the part he took in the Lent races.

After the Lents come Soccer Sixes and Rugger Nines, in which Tommy, of course, participates; they are great fun, and an unathletic man often finds in them a taste for footer.

So the Lent Term comes to an end, and again Tommy goes down home, or more probably to stay with a friend.

Next term he is summoned up early by the May boat captain, and Tommy now has to learn how to row on a "slider"; it is more difficult, but more comfortable than a fixed seat.

Practice for the Mays is much the same as for the Lents, except that you are rowing in sunshine and very often in great heat, for Cambridge is the hottest as well as the coldest place in England. The banks are prettier now with foliage and an occasional maiden; then the voice of the cox is heard: "Eyes in the boat, four!"—and "four" blushes.

Before the May boat goes into training Tommy tastes some of the joys of May Term in Cambridge. What can be more delicious than

lolling in a "canader" on the "Backs" with a friend, a novel, and a pipe? And then there are the Varsity tennis matches to see, and cricket at Fenner's. On Sunday, "brunch" is eaten to the accompaniment of a flood of sunshine and good spirits, and in the afternoon there is tea in the college garden under some chestnut in full bloom, or the service in glorious King's. Certainly, life in the May Term is worth living.

But once more the Races are drawing near, once more Tommy has his morning walk, and, in his turn, gives up his room for training breakfast; more "Clayhythetouches," and Long Reaches, and the May races begin.

Tommy has his people up, and, what with looking after them, and rowing, he

is rather busy; but his friend helps him in this arduous labour, and seems to enjoy it, for is there not his sister Gladys? But that is another story.

In the Mays, Hilary's makes three bumps, much to the joy of Tommy and his people, who are in the Paddock at Ditton, which is a glow of pretty dresses and prettier faces, while the tow-path is crowded with shouting, cheering men, in blazers of all colours of the rainbow. Again the men of Hilary's march in glory to



B. H. Lord,

"THE CHAIR, SIR!"

Cambridge.

the boat-house, and again there is a "bump supper." But the chief event of May week, at least to the ladies of Tommy's party, is the ball in the Combination Room. What a swing there is about it! and how pretty the girls look, how manly the men! Beginning late, it is not over till broad daylight, and then appears the photographer to place on record how they looked when the ball was over.

The rest of May week is spent in a

picnic up the Granta to Byron's Pool; paddling some fair friend along the "Backs"; May week Sunday at King's—one of the fairest sights of that gay time; with innumerable breakfasts, luncheons, teas, and dinners, which severely tax the capacity of the ladies.

Then Tommy says good-bye to his friends till next October, and goes down. His Fresher's days are over, never to return—days which he will remember and love as long as he lives.

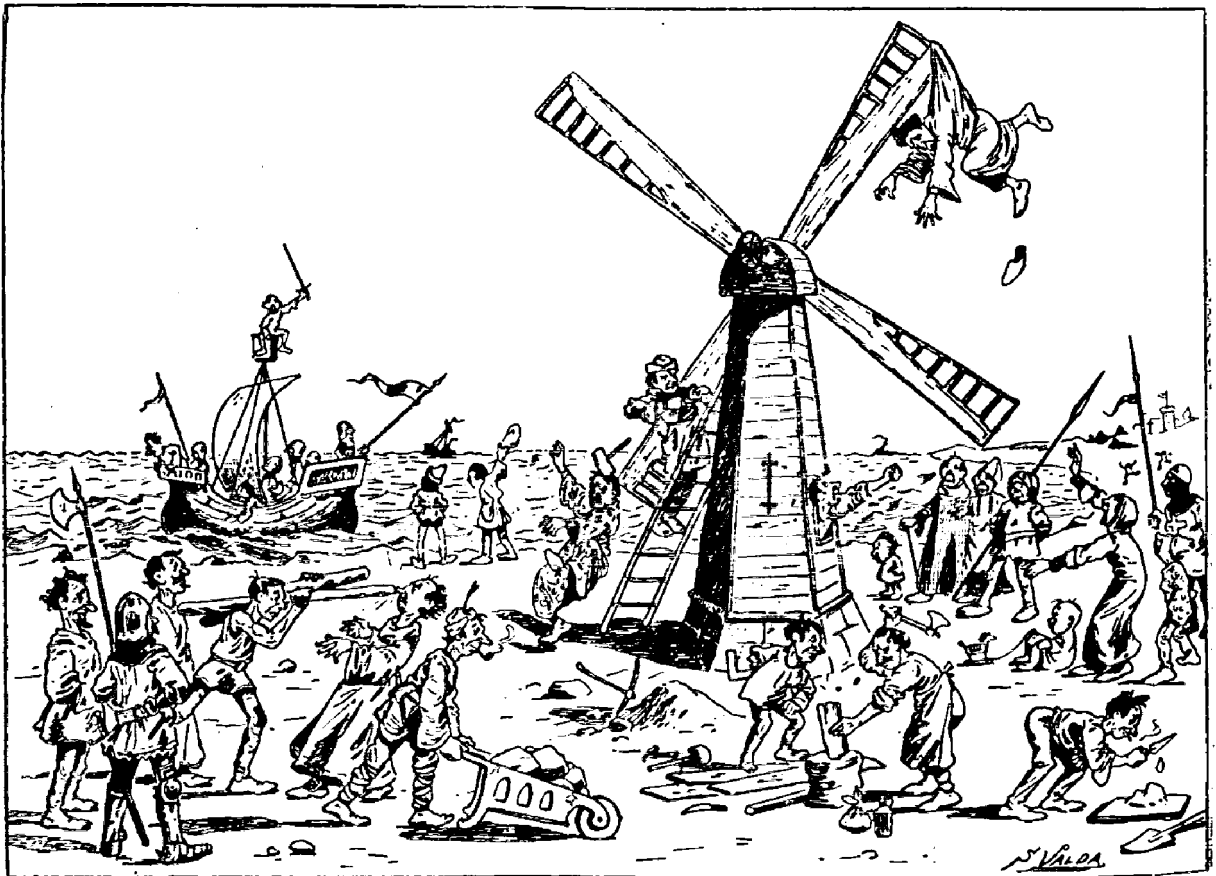
H. A. SAMS.



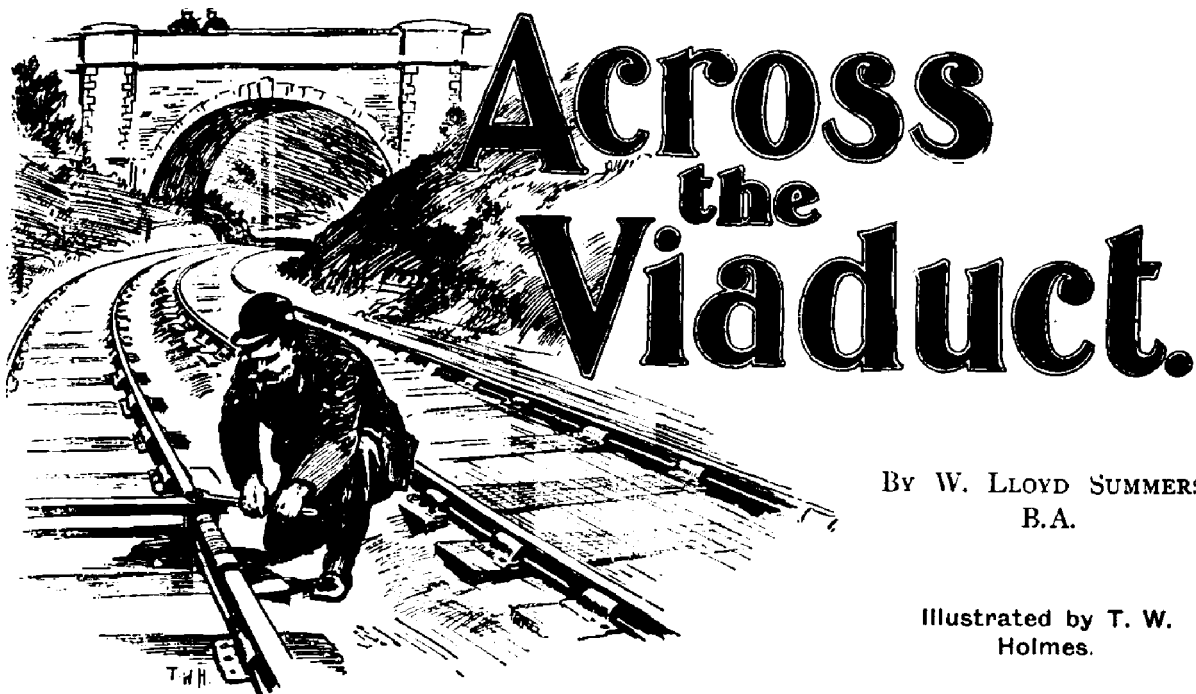
Messrs. Stearns,

CAVE CANEM!

Cambridge.

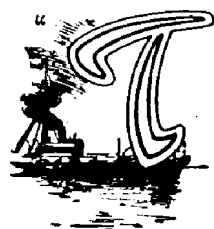


WINDMILLS FIRST ERECTED, 1299.



By W. LLOYD SUMMERS,
B.A.

Illustrated by T. W.
Holmes.



THIS is a beastly old hill; I'm about winded. Let's have an 'easy' at the bridge, and wait for the express, if it hasn't gone by yet."

"Right O! I was feeling the grind a bit myself—it's the lemonade at

Parley's, I expect—and we've heaps of time."

We had cycled to the river, and were now on our homeward run, toiling up the steep hill that ultimately brings you into Pensleigh. After our ride and a two hours' row on the river, we were both feeling that we had fairly earned a few minutes' rest.

Harry steered across the roadway and ran his machine alongside the bridge in order to watch for the coming express.

"I must oil up," I remarked, as I dismounted.

"My bike runs awfully stiffly."

"It generally does, Fred, on the return journey, just as you always notice that the wind chops round."

I was about to fling my oil-can at his head for this sarcasm, but he saved himself by excitedly exclaiming:—

"Great Scott! What on earth is that fellow up to?"

I looked over the coping of the bridge.

Down on the line, about fifty yards away, a man was bending over the metals as though examining the sleepers. The furtive glances which he repeatedly cast about him had raised

Harry's suspicions, otherwise we might have supposed that he was one of the permanent-way men doing some necessary repairs.

As there had lately been so many cases of train-wrecking mentioned in the papers, Harry's fertile brain at once jumped to the conclusion that the man below was preparing a similar outrage.

"We'll soon see what he's up to," I said, and gave a loud halloo.

Looking up, and seeing us watching him from the bridge, the man sprang precipitately up the embankment and disappeared into the thick wood at the top.

Harry's guess was right. No man would have fled from two school-boys if his conscience had been easy.

"Let's get down and see what he's been up to," I proposed.

Leaving our machines on the bridge, we scrambled down to the line, and soon reached the spot where the man had been at work.

The mischief was plain enough. A thick iron bar had been bolted to the metals in order to throw the next train off the line.

"I shouldn't think that this would do much damage," I said, kicking contemptuously at the obstacle.

But, to our surprise, the whole length of metal swung off and lay across the way. On looking a little more closely we found that the scoundrel had loosened the rivets, and knocked out wedges, so that the first train that

passed by would tear up the metals, with a probable result awful to contemplate.

What was to be done?

"It's the up line," said Harry, pulling out his watch. "The express is due at the junction at 4.5, and I should think it would reach here about the hour."

He stood for a moment silent, whilst I waited for his decision, knowing that he would make the necessary calculation in a quarter of the time that I should take.

"That'll be our best chance!" he declared, hurrying away in the direction of the bridge. "Come along, Fred! we must get our machines and ride along the line to the viaduct. On the further side is a signal-box—old 'Carrots,' you know—and, if we can only get there before the express passes, we can stop her in time."

In our hurry we nearly smashed our bicycles getting them down the steep embankment. But once we were down our path was fairly easy. A narrow track, trampled down by railway men on their way to and from work, allowed us to "scorch" along at our very best pace, and the thought of the imminent peril to which the express was exposed took away all recollection of our fatigue.

In a few minutes we came in sight of the viaduct. But here a grave difficulty must beset us. Our bicycles would be of no use

in this part of the journey, for the way was so narrow that the sleepers stretched across from side to side, and presented a series of obstacles such as none but a trick-rider could have been expected to surmount.

"We shall have to get off and use our legs," I shouted to Harry, who was following close on my back wheel.

But at the same moment the rolling sound of the express in the distance warned us that

we should not have sufficient time to cross the long viaduct before the train had passed the signal-box.

"She's done for," groaned Harry. "She'll be across before we've gone half way."

"There's only one chance, and that isn't possible," he exclaimed, and this Irishism would have made me laugh if things had not been so desperate.

"To ride along the parapet of the viaduct—but I'm mad even to think of it."

Such an idea would

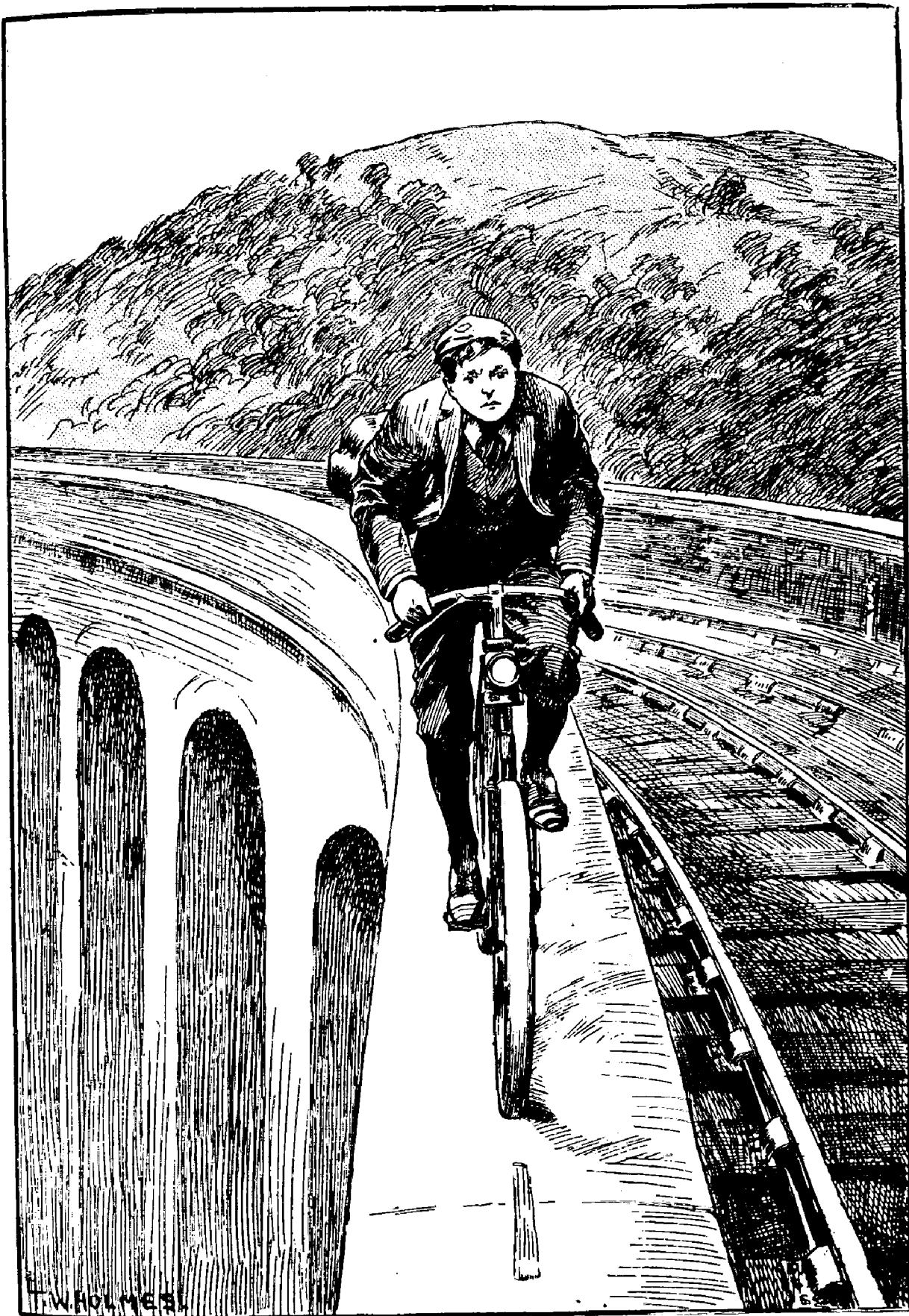
never have entered my head. Original ideas never do enter my brain—as old Dobbs, our mathematical master, is always telling me. But, now that Harry had suggested it, there seemed to be a possible chance of saving the train.

"It's quite 3ft. wide," he urged, "and we've often ridden one hundred yards and more without going outside a three-foot margin."

That was true, for it was a favourite feat



TO OUR SURPRISE THE WHOLE LENGTH OF METAL SWUNG OFF AND LAY ACROSS THE WAY.



THE FRONT WHEEL GRAZED THE EDGE OF THE PARAPET AGAIN AND AGAIN; BUT, AFTER ALMOST GIVING MYSELF UP FOR LOST, I FOUND MYSELF RIDING ONCE MORE IN THE VERY CENTRE OF MY NARROW PATH.

of mine to ride my bicycle in the playground over a narrow path marked out by a couple of lines of tape. It was, however, equally true that such a feat performed on *terra firma* was one thing, whilst riding a similar track eighty or ninety feet above a wide river was quite another.

"You won't do it?" Harry entreated.

I do not think my courage would have been equal to the task had it not been for the long shrill whistle which announced the approach of the express to Bardell Station; but the thought of all those passengers unconsciously hastening to their doom nerved me to make the attempt.

Leaving the track along which we had been riding, I drove my bicycle up a slight incline that fortunately led straight to the brick parapet of the viaduct.

This I struck at an angle that seemed sure to land me on the other side; but, although my wheel went perilously near the edge, I found myself in a straight line with the viaduct. Then I pedalled my hardest, knowing that I should "wobble" less the more quickly I rode. As the ground beneath me fell away and deepened, it seemed as though I were climbing a steep incline. The sensation was weird in the extreme, and my nerves were in such a state that I am not sure that I should not have hurriedly dismounted had it not been equally or even more safe to ride on. The front wheel grazed the edge of the parapet again and again; but, after almost giving myself up for lost, I found myself riding once more in the very centre of my narrow path.

When I reached the margin of the river I nearly lost my balance, for the stream being rapid my head began to swim as the whole viaduct appeared to be rushing furiously along

sideways. With a great effort I turned my eyes from the swirling waters beneath and fixed them on the further end of the viaduct, where stood the signal-box. At the top of the steps I could see "Carrots" wildly gesticulating at me.

I tried to shout to him, but my mouth was so dry and parched that I could not utter a word. Doubtless he was thinking that this was one of the "larks" with which we had often teased him.

The intervening space appeared to be rapidly decreasing, when a sudden gust of wind met me, and I wobbled until I thought I must

go over. But once more I steadied myself, and, with two-thirds of my journey completed, began to hope for success.

There was the near signal to be passed. It was a doubtful question whether the supports would permit me to ride under it. Fortunately, it was a high post, and, if I could steer my wheel well inside, I should probably be able to keep clear of the supports. Before I could quite make up my mind the signal-post appeared to flash by.

I felt a sharp pain at the top of my

head as the iron support tore off my cap and grazed my scalp. Then, with a great shock, the signal-box seemed to leap forward to meet me; my wheel struck violently against the side of the cabin, and I was falling.

The sensation of falling appeared to me to last a long time, and I wondered stupidly when the shock of meeting the earth would come. My life came before me in rapidly-passing scenes.

Yet, if the signalman and Harry Marsden are to be believed, my drop was simply from the parapet to the line, for with the greatest of good fortune I had fallen on the right side of the parapet whilst my machine fell on the other.



"UP WITH THE SIGNAL! STOP THE EXPRESS!" I SHOUTED.

Before "Carrots" could descend the steps to my help I had sprung up into the cabin.

"Up with the signal! Stop the express!" I shouted, and without a question the man drew over the lever.

An indignant whistle from the express sounded like the sweetest music in my ears, and I ran to the window and watched the train roll swiftly by, with steam shut off and shrieking brakes. It came to a standstill half way across the viaduct, within a few yards of the place where Harry was waiting.

I heard an exclamation behind me, and, turning, saw the signalman in the act of putting down the signal. Mad with fury, I threw myself on him. Was all my perilous task to have been in vain?

"You idiot!" I exclaimed, as I strove in vain to pull over the lever. "Do you want to have the death of all these people on your conscience?"

"You young fool!" was the signalman's equally violent reply. "You'll find you've played this game once too often. You'll neither pull that signal up again, nor will you get back to school until you've been before the magistrates."

While we were struggling, the cabin was filled with people, and I was forcibly pulled away from the infuriated man's grasp.

Fortunately, when the signal fell, Harry was able to warn the driver and his mate of the danger that lay ahead. Grumbling, and only half convinced, the fireman and both guards ran back to the cabin.

"Look here, young gents," said one of the guards, when we had told our tale. "We was

stopped only last week with a similar story. A fellow told Dick, here, that the tunnel had fallen in and we had to slow down—only to find it a plant!"

I did not know how we could prove our good faith to these doubters, but Harry's common sense suggested a way out of the difficulty.

"Did the chap who told you about the tunnel wait to see how you took the sell, or did he ride his bicycle across the parapet of this viaduct—as Fred Winter has in order to be in time to warn you?"

"That's true, Dick. He didn't wait, so far as I know. Perhaps these gents is right enough."

"Well, of course, you chaps can go on and commit suicide if you like—only it's rather rough on the passengers. Why don't you take us in the van with you? We can point out the very spot, and, if we've been hoaxing you, you can have your revenge before you say good-bye. It's a little hard, when a fellow has risked his life for yours, to assume he's a liar."



"WE WAS STOPPED ONLY LAST WEEK WITH A SIMILAR STORY."

It was indeed rough on us. But in a very few minutes a transformation scene took place, and while the line was being repaired I had to tell over and over again the details of my ride across the viaduct.

The scoundrel who had planned such a terrible disaster was caught soon after, and awarded a long spell of imprisonment.

The railway company sent me a brand new bicycle to replace the one I had so badly damaged in my charge upon the signal cabin.

WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL.

I.—Something in the City.

As this article will appear in July, when a large number of boys will be turning their backs upon school and all its associations, and preparing to shift for themselves in life, I propose to deal with several branches of employment into which it is possible to go without any special preliminary training or examination. I will take first of all the case of the boy who, when he leaves school, has no capital and practically no influence. He cannot have the benefits of a University education to turn him from a boy into a man, but he must go straightway from the school where he has been subjected to much wholesome discipline to find for himself a place in a world where he soon finds he is not much wanted.

Before he can get on at all, and can take his place in life as a man among men, he has certain hard lessons to learn which will prove a very severe test of his character. First of all he has to realise that he is just one among millions, that no man is indispensable, and that the most he can hope to do is to carve out for himself, with infinite labour, a little niche in the world where he can live and work to the full extent of his powers. At school, perhaps, especially if he has been at one of the smaller schools, he has been apt to regard himself as a person of some importance. He has been looked up to by his juniors, and his opinions have been treated with marked consideration. But now it is to be all different. He is a person of absolutely no importance, just one among hundreds of thousands of others cleverer, perhaps, and more brilliant than he, who wish to find an opportunity of earning their living and of advancing themselves in life.

That is the first hard lesson, and happy is he who realises it as early as possible.

Then, too, he has to learn the necessity of thinking for himself. In his school and home life his thinking has, in a large measure, been done for him. Certain rules and regulations were ever at his elbow, and there was always some convenient monitor at hand to jog his memory in case of forgetfulness, and, perhaps, to rub in the lesson by salutary measures. But now he is going out into the world, where the standards of school and home do not count for much, and where each man must determine for himself his own course of conduct. No one

is properly a man until he has learnt to stand on his feet and walk alone.

The social lessons which you have learnt at school and which will stand you in good stead in after life are the necessity of give and take in your relations with other men, the importance of self-control, of doing things heartily, of readiness to submit your will to that of another for the sake of a cause. All this may sound very much like a sermon, and may be totally unnecessary for the special reader who is perusing these lines. But my experience is that even if boys know these things theoretically, they do not make much practical use of them, and most of those who come direct from school to work, need a very great deal of "licking into shape."

Well, to return to this boy who is leaving school under the immediate necessity of earning some kind of livelihood. He has no wealthy parent or relation to say: "Here, my boy, I can find you a berth in my office," or to express a willingness to advance him necessary capital. The few friends he has are either unable or unwilling to assist him. In any case they have relations of their own who have prior claims upon them. So the boy must just shift for himself. Now, as there is a very strict rule of "nothing for nothing" in this world, let us just consider the market value of the boy. What is his stock-in-trade? He has, I will suppose, a fair general education; that is to say, he can read and write and add. He has some knowledge of geography and history, a smattering of one or two dead and modern languages. Perhaps he has even been wise enough to obtain some acquaintance with book-keeping and shorthand. He probably knows no one single thing well. There is nothing he can do conspicuously better than the rest of his fellows. His market value is therefore practically nil.

When a boy has once recognised this painfully humiliating fact, the next thing for him to do is to see whether, by the addition of a certain amount of ingenuity and enterprise, he cannot convert his depreciated stock-in-trade into coin of the realm. Probably he sees a large number of others no better equipped than himself managing to rub along and obtain a certain income.

Glancing down the advertisement columns of

a daily paper, he sees, under the heading "Situations Vacant," that many clerks, junior clerks, agents, travellers, etc., are required. Some of those advertising for junior clerks even specify that they especially desire youths straight from school. Here, he thinks, is his opportunity. Well, it may be, and it may not be. But at any rate he can do no harm by making an application. Now comes the question of writing the letter. What shall he say, and what shall he omit? His very chance of gaining an appointment may depend upon his method of expressing himself and the neatness of his handwriting.

The letter should be short, business-like, and to the point, stating age, qualifications, salary expected. It is no use giving a list of prizes won in the classics, but it might be of use to mention prizes in arithmetic, book-keeping, or handwriting.

Here is a very fair sample letter:—

DEAR SIR,

Re your advertisement in ——— of to-day, the 15th inst., I should like to make an application. I am sixteen years of age, and have been educated at ——— School. I am quick at figures and have some knowledge of book-keeping, and won two prizes in these subjects while at school.

The head master of ——— School, the Rev. J. A. Cassock, rector of ——— Parish, and Mr. Friendliman will be pleased to answer any questions you may care to put with regard to my ability and character.

With reference to salary, I should be pleased to come at an initial sum of 15s. to £1 per week, and if you decide to offer me the appointment I am prepared to devote myself entirely to your service, and I do not think you will find me lacking in energy or ability.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours obediently,

JOHN JONES.

The employer, reading a letter like the above, thinks that young Jones is a very sensible and modest young fellow, and if the letter be in a neat, clear handwriting, he is very likely to offer our friend the situation. When answering advertisements *it is generally a good plan to enclose a stamped addressed envelope*, as a speedy reply is often gained by it.

Let us suppose that young Jones receives a reply asking him to call upon the advertiser at ten o'clock the following morning. Now is his chance to put the finishing touch to the good impression already created by his letter. He should go punctually to the moment, dressed neatly and carefully. He should not put on new clothes, nor should his appearance suggest that he has just stepped out of a band-box.

I knew a young fellow once who lost a berth that was almost in his grasp by appearing before his employer with a large buttonhole in his coat and a half-burnt cigar in his gloved hand.

The proper costume is a black morning coat, or, in winter, an overcoat and silk hat. Patent boots are not to be recommended for the city, and I should advise any aspirant for a situation to take off the first bloom from a pair of new tan gloves before appearing in them in the presence of his presumptive employer.

Some, boys, perhaps, will think all these directions very trivial and unnecessary, but as a matter of fact, it is impossible to insist too strongly on the tremendous importance of little things. It is the apparently trivial things that indicate character, and the employer who wants a good hard-working clerk will be as little likely to engage a man who looks like a dandy as he will to engage a shabby out-at-elbows looking fellow.

But we will suppose that Jones's appearance satisfies the critical eye of his employer, who speaks unto him thus:—

"You say you have had no experience. Well, come for a month on trial, and see what you can do. At the end of a month you shall have 15s. a week."

Jones accepts the proposal with alacrity, and on the following day starts on the first rung of the ladder that is to lead him to success. The hours are rather long—nine to six, with half-an-hour for lunch—and the work is somewhat tedious and monotonous. At first it consists for the most part in checking invoices, adding up long rows of columns, copying letters, and such-like clerical work. But he does not allow the monotony of it to daunt him. He shows readiness, good temper, and energy in all that he does. At the end of a month he gains the post permanently, and has regular work given to him. He is responsible for certain books and accounts in connection with one branch of the business. Time goes on, and his responsibilities increase. He is always punctual and reliable. His salary increases every six months. In a few years he is earning a good income, and by the time his school-fellows who have been at the 'Varsities and preparing for professions are just starting, Jones has already achieved a position for himself.

Of course it is weary work, and no doubt he often feels inclined to throw it all over, but industry and energy always tell in the long run.

This is no fancy picture that I draw. It is possible for everyone, by steadiness, punctuality, and energy to build up for himself a decent position and a fair income.

At the present time there is a friend of my acquaintance who is manager of a large publishing business, with a salary of £1,200 per annum. He is only thirty now. He had no influence nor money. He entered the firm at the age of seventeen, at a salary of 10s. a week, and he has worked himself up to his present position solely by his own merits.

There is, no doubt, another side to the picture which is less pleasant, but the experience of several well-known City men, whom I have consulted for the purposes of this article, is that, given a start in a good firm at the age of seventeen, there is no reason why a youth of average ability should not be able to make at least £300 per annum before he is thirty. That so many fail to do so is due either to irregularity of conduct, unpunctuality, exceptional stupidity, or extremely bad health.

Most of the positions in the best firms are done by introduction, and not by advertisement, and it is always best for the boy who wants immediate and regular employment to obtain some good introduction if possible. Care must always be taken in answering advertisements. So many of them are from shady firms and adventurers, who seek either to obtain some small premium from the prospective clerk, or who try to get his services for as long as possible free of charge, only to cast him adrift as soon as he begins to demand a salary.

I shall now pass on to some clerkships which require either the passing of a competitive examination or some special qualification in the candidate, and which offer good prospects for the penniless youth requiring immediate work.

First of all, there are a large number of clerkships in connection with the London County Council which offer good opportunities and regularly increasing salaries. Candidates, who must be over eighteen and under twenty-three, are required to pass an entrance examination. This consists of seven obligatory subjects and two or three optional subjects, as follows:—

OBLIGATORY SUBJECTS.	MARKS.
(1) Handwriting, (2) Orthography, (3) English Composition, (4) Shorthand or Bookkeeping	150
(5) Arithmetic (including Cube Root, Mensuration, Vulgar Fractions, and Decimals	200
(6) Geography, (7) Compound Addition	100

Half of the maximum marks must be gained before a candidate will be admitted to take at least two, but not more than four, of the optional subjects, which are algebra, drawing,

theoretical mechanics, chemistry, Latin, French, or German.

Candidates are not always selected in order of merit; exceptional ability in any subject necessary for the vacant appointment may secure it for a candidate apart from his position in the list of successful competitors. All candidates must undergo a medical examination, and be certified free from all physical defects.

There are various divisions in the clerkships offered by the London County Council, and transference from the lower to the higher divisions depends upon the merit of the clerk, and the obtainment of a satisfactory certificate of conduct from the head of the department.

The following table shows rates of remuneration:—

CLASS.	COMMENCING SALARY.	YEARLY RISE.	MAXIMUM.
1 (upper)	£245	£15 first year, then £20	£300
1 (lower)	£200	£15	£245
2	£150	£12 10s.	£200
3	£100	£10	£150
4	£80	£5	£100

The various railway companies of the United Kingdom also require a large number of clerks. To secure employment it is best, if possible, to obtain a nomination from a director of the company chosen, and then make an application to the district superintendent. An examination has usually to be passed, consisting of writing from dictation, reading, geography, composition, English grammar, and arithmetic. Shorthand is always a great advantage. Boys are taken between the ages of fourteen and fifteen at a commencing salary of £20 per annum, rising by £5 and £10 annually to £60 in the sixth year. Several of those holding very high positions on our railway companies have started in this way.

The shipping trade also offers a large field of employment, and affords many good openings for a successful commercial career.

The clerk who means to get on and improve his position will study in his leisure hours the special subjects in connection with the particular business he is engaged in. A thorough knowledge of a modern language will always prove useful. The reason why German clerks are in some places ousting Englishmen is on account of their command of several languages. The head of a large business firm recently com-

plained in the daily press that of his sixty English clerks not a single one could write a letter in French or German, so that he had been compelled to employ a German clerk who could attend to the French, German, and Italian correspondence.

A. E. MANNING FOSTER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. S.—Stamps are not in my department. Have handed them on to the sub-editor, who knows everything about everything.

G. C. K. (BRISTOL).—Clerkships at the Admiralty are filled in the same way as the other branches of the Civil Service—by competitive examination.

Male Sorter.—Examinations are held about every four months, and applications to compete should be addressed to the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon Row, Westminster, S.W.

F. W. D. (BRISTOL).—Your desire to be a "proof-reader" is somewhat vague. Do you wish to take up sub-editorial work on a newspaper, or are you content to become a printer's reader? Write me more definitely.

"Georgie," and others—I cannot give you the name of a coach in the paper, as it would be against our rules, but if you send me your name and address and a stamped envelope, I will reply to you privately by post.

F. J. P.—No, it is not necessary for you to be a certain number of inches round the chest, nor is your height taken into consideration. The medical examiners require that you should be free from all physical defects and that you should be normally healthy.

Major R. (CORK).—I have sent you, by post, the name of a reliable coach. As your son's name is down on the Home Secretary's list he will be duly informed when to present himself for examination. Let me know if I can assist you in any further manner.

W. A. K. (LONDON, N.W.).—It is not true that you cannot get on in the Civil Service without influence. By industry and ability it is possible, as I said in my article, to rise to very good positions, starting at the very bottom. There are many instances of such a thing.

Edith (TORQUAY).—Yes. I am just as pleased to answer letters from girls as from boys. Many thanks for your good wishes. The Editor of THE CAPTAIN looked very proud of himself when I gave him your message. You are only one of many hundreds of girls who have written.

Librarian.—The salary of the chief librarian at the Guildhall is £750 a year. The head librarian of a big borough's series of libraries—i.e., a central and its branches—is usually paid at salaries ranging from £250 to £500. Most chief librarianships carry a free residence with coal and gas.

Laurence T., James E., and others.—No, I have not forgotten readers who intend to adopt the "learned professions." I am preparing articles upon the Church, the Medical Profession, the Army and Navy. In the meantime I shall be glad to answer any questions relating to employments or professions of all kinds.

G. M. T. (HULL).—From what you tell me you should have little difficulty in getting through the examination for Second Division Clerkships in the Civil Service. I should advise you to go to a good coach before presenting yourself for examination, as the papers set are of a rather tricky character. Shall be pleased to hear from you again.

Bluff.—No, I do not believe that men can succeed by mere cheek and capacity for bluffing alone. To be able to make the best of one's own abilities is a very desirable quality, and the showy man has always a start in life's handicap. But in the long run patience and hard work always tell. Cheek may succeed for a time, but it is solidity which endures.

Danvers.—The preliminary essentials for journalism may be stated thus: (1) A good, sound constitution and good eyesight; (2) A good, general education; (3) A retentive memory; (4) A liking for books and reading; (5) Any amount of energy. Look out for an article entitled: "A Day in the Life of a Pressman," which the Editor tells me will appear in an early number of THE CAPTAIN. I shall probably do an article on journalism for the Employment Series a little later on.

H. S. B.—I should most certainly advise you to keep your son at school for the present, until he is old enough to go up for the examination for the Second Class Clerkships. He should have no difficulty, from what you tell me, in passing the examination well when his time comes, and a good education will always be of the greatest service to him. He seems to be a boy of exceptional promise, and, of course, a University career would be the thing for him if it could be managed. Why not let him work up for a scholarship? There are plenty of good ones, ranging in value from £80 to £150, for boys between seventeen and nineteen, both at Oxford and Cambridge.

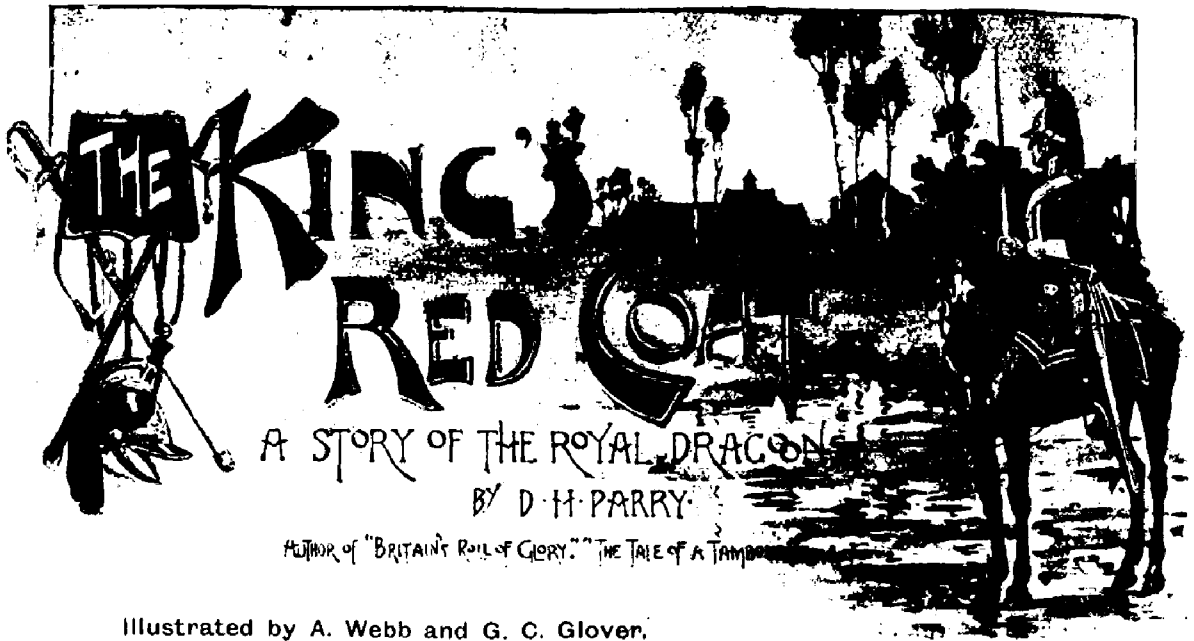
E. M.—It is rather difficult for me to give you any information, as you do not state your age nor whether you are ready to devote any time to preparation for examinations. The fact that you have been rejected by a medical man is not necessarily a final bar to promotion in the General Post Office. Perhaps if, as you say, there is really nothing serious the matter with you, you might pass the medical examination next year, and obtain the position you desire. I do not understand what you mean by "a writer" in the Navy, but if you care to let me have another letter, later on, putting things more definitely, I shall be pleased to give you any further information that lies in my power.

E. A. H.—I can quite understand your difficulty about your eldest son. It will not be easy for him to obtain a post with good prospects, which will be remunerative at once. If he has a decided taste for engineering, would it be possible for him to attend some classes in his spare time? You will see all about "How to Become an Engineer," in this number of THE CAPTAIN, and there should be some information in the article which will be of service to you. I should not advise your son to enter for the Civil Service. As you say he is slow at figures and not particularly good at examination, it would probably only be so much time wasted. Please let me hear from you again if I can help you in any way.

F. G. C.—I am very glad that my article has made you realise that there are plenty of chances left for you in life. You should have no difficulty in passing the examination necessary for a Junior Clerkship in the Foreign Office, provided you go to a good coach and are ready to give at least six months' study to the necessary subjects. With regard to the clerkships in Parliament, the limits of age for these posts are nineteen and twenty-five. The obligatory subjects of the examination (for which a fee of £6 is required) are handwriting, lithography, English composition, history and Latin. The optional subjects (of which only two may be taken) are Greek, elementary mathematics, French and German. Vacancies do not occur very often, however, and it is necessary to obtain a nomination for the posts from the Clerk of the House.

A. E. M. F.

(Space prevents the insertion of further replies this month. All correspondents enclosing a stamped addressed envelope will receive a reply by post.)



Illustrated by A. Webb and G. C. Glover.

SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—VIII.)

It is the period of the great Peninsular War, and Will Mortimer, the hero, is home from Westminster School for the holidays. He is wild to go a-soldiering, and the presence of a recruiting party in the village adds fuel to his desire; but his father, Squire Mortimer, pretends that he will have none of it, and Will makes up his mind to enlist. News of the victory of Salamanca arrives by the coach. The village turns out, and Will, imploring his father for the last time, learns that he has been gazetted cornet in the 1st Royal Dragoons. He is rigged out with a uniform, and with all possible speed accompanies his uncle, Captain Dick Datchett, of the 10th Hussars, to Spain. Heavy weather overtakes them as they are journeying across country to join the English army, and they seek shelter in some out-buildings of a farm. Here they are discovered by some French cavalry, commanded by the Chef d'escadron Zaminski; a hand-to-hand fight ensues, and eventually Will and the captain cut their way through to the English lines. Will rides up to his regiment, but hardly has he been introduced to his brother officers, when a shell enters the chest of his horse and explodes.

CHAPTER IX.

"DRAGOONS TO THE FRONT!"

Two clouds of dust hung above the surface of the parched plain.

One of them was a dense, almost impenetrable veil, rising high in the air, and visible for miles, like a great white serpent.

It marked the march of many men, and the blazing May sun flashed bright gleams of brass and steel from it, while what little wind there was brought the rumble and clatter of gun-wheels to the ear.

The other cloud was quite an insignificant affair

in comparison; a mere puff on the surface of the plain, caused by a single figure galloping his hardest to come up with the rest—a scarlet figure on a black mare, the mare in a lather of foam.

Long months in hospital had made the face thinner, and there were lines about the cheeks that put at least two years on to his age, but it was Will Mortimer, sure enough; with the same eager eyes, now lighting up with joy at the sight of the troops, and the same long nervous legs that lifted Ladybird over the ground.

When Dick Datchett and the dragoon officers saw the shell enter the chest of the grey troop-horse on that rainy November evening, above the Huebra ford, it seemed absolutely beyond a human doubt that Will was dead.

There had been a horrid crash, a blinding shower of hideous fragments, and then a pause of several seconds, when men's hearts tightened and limbs refused to move.

Then they drew near the rent in the earth, and sprang from their saddles at the sight that met their gaze.

Of the horse there was not an atom left, but the rider lay stretched on his back, motionless as a statue, yet apparently unhurt!

They raised him, and he still breathed; they fetched a surgeon from the nearest regiment, and the surgeon said: "There's life in him," and that being so, straightway proceeded to well-nigh bleed him to death, which was the habit of doctors in those days.

And all the while the shells had been dropping about them, and the guns thundered down below

* Several well authenticated incidents of this nature are on record of the Napoleonic wars; Pajol escaped from such an one at Leipsic with some ribs and his left arm broken.—D. H. P.

at the river side, and Datchett's face was as white as his leather breeches as he knelt beside the unconscious lad.

They carried him in a cloak, a dragoon at each corner, keeping step like the Highlanders who brought Sir John Moore into Corunna, and it was forty-eight hours before Will opened his eyes in the Royals' bivouac near Ciudad Rodrigo.

But that was by no means all; he lay powerless to speak or move, and when the regiment took up its winter quarters at Alcantara, their new cornet had still not uttered a word.

They used to go and see him, and prod him with their fingers, and shout into his ears, but it was no good; the shock seemed to have paralysed him, and the colonel shook his head.

"Fine young fellow, but I don't see what we can do with him," he said.

"By Jove," lisped the Hon. Marmaduke Fitznumbskull, who fancied himself a wit, but was only a lieutenant, "he's a kind of—er—sleeping beauty—er—couldn't we use him as a sort of mess trophy—he wouldn't take up much room if we stood him in a corner on guest-nights—but, by gad, doctor, would he *keep*?"

"Yes, sir, he will keep until you want him," said Dick Datchett sharply. "If you are in a hurry I shall be very happy to oblige you!" and the fiery captain bowed significantly.

The Hon. Marmaduke made haste to apologise, but the soubriquet of "sleeping beauty" clung to Will for the rest of his service.

Then came long leagues in a dreadful bullock-wagon without springs; months at the well-known hospital at Belem, where the doctors could make nothing of him, and were on the point of invaliding him home, when, with the dawning of the year, there happened a strange thawing of mind and body.

He found his tongue suddenly, and his first utterance was "Where's the regiment?"

Captain Dick—who was nothing if he were not the most thoughtful of uncles, and who, moreover, had never lost hope when he found the lad still alive—had sent Ladybird down to Belem and paid for her tending, and, one fine May morning about three months after the recovery of his

powers, Will set out to join for the second time.

Major Purvis of the Royals mopped his neck and longed for a breath of fresh air.

He was covered from head to heel with dust, he inhaled dust, he could barely see his charger's head for the blinding, never-ending cloud that encompassed the squadron, and, unable to endure it



A SCARLET FIGURE ON A BLACK MARE.

any longer, he pulled his horse out of the line of march and blew like a grampus.

"If Monsieur Villatte came upon us just now," thought the major, "there would be some vacancies in this brigade," and then, swinging round in his saddle as the swish of galloping hoofs sounded close beside him in the loose sand, he

made a half movement to grasp his sword-hilt, and the next moment found himself grasping a strong young hand instead, as Will greeted him by name and reined Ladybird down to a walk.

"This time, sir, I have joined for good and all!" panted the cornet, laughing through the grime that covered him.

"Pon my honour, Mr. Mortimer, you seem destined to surprise us all along the line," said the major, who really looked for a while as though he had seen a wraith, Will's advent had been so sudden and unexpected.

He had no time to say more, though, for the trumpet sounded to trot, and, bidding Will keep close beside him for the present, he gained the head of his squadron, and for the next five minutes all was jingle of scabbards and creak of leather, and the acrid odour of sweating horses.

They left the dust behind them as the brigade soon got upon a stretch of grass land, and it was a beautiful sight to watch the regiments emerge from the cloud into the brilliant sunlight, in full view of Salamanca on its three hills above the River Tormes.

Will was silent, but his eyes were wide open.

At last he could stand it no longer, and ventured to speak to the major, whose attention was riveted on a silver stretch of river glistening among the poplars straight ahead.

"What are we going to do, sir?" he queried.

"Give the enemy a licking in return for Burgos," replied the major. "This is a general advance, boy, and there's no knowing where we shall stop in the long run. Wellington bade adieu to Portugal, and he's not the man to indulge in theatrical effect without reason."

As the cavalry of Fane's brigade wound through a piece of broken ground, Will saw that they were accompanied by a troop of Horse Artillery, and in a few minutes the trot broke into a cantering gallop, and one of the general's aides came dashing by from the head of the column.

He slackened speed as he drew near the major, whom he knew, and shouted: "Villatte is retiring on Cabrerizos. It's going to be a fox-chase, Purvis—he won't stand!"

The major smiled grimly, and looked at the men of his own troop, who also smiled grimly among themselves, and then the column halted while the leading files entered the ford beyond the poplars, feeling their way carefully as the water was deep.

Will was forcibly reminded of the passage of another ford six months before, and he missed the presence of Captain Dick, who, the major told him, had left the brigade when Slade handed over the command to Major-General Fane.

Presently the scarlet horsemen moved forward once more. The guns found a shallow where the water only came to the axles, and once on the opposite bank orders were given to draw swords and push on at speed.

"Royals to the front!" cried Lieut.-Colonel Clifton. "Come on, my lads, there's work after your own hearts yonder," and away beyond the slope of a green hill Will could see a mass of hurrying figures, with here and there the white tilt of a wagon among them.

He stood in his stirrups and craned forward, but the brigade was advancing at a fast trot; the dust rose again as they followed the winding of a sandy road, and his view was principally limited to the broad red backs and whisking plumes of the troopers in front of him.

The light dragoon aide went by like an arrow as he returned from the rear—a flash of blue, and buff, and gold-laced shako in the sunshine, and after him the Horse Artillery tore like the wind, leaving a shower of sparks from their fire buckets, and making noise enough to wake the Seven Sleepers.

"Humph!" grunted the major.

"Sir!" said Will, eager for information as to future possibilities.

"Bang!" went number one gun of the troop—and that was the beginning of it. Ladybird strained on the bit and bounded forward.

There was a little undulating tremor that shook the squadrons as some of the untrained horses plunged at the firing, and then, with the booming bass of the battery to play them on, the heavies swooped into a throng of French infantry huddled together in a gorge.

They had been faced about to stem our rush, but the guns had already shaken them, and there were heaps in the grass, and men writhing among the feet of their comrades, and more heaps under the hoofs of the advancing troopers. Will caught sight of one lad, immediately beneath him, hands stretched up in supplication, eyes starting with the agony of despair.

He thought somehow that the major's horse trod upon him, but he did not look to see—only from the trampled grass came a gurgling shriek that made him shiver.

"Right shoulders forward! charge!" shouted somebody in front, and after that Will's long sword was busy—all those long swords were busy, and a confused panorama of men in white linen overcoats was before his eyes, and he was cutting his way through them.

They made a brave stand, those stout little linesmen of Villatte's, cumbered with cowskin packs and rolled blankets, and all the stifling weight of cross-belts and pouches, but the red dragoons on their black horses were irresistible, and the Frenchman's rearguard was thrown into disorder.

There were guns, too, in the gorge, the drivers whipping and spurring to save them, and Cornet William Mortimer, burning with a mighty desire to distinguish himself, saw his chance in the twinkling of an eye.

Half a length behind him rode a sergeant of the regiment, and Will had been conscious of a quiet smile lurking about the corners of his mouth.

Our hero had blushed a little under that smile, knowing that his own enthusiasm was the cause of it, but he now turned to him and cried, "Sergeant, follow me on to yonder gun!" pointing with his sword to a brass cannon, whose drivers were in difficulties with an awkward team.

The sergeant, nothing loth, put spurs to his charger, and the next moment Major Purvis saw them circle round the leaders and Will slash the traces of the foremost pair.

The grey-coated driver dropped his whip and groped for his short sword, but the sergeant cut him out of the saddle and the team jumbled into a plunging knot of horses, the gun turning over with a crack and blocking the road.

A company of voltigeurs fired a rattling volley, regardless of whether they hit their own men or not; the galloping guns behind ran into the disabled one, and everything was a seething mass of chaos.

"Come on!" yelled the major to his squadron, waving his sword in the air.

"*Sacristi!*" howled a little fat captain, as Will ran him through the chest.

"Gently, sir; he nearly had you that time!" said the sergeant, as Will lunged wide and received a terrific thrust in his holsters from a corporal with gold ear-rings.

Will looked over his shoulder, but the corporal was no longer to be seen; the sergeant had dealt him a tremendous backhander that bowled him over like a rabbit.

But Will's eye caught sight of Major Purvis in difficulties—his horse had been shot, and the major was flung several feet off on to his side, and a French private was in the act of making a lunge at him.

For the first time since he had ridden her Will rammed his spurs into Ladybird's sides, and, with a squeal of astonishment and pain, she sprang into the air, clearing the prostrate officer, while, standing in his stirrups, the cornet delivered a swishing blow full at the Frenchman's head.

In vain he dropped his bayonet and raised the gun-butt to meet it; it was too late, the long, straight sword whistled in the air and cleft the man's face literally in twain.

"Take my horse, sir," said the sergeant, dismounting and giving the major his hand, Will meanwhile pulling up and standing guard over them.

"Mortimer, I shall never forget this," panted the major. A man is not very dignified when he has rolled in the dust and been winded. "You saved my life, youngster—God bless you!"

Will felt in the mood to go on saving half-a-dozen more, but as they were just then in the midst of the broken enemy and the bulk of the Royals had swept by them up the valley, heroics were out of place.

The major scrambled on to the sergeant's

trooper, a dent in his helmet, and his stock awry; the sergeant procured a mount by a very simple process.

A fat quartermaster of the enemy's line, who evidently preferred freedom under the French eagles to durance vile in an English prison hulk, had taken possession of one of the gun horses, and was finding his stirrups when the sergeant took three strides towards him, seized his left foot in no gentle grasp, precipitated him over the off side on to the ground, and, swinging into the saddle, followed his officers as hard as the stout Normandy brute could pound.

But the brigade had halted when they reached it. Villatte had a strong force of infantry and



"IT'S GOING TO BE A FOX-CHASE,
PURVIS—HE WON'T STAND."

guns, and, as our foot was some miles behind, it was deemed too risky to attack with cavalry alone; so the trumpet sounded halt, and the dragoons of Fane's brigade and the light horse of Victor Alten had to content themselves with a couple of hundred prisoners and seven cannon, taken under a sun so fierce that many on both sides died from the heat.

When the Royals were mustered and the roll called, Major Purvis presented the new cornet to his colonel, and Will's face grew as red as his jacket at the major's words.

"Egad, sir!" said the colonel, loud enough for the whole squadron to hear, "I am proud to have you in the regiment; you have begun your service

exceedingly well. Mr. Mortimer, and we will drink wine in your honour to-night. I had given you up for lost when you went down to Belem; few men come out of such an affair alive, but you are—if anything—more alive than ever.”

And then the major took him through the various troops, and told the story of his rescue until Will's head ached with the repetition, and his arm ached from the hand-shaking as each officer welcomed him warmly, until at last he found himself among his own men once more, wondering why they had made such a fuss of the matter, which, after all, was only what he would have expected everyone to have done under the circumstances.

The sergeant was still smiling when Will set eyes on him again; and Will smiled too, feeling that between men who have risked their lives together there is a mutual understanding which breaks down all barriers of rank and station.

“What is your name, sergeant?” he asked.

“John Rider, sir,” replied the man, saluting; and then they filed off with the rest of the brigade to keep a wary eye on Villatte and his battalions.

CHAPTER X.

HOW CORNET MORTIMER CAME IN CONTACT WITH EL CAPITANO ZUAZO DI GAMBOA BASTA DEL ZADORA FOR THE FIRST TIME.

WHEN Lieut.-Colonel Clifton, commanding the Royal Dragoons, gave it forth to the world that he and his officers would toast their new comrade that night, he reckoned without his host.

The army pushed forward, and there was no time for merry-making with an active enemy in front, swollen rivers round about them, and their communications by no means thoroughly secure.

It was not until several days had passed, and Wellington, leaving Sir Rowland Hill in command, had crossed the Esla, in a basket slung on a rope, to see how it fared with Graham's division, that the Royals had leisure to improvise what the French now call a *punch d'honneur*.

They were quartered in and around a large village, with the usual white-walled, red-roofed houses, and the open sewer that is peculiar to the centre of the Spanish street.

Will's troop lay at another village, half a mile off—a mere cluster of hovels, and having obtained leave from his captain, who would like to have accompanied him, he rode in to headquarters, and handed Ladybird over to one of the dragoons who were loafing about in their forage caps, with nothing particular to do.

* * * * *

As Will entered the village at one end of the narrow street a very different individual came sauntering airily from the other.

They passed each other about midway, and the advantage in personal appearance was certainly all on Will's side.

El Capitan Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora was long by name and long by nature.

Everything about him was long, from his sword to his black gaiters; the skirts of his dark blue coat, turned back with buff, reached down to the back of his knees, and the thin wisp of black moustache drooped far below his chin—an unpleasant gentleman altogether, who would have been bad enough at five-feet nothing, and at six-feet-two was insufferably offensive.

His length was that of the snake, and there was something serpent-like in his every movement.

He wore the uniform of an officer of Spanish horse, with a red cockade in his huge cocked hat, and the lion worked on his collar, but the smart dress failed to make a soldier of him in spite of the tremendous swagger he affected.

He was smoking a long cigar, whose end glowed in the coming dusk, and his little black eyes were screwed up as though the smoke had got into them.

As a matter of fact, the only thing that ever got into the eye of Captain Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora was the main chance, and just then his whole soul was full of it.

It was a balmy evening after a day of blazing heat.

The western sky had turned to amber, and everything threw an exaggerated shadow; that of El Capitan reached right away behind him for yards, and was almost as black as the aforementioned black sewer that lay parallel with it.

He stopped at the corner of a *venta*, or wine-shop, and looked back at Will without appearing to notice anything in particular.

“*Mueran los Inglesos*—’tis the fifth of these bandits that has ridden in within the hour,” muttered Captain Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora.

He strolled as far as the stone bridge that spanned a tiny rivulet, where he found a group of “bandits,” as he chose to call us, chatting with the girls there, and lolling in their stable jackets against the parapet.

His sallow face darkened as he passed them, and he heard the dragoons laughing, probably at himself, which caused him to chew his moustache with rage, and think bitter things in Spanish, which has a fine range of sulphurous possibilities in its vocabulary.

Under all his assumption of carelessness he had a purpose in visiting the village, for his own regiment was quartered several leagues away, and if all went well during the next few hours that regiment would see him no more.

A great scheme occupied the mind of El Capitan Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora, which scheme was nothing less than the extraction of certain papers from the quarters of General Fane and the depositing of them in the hands of Maréchal Suchet.

He knew that the risk he ran would be great, but the prize was so tempting that his craven soul felt positively brave for the time being, and all the afternoon he had been bolstering up his courage with sips of aquadiente and deep draughts of purple valdepenas at the *venta*.

The trumpets of the Royals sounded for evening stables, and the loafers left the bridge.

The brown gloaming settled down on the fields



THE LONG, STRAIGHT SWORD WHISTLED IN THE AIR.

outside the village, and the frogs were piping in a marsh hard by.

A stout priest on a mule, and a potter, whose wares almost hid the ass that carried them, passed into the village street, and he was the only figure remaining on the deserted road.

"It is now time to make my observations," said the traitor softly, as he lit a fresh cigar from the stump of the other, and, sauntering leisurely along with his hands behind his back, Captain Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora slunk, rather than walked, towards the houses.

Lights shone behind the grated windows, but the brightest of them all came from a larger house than the rest in the little square where a fountain had once stood, until the retreating French overturned it out of sheer wantonness.

Twenty candles sputtered and guttered on a long table, and more than twenty red-coated officers were making night perfectly hideous in their attempts to join in a rousing chorus.

I am sorry to be obliged to record it, but one of their number was under the table, and six others were very drunk.

It was the fashion of those times to get very drunk when occasion offered, and no disgrace seems to have attached to it.

A blue cloud of tobacco smoke filled the air, floating in circling wreaths just above their heads, and there were more empty flasks on the floor than you could count in five minutes.

Poor Will was out of his element, and longed for the orgie to come to an end.

He had done little more than sip a mouthful of claret with each officer in turn, and already the heat and the noise made his head whirl.

The Hon. Marmaduke Fitznumbskull had given him up as a bad job. He would not drink, he did not smoke; he knew none of the mighty folk of the Hon. Marmaduke's acquaintance; he was full of questions about the regiment, which was a subject altogether beneath the Hon. Marmaduke's notice. So they turned their backs on one another, and the Hon. Marmaduke tried to sing.

"Brighton Camp," or, as we now call it, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," is a capital song, and familiar in every clime where our soldiers congregate, but the tipsy lieutenant gave it a new and original setting, which was fortunately lost in the babel of voices round the table.

At last Will managed to slip out unobserved, his good-natured colonel volunteering to make his excuses.

"Come in and see me to-morrow at ten o'clock, Mortimer," he whispered. "And now get back to your troop. 'Last post' will sound in half-an-hour, and you are unused to this sort of thing, I can see."

He reached the outer door of the house, but looked in vain for Ladybird.

The trooper to whom he had resigned her, never dreaming that she would be wanted so early, was nowhere to be seen, and Will tramped off down the street in search of her.

It was quite dark; a few stars twinkled far up

above the distant mountains. Here and there a light shone through those strange iron gratings that made every house look like a prison, and a taper flickered before a painted image of the Virgin set in a niche at a lane end.

There was no one abroad, and Will began to wonder how he would find his horse, until a sentry, with his back against the wall, presented with his carbine, and Will saw that he was on guard at the general's quarters.

"Yes, sir," replied the man, when Will questioned him. "Jim Feathers, of my troop, has charge of her. Turn down the lane, sir, and you'll see an old tannery. That's where we're billeted, and the most smellingest billet I ever was in since I listed for the Royals, sir."

Will thought in his own mind, "You're too talkative, my friend," but he said nothing, and entered the by-way—a narrow alley without a single lantern.

The general's quarters were in a tall house, one side of which skirted the lane, and from an open door in the wall a patch of bright light fell on to the garbage that strewed the path.

There was nothing unusual in the circumstance; people leave their doors open, even in war time. But, as Will came abreast of the light, he glanced over his shoulder, and, glancing, stopped.

The lanky Spanish officer whom he had passed earlier in the evening was bending over a table strewn with papers, and his back view, outlined against the candles, was so strikingly grotesque that the cornet paused to look at him.

He did not see the anxious glances the man turned on an inner door, nor how ghastly pale was his cadaverous visage. He had no thought or suspicion that all was not right when the Spaniard placed two of the papers inside the breast of his coat and came out into the lane.

It was no uncommon thing for Spanish and Portuguese officers to have business with the British staff, and Will's was a mind particularly prone to look on the honest side of life.

He did not know that the room was empty, that the hum of voices came through the inner door—in short, before he had time to think, even had he wanted to, the tall man was in the lane beside him, his hand on the door which he had almost closed, when his eyes fell on the scarlet uniform, and El Capitano Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora felt himself transformed into a statue.

It would be absolutely impossible to describe the mental agony that occupied the brain of the capitano for the space of ten seconds.

It seemed to him the game must be up, and it was only after that fragment of time—which was in reality an age to him—and no strong grasp fell upon his shoulder, no sword-point menaced his aching throat, that he ventured to draw his breath.

"Your pardon, señor," said Will politely, "I am afraid I startled you; it is as dark as pitch in this alley."

El Capitano Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora finished the closing of that door as gently as if it had led to the sick room of a loved relative, and then took a couple of cat-like strides into the centre of the lane.

"Señor officer," said he, in a low voice, and making a profound bow, "coming so suddenly from the bright light within I was blinded for the moment. You wait an interview with the general, possibly?—for the present he is engaged."

"No, the señor capitano is wrong," said Will, who had applied himself to the study of Spanish during his convalescence at Belem; "I pass this way to find my horse."

"A thousand pardons," muttered the tall man, with evident relief, and, removing his right hand from the hidden dagger in his coat, he said, "*Vaya usted con Dios*—God be with you," and vanished in the darkness into the silent street.

Will groped his way along the lane, stumbling over heaps of unsavoury refuse, until the unmistakable sounds of someone saddling a horse greeted his ears from an open gateway.

"Halt! Who comes there?" cried a gruff voice, and Will found himself at the tannery, challenged by the sentry on guard.

In five minutes he was in the saddle, and Private Jim Feathers richer by a silver coin, which caused that worthy individual to contrast his own lieutenant, the Hon. Marmaduke, very unfavourably with the new cornet of B troop.

The musical call of "last post" was sounding from the village as Will crossed the bridge; the wind sang softly among the cypress trees that surrounded a lonely monastery, but he met no traveller on the road, and, reaching his quarters without adventure, slept soundly until reveillé roused B troop from its slumbers.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW WILL WENT ON A DANGEROUS MISSION.

At five minutes before ten next morning, in obedience to his colonel's request, Will Mortimer was riding gaily up the street to that gentleman's lodging, and, turning the bend that hid the general's quarters from anyone who approached from the westward, he became suddenly aware that something was going on—something evidently unusual.

Three mounted orderlies spurred off in quick succession; a crowd gesticulated in front of the doorway; a staff officer with a flushed face was giving instructions to a fourth orderly; and down the street, holding his scabbard in one hand, his own commanding officer came running in haste.

It could be nothing but an advance against the enemy, thought the cornet, his heart beating with delight, but the colonel dispelled the idea as he recognised him.

"You must wait for me, Mortimer," he said, hurriedly, trying to hook his jacket the while. "Despatches of the most vital import have been stolen in the night, and everything is upside down."

He waved his hand, and, passing through the crowd of alguazils and peasants, entered the general's door, leaving Will sitting there, vaguely wondering.

He was exactly opposite the end of the by-lane, and that fact gave a definite form to his thoughts as he remembered the startled Spaniard of the previous night.

Two of the staff came quickly out at the moment, and as they went by him he heard one say to the other: "Not the faintest clue to work

upon, and that's just the deuce of it."

Will squeezed Ladybird with his knees and overtook them before they had taken ten strides.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," he said, bending out of his saddle; "did I gather from your conversation that the thief is unknown?"

They looked up at the youngster with the supreme contempt of staff officers for their purely regimental brethren, and one of them nodded shortly.

"Then I think I may throw a little light on the matter if you will tell me when the despatches were missed," he continued. "I saw a man leave that house last night by the door in the lane—a Spanish officer—"

"Eh—what?" cried the pair in one breath. "You must come to the general instantly, and tell him all you know."

They stood on no ceremony with him, and somehow Will found himself off his horse and down a passage where excited men were talking, and into a large room where more excited men were talking, among them being General Fane and his colonel.

In a few words he told them his story, and then they bombarded him with questions.

What was the man like?—would he know him again? and so on; to all of which Will replied with a clearness that impressed his hearers.

"There is not a doubt that he is the scoundrel," said the general. "I myself saw the fellow lounging in the street yesterday, and was struck by



THE LANKY SPANISH OFFICER WAS LEANING OVER A TABLE.

his absurd appearance. He ought not to be difficult to lay hands on, but what is done must be done at once."

Then the alcade of the place was brought in—a typical Spanish functionary, terribly impressed with his own importance, and declining to be hurried.

Fortunately, however, he had some information to give, for he had seen the identical capitano in conversation with the courier who had left but half-an-hour since with the mail bags.

"*Por Dios*, yes! and the man had passed his house a little later, mounted on a great piebald before the dust had settled behind Pedrillo's heels; really, he would swear it by the Holy Face, he remembered perfectly, only his excellency the general gave him no time to collect himself. Both had gone by the road to Valladolid—the stranger, and Pedrillo, the courier."

"Half-an-hour's start, gentlemen," said the general, frowning. "It is a thousand to one that they can be overtaken now!"

"If you please, sir, my horse could do it if I went at once," ventured Will, regardless of the presence of so much rank and gold lace.

General Fane looked sharply at our hero, and then at the colonel.

"Clifton, it is perhaps worth the attempt, eh?" he queried. "Though the route will take him right into the enemy's lines."

"Better lose the services of Mr. Mortimer, which I value highly, sir," said the colonel, "rather than those papers should be seen by the French. There is just the chance my cornet might come up with the scamps before they are out of reach. He has one of the best mounts in the regiment."

"Go, sir, this instant!" exclaimed the general, pushing Will to the door with an eager yet kindly pressure; "do your hardest for ten miles, but not more; and, Clifton, send a troop of your men after him as soon as they can saddle."

With his own hands the general gathered up Will's reins, and the crowd fell back in silence to let him pass.

"It is life and death, cornet," were his last words. "Bring me those papers and you shall have cause to remember me."

The long road stretched over the plain, dotted here and there with the British picquets and patrols.

El Capitano Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora

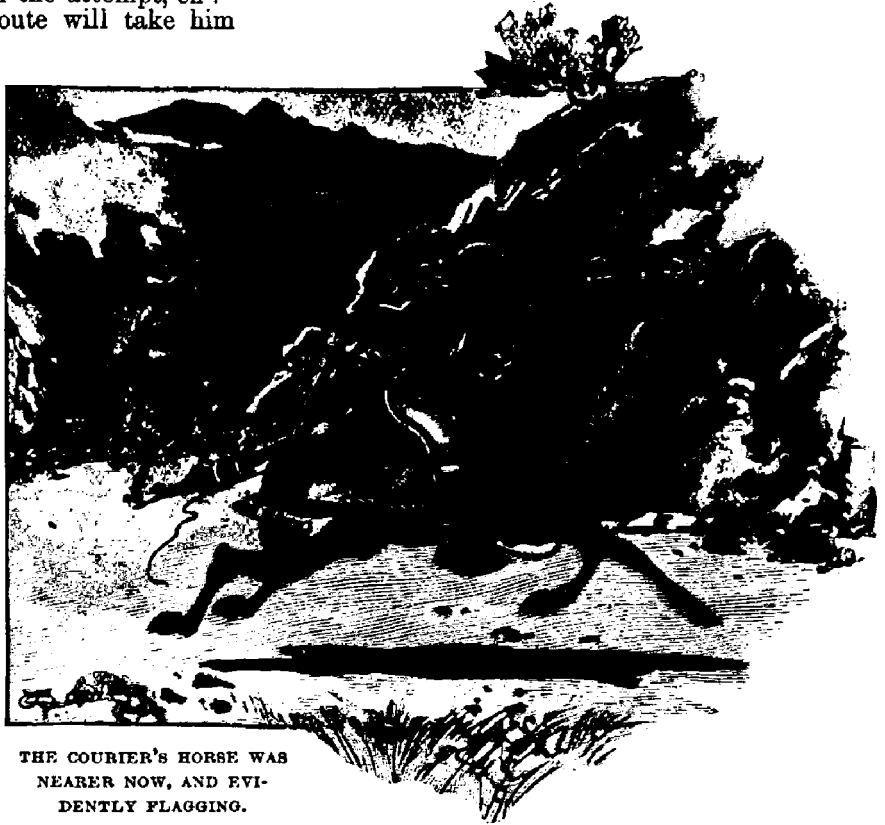
was more than usually polite as he saluted them in passing, for he was still on dangerous ground; but about five miles from the village he breathed freely, and when he saw Pedrillo waiting for him by a wayside shrine he smiled joyously to himself.

He had spent a night of terrible anxiety, realising, when the coveted papers were in his possession, the impossibility of carrying them safely out of our lines without a pass, and tortured by the momentary fear of the discovery of the theft.

At dawn, pale and trembling with the suspense of it all, he had bethought him of a plan. Pedrillo, the rascally courier, with whom he had had many nefarious dealings—Pedrillo would be riding, unquestioned, with the mail, and into his hands he would entrust the precious papers for which Suchet had promised him a colonelcy in the Gendarmerie d'Espagne, and heaven only knows how many Spanish dollars besides.

He found his man, and the bargain was soon struck. Pedrillo would await him at the shrine on the hill yonder, and El Capitano could amble forth with an easy mind to overtake him.

I don't know about the easy mind altogether, but the capitano did amble forth on his raw-boned piebald, which was more fitted for a circus



THE COURIER'S HORSE WAS NEARER NOW, AND EVIDENTLY FLAGGING.

than an officer's charger, and when he had received the despatches again and placed them safely in his breast, the pair rode on together, only waiting to quicken their pace into a gallop when the crest of a hill should have hidden them from a troublesome outpost of the Fifth Dragoon Guards, which lingered in a cornfield not far away.

The wind was blowing freshly in their faces from the high land in front, and in spite of Pedrillo's warnings the capitano insisted on riding at a ponderous trot, fearful of arousing the suspicion of the troopers in the corn.

A grove of trees hid the road they had just traversed, and it was not until they gained the top of the hill that El Capitano looked back and saw that he was pursued.

"*Hombre!*" he cried. "Look down below, Pedrillo; there is someone coming at a breakneck pace."

"It is one man, capitano, and there are two of us," said the courier. "Besides, they would not send a single soldier on such an errand; no—it is one of their endless messengers that are for ever scouring the country, coming and going night and day."

"We shall see," said Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora, turning pale. "But it is better you should take these things once more. Open the wallet, and if there is danger, ride on, and I will join you at the bridge of Zalincas."

"You are going to remain, then?" said Pedrillo, his lip curling, for he had a poor opinion of the capitano's courage.

"Yes, I shall shoot him like a dog," said the capitano, looking very fierce, and drawing a pistol from his holster.

Will, gazing up at them, saw the fluttering papers change hands, and instantly formed his plans.

"Oh!" thought he, "the other is my game."

The courier disappeared, and the other figure, which he recognised as that of the man he wanted, remained in sight, with the clear blue sky behind him.

Without appearing to pay particular heed to him, beyond a wave of his white gauntlet, he

slackened Ladybird's gallop, and breathed her up the slope.

The traitor hesitated; suspense had destroyed his nerve. He could have killed him on the spot, but he wavered; and to the end of his days Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora never ceased to regret it.

Will took a firm grip of his saddle, and whispered to the mare.

He was abreast of the Spaniard by that time, and made great show of gathering in his reins as though he would have paused to pass the time of day, but directly Ladybird's hind feet were on the level, he suddenly bent forward, and the gallant mare was six lengths beyond the man before he had time to open his lips.

Pedrillo, waiting at the bend in the road far off, saw the manoeuvre, and whistled shrilly, bringing his keen latigo down on his horse's flank with a vicious cut that made the poor beast leap into the air, and bound from sight among the trees.

Will heard the Spaniard behind him getting under weigh with a great floundering of hoofs, but he had already taken stock of the piebald, and laughed aloud as he felt Ladybird beneath him, a perfect creature with untiring muscle and a heart of gold.

A mile—two miles! The courier's horse was nearer now, and evidently flagging, in spite of whip and spur.

The courier, clad in brown jacket, patched with leather at the elbows, his sombrero tied under his chin by a spotted handkerchief, his pigtail flying out behind him, rolled in his high-peaked saddle and mammoth boots, as the road wound

round sharp angles of rock overhung by oaks and cork trees.

The leather wallets slung from the saddle bumped the creature's croup unmercifully, and threatened to overthrow him on the loose track, and the bells on the breeching strap jangled louder and louder as Ladybird lessened the distance between them.

The Spanish captain was hopelessly left behind, the sound of his hoofs had died away, and pursuer and pursued were alone in a mountain gorge.



LOOKING UP HE SAW TWO VILLAINOUS HEADS PEERING DOWN AT HIM.

Will's only fear was lest a mule team should come towards them, and the courier escape under cover of the block which his friends would be certain to make in his favour.

"Come, old lady, we'll put an end to this," he said, and the mare let herself go as though she understood him.

Pedrillo knew the road, every inch of it, and as he passed a wooden cross, placed there to mark the scene of some ancient murder, he drew a clumsy flint-lock pistol from his sash and aimed over his shoulder.

Will saw the action, and drew

The courier struck his horse savagely with the empty barrel, and then tossed it away from him in evident anger.

Will pulled up.

"There's an end to all things," he muttered. "I'm not going to risk a fall on these stones," for the track became perilously loose, and, taking a quick sight, he fired.

The courier's horse, struck at the base of the spine, reared wildly in the air, and, to Will's astonishment, leaping over a rough barrier of stones built there to guard a dangerous corner, vanished out of view!

Ladybird stood motionless on the road, her flanks heav-



"WE HAVE MET BEFORE!"

another weapon from his holster, at the same time bending low to present less mark for the rascal.

"I knew you wouldn't," he said to himself, as Pedrillo's ball whizzed far above his head and starred on a boulder up the mountain side. "But what's in the wind? Is your game up, Mr Brown-jacket?"

ing, and, twenty feet below, her master knelt by a dead horse, carefully examining the contents of the courier's wallets.

Of Pedrillo he had caught one glimpse, far down in the gloomy valley—a limp mass of arms and legs, as the torrent whirled him along its foaming course towards the Douro.

His horse had fallen on a grassy ledge, but the courier had rolled to the bottom of the mountain side, lifeless, probably, before the river claimed him, as it had claimed many a traveller by that dangerous way.

Will felt very silent and stern as he rose to his feet with the missing papers in his hand, but the blood rushed back to his heart next moment, for, turning to look at the stiff climb behind him, he saw two villainous heads peering down at him, and the sunlight glinting on a pair of gun-barrels.

"It's a good thing I am in uniform," he thought. "Those are two pretty fellows with a vengeance, but a British officer is not exactly the prey they are in search of."

It happened, though, that the new comers were no discriminators of persons, and a British officer with gold lace on his back and gold pieces in his fob was just the thing they *could* have wished for, having had no luck since the French fell back upon Salamanca.

They were very obliging fellows, in spite of their conical hats and sashes full of knives; and they wished the señor all the blessings of the universe in guttural patois, and lowered a cord for him to grasp.

He little knew the use that length of hemp had been put to in its time, or he would have been less eager to avail himself of it; but suspecting nothing he scrambled up—to be instantly seized, disarmed, and bound by as rascally a band of guerillas as ever figured in the pages of romance or reality.

It was useless to resist, it all came upon him so unexpectedly, and when, boiling with righteous indignation, he proclaimed his rank and standing, and threatened them with condign punishment in his best Spanish, they made merry and laughed loud and long.

His heart sank; all he had heard of the horrible cruelties perpetrated by those bandits came to his

mind, and when one of them mounted Ladybird and the gang hurried him along the path he gave himself up for lost.

There were ten of them altogether—yellow-visaged, repulsive men, black-browed, and armed to the teeth—dressed in brown for the most part, with tawdry scraps of finery here and there.

Will struggled manfully to keep his spirits up, but it was hard work.

Hope, and promotion, and all the dear ones in the old home, seemed so very far away, and there was nothing real but the voices of the brigands and the inquiring whinny that Ladybird gave as she looked round for her master.

With his chin sunk down into his stock, and plunged in the deepest despair, he was walking mechanically where they led him, without seeing the road under his feet, when the rogues suddenly stopped, and one held a knife before his eyes, raising a dirty hand in token of warning.

They muttered among themselves, and one crept forward like a cat.

Evidently someone was approaching, and they were uncertain whether it were friend or foe.

A great burst of hope thrilled through the unfortunate cornet—it must be the dragoons sent after him by the general. The jingle of military trappings could now be distinctly heard, as of a cavalry squadron at full trot. Alas! the hope was dispelled in a moment.

A familiar figure came in sight, riding beside his men; and, seeing the group under a stunted tree by the roadside, with Will in the centre of them, pulled up, and let his troop go by.

"Ha, Garcia!" said he to the guerilla leader; "what have you got here, *ma foi*, an English officer? And—holla!" he cried, starting, and a curious expression crossing his face, "surely I am not mistaken!—No, the Chef d'escadron Zaminski is seldom in error, monsieur—we *have met before*."



St. Pamy

To be continued.

DUMB-BELL EXERCISES.

STRENGTH of muscle can be developed with patience at almost any time of life, but the shape of the figure can only be improved to any extent while the body is still growing. This being the case, all those who have not finished their upward growth, and who wish to remedy any defects, such as round shoulders, narrow chest, crooked limbs, etc., should at once set to work to do so.

The dumb-bell exercises described in this article will strengthen and develop all the most important muscles of the body, and by doing this will cure such defects as described, because if you want any part of the body to grow to its proper shape and size, all you have to do is to see that it is sufficiently and properly exercised.

He who wishes to become expert at any game or form of athletics must train and strengthen all his muscles (not only the particular ones used in his favourite exercise), and dumb-bell exercises are certainly the best for all-round development.

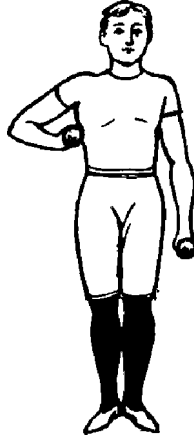
Dumb-bells should weigh at the most 2lbs. each. Young women and girls may perform the following exercises with advantage, but should not use bells weighing more than 1lb. each; many girls, in fact, would make most progress with light wood dumb-bells. No one wishing to excel at gymnastics or athletics should use heavier bells. Heavy weights and slow exercises develop the muscles (except when strains occur),

but destroy their ability to make quick movements, and activity is quite as necessary as strength in this go-ahead age. A muscle-bound individual will never shine as an athlete, except, perhaps, in the weight-lifting department. Light bells and quick exercises, on the other hand, develop strength as well as activity.

Those readers who are already good gymnasts or athletes would also do well to use dumb-bells daily, although their muscles may be sound and healthy.

Perform all the following exercises once a day for a quarter of an hour in fresh air, and

breathe through the nose during practice. The bells should be grasped tightly, and the movements performed briskly. Repeat each exercise till a little fatigued.



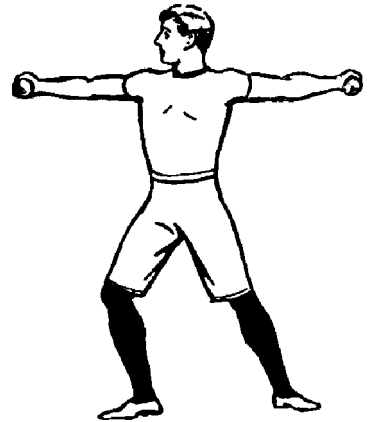
(FIG. A.)

Stand in the position shown in Fig. A, only with *both* arms straight by the side. This may be referred to as "attention." Now bend the right arm, and bring the bell right up under the armpit (Fig. A), then straighten the arm again, and at the same time bring up the other bell under the left armpit, and continue, alternately bending the arms. This is a simple exercise, but is a grand one for the biceps.

Another good exercise for the muscles of the arms and shoulders is as follows: Bring the bells on to the shoulders, as in Fig. B, then (1) straighten the arms right and left without lowering the elbows (see position of arms in Fig. C), and (2) bring the bells again on the shoulders, and continue. Grasp the bells tightly for this and all the exercises.

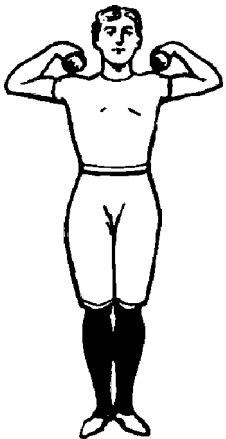
Raise the arms straight above the head, as in Fig. D and perform these four movements. Step straight forward with the right leg and at the same time lower the arms right and left till level with the shoulders (Fig. C); then (2) step back with the right foot and raise the arms (Fig. D); (3) step forward with the left foot and lower arms to level of shoulders; and (4) step back once more to position, as in Fig. D. Continue movements in same order. Take care when stepping (or "lunging," as it is called) forward with one leg that the other is kept perfectly straight, with the heel on the ground.

Start the next exercise from the position shown in Fig. D, only let the palms of the hands be turned to the front instead of towards each other. Now bend forward at the waist and bring the arms down

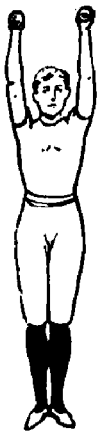


(FIG. C.)

right and left, without bending them, till the bells meet just above the insteps; then straighten



(FIG. B.)



(FIG. D.)

the body and bring the bells up right and left till they meet above the head in the starting position, and continue, taking care not to bend the knees.

The next is a good exercise for the shoulder muscles. Begin once more with the arms above the head, as in Fig. D; then (1) bring the bells on to the shoulders (Fig. B); (2) raise the bells and return to the first position; (3) lower the bells right and left till level with the shoulders, without bending the arms, as in Fig. C; and (4) raise the bells again

above the head (Fig. D), and continue.

Fig. E shows the position from which the next movements are begun. The next exercise is simply to swing the arms as far to the right as possible, then as far to the left as they will go. The arms must be kept straight and level with the shoulders, and the body must be turned round from the waist, the feet not being moved at all.

Again start with the arms to the front, as

in Fig. E, then open the arms smartly right and left, keeping them level with the shoulders (see Fig. C), and close them again to the front. This movement is a capital one for forcing back the shoulders.

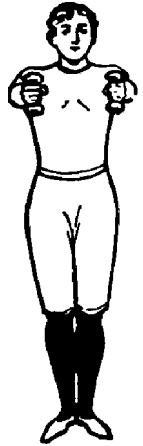
Commence at "attention"; then (1) lunge sideways to the left into the position shown in Fig. F; (2) return to attention; (3) lunge to the right, this time with the right



(FIG. F.)

arm bent and the left arm straight; and (4) return a second time to attention. Notice that only one leg is bent when lunging, and that both heels are on the ground. Begin as in Fig. D; then swing the bells down to the right, across the front of the legs, and up to the left, until they reach the starting point; continue making circles in this way, pausing every time the bells go above the head. Afterwards vary by making circles in the reverse direction, swinging down to the left, and up to the

right. Do not bend forward at the waist when swinging.



(FIG. E.)

W. M. VARDON.

In the Khalifa's Clutches.

THE editor of the *Wide World* never sleeps, or, if he does, it is with one eye open. No sooner

was Charles Neufeld released from his twelve years' captivity in Omdurman than the editor of the *Wide World* was on his track, and speedily arranged that an account of that long imprisonment should appear exclusively in his magazine. You will find the opening chapters of "IN THE KHALIFA'S CLUTCHES," in the June *Wide World*. The story tells of Mr. Neufeld's dramatic betrayal, by a treacherous guide, into the hands of the Dervishes; of his appalling reception by the mob in Omdurman; his tortures in the dread Saier

Prison; his abortive plans to escape; his compulsory efforts to find saltpetre for the Dervish

gunpowder; to extract gold from stone; and to design the famous tomb of the Mahdi; also the assistance he was able to render the approaching army; and the terrible scenes in Omdurman during, and after, the great battle. All these and much more go to make up a narrative of personal adventure and thrilling incident such as has rarely appeared in any periodical. The accompanying portrait shows Mr. Neufeld as Lord Kitchener found him in the "Black Hole of Omdurman."



CHARLES NEUFELD IN CAPTIVITY.



THE MAUD THAT FAILED.

BY FRED SWAINSON

A

At first I thought that Isbach lent me money only that he might have someone in his power a little, and who would have to treat him fairly civilly. For he was severely neglected by the Fifth—his own form—the Sixth would not have him at any price, and the Junior

School followed their lead, and actually wouldn't make way for him when they met him on the pavement. That done to any other of the Fifth or Sixth would have been a risky proceeding, but with Isbach it was quite safe.

He had dark hair, yellow skin, a kind of black moss on his upper lip which he mistook for a moustache, a hooked nose and big red lips. He was short, fat, and somehow always seemed oily, and he waddled a little when he walked. He was no good at any games, and, in his heart, I think he despised those who were, or cared a rap for them. He had rather a nice voice though—soft and coaxing.

I must explain that during the Easter holidays I was such an ass as to point a pistol—empty, of course—at Maud, my sister, just for fun, and pater popped in just at the moment. He gave me—ah, well! and besides that said he'd dock me off something substantial from my usual tip. Instead of the customary two guineas he gave me two shillings! Summer term, too, and ices beyond my reach! I felt blue. Of course the florin went within twenty-four hours.

One afternoon I was watching a game between Dicky Vine's XI. and Brown's XI. Dicky

is my most particular chum, and we were chatting together, he with his pads on and gloved ready to go in when his first man came out. He said, "Look here, old chap! Slip up to Taylor's and get me a pound of his foreign cherries, there's a good fellow. Pay you later." I explained to the astonished Dicky that I was absolutely "gravelled," and mentioned the cause.

He sympathised with me somewhat ruefully.

"You were an ass to fool with that pistol, of course, but still it's a bit hard. Do you know, I'm almost as bad as you. Aunt wouldn't come up to the scratch with her usual tip because I fought the boot boy in the cellar. I calculated on you to help me out. It's rough luck."

It was, and Dicky trotted off to the wickets as glum as possible.

Isbach had been sitting on the seat a few yards away, lazily watching the games going on in the bright sunshine, and enjoying himself in his own lazy way. When Dicky had gone he came and squatted down beside me. He said: "I heard what you were talking about just now, Carr, and I think it a bit hard on you."

"Not a bit," said I; "pater was quite right about the pistol. I deserved it."

"In a way, of course you did; but a fellow can't go through the term without a little cash, can he?"

"I shall have to, that's all," said I.

"No," he said, in his own odd, drawling way; "I'll lend you some money, if you like."

Instead of thanking him and declining, as I should have done, and meant to do, I sort of played with the idea, and, in place of saying "I'd rather not, thanks," I actually said "Would you, really? How much?"

"Oh, that's no matter!—five shillings, ten shillings, sovereign, two—"

"A sovereign would do," I said.

"Here it is," and he pulled out a sovereign from his purse and put it in my hand.

I couldn't well refuse now, so I said: "I'll give you a receipt for it. Have you a scrap of paper about you?"

"Never mind a receipt. You can pay me

when you come back next term; you don't look as though you'd die before then, and I don't fancy you'd cut anywhere to get off it."

"Rather not! But I say, Isbach—do you lend like this as a regular thing?"

"No; you're the first fellow I've obliged."

"Would you oblige Dicky, then, if he were to ask?"

"Dicky—who's he?"

"Why, Vine—Dicky Vine—my chum!"

"If he's your chum I should not mind. He'd be safe, of course?"

"As a house."

"Oh, yes! You can mention it to him if

you like; only, Carr, you and he must faithfully promise me not to mention my loan to you. I don't want fellows to make fancy remarks about me."

I promised, of course, and pledged Dicky, too. We then drifted into school talk—the outlook for Lord's, and the chances of each house for Cock House. Presently Dicky yelled to me to come and umpire, and I got up.

Isbach rose, too, and called out to me as I moved off: "You can tell Vine what I said, and you can thank me any time you're not too busy. Ta-ta!" He smiled to me sweetly and waddled off, leaving me blushing purple. I had actually forgotten to thank him! I tell you I felt pretty small at this unexpected back-hander. I felt so jolly uncomfortable that I actually gave Dicky in when he was pretty well a yard out of the crease.

Thanks to the borrowed sovereign I rubbed along pretty well as usual, and Dicky soon came to the end of his tether and applied to Isbach, who gave him a sovereign too. I always like Dicky to row in my boat, and when he was

in Isbach's books as well I felt easier. Isbach, though, was awfully obliging to us—gave us tea in his room sometimes—a good tea always—and helped us out with our translations when we were stuck up! Other fellows wondered how a Fifth Form chap could be so chummy with two of the Juniors, but we told all our cronies that Isbach was all right, and that he'd been misunderstood, and only wanted knowing.

"That's it," said Sharpe, who is pretty smart sometimes. "He only wants knowing, you fellows, eh? And Dicky and Jimmy can see through a fellow, bless you, like one o'clock."

The other fellows all laughed at us, and asked which of us was the Simple Simon.

The term crawled along as usual, until at last Lord's was over, and M.C.C. (the last outsider's match played) beaten. Then we turned our whole attention to the fight for Cock House. Our house—Hickman's—was supposed to have about half a chance, but the championship was generally voted a good



HE PULLED OUT A SOVEREIGN FROM HIS PURSE AND PUT IT IN MY HAND.

thing for Belling's, who had been cock for three years running. I needn't write about all the rounds *seriatim*, but, anyhow, Hickman's struggled on to the final, and we had, in our opinion, a rosy chance of pulling off the match, despite Belling's, who, of course, were in the final too. Dicky and I, who were Hickman's bowlers, had some wonderful luck right through the rounds.

About a week before the eventful day on which the final was to be played off, Dicky and I received a note from Isbach asking us to come up to his room and have tea. We went, bubbling over with excitement about the match, but Isbach was persistently glum



HE GOT OUT A SLIP OF PAPER, WITH A HOST OF FELLOWS' NAMES WRITTEN DOWN IN A LONG COLUMN.

whilst we had tea, and seemed rather annoyed when we assured him that Hickman's would pull it off.

"I hope they don't, by Jove, that's all."

"Why, Isbach, you're Hickman's yourself!" I gasped, in utter astonishment.

"Just so; and Hickman's must not win the match either. Listen here. I've been betting all along on Belling's to win the final."

"Betting!" said Dicky. "You'd better keep that quiet, Isbach. It means the kick-out from here, if it's known."

"I can look after myself, Vine, thanks. If Hickman's win, I lose about a dozen pounds, and I don't fancy that, you know."

"Your dozen pounds are very rocky, Isbach, for we've a good chance. I'm sorry for you."

Isbach looked viciously at Dicky for a moment, but then said, coolly: "Well, I shall show you my list." He got out a slip of paper, with a host of fellows' names written down in a long column, and opposite the amount they had betted, etc., the whole being neatly ruled up and down, with plenty of red ink. I gaped in astonishment at the number of fellows who had run the risk of being expelled; but I noticed that Isbach had pretty well every unpopular and shady customer on his list. "Those are the chaps," he went on, "who have joined in my little flutter, and it has been agreed that we settle not later than the Tuesday after the match!" Then he added, sweetly, "I am rather afraid you two will come into the

business if Hickman's win."

"As how?" said I, sharply, for I didn't like Isbach's drift.

"Why, I won't have the cash to pay up fully unless I get the sovereign I lent to each of you."

"But, Isbach, you distinctly said that the beginning of next term would do."

"Exactly. But if Hickman's win, you can see that the old arrangement wouldn't work."

"Well," said Dicky, "you know jolly well we can't pay this term, anyhow."

"Perhaps not. But your people can."

"Whatever do you mean?" said Dicky, springing up in his anxiety.

"Why, that I'd have to write to them immediately the match is over and ask for the sovereign per return."

"Isbach, if you did that you'd be an out-and-out cad!"

"That's just what the fellows would call me if I didn't pay them their bets. A bet is a debt of honour."

"Honour!" And Dicky and I choked over the word.

"I tell you what," said Dicky, in a white rage, "I'll go to Hickman and explain the whole business."

"And who would be the out-and-out cad then? Who gave me his word of honour not to mention a word of the loan to a soul in the place?"

Dicky collapsed at this, and I felt like a rabbit in a net. I thought of Isbach who "wanted knowing," and of the "Simple Simons."

"Now, I want you fellows to be reasonable," he continued, in his soft, coaxing voice. "No one ever expected Hickman's to get into the final, and it's simply your bowling that's done it. Everybody says so. You've done enough for glory already, and you cannot really say Hickman's is as good a team as Belling's. If you win it will be by a fluke—a howling fluke—and who cares to be Cock House by a fluke? You hold the game in your hands, such as it is. You needn't bowl your best"—Dicky turned

ghastly at this—"You could say you'd sprained your arm, or ricked your back; you could either of you stand down because you didn't feel well. You could lose the game easily without a soul knowing. There are fifty ways of doing it. And actually by not playing at all, you'd get greater credit than if you collared all the wickets between you, for everyone would say Hickman's were no good at all without Vine and Carr. Besides that, though I don't care to mention it, I really think you ought to show me a little consideration. I've done my best to make you two comfortable this term—lent you cash, helped you over the fences in your Latin, etc., given you the run of my room, and generally treated you more as Seniors than Juniors. Properly looked at, it is not a great thing to ask. Now one thing more, and I'm done. If Belling's win, I'll not expect that sovereign from either of you. There! On my honour I won't. Will you shake hands on that as a bargain?"

The fellow actually held out his hand to me, but I thrust mine deeper into my pockets, and scowled at him in unspeakable disgust. Dicky said:—

"Isbach, you're a villain! The biggest black-guard in St. Philibert's! Let's get out, Jimmy."

"By all means," said Isbach. "You've finished your tea, and can now comfortably vilify me. But think over what I've said, and if you are going to tell your chums of our little conversation just now, please mention also that you are the same fellows who've come up here regularly for tea and mental improvement; especially tell Sharpe. He'll see the point. Ta-ta!" Then Dicky and I crawled out, quivering under this last back-hander.

The two most miserable fellows in St. Philibert's that night were Dicky and I. I am rather

ashamed to write this, but it is the truth. I'd rather have had Hickman's lose the match—the old house that had fought so well—than that my father should have known I'd borrowed money to have an easy term after the pistol row. I don't think if he'd heard *from Isbach* about the sovereign he would ever have thought the same of me again. Dicky thought pretty much the same about his mother, who is a widow and not very rich. So both would have sacrificed the match rather than that our people should know. Isbach had read us too well. We dared not say a word to anyone, for we had given our word of honour to that beast, and we wouldn't probably if we could. We were afraid of the

fellows' jeers, especially of Sharpe's. He'd have given us some fancy names which would have stuck to us like leeches, or written some poetry showing us up. He has a tongue like a needle, and his poetry is sulphuric acid.

There was one way out and one only. We must get a couple of sovereigns and pay Isbach before Saturday, or—be as big black-guards as he.

I had one hope—Maud.

I sent her a

letter, not saying exactly what it was for, but contriving to let her know somehow that it was most important. That was Tuesday. On Friday I got her answer, and the days between were sweet days, I assure you. Here is the letter:—

Home,

July 23rd.

DEAR JIM,—Enclosed you'll find orders for £3. I'm sending an extra one, for you must have been in some bother to write such a terrible letter. Do nothing mean, Jim, and I don't mind. Kind regards to Dicky Vine, who should look after you.—From your affectionate sister,

MAUD V. CARR.

Wasn't she a brick?

I went to Isbach's room with Dicky's sovereign and my own, and Dicky followed



DICKY DASHED IN LIKE A BOTTLED-UP THUNDERBOLT, AND PRANCED ABOUT BEFORE ISBACH WITH HIS GUARD UP.

me to the door, but said he'd never put his nose in the den again. Isbach's face fell when he saw me smile, and he glared from the sovereigns on the table to me in a far from pretty way.

"It will be all right, Isbach, now. There'll be a square match to-morrow, and those two sovereigns won't have time to burn a *very* big hole in your pocket. Good-bye."

Then Isbach lost his temper, and, coward that he was, struck at me. Dicky dashed in like a bottled thunderbolt, and pranced about before Isbach with his guard up. Isbach, when he saw he had two to deal with,

backed into the wall and turned a shade lighter yellow, showing plain enough a yard of white feather. We laughed at the coward and went away.

We won, rather! Romped home by 113 runs, Dicky and I sharing the wickets about equally, and Dicky brought off an "impossible" catch, which sent back Houghton, the mighty school captain, for a duck's egg. Every Hickman fellow had a sore throat that night, and Dicky, and I are pretty certain of being tried for the XI. next year.

As for Maud—I'll say again, wasn't she a brick?



The Great Rugby Rebellion of 1797.

[Sent by "A Rugby Boy" after reading "Public School Mutinies" in No. 2, in which article it is stated that "Rugby never had a rising that could be truthfully designated a mutiny."]

ONE day in November, 1797, the head master, Dr. Ingles, was walking down the High Street when, on passing the boarding-house kept by Mr. Gascoigne, he heard pistol-shots. He entered the yard, and saw a boy named Astley firing at the study windows. On being asked by the doctor where he bought the gunpowder, the boy said from a certain Mr. Rowell, a grocer and general dealer in the town. But that wily gentleman denied the offence, which would have put him out of bounds, and as he had entered the sale as tea, his books supported his statement. Astley was flogged, and related his grievances to his indignant friends, who sallied forth in a band and broke Rowell's windows. Rowell complained to the Head, who decreed that the damage must be paid for by the Fifth and Sixth Forms, whereupon the boys declared they would not pay, and were only exasperated by the doctor's threats. They placed a petard outside his door and blew it off its hinges, and assembled in the school buildings, sent round the fags to whip in all the fellows from the different houses, rang the school bell violently, burnt all the wainscoting, forms, benches, etc., and broke all the windows. Ingles sent post-haste to the masters, who were mostly out shooting, and then summoned to his assistance a party of regulars which happened to be in the town.

Ingles, who was nicknamed the Black Tiger, then showed the white feather, posted a soldier

with fixed bayonet at his door, and locked himself in. Meanwhile the rebels had heard that the enemy were approaching, and chose as their leader the man who afterwards distinguished himself in the Peninsular and in Burmah—Lieut.-General Sir Willoughby Cotton, G.C.B. Before the oncoming force of masters and soldiers, whose ranks were swelled by farmers and jockeys (it was during the great November Horse Fair at Rugby) the boys had to retreat, and posted themselves on a huge tumulus surrounded by a moat 15ft. wide by 5ft. deep, full of water, drawing the draw-bridge after them. This tumulus is generally called the Island, but now the moat has been filled up.

The attacking force came up, and a certain Mr. Butlin read the Riot Act, calling upon the stronghold to surrender; but the besieged bid defiance to all, and were able to keep their position for some time, until they were forced by a stratagem to surrender. The masters and farmers kept up a lively attack from the school side of the hill, whilst the soldiers, creeping round to the rear, had crossed the moat, wading through the water, and had drawn up, with drawn swords, preparing to attack. The boys were unnerved by the show of cold steel, and surrendered. The soldiers conducted them back to school. Wholesale expulsions and birchings took place, and many who were afterwards renowned in the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns suffered.

THE GAME OF CRICKET-MATCH.

MISTER THE EDITOR,

Always you others, the English, have the same idea—you play a game, it is the best; you have a Navy, it is the best; you have a Constitution, it is the best. But is it that to others it appears as that? My faith, but no!

Listen me, then. I shall speak.

My so distinguished countryman, Max Orel, have represent the manners of the English People, their Religion, their Politic, etc., and truly their games; but his relation of the Game of Cricket-match—bah! it is in silhouette! Perhaps he understand it not—possibly. My faith! but it is difficult. Look then! myself I shall essay it—its follies—its savagerie—bêtises.

I have a friend—"English?" you say—you have reason. My friend say, "Come, then, we have a Cricket-match; you shall see." I respond, "It is just, good! I come, but at what hour?" "The wickets," say my friend, "shall be pitched at eleven hours." "How then? Pitched? Myself I know your pitch! it is horrible! they shall be black and glutinous, and—pah!—they shall smell! Mon Dieu! how they shall smell!" He put himself to laugh. "No, no, monsieur, not as that! they shall be pitched, placed, in little holes in the ground." "Bien!" I say. "But, my faith! it shall be difficult!"

We are arrived; the wickets have pitched themselves; they stand erect; they are not but little sticks, a child might pitch them.

Messieurs the Players, "Crickets," are on the field, in disorder, everywhere; they are near, they are far; they stand together, apart—"allovertheshop," as is the English phrase. In face of the wicket a man with a club, bat, what you call; behind it a man with gloves—my faith! what gloves! of a Hippopotamus! Horrible! "Tell then," I say, "what is it that the man with the bat is?" "He defends the wicket." "And the other with the gloves?" "He is the wicket-keeper." "Ah, good! they shall assist themselves; the wicket is safe then, is it not?" "Not exactly," he say in laughing. "But look! they commence."

Truly! Monsieur the "Bowler" launch a ball with all his force at the wicket; the poor man with the bat very scarcely escape, but the good "wicket-keeper" arrest the ball! he hold it in his great gloves. Courage, mes deux amis! your wicket is safe!

Five times the ball fly, but the two friends are alert; one time the bat, one time the gloves, the ball is stopped always.

"Regard then," I say; "these men walk themselves upon the field; their hands are in their pockets; what is it then that it is?" "It is over," say my friend. "How then? Over! My faith! that it is short! it is a game very dangerous! Let us go!" "Stay," say he, "it is not but a phrase; see, they commence again!"

Again the ball fly; but the one with the bat is angry; he strike the villain ball; the ball roll with precipitation; the one with the bat run; all the world run. He, the batsman, cannot find his wicket; he run to and fro; he take his friend's wicket, but the other rush to claim it; he is in despair! but the good wicket-keeper hold out wide his arms, he rush into them; the ball arrive too late; they embrace, the spectators applaud. Courage! again the wicket is safe!

But now again the ball come; the bat is raised; but alas! the ball turns himself, the bat touches it not; the good "wicket-keeper" dreams perhaps; the ball escapes him also, the wicket falls to the earth. The batsman walk slowly away, his chin on his breast. He is sad, perhaps. I ask my friend what he has, the batsman? He say, "He is bold." It is possible, but my faith! he does not appear so!

The wicket-keeper has another friend; together they protect their wicket. But alas! toujours en Albion la perfidie! One time the ball come slow, slow; the batsman advance with a cry of joy; he strike with fury, he will destroy the villain ball; but alas, alas! he miss it—and the perfidious "wicket-keeper" catches the ball behind his back and dashes it into his friend's wicket! Traitor! Sacré nom de bomb! He is bribed by the enemy, he is a scelerat! away with him! Ah bah! mark these English, how they are droll! they applaud it; it is a plaisanterie!

My friend explique the game; he say, "See there that little man long distant, he is 'long leg.'"

"For why," I ask, "he is 'long leg,' himself so short?"

"Because he throw so well the ball," he say.

"My faith!" I respond, "he not throw the ball with his leg! he should be 'long arm.'" But he only laugh at me.

Another batsman—he stand firm—he is big, heavy, solid. The ball flies, he runs; he pants, he perspires, he runs again. No! he has forgotten something, he goes back—but he is too late, the ball is there also, his wicket is broken. It is evident that he suspects the "wicket-

keeper," but he has not seen him ; he dares not to accuse him ; he also places his chin on his breast ; he departs.

The evil "wicket-keeper" smiles, but his time is short ; the bowler has seen him, he knows his treachery ; he will not proclaim it, but he will punish him. He aims the ball ; perhaps at the wicket, who knows ? It bumps upon the earth, it hits the perfidious "wicket-keeper" on the nose ; the red blood drips, the "wicket-keeper" falls ; the bowler rubs his hands with sawdust as a proof of his gratification. It is well.

Again, another batsman. He is cunning ; he protect his wicket with more than his bat. With what then ? With his leg ! The arbiter pronounces him guilty. He forbids the leg in face. He gives judgment. He says, "On both sides or behind—yes ! but in face—no !" *He goes.*

And now the ball passes the batsman, eludes the "keeper," and rolls over the field with a velocity amazing. The batsmen run, one time and again ; the people say "Hourrah !" A man in the crowd all close say, "By Jove, that was a sell !" I ask my friend, "What then ? tell me." He reply, "That was a buy." "How then ?" say I. "Monsieur here call it a sell, you call it a buy, which has reason ?

You cannot perhaps be right, the both ?" But again he only laugh and mock himself of me in saying, "Chever you like, my little dear, you pay your money and you take your choose." Is it that I resemble an infant that he shall call me his little dear ?

N.B.—I cannot in the dictionary find the word "Chever." Possibly it is of the English argot—who knows ?

But it is enough ; the Cricket-match is a game barbarian : you run, you perspire, you are en deshabelle. The ball is hard, you drop it and they execrate you ; it hurts you and they laugh ; you avoid it and are disgraced ; you confront it and are crippled for ever. It is a game for the savages ; it has no tactic, no calculation, no imagination.

Ma Foi ! Regard the Dominoes ! Voilà a game en verite !

Who are the people the most polished of all ? The French people.

Who are the people the most barbarous of all ? The English people.

The French people play Dominoes.

The English people play Cricket-match.

Voilà tout !

Agreez, Monsieur, etc., etc.,

VIVE LA FRANCE.





THE
STAMP-COLLECTOR

Conducted by
H. M. Gooch

The Model Stamp Collection.

I AM quite sure that among the stamp-collecting boys—and old boys—readers of *THE CAPTAIN*, the majority are as attached to their albums as anyone can possibly be to any hobby. Somehow or other a peculiar fascination attaches to a stamp collection; one never wearies of turning over the pages, counting the number of varieties, or musing upon the possibilities of the future.

Of course you are a general collector, *i.e.*, the scope of your collection is not confined to any single country or groups of countries, although if sufficient knowledge has been acquired to collect along these lines, well and good. But the model collection will be a general one, and I purpose giving some advice regarding the requisite equipment for such a collection; one which at all times can be shown to friends with feelings of satisfaction, and evidence of what can be done with a little extra patience, perseverance, and study.

Now comes a difficult question. Here is a letter:—

DEAR SIR,—Having read the articles in Nos. 1 and 2 of *THE CAPTAIN*, I have decided to commence a collection of stamps such as you have advised. Will you please tell me which you consider the best album?—Yours sincerely,

The model stamp album; which is it? Just as you would consider certain points in the choice of a cricket-bat, tennis-racquet, or bicycle, so the choice of a suitable album must be made in connection with certain advantages which a good stamp album should represent. I strongly incline to advising the purchase of a good one at the start, just such an one which will require a brown paper

cover while in use during the school terms. Then as to its inside. The paper must be of good quality, not too thin, not too thick, and the general make should be such as will obviate the very unwelcome appearance of “bulging,” which is apparent with many albums when any number of stamps have been mounted on the pages. Attention to these details will put us well on the road to a model collection.

Among the many makes of stamp albums suitable for the general collector—and to-day almost every dealer provides his own special make—the following are picked out after personal observation, and can be relied upon to fulfil the requirements given. The list could no doubt be supplemented if space allowed:—

The Lincoln Stamp Album, cloth gilt, 5s.; the Excelsior Stamp Albums, 3s. 6d. to 10s.; the Strand Stamp Album, 2s. 6d. and upwards; the Imperial Stamp Album, two volumes.

All these are of British manufacture. Several varieties of foreign albums can be obtained in England, probably the most popular being those manufactured by Senf of Leipsic. These have their distinct advantages; the choice between British or foreign manufacture must be individual.

Having disposed of the album question, what about the specimens for mounting therein? We must have no poor copies—none needing the doctor or the bath. Attention to these details will be well repaid. Collectors are sure to come along the path, telling us that we are fastidious in our choice of specimens, that surely a stamp is a stamp, no matter what its condition. Well, we will stick to our resolution, and admit only lightly-cancelled

copies, if used, and copies with full gum and evenly centred if unused. The long and short of it is just this. The idea seems prevalent, among beginners especially, that any old book, a few grubby stamps, and some gummed paper will make a collection. And this is just where so many have failed to grasp the ultimate satisfaction derived from steady and careful collecting upon prescribed lines. Pick your copies, every man jack of them, and before they pass into the album apply close scrutiny to see that they are whole, and especially free from heavy cancellation.

Varieties will turn up by the score—varieties of perforation, paper, design, shade, etc. Good as these are for the advanced collector, I am of opinion the ordinary general collector, and especially the beginner, will do well to eschew them and carry out his collection on simplified lines, which will give some opportunity for completeness. The simplified catalogue is with us, and no doubt the time is not far distant when the simplified album will also be obtainable.

The use of suitable hinges must be attended to and care be taken to employ a similar hinge throughout the album, thus ensuring the even thickness of the book. The hinge should be thin but tough, and preferably manufactured from a grease-proof paper, preference being given to one which can be removed either from the album or the stamp without tearing the paper of either. There are many varieties upon the market; no difficulty should be found in selecting a good hinge at small cost. The size should be taken into consideration, and should cover about seven-eighths of the width of the stamp, and, when folded on the back, extend about half-way down. To apply a hinge, the stamp should first be placed face down, and after the hinge has been folded so as the gummed edge is outside, attach one half to the top of the specimen, and the other to the space in the album, pressing lightly on the face to ensure even contact.

A great deal can be done to beautify the pages of your album by displaying the stamps over the page rather than cramping them all in a row in one corner. Keep stamps of one size together, and as far as possible mount in order of issue, having regard also to similarity of design. Make an effort to be unique in your ideas of arrangement. A little taste will contribute largely to the model collection.

Of course, no stamps will appear with paper on the backs. All specimens must be carefully soaked in water, and be dried upon *blotting* paper, which will leave them flat when dry. Let the water in which they are soaked be slightly warm, otherwise the undissolved gum remaining on the backs of the stamps will cause them to

curl, and eventually "crack." This with a rare specimen is a serious matter. Certain stamps printed in aniline colours must on no account be placed in water. The colour, if so treated, will run into the design and spoil the specimen. Among others the current stamps of Great Britain, the Russian and Indian issues are examples. If a fourpenny stamp of our current issue be placed in a tumbler of water the result will soon be apparent.

Fiscal stamps, cut envelopes, or post-cards, the numerous German, Russian, and other local stamps will not appear in our model stamp collection, which is confined to postage stamps, or revenue stamps which have been on sale at a post office, and are permissible for use on letters. The collection of post-cards, envelopes, fiscals, and even local stamps are all interesting branches of our hobby in themselves, but these should not figure in the album.

A good catalogue will be indispensable. Happily these exist in styles and prices to suit all tastes—and pockets. Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. have lately placed upon the market a simplified catalogue, omitting all minor varieties of perforation, paper, watermark, etc., and giving very clear illustrations of all the varieties of stamps with their values. Issued at the price of 1s. 3d., this book should be specially serviceable to young collectors, who may form their collection direct from the lists given without including complexing varieties. Messrs. Bright & Son publish their A B C catalogue, an admirable one-volume catalogue for more advanced collectors, costing 2s. 6d. Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., publish their catalogue in four volumes, divided into British Empire (Vol. I.), Foreign Countries (Vol. II.), Local Stamps (Vol. III.), and Envelopes and Post-cards (Vol. IV.). Any of the volumes can be purchased separately, the first and second volumes costing 2s. each.

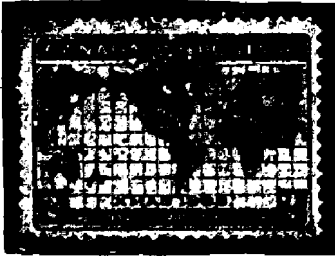
What am I to say about reprints and forgeries? Neither must figure in the model collection, or, in fact, in any collection. Warning must be repeated against accepting the former as "free gifts" from any source. Our correspondence columns will be available to you for advice on these and kindred points.

A STAMP THAT HAS MOVED THE WORLD.

Every stamp collector should have the Canadian "Xmas" stamp represented in his collection. It can be purchased unused for 2d. We illustrate this stamp herewith. It has roused creation, and has for some time been a topic for criticism, favourable and unfavourable. The motto: "We

hold a vaster empire than has been," is selected from the poem by Sir Lewis Morris, entitled "A Song of the Empire." The stanza containing the motto runs as follows:—

We love not war,
but only peace,
Yet never shall our
England's power
decrease!
Whoever guides our
helm of State,
Let all men know it,
England shall be
great!
We hold a vaster
empire than has
been!



CANADA "XMAS" STAMP.

Nigh half the race of man is subject to our Queen!

The stamp has been printed with the sea in lavender, blue, and blue-green—three distinct varieties, the rarest of which is the first-named colour.

A BIG STAMP TRANSACTION.

The Government of the United States of America has just sold to stamp collectors the remainders of the Newspaper and Periodical stamps, which, on account of their beauty, have been much coveted, but hitherto have not been obtainable, owing to the peculiar methods of use. Fifty thousand complete sets of twelve values were placed on sale, and the entire stock has been absorbed at the nominal sum fixed by the Government, \$5 (£1). By the transaction the comfortable sum of £50,000 is scooped up from stamp collectors, who in turn—at least in America—seem well pleased with their bargain. The face value of the set is \$187'93, or about £37 12s.

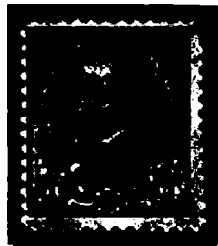


U.S.A. "PERIODICAL" STAMP.

lectors, who in turn—at least in America—seem well pleased with their bargain. The face value of the set is \$187'93, or about £37 12s.

SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

Cuba.—The star-spangled banner now floats over this, the latest addition to the colonial possessions of the United States. A handsome series of postage stamps is being engraved for use in Cuba; meanwhile a temporary issue has been made by surcharging the current U.S.A. adhesives "CUBA," and new values in "cents de peso," the currency of the colony. In providing a 2½c. stamp (surcharged upon



CUBA.

the 2c. value) an error was made—the correct overprint should have been "2c. de peso." To remedy this the 2½c. stamp was sold for 2c., and now the error has been rectified by the issue of the 2c. value. This is a set of stamps, which, along with the Porto Rico stamps mentioned below, should figure in every collection. They are in themselves a lesson in history. The values are: 1c., green; 2c., carmine; 2½c., carmine; 3c., violet; 5c., blue; 10c., brown; all overprinted in black.

India.—It is some time since India received any addition to the current set of stamps, and now the accompanying pretty design has been added, bearing an up-to-date portrait of our Queen. The colour is carmine.



INDIA.

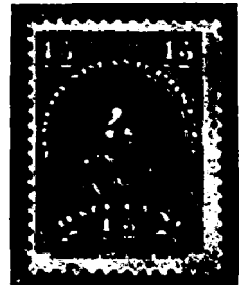
Japan.—The "Great Sun Source Country" is being supplied with a new series of stamps in the design illustrated. We cannot remark any great beauty in the stamps, except



JAPAN.

it be in workmanship, the engraving being finely executed. The "chrysanthemum" device occupying the centre of the design appears on all the issues of Japanese stamps with the exception of the first and second. It is a part of the Mikado's "arms." The values at present issued are: 5 rin, grey; 1 sen, salmon; 2 sen, green; 3 sen, marone; 4 sen, rose; 10 sen, blue.

Newfoundland.—Of course you have the accompanying stamp in your album! While at home we are languishing for something a little more representative of the "vaster Empire" than the present designs of our postage stamps, Newfoundland is issuing a series bearing portraits of the Royal Family. Little Prince Edward of York figures on the ½c. value, our Queen on the 1c., the Prince of Wales on the 2c., and the Princess of Wales on the 3c. We are expecting another new picture to hang in the gallery—a portrait of the Duchess of York.



PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK.

Malta.—A picturesque series of four new values has been added to the Maltese stamps. The accompanying cut illustrates the design of the 4½d. value, but there are 5d., 2s. 6d. and 10s.

denominations. Colours: 4d., olive brown; 5d., vermilion; 2s. 6d., sage green; and 10s. (an extraordinary postage stamp with a representation of the shipwreck of St. Paul on the Island of Melita), deep blue.

Porto Rico.—The surcharge applied to the U.S.A. adhesives for use in this new colony is placed diagonally, without any new currency expressed (see under "Cuba"). The values are: 1c., green; 2c., carmine; 5c., blue; and 10c., brown.

Stamps for illustration and description kindly lent by Messrs. Whitfield King & Co., of Ipswich.



MALTA.

OUR MONTHLY PACKET OF NEW ISSUES.

Each month we shall supply, at cost price, a packet of new issues, containing as many as possible of the varieties described in our "New Issues" list. The packet will be sold at the fixed price of 2s. 6d., and will contain used and unused stamps which have been selected for the purpose, with the interests of CAPTAIN readers in view. The July packet contains twenty-two distinct varieties, including Canada "Xmas" stamp, Cuba on U.S.A., 1c. and 2c.; Porto Rico on U.S.A., 1c. and 2c.; Newfoundland, ½c. (Prince Edward of York), 1c. (Queen);



PORTO RICO.

Tunis, 5c., yellow-green; British Guiana (provisional issue "two cents." surcharged on 10c.); San Marino (new design); U.S.A. (picture of the *Maine* battleship), etc., etc.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Donovan asks the value of a genuine Jerusalem stamp. There are no separate stamps for Jerusalem, but the various European powers have post offices in the Levant using stamps of current issue overprinted in "paras" and "piastres." This is the stamp Donovan speaks of; the value is small, say one penny.

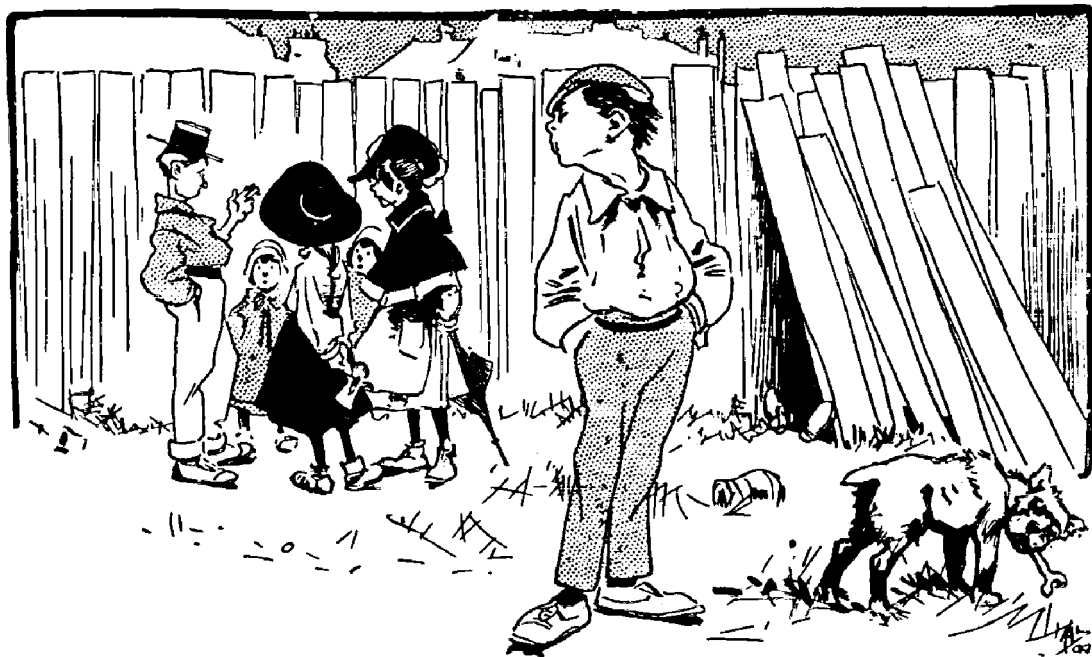
Perforation.—(1) We think not. The scope of a collection at its commencement must be decided by the collector for himself. Personally we advocate for the beginner a general collection on simplified lines, i.e., disregarding varieties of paper, perforation, etc. (2) From any of our advertisers, but you would do well to purchase a really good packet for the start, say one of a thousand varieties, which you should be able to purchase for about 15s. to £1.

F. Logan.—We shall at all times be open to give disinterested advice on all stamp matters. Stamps can be sent for opinion, but return postage must always be sent.

Methodical is much struck by our advice regarding "Method in Stamp Collecting," and although he has collected for years has never thought so much could be made of the hobby. This is frank confession, and we trust that in a short time "Methodical" will learn yet more of the inner life of stamp collecting. We shall always be pleased to hear from you.

J. W. Chapman.—There are philatelic papers in abundance. Among the leading British magazines are the *London Philatelist*, organ of the London Philatelic Society, 6s. per annum; the *Monthly Journal* (Stanley Gibbons, Limited), 2s. per annum; the *Philatelic Journal of Great Britain* (W. Brown, Salisbury), 2s. 6d. per annum; the *Philatelic Record* (Buhl & Co., London), 3s. per annum. All published monthly.

Inquirer.—Your stamp is the first penny British stamp, value 3d., but not the V.R. The V.R. is worth from £8 to £11.



"YOU SAY I'M A JEALOUS MAN? NO—LET HER HAVE HIM *and* HIS CIGARETTE. POOH! WHAT CARE I FOR SUCH A FICKLE CREATURE? MATILDA ANNE—I SCORN YOU!"



PARFITT'S PLUNGE

BY CHARLES LAVELL

Illustrated by H. S. Greig.

"*Mean old hunks!*"

Parfitt minor, of Bryanston Square, and St. Jude's College, Hampshire, gazed after the retreating tail light of the Slowminster Express, as it glided rapidly out of Waterloo Station with feelings of disappointment, vexation, and disgust. In a few moments the train had disappeared into the gloom of a January afternoon, and, wrathfully crushing something in his right hand, with a dejected air Phil swung round on his heel, and paced slowly back along the platform towards the exit.

And the cause of his annoyance?

Imagine, reader, that you have for a week been escorting a holidaying uncle, rich as to means, and reputedly generous to a fault, half over the metropolis,

wherever his fancy listeth; wasting, so to speak, the precious hours of youth, and your time for six whole days of your vacation.

Then, when you finally escort the old gentleman to the station to see him off, in place of the crown, or even half-a-sovereign, which your delighted fancy has been conjuring with for the past six days, which you have in imagination spent over and over again, he places in your hand a little doubled-up piece of paper, containing doubtless some highly moral precepts for your future guidance on returning to school-life.

Phil hesitated for a moment as to whether he should pitch the now utterly crushed and crumpled fragment of paper on to the metals; then, with a stifled sigh of regret, he decided to examine it before doing so, and commenced to straighten out his uncle's parting gift.



"BUY A BOX O' LIGHTS, SIR?"

What—why—how? To his amazement, the crumpled mass began to crackle, it shaped itself under his agitated fingers into—no—yes, yes—a

beautiful, crisp, new £5 note! He tottered through the gates and turned his airy, fairy footsteps in the direction of his father's house. What an old *brick* Uncle John was! What should he buy with it? Should he have a cab home? The foregoing, and a thousand similar thoughts filled his delighted brain as he paced over Waterloo Bridge, and turned his nose down the Strand.

"Let me see! I'll ask Smithson and Bates, and Jephson and—er—may as well include Forgate, and we'll have a grand spread. I'll make their eyes shine, the beggars!"

"Buy a box o' lights, sir?"

He turned. At his elbow a match-seller whin-ingly held out his wares. Parfitt discovered that his wealth had given him a new dig-nity.

"Certainly, my good man. Here's a shil—" he paused with confusion, for with the exception of his uncle's gift he hadn't a solitary penny on his person. With blushing mien, he thrust the box of matches back into the grimy paw, and fled, followed by the noisy abuse of the dis-appointed vendor.

It was fully ten minutes before he re-gained his composure. He avoided street hawkers with a whole-some dread, and kept a wary hand upon his wealth. Arrived at home, he picked up a newspaper.

"Think I'll invite all the fellows to the Exhibition after the spread," he murmured to himself as his roving eye skipped down an advertisement of the attractions therein adver-tised:—

"THE GRAND KALOOKI GOLD MINING CO., LTD.
"Capital £200,000, divided into 200,000 shares of
£1 each."

next caught his eye.

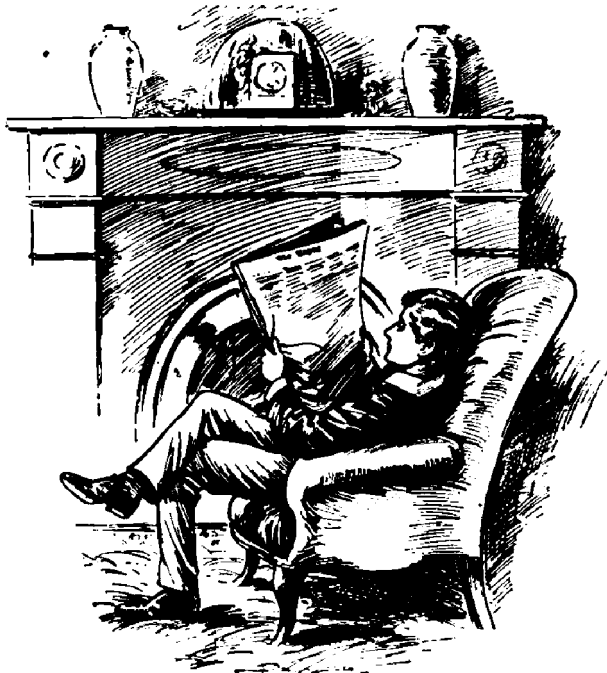
Phil scanned the particulars of this advertise-ment with an uninterested eye, but as he read on, an idea began to formulate itself in his head, and presently he threw down the paper with an "I'll do it!"

His eyes gleamed with a strange, feverish light. What desperate act was he contemplating?

Taking a pen, in a few moments Phil had made application for five shares of £1 each in the Grand Kalooki Gold Mining Co., Ltd., cut the form of application from the newspaper, enclosed it,

together with his uncle's gift, in full payment of application, allotment fees, and calls to the bankers of the company, and in a few minutes the momentous document lay reposing in the nearest pillar-box.

Now that it was too late to draw back, Phil began to feel hot. What would the governor say? On reflection, Parfitt began to feel sorry. Suppose the company "busted." He already looked upon it, himself, and his new banknote as a trio of "gone coons." Metaphorically he kicked himself for being such a hasty, not to say consummate ass. "Mustn't let the governor know—awful row if he knew! Can't give that 'spread' now. What an *ass* I am!" he muttered to himself as he savagely thrust the mutilated newspaper out of sight. The dinner bell rang.



"THE GRAND KALOOKI GOLD MINING CO., LTD.," NEXT
CAUGHT HIS EYE.

Over the events of the next few days it will be as well to draw a veil. Phil's sufferings from a mental point of view were acute. He had continually to be on the alert whenever the postman called, in case some incriminat-ing document should fall into hands other than his own, and one fine morning a letter arrived from the secretary of the com-pany in which he was interested. It disclosed the fact that Philip Parfitt, Esq., Gentle-man, of — etc. etc., was the holder of five fully paid up shares in the Grand Kalooki Gold Mining Co., Ltd. The proprietor of public stock failed to find any cause for self-congratu-

lation in the fact. Even to his inexperienced mind it was plain that he could not hope to conceal the state of affairs for long, and he perspired miserably in anticipation of the "row" when Dr. Parfitt found out his son's rash deed.

"You don't look well, Phil! Anything wrong?" asked Dr. Parfitt the following morning, prepara-tory to leaving the house on his rounds.

"No, dad. I'm all right," replied that young gentleman with a guilty blush, as he rose from an almost untasted breakfast, much to Mrs. Parfitt's alarm.

"I'm afraid the dear boy is studying too much," she observed to her husband, after their son's hasty departure from the room.

"Not he," Dr. Parfitt laughed. "The sooner he *is* studying again the better, is my opinion."

Phil strolled into Hyde Park, and spent an hour in, for him, deep thought. His holding in Grand Kalookis was beginning to worry him considerably,

and with a gesture of re-
pugnance he opened the
newspaper he had brought
with him, and turned to the
money market report.

A cablegram from Kalooki,
S.A.R., caught his eye, and,
with a fast-beating heart,
he read a cursory statement
from the mines owned by
his company to the effect
that a rich vein of metal
had been struck from which
great things were expected.
As he read, he conceived a
hope of getting out of the
concern without losing his
money. With Phil, to think
was to act, and he hastily
turned homewards in order
to carry out a plan he had
thought of.

That afternoon he had
taken one more step in his
career of *crime*. The follow-
ing morning, after a night
of unrest, he found a letter
awaiting him from the
brokers of the Grand Kalooki Gold Mining
Co., Ltd.

"Dear sir," it ran. "Your communication to
hand. In reply, we have much pleasure in
informing you that the shares you authorised us
to sell have risen in a most remarkable manner,
and we hold, at your further instructions, a cheque
for £63 5s. (less our commission) which we shall be
happy to remit to you on receipt of instructions.

"Should you desire, however, to re-invest, we en-
close prospectus of another company, of which we
have great expectations, and would confidently re-
commend the investment to your notice. Thanking
you in anticipation, we are,

"Yours faithfully,

"Brunton, McCullough & Massey."

Phil read the foregoing with delight and
amazement—£63 5s. Here was interest for a
paltry fiver! Over £50 profit by a single *coup*!
It was magnificent—nay, it was stupendous!
Should he have the cheque, or re-invest, as
recommended by the brokers? To Phil's youth-
ful mind, such an operation as he had just
speculated on was the simplest thing in the
world. He gazed upon his surroundings through
golden spectacles. His path seemed carpeted
with bright, gleaming sovereigns. That make
of bicycle should now be his! What a brick
Uncle John was! What bricks his brokers were!

Everyone was a brick, and Phil laughed with
joy. Now he could tell the governor, give a
bigger spread than ever to all the fellows, and
make everyone happy and comfortable for ever!
But, hang it all, £60 wouldn't do all that.

Not a bad idea to re-invest the money. It
might realise hundreds. Who could tell? Better
not let anyone know after all. Wait until the
proceeds of his next venture were realised.

Thus soliloquising, Phil penned an important



"YOU DON'T LOOK WELL, PHIL
ANYTHING WRONG?"

missive to the
brokers, in-
structing them
to re-invest the
whole of the
sum at their
disposal, at
their discretion in the *Popocatepetl Copper and
Silver Mining Corporation, Ltd.*

Phil's second step on the downward ladder of
deceit was taken. He could not withdraw. The
studies which his fond mater imagined him to be
overworking himself with were now absolutely
dropped, and he spent the days in speculating
upon his coming wealth, formulating gilt-edged
plans for the future, and *moping*.

The latter phase of his thoughts produced in
him a rather unnatural pallor which all the stroll-
ing he indulged in failed to dispel.

He scanned the newspapers with feverish
anxiety to learn something of his new specula-
tion, but in vain.

His holidays were fast drawing to a close, and
Phil began to experience an undefined dread of
money market columns, and Stock Exchange
quotations in particular.

One morning he found a letter awaiting him.
He opened it, and read:—

"The Popocatepetl, etc., etc.

"Dear Sir,—I regret to inform you that in conse-
quence of the embezzlement by two trusted officials of
the company of large sums, it has been decided to
wind the concern up. On examination of the books
of the company, I find that there is a balance of
10s. per share outstanding on your shares, and I
must request the favour of your cheque for £30 on
account of same, per return of post.

"Yours faithfully,

"Jas. Quirk.

"Official Receiver for the Popocatepetl, etc., etc."

How Parfitt got out of the breakfast room he never knew, but presently he found himself wandering, dazed and scared, down Oxford Street.

He fully grasped the import of the letter he had just read, as fully as he realised the fact that he had as much chance of paying the £30 demanded as he had of pulling the Bank of England up by the roots.

Unable as he was to weigh all the pros and cons of the situation, he was quite aware that the money must come from somewhere in order to prevent legal proceedings, and at the thought of

able-looking, jolly-faced old gentleman who had accosted him.

"Uncle John!" he gasped incredulously, as he shook hands with his generous relative.

"I never expected to see *you*, uncle!" he cried.

"No, my boy! I'm surprised to be here myself, to tell the truth. Just had a letter from my brokers to say that a company I'm in has gone smash. Cost me a thousand pounds, I expect, before I'm done with it. Confound it!" and he actually laughed a hearty rollicking laugh over his loss.

The mention of the ominous word "smash" brought a flood of recollections into Parfitt's mind, and revived all his misery afresh.

"What was the name of the company, uncle?" he queried.

"Why, the Popper Copper Kettle something. Lot of swindling rogues!"

"The Popocatapetl, was it?" inquired Phil with amazement.

"That's it, Phil! d'ye know anything about 'em?" asked Uncle John, as he dexterously shoved the embryo speculator into a hansom cab he had signalled.

"Eighty-seven, Gracechurch Street, cabby!" he cried, and then, springing into the vehicle, he said to his astounded nephew, "What do you know about the Popper Copper Kettle, eh?"

For answer, his nephew pulled out the letter which had caused him such anxiety and anguish, and the old gentleman devoured its contents whilst the unhappy culprit maintained a dead silence.

"Why, you young vagabond!" he roared at length, in tones that brought the horse to a temporary halt, while the driver glared down the trap to see if

murder was being contemplated. Concerning the remainder of the old gentleman's remarks we will be silent. Suffice it to say that Phil never in all his life spent such an uncomfortable quarter of an hour, and, on arrival at Gracechurch Street, where the brokers' offices were situated, he spent another half-hour in the cab, waiting while his uncle transacted the business which had brought him to town. There is every reason to believe that whilst Parfitt was undergoing all this torture in the cab, certain members of the firm of Brunton, McCullough & Massey, passed an equally uncomfortable half-hour with his outspoken uncle.



"HULLO, PHIL, MY BOY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, EH?"

Dr. Parfitt's anger his heart sank. What should he do?

Now he could see what an idiot he had been. Instead of stopping when he had £60 to his credit, his greed for wealth had led him on to ruin, for he had no doubt that his father would refuse to do anything for him.

What should he do? He had reached Oxford Circus, and, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, stood gazing dejectedly upon the bustling throng which poured past him.

"Hullo, Phil, my boy! What's the matter with you, eh?"

Parfitt turned a startled gaze upon the comfort-

However, all things come to an end at last, and when, that evening, in the privacy of Dr. Parfitt's study, Uncle John informed his nephew that his liability, so far as the Popocatapetl Copper Co., Ltd., was concerned, was at an end, and that the matter would go no farther than himself, our

youthful gambler was moved to a fit of penitence which to this day exerts a good influence over him.

The sight of a company prospectus, however, will doubtless, as long as he lives, bring back to Parfitt's mind the memories of certain phases of his "Plunge."

Some Unwritten Harrow Laws.

BY A HARROW BOY.

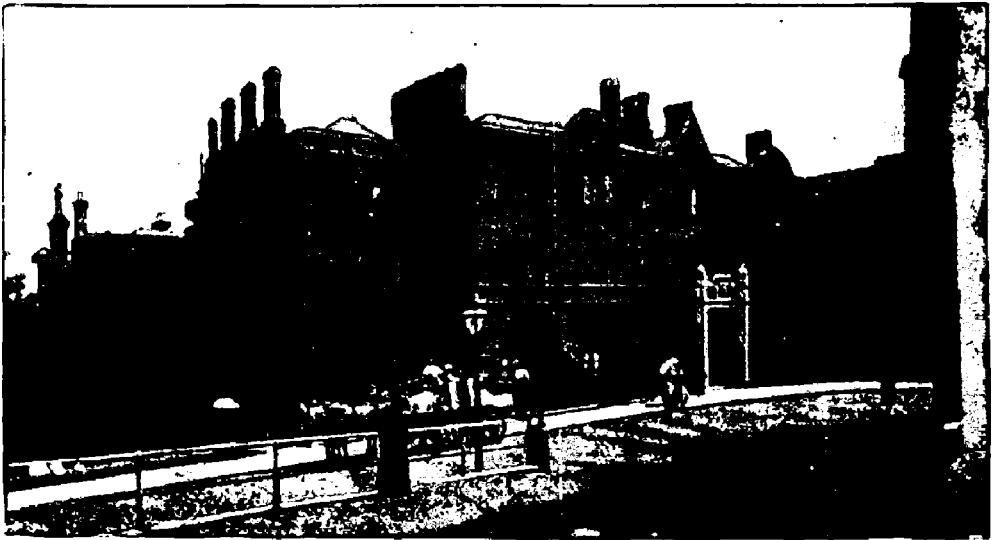
I THINK it will probably interest some of the readers of *THE CAPTAIN* to hear a few of the more curious rules laid down by Harrow boys, and more punctiliously enforced and kept, I am afraid, than many instituted by the head master himself. First of all, it must be clearly understood that there are two distinct classes of Harrovians, *i.e.*, those who have been in the school three years, and those who have not. I may here remark that all who have got their cricket caps, or football "fezzes," for their house elevens are exempt from these rules altogether, however long they have been in the school. A "three-yearer" may generally be recognised by his stand-up collar and his tie-pin, articles of dress which an unfavoured "two-yearer" may look and long for—but no more. Amongst other "sidy" articles may be mentioned the bow-tie, the double-breasted, or coloured waistcoat, silk facings to the coats, and patent leather boots.

Amongst the most traditional and inexplicable "side" rules existing at Harrow School, the following, I think, would strike an outsider as the most curious. Firstly, it is the exclusive privilege of "three-yearers" to walk in the road, or to carry folded umbrellas. If a new and inexperienced Harrovian were to transgress the former of these two laws, he would immediately be greeted by cries of "street-sider" from the windows of the neighbouring school-houses, and would be made to retire in confusion to the pavement. Secondly, only Harrovians who have

seen their third summer at the school may open their blue cricket coat, familiarly known as the "blue-er," when they wear it on half-holiday afternoons. Thirdly, it is considered "side" for a "non-three-yearer" to enter another boy's house, except on special business in the master's study.

Of course, there are several other minor rules which I will not attempt to set down, for I think they are common to every public school, but these are the most curious unwritten laws of Harrow, and, I think, peculiar to that school.

And, lastly, a word as to "side." A "sidy chap" is universally detested, and every chance is seized to "take him down a peg." By a "sidy chap" I mean one who "sides," but has no right to do so, being neither a "three-yearer," nor a "cap," or "fez." But when a boy blossoms out into "chokers" and tie-pins by virtue of having been at Harrow for three years, or athletic



THE HEAD MASTER'S HOUSE.

excellence, it is no longer considered "side," but as his due. Lastly, if a boy change his school-house before he becomes a "three-yearer," he has to begin his three years all over again, starting from the time he enters the new house.

Simple Photography for School-boys.

BY "MEDALLIST."

PHOTOGRAPHIC cameras, many and various, are now to be obtained, and at prices to suit all boys' pockets; so a proper knowledge of their use will be found to be both enjoyable and never to be regretted. For in school life the camera can be made to play many parts. It can take notes which in after life will serve as mementoes of happy days, such as pictures of the school buildings, pleasant places found either walking or cycling, favourite haunts, collections of birds, etc., and portraits of one's chums may be registered; and, as the photographer becomes more experienced, shots can be made of exciting episodes in "footer," and other games. Those desirous of earning the thanks of posterity can record, by means of photography, old buildings, ancient landmarks, and like subjects, and present copies for preservation to the National Photographic Record Association; others, who crave for fame, can compete in some of the many photographic competitions, and, perhaps, eventually exhibit their work on the walls of the Royal Photographic Society, or of the Photographic Salon.

The first difficulty confronting the would-be photographer is the best camera and apparatus to buy. Unfortunately, the low-priced cameras are chiefly made for hand use only—that is, the camera is held in the hand for exposure—hence, only brief exposures can be given; and, as this is one of the most difficult branches in photography, it is not to be advised as a commencement; still, if the available sum is not large enough to purchase a stand camera, then some support must be contrived, such as a chair or form, for the hand camera—at any rate, in making the first few exposures.

Of course, it is in the power of comparatively few boys to purchase an expensive camera, but you can get a lot of fun out of a "cheap one," even if it doesn't yield you very excellent pictures. A cheap camera yields very comical results, as a rule.

To commence, if the length of the pocket is limited, then for from 6s. to 10s. can be obtained, from one of the firms whose announcements you will find in our advertisement pages, a hand camera and the necessary accessories; and, though these are good value for the money, it must not be expected they will be as useful as apparatus costing more; if the latter can be afforded, the same firms will supply you with them.

Most dealers supply a stand camera and all the needful materials for producing a finished print for one guinea. The better plan, funds permitting, is to purchase a camera, lens, stand, and plate-holder, apart from the other requisites; in this way a most serviceable outfit can be obtained for about 30s. At one guinea many cameras can be chosen, but on no account should one only adapted for hand use be bought. What is required is a camera that can be

used on a stand all the year round, and for all sorts of subjects, and not liable to get out of order. Having obtained these the next articles required are one dozen sensitive quarter-plates of ordinary rapidity, focussing cloth, ruby lamp, three developing dishes (enamelled metal), two glass measures, developer in two solutions, one pound of hypo-sulphite of soda, printing frame, print-out paper, one large and one small porcelain toning dish, combined toning and fixing solution, and a pair of ebonite forceps for use when toning; these,



OVER EXPOSURE (a).

made out and separately priced from a dealer's list, can be purchased for 10s., or perhaps less, from some of the large stores.

Truly a long list, the beginner will say; but it is absolutely necessary, unless you desire to become simply "a button-presser," and show off as your own work that which has been developed and printed by others. And it is actually these processes which render photography one of the most interesting of hobbies, for there is nothing more exciting—not even a hard, low drive at cricket, or a finely-kicked goal—than to watch the image slowly and evenly appearing on the sensitive plate during development. Perhaps here it is wise to briefly explain what is meant by a sensitive plate, exposure, and development. A photograph is formed by the action of light upon a certain silver salt, which is held in suspension in a thin film of gelatine, spread upon a glass or celluloid plate, and hence called the sensitive plate. When the light is allowed to act it causes a change to take place in the silver salt, which change is invisible till treated by certain other chemicals; this is called development, and admitting the light to the plate, the exposure. The result of development is a negative—that is, the light parts of the image come out black, and the other parts less and less black, till the shadows or darkest parts are nearly transparent. From the negative a positive is obtained by printing; this is managed by placing in contact with the negative a piece of paper, which has also been rendered sensitive to the action of light by coating with another silver salt, and exposing both to light. The formation of the negative image on a sensitive plate by light only takes from a very brief part of a second up to two or three hours, but that of the positive print may take from twenty minutes to some days.

Having obtained the outfit, you are anxious to commence operations. First, it must be noted, the following descriptions apply to stand camera work to start with. To begin methodically is the best plan; so take out the camera, lens, plate-holder or dark-slide, and stand or tripod, and examine them carefully. Try and understand the uses of the different articles; practise setting up the camera, which is done as follows: Open out and fix the legs of the tripod, then attach them to the top, and spread them out; take the camera, open it, and as the method varies according to the make of camera it must be found out by the owner; then place the camera on the tripod top, the screw hole in the base-

board over that in the top, and pass the thumb-screw through both, screwing just tight enough to prevent the camera moving; now fit the lens (if not already fixed to the front of the camera) into its flange; the quickest plan is to screw the reverse way at first, till a small click is felt, then turn in the right direction, and no trouble will be found in inducing the threads to grip properly; now slacken the screw slightly, and rotate the camera so that the lens is over one tripod leg (diagram 1); then tighten. By always setting the camera up in this manner it will be found much easier to focus, and to move the camera about when selecting the right amount of subject to include in the photograph.

By focussing is meant the act of causing the image of the object it is desired to photograph to become sharp, or well defined, upon the ground glass or focussing screen, at the back of the camera; it is effected by covering the camera with a focussing cloth, leaving the lens out, and pointing towards the object; then, removing the little cap, or cover, from the lens, and putting the head beneath the cloth, and keeping the eyes about ten inches away from the ground glass, on gently turning the screw, or other means which moves the front—and therefore the lens farther from or closer to the ground glass—at a certain point the image will be seen to be beautifully sharp and brilliant, though reversed and upside down; now carefully replace the lens cap, take off the focussing cloth, and

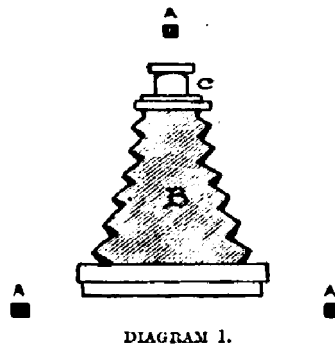


DIAGRAM 1.

turn back the ground glass, place the plate-holder in position, without moving the camera, and cover the whole with the focussing cloth as before; then pull out the shutter of the plate-holder which faces the lens, taking great care whilst so doing not to shift the camera, nor to withdraw the plate-holder itself. Lift the lens cap upwards, and quickly count five (this is about equal to one second); replace the cap, push in the shutter; if the plate-holder is a double one—that is, takes two plates, one on each side—reverse it, and proceed as before. Go through these motions of setting up the camera, etc., several times, and when they can be managed without any difficulty it will be time enough to attempt a photograph.

Let us first make up the necessary solutions, and see that the room or place in which the development is to be done is ready. The developer will be found ready mixed in two solutions, but most likely it is concentrated; however, directions how to use it will be found on the bottles. The fixing

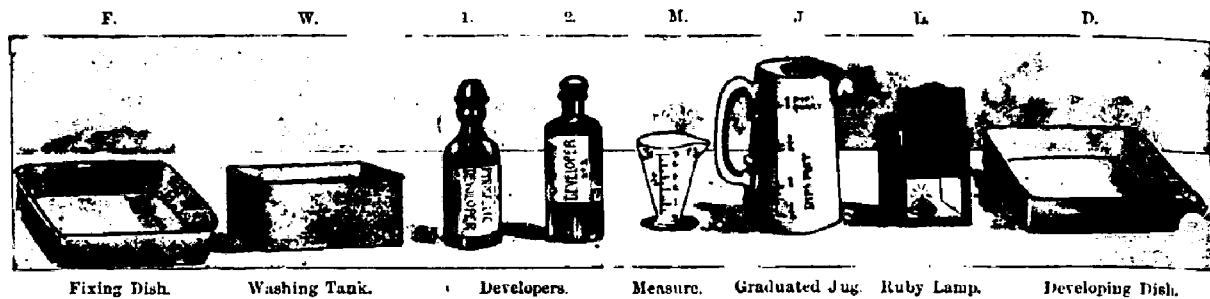


DIAGRAM 2.

solution must be made, and this is accomplished by taking the pound of hyposulphite of soda—or, for short, hypo.—putting it into a clean, empty wine bottle, and filling up with boiling or very hot water. If the crystals are too large to go into the bottle they can be broken up, if a pestle and mortar is not handy, by wrapping them in three or four thicknesses of brown paper, and then hitting the parcel hard till it is felt they are in small pieces; then, having removed the hypo., throw away or burn the paper. Here a word of caution. Hypo., in the right place, is innocent of wrong-doing, but permit one small crystal, or one drop of the solution, to become mixed with your other chemicals, or in the wrong dish, or where it has no business to be, and it can do untold mischief. So whenever making up the solution be careful to do so with no other chemicals, etc., about, and keep one special dish and one bottle for it, the latter well corked, and labelled in big letters: "Hypo. conc. sol."

A dark room is now required—that is, some place or room so contrived that every little streak of ordinary light is blocked out. In it is wanted a convenient shelf or table on which the development can be done; on this table put the ruby lamp, box of plates, and double plate-holder and focussing cloth. Here comes the first trouble. Shut the door and wait a minute. Now see if any stray light-rays creep in through cracks unnoticed before; if so, the cracks must be covered up until the room is actually pitch-dark; strike a match and light the ruby lamp, pause for a moment till the eyes become accustomed to the light, then unwrap the box of plates, open the plate-holder, take out a plate and look at it quickly—note one side is dull, this is the film side, and care must be taken not to put the fingers on it; place the plate film side next to the shutter, then another plate in the other half of the plate-holder, close it, and wrap up in the focussing cloth. Do up the box of plates, and now the door can be opened, and the lamp put out. Another word of caution: The operation of filling or charging the plate-holder must be effected as quickly as possible, for even

red light-rays have some action on the sensitive plates if allowed to act too long.

The plate-holder being charged; before an exposure is made in the camera it will be wise first to arrange the dark room for developing, and the diagram (No. 2) will explain better than a printed description; in addition, in the large measure mix your developer, in dish W put some clean water, and some fixing solution in dish F, made up of hypo. conc. sol., 1oz. added to 2ozs. of water; on the right hand of the table, on the floor, have a bucket to receive the used solutions and washing waters. It will be also advantageous to make a plate-lifter out of a piece of wood, half an inch or less wide, and about the length of a wooden match, and bevel off one end like a chisel. These arrangements being made, take the dark slide, wrapped in the focussing cloth, to your camera, and go through the procedure you have already practised, but instead of pushing the shutter in all the way, only do so for a quarter of the distance; then expose for another second, again close for another quarter, and expose as before; finally, expose the last portion, and the plate will have had four different exposures.

Withdraw the plate-holder, and wrap it up in the focussing cloth; take it into the dark room, light the lamp, and see everything you will want is at hand; now shut the door. Remove the focussing cloth, take out the plate which has just been exposed, and be sure it is the right one; close the plate-holder, put the exposed plate into dish D, quickly pour over it the developer, and gently rock the dish to cover the whole plate evenly, being careful not to expose it too much to the red light; very soon one quarter of it will blacken quickly, then another, with perhaps some distinction between the sky and other parts; the next portion will now appear, the other two meanwhile becoming darker and darker, and all difference between the various parts lost. Finally, the image in the first quarter, which received the shortest exposure, begins slowly to show itself. Whilst it comes out the

third one to appear is gradually gaining strength, as it is called, and nearly the whole of the image can be seen. Now gently pass the plate-lifter under one edge of the plate, raise it, and with a thumb at the edge at one end and finger at the other, hold the plate up and look through it at the light, for a brief moment, or at the back or shining side. When you look through, the first two quarters which developed are seen to be quite black; the third shows quite black in the sky, but nicely graduated in detail to the shadows, and at the back all the detail just shows.

The last quarter shows the sky, and not much else when viewed from the back. Replace the plate in the developer, pour off the latter, and substitute clean water; then remove the plate to W, rock it several times, and change the water twice or thrice, then place the plate in F, leave it in here for ten minutes. Now the door can be opened; for, if a small room or cupboard is being used, it will have become rather stuffy. After ten minutes in F, on looking at the back of the plate, all the creamy appearance will have disappeared; but, to be safe, put it into F for another five minutes. During this five minutes a brief description of the meaning of fixation will help you to understand why it has to be done. When the light passing through the lens reached the plate it only acted on certain parts of the sensitive film on the plate, so that those portions unacted on were not changed; the developer had no effect on these either, therefore it is necessary to get rid of them, or they would darken evenly all over when exposed to the light again. The hypo. dissolves them out of

the film, and thus the light has no action when the negative is brought into contact with white light. After the negative has been in F for 15mins. take it out, and, if possible, give it a wash under a tap, noting that as the gelatine is soft, care is taken not to injure the film. If no tap is handy, put it into W, and change the water several times.

Examining this negative, what do you see? Remember that it is a negative—that is, the lightest parts of the subject photographed appear black, and so on till the shadows are reached, when they look almost transparent. Supposing

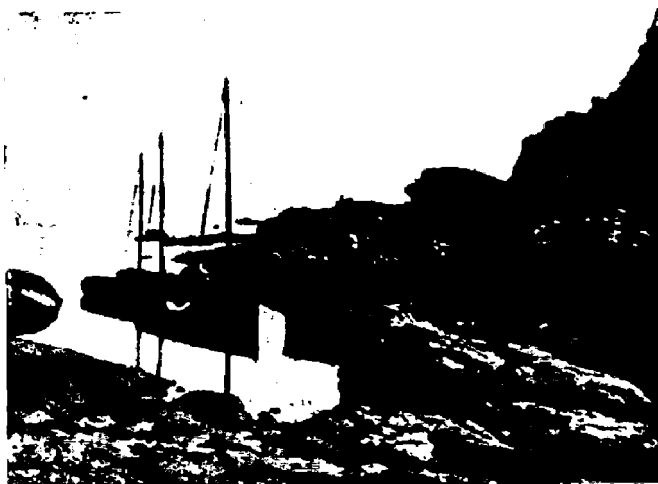
the four quarters are called 4, 3, 2, 1. No. 4, which had the longest exposure, is very thin; that is, there is no contrast between the sky and the shadows. It is full of detail, but looks quite flat, no part being stronger than another. No. 3 is not quite so bad as No. 4 (*vide A*), but is not nearly as good as No. 2. Here the sky is nice and dense, the lightest parts of the image not quite so dense as the sky, and the shadows have plenty of detail showing (*vide B*), and No. 1, which had

the shortest exposure, looks brighter and cleaner and more sparkling than No. 2. But note, the shadows are represented by clear glass. The result here would be a chalky print (*vide C*). These examples are positives, or prints, so that this must be remembered in reading the paragraph just printed. This shows us that Nos. 3 and 4 were over-exposed—that is, the exposure was too long—No. 4

being the worst; that No. 2 was the correct exposure; and that No. 1 was not long enough. Hence, by the expenditure of one plate, an experiment has been made and four lessons



NORMAL EXPOSURE (b).



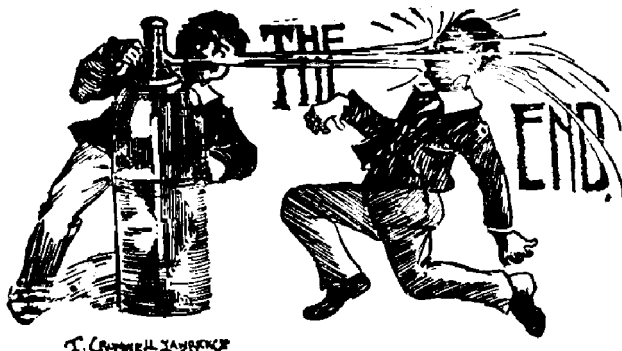
UNDER EXPOSURE (c).

learnt. There is still a plate left in the plate-holder, so if the light is good, and there is enough time, you can go out and expose this plate on the same subject, but not in parts, giving, say, $2\frac{1}{2}$ secs. exposure to the whole plate, the extra $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. to allow for the later time, for the later or earlier in the day the longer the exposure—that is, if at 12 o'clock noon the exposure should be 1sec. ; at, say, 10 a.m. or 2 p.m., it must be increased to $1\frac{1}{4}$ secs. ; and at 7 a.m. and 5 p.m. the proportion must be still further increased to 3secs. or 4secs.

Supposing this second plate produces a successful negative, naturally you wish to have finished prints to show. These can be made without the use of a dark room. Take the printing frame, release the springs, and remove the back ; place the negative, which must be perfectly dry, in the frame, with the glass side against the rebates, and having opened the packet of P.O. Paper in a part of the room away from the window, take out a piece of the sensitive paper ; note also this is shiny on one side—this is the sensitive surface ; place this next the film, and then a piece of clean notepaper, replace the back and fasten the springs. Then put the frame on the window-sill, exposed to the light from the sky, but so arranged that the sun does not shine directly on it ; in about five or ten minutes take the frame into the room, release one of the springs, and whilst doing so be careful not to allow the negative to shift in the frame, and turn back half the back, and with it the P.O. Paper ; examine the image thereon ; probably some of the details in the more transparent parts of the negative are beginning to show, replace again with care, and allow the printing to continue till the image in these transparent parts has become very dark ; by this time all the detail of the high lights should be distinctly printed. The print is not yet finished, the image at present is only in silver ;

and also the silver which has been unacted on by the light must be removed. Hence the print has to be toned and fixed. By toning is meant the formation of a deposit of gold on the silver image, and fixing is the same as has been described in the case of negatives. These operations, for the sake of simplicity, can be combined in one, but the results are not so permanent as if the solutions are used separately.

Having made, say, half to a dozen prints, put them face down into the larger porcelain dish, which has been filled with water to the depth of an inch, and turn them over with the toning forceps, then back again. Note—the water becomes very milky ; pour it off, and fill up again with clean water. In the smaller dish place some of the combined toning and fixing bath, according to the instructions on the bottle ; take a print out of the washing water and put it face down in the toning bath, and see no air balls are caught between the print and water ; to prevent this, it is best to slide the print in, then another print, and so on, till all are in. Now remove the bottom print with the forceps, and put it on the top of the others. Do this till all have been turned over. They must be left in, being continually removed from bottom to top, for 15mins. to 20mins., then placed in some clean water in the larger dish, and this water changed at least a dozen times, the prints being kept face down, and moved about with the forceps. When the prints are first put into the toning bath, they change colour, but gradually assume a nice purple-brown tone. As the gelatine becomes very soft, and the paper tender, in the various processes, care should be taken to do all the manipulations gently. After the final washing remove the prints, and leave them to dry, face upwards, on a clean towel, or unused blotting-paper, and, when dry, you will have, it is to be hoped, a photograph worth sending home.





BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

"HULLO! what's that? What a strange whistle! Did you hear it, father?"

Colonel Montague and his son Ernest, a sturdy boy of fifteen, were walking briskly along a broad jungle path, the boy's tongue outdoing his legs in rapidity of motion, for India was still to him a land of mystery and marvel.

The colonel halted instantly, and bent a listening ear in the direction indicated by Ernest.

For a moment no other than the ordinary sounds of the jungle were audible. Then there came cutting through them, as distinct and clear as though they had not stirred the air at all, a strange, shrill whistle, resembling nothing the veteran soldier had ever heard before.

It had a sharp, penetrating quality that attracted, while it gave no clue to the creature then calling, and there was a compelling influence in the summons which laid hold on even the iron-nerved warrior.

"I can't imagine what it is, Ernie," he said, with an effort to conceal a certain tremor in his voice. "You stay here a minute, and I'll reconnoitre a bit."

"Oh, no, father, I can't stay here," responded Ernest. "If you go, I'll go too."

Colonel Montague hesitated. The sun was well in the west, and they really had no time to lose if they would get clear of the jungle before nightfall, when every step would become fraught with danger.

Prudence told him they should hurry on without paying heed to the mysterious whistle, but then his curiosity had been roused to an unusual degree, and, moreover, there was something in the sound that seemed to overbear the promptings of discretion.

"Come along, then, Ernie," he said, after an instant's indecision. "It may be only some new kind of bird, but I confess I am very curious to know."

Guided by the whistle, which sounded forth at short intervals, and proceeding very warily, they presently reached the edge of a glade which was warmly illuminated by the last rays of the setting sun.

Keeping well hidden by the dense foliage, they looked eagerly into the open space in front.

So extraordinary was the sight which met their gaze that, quite intuitively, the colonel drew back, and clapped his hand over Ernie's mouth to suppress the exclamation he well knew would be forthcoming.

This was what they saw.

In the centre of the clearing lay a large stone, with a smooth, flat top, and upon the stone, which indeed seemed a fitting throne, there appeared the most splendid and terrible-looking serpent Colonel Montague had ever beheld, although he had spent a quarter of a century in India.

The creature was fully 12ft. in length, and of corresponding thickness, an inflated neck adding greatly to its imposing aspect.

Its skin was of an olive-green hue, with white and black markings of remarkable brilliancy, and its eyes were of unusual size, flashing like big diamonds in the monster's head.

But this was not all. Gathered about the stone in a way startlingly suggestive of courtiers in servile attendance upon a king, were coiled other serpents by the score.

They had evidently come in response to the whistle, and were now awaiting the royal behest.

As if not satisfied with the muster, the regal reptile repeated its authoritative whistle, and a keen eye could perceive fresh

recruits gliding out of the jungle, and creeping with manifest reluctance towards the stone.

"It's the *serpentivore!* The king of serpents!" whispered Colonel Montague. "I've often heard of it, but never saw it before. Our lives are in peril here."

Yet, although he said this and meant it, he did not move away. He seemed fascinated by the marvellous sight, and, of course, Ernest would not stir until his father did.

"What's it going to do, father?" he asked eagerly. "Is it going to tell the others something?"

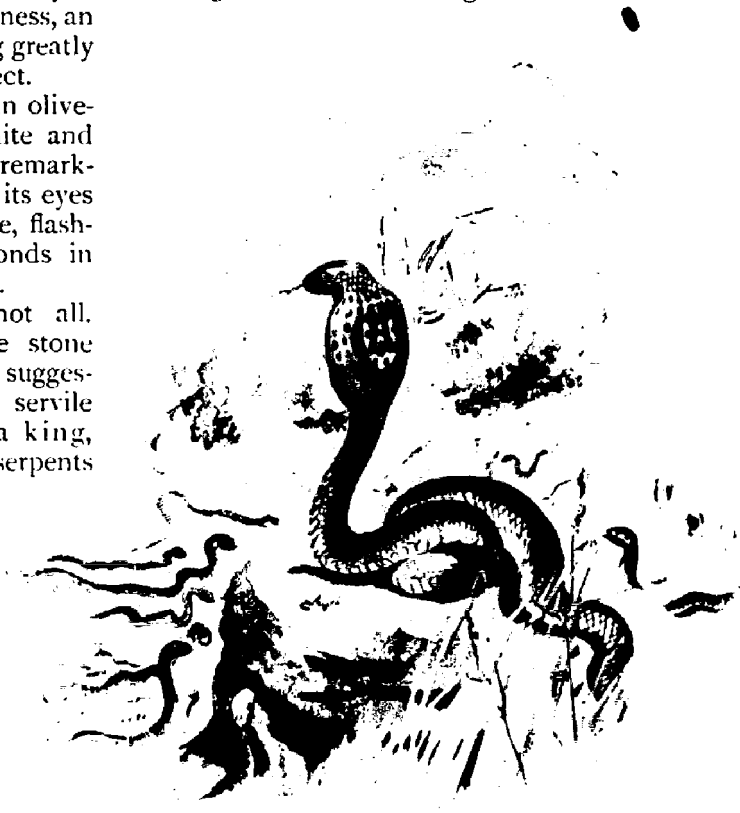
The question was natural enough, for some

such proceeding certainly seemed the logical issue of this ophidian convocation.

But Colonel Montague knew better than that. If the stories he had heard about this extraordinary snake were founded upon fact, the assemblage of its submissive subjects meant far more than the mere carrying out of a command.

"We ought to go—it's folly to stay here," he murmured, as if reasoning with himself.

Nevertheless his feet did not move. Nay, instead of retreating, he leaned farther forward so as to miss nothing of what was going on in the glade.



MOST SPLENDID AND TERRIBLE-LOOKING SERPENT.

Equally under the spell, Ernest did likewise, until the faces of the two became fully exposed to view, without their being conscious of the fact.

But the serpents all had their attention too deeply engrossed in their own business to detect the presence of spectators.

Presently the central figure in the scene seemed satisfied with the response to its summons. The shrill whistling ceased, and the creature rose still higher from the stone, and turned its terrible head,

now swollen to twice its normal size by inflation, this way and that in a smooth, deliberate fashion that chilled the blood of the veteran soldier.

There was something so masterful, so merciless, so impassive, in its steady, significant sweep.

"It is picking out its victim," Colonel Montague whispered, grasping Ernest's arm tightly, for, indeed, he had never in all his long experience of startling and perilous situations been under so strange a stress of feeling.

Ernest, if anything, was the more self-possessed of the two. Admiration for the

splendid serpent, and curiosity as to its purpose, had overcome all sense of fear, and he thought of nothing but the scene before him.



ERNEST LOST HIS BALANCE AND FELL OVER.

The king of serpents now checked the movement of its head for a moment, and then, bending slightly to the left, and away from where the Montagues crouched, whistled in a more subdued, yet not less authoritative, tone.

Instantly one of the snakes clustered around the stone moved forward slowly, and lifted itself upon the edge of the stone, its whole action and pose unmistakably manifesting abject terror and despair.

"Look, Ernie, it's going to swallow the other!" whispered the colonel, with every nerve in his body athrill.

Sure enough, with a slow dignity of motion, beyond the power of words to describe, the serpent king lowered its glittering head and opened wide its maw, while the other lay as still as if dead and absolutely submissive to its fate.

The two heads were almost touching, and the serpentivore's tongue had just begun to

play over the doomed one's skin, covering it with saliva, when Ernest, bending too far forward in his eagerness to witness everything, lost his balance and fell over on his face, at the same time uttering a startled exclamation.

The effect of this interruption upon the serpents was electric. The monster on the stone, thus suddenly checked in its horrid feast, swiftly raised its head and, emitting a fierce, piercing hiss, glared furiously at the spot whence the sound had come.

Quick to take advantage of the diversion in its favour thus created, the intended victim wriggled back into the grass, and made for the jungle like a flash. With agile unanimity the others followed its lead, and in an instant the serpent king was alone.

While this was taking place Colonel Montague—the spell which had bound him being broken—pulled Ernest to his feet, and crying:—

"Run! Run for your life! Run!" gave him a push that sent him several yards ahead of him.

Ernest obeyed the order, and set off at the top of his speed, his

father following close at his heels.

They soon reached the jungle road, and there they ran abreast, Colonel Montague glancing anxiously over his shoulder for the expected pursuer.

He knew well the magnitude of their peril. The serpentivore is not only the largest of venomous reptiles, but as deadly as any in the effects of its poison. To be bitten by it meant inevitable death.

Already he had determined in his mind that he should receive the fatal stroke in order that his beloved boy might escape. But he said nothing of this to Ernest, lest he should sacrifice himself in order to save his father.

Down the dusty road they sped, the enraged serpent in hot pursuit, as they assured themselves ere they had run many yards.

How to escape Colonel Montague had no idea. The serpentivore could ascend a tree or

swim a river as swiftly as it could cover the ground. Only by some providential interposition might its merciless attack be avoided.

They had been running some minutes, and were rapidly being overhauled, when a turn in the road revealed a big bullock cart crawling slowly along, less than a hundred yards ahead.

"Thank God!" panted the colonel. "See, Ernie, if we can reach that in time we're safe."

They were already straining every nerve. To increase their pace was impossible. The situation had resolved itself into the simple

creature with his bare hands when a flash of inspiration suggested the large pith helmet with long puggaree which shielded his head from the ardent rays of the Indian sun.

In an instant he had whipped it off, and, holding it out at arm's length, awaited the serpentivore's attack.

Scarce slackening its onward rush, the great reptile coiled up, and struck with diabolical ferocity.

It was a lightning-like dart of the deadly head, and yet the colonel caught it fairly with



THE PUGGAREE TWINING ITSELF ROUND THE SERPENT'S NECK.

question as to whether they could get to the cart before the serpent got to them.

Swiftly and surely the reptile gained, until, looking back at it, Colonel Montague gave a despairing cry, for it was manifest that it would be upon them ere they were within a score of yards of their refuge.

At this critical moment Ernest, striking his left foot hard against a stone, went sprawling down upon his face in the dust.

The colonel uttered a cry of despair. He had not even a walking-stick for a weapon, and he was about to meet the horrible

the helmet, in the top of which the fatal fangs buried themselves, while the puggaree, twining itself around the serpent's neck, gave Colonel Montague such a hold that, by a tremendous effort, he was able to lift the monster clear off the ground and hurl it away from him into the dense grass that bordered the road.

Then, calling loudly to Ernest, who by this time had regained his feet, he panted out:—

"Now for the bullock cart!"

They had just leaped upon the cart when the serpentivore, having freed itself from the helmet, again showed in sight, and returned to

the charge, but Colonel Montague feared it no longer, for he held in his hand the bullock-driver's heavy whip, and with the homely yet effective weapon he presently

succeeded in slaying his hideous foe, whose splendid skin subsequently formed the chief ornament of the billiard room in his English home.



"NOW FOR THE BULLOCK CART!"

Boys—French and English.

[I quote below some extracts from an interesting article, comparing English and French boys, which recently appeared in *Truth*.—ED. CAPTAIN.]

ENGLISH boys, when left to themselves, or without an employment that gives an immediate prospect of making money, are more destructive than French boys. I was much struck a few seasons back with the barbarous manners of a lot of English boys at a seaside place where I was staying. Behind the hotel where they lodged was an orchard. The Young Hopefuls fetched out chairs from the dining-room, and amused themselves with flinging them up into the trees. They did this, I dare say, from pure love of destruction, for they must have known the fruit was not ripe. The chairs were broken by them, the trees were injured, and the ground was strewn with fruit. They keenly enjoyed the havoc. Some of the destroyers were almost young men. There was no "small boy," unless in size, in the lot. They were all sons, the landlady said, of apparently rich people. French boys of their class could not have been guilty of such vandalism.

On Thursday all school children in France have a half-holiday. The rule holds good in State schools, communal schools, and schools under the direction of religious orders. Boarding school pupils are, when their families live near them, sent home for the half-holiday under escort. The others are taken out to walk, or to visit picture exhibitions, or to go to the circus, or to amuse themselves running and jumping in the park of St. Cloud. They go in troops. An usher or a young priest walks at the head, and another at the tail, of each troop. They are gentle as lambs, and never molest or annoy anyone. Their games in a park or State forest are not attended with destruction to trees or shrubs. The boys of the communal schools are simply let loose. They go home unattended. In general they do their best when at home to help their mothers. There are some "pickles," but when one considers what a number of poor boys there are in Paris one wonders there are so few.

English people laugh at the gentle behaviour of French boys—English boys despise it. But Marchand, when at school, for nine years walked in a troop on Thursday half-holidays. So did Bonvalot. School-boy gentleness did not prevent them growing up manly to the degree of heroism. Bonvalot crossed Central Asia from the Caspian

to Tonkin, going half the way through regions unexplored. I need not say what Marchand did.

The average French boy has great tenderness for his father and mother, his little sister—if he has one—his aunts, and other relatives. He is not ashamed of his affection for them, but does not parade it unless at meetings and leave-takings.

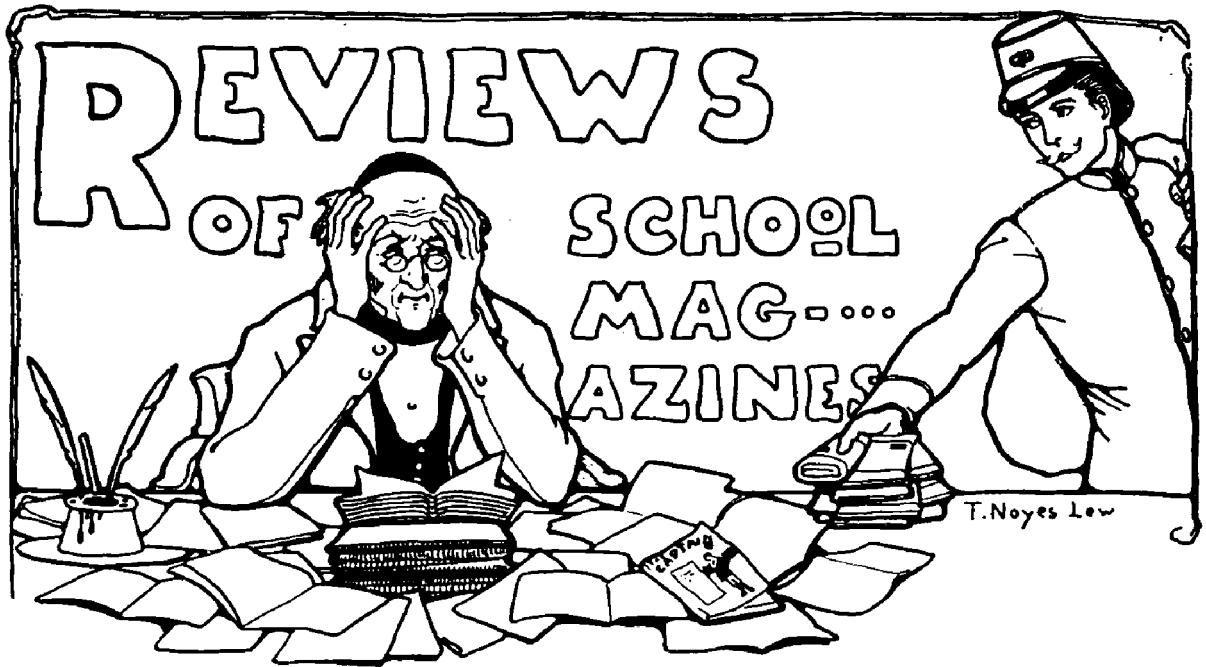
French boys are very sensible to the grace and beauty of birds and flowers. A song bird may cure a boy of depression. To tend birds and flowers calls out amiable qualities without inducing morbid sentimentality.

Another instance of the moralising effect on French boys of the company of song birds occurs to me. It came under my notice at the Industrial School of Mettray, near Tours. Connected with the industrial school was a chalet in an enclosed garden. It was called La Maison Paternelle, and was reserved for boys belonging to rich families who had been handed over to M. de Metz for penal discipline. He only knew their names. The chalet was full. All the cases were very bad. The first stage of discipline was solitary confinement, and lasted six months. The whole course lasted eighteen months at least, and after the solitary period, recreations, such as riding, gymnastics, boating, skating, were allowed. I was taken into the cells of these "gilded" prisoners. Noticing in some of them birds in cages I asked what they meant. Just this. When a boy gave signs of deep repentance, he was allowed the companionship of a bird. If he relapsed the bird was taken away—a fearful punishment, I was told. But if he improved he was given drawing materials, and allowed to sketch the bird. He was also given a flute. A musical warder was sent every day to play that instrument beside an opened sliding panel in the door. The bird picked up the airs. The captive tried to pick them up, too, and in this way had an innocent amusement. When progress went on, flowers and water-colours were given to the boy. The final stage of the solitary period was gardening. It was always found salutary.

[I think a couple of thrashings per week would be found far more effectual.—ED. CAPTAIN.]



MR. LOUIS WAIN'S IDEA OF A CRICKET MATCH.



"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

To a naturally bashful man it is somewhat embarrassing to turn over the pages of the many school magazines that have come in, and observe the evident appreciation with which *THE CAPTAIN* has on all hands been received. Only one young gentleman forgot his party manners, and I have attended to him, kindly but earnestly, below. If he pays attention to what I have told him, he may one day make a straightforward journalist. And this is my **HINT FOR THE MONTH.**

The Abingdonian (for March) is a most amazing production. I turned it over with bated breath, for the cover, a dainty thing in red, white and green, had rather staggered me. But the cover was but a faint indication of the wares displayed within. Hear the first paragraph of the editorial notes:—

That time of year is again here when the youthful navigator of our slushy drains delights to imperil his health midst the muddy windings of our city streets; when ice and snow are fast disappearing from field and rink, and when the puck and stick of the hockey devotee must be laid aside till Jack Frost again summons him to fresh encounters on battlefields of ice.

No wonder I blinked a little. "Puck and stick," eh! But that was nothing to the shock that awaited me on page 46. There was a humorous article set out under the heading "Ourselves and our Board," and the first paragraph of that article read in this way:—

The editorial staff of the *Abingdonian* had met in full conclave. The burden of issuing that important periodical was weighing heavily upon the shoulders of its members, and has left its mark upon their usually mirthful faces.

The insatiable maw of the *Herald* printing press was demanding more copy; and copy there was none.

Business considerations asked for more advertisements, but canvassing for "ads" amounted solely to a squandering of those green tickets which a beneficent Street Railway Company supplies to schoolboys.

"*Canvassing for ads.*," you know! Small wonder that I ejaculated with the boy in the street. "Wot O!" But, when I turned back to the title page, the mystery was explained. The go-ahead journal came not from the banks of the fair-flowing Thames, but hurtled across the Atlantic out of Montreal.

The Bristol Grammar School Chronicle (for April) is a sober paper that might be made a little more lively. Take, for example, the "Fragment from Alice in Blunderland," appearing over the initials, W. A. S. Of course, I don't deny the title is a clever parody, but let us see whether this fragment will stand alone:—

He thought he saw a hunter bold
Climbing a big giraffe;
He looked again, and found it was
The *Daily Telegraph*,
"You must be very dry," he said,
"Just swig at this cafe."

You see, just as I thought. It totters. But don't let W. A. S. be down-hearted; other people have tried to parody Lewis Carroll, and all have failed.

The Carlist (for April) devotes nineteen pages to the school register—such *dull* reading—and calls itself a school magazine. I certainly should have thought that the school register might be made a supplement or something, but to put nineteen—dear, dear! Then a gentleman writes on "Weather Science," and we notice that his article is "to be continued." But there is one gem at the end—the "Old School Rules." I should like to give all of these, but must be content with two:—

That all and every of the scholars shall live and converse quietly and amicably together; never to quarrel or contend with one another; nor to abuse, or slander, or cheat, or defraud their fellows in any respect; not to swear, or curse, or tell a lye, on pain of the severest punishments.

That the scholars at all times, particularly at their sports and recreations, converse and sort with one another, avoid and abstain from the company of soldiers, 'prentices, herry boys, and such as are of ill qualities, less they be tainted, and infected with their bad conditions.

The City of London School Magazine (for April) might have reached us rather sooner, perhaps, but is none the less welcome. It has lots of school news—not very brightly written—and includes one or two outside articles—not very clever or interesting. However, the editor is evidently a painstaking gentleman, and deserves honour for his efforts. No doubt the magazine will become livelier as the summer advances.

The Columban (for April) is nicely got up, but the reading matter is very dull. We turned in desperation to the paragraph on "April-Fool Day," but even that did not move us. Please, Mr. Editor, wake it up a bit!

The Isis has reached us regularly, and never fails to give a good idea of what our friends at Oxford are doing. A great feature has recently been made of the cartoons, most of which are well worth adding to one's collection of drawings. Oxford men resident in London or elsewhere, and who wish to keep in touch with their old 'Varsity, would do well to take in the *Isis* during its annual existence of twenty-four weeks.

Der Neuenheimer has been sent to us from Heidelberg, and, to quote from the editor's letter, "is the paper of one of the few entirely English schools in Germany." We therefore turn over the little January number with considerable interest, and find it wholly to our satisfaction. It is evident that Englishmen abroad do not forget to encourage their sporting instincts, for *Der Neuenheimer* is full of football news and details of athletic events generally. Theatricals also find a place, and the literary style throughout shows evident ability on the part of the school journalistic staff.

The Novocastrian (for April) interested me, mainly because there is not the slightest indication, either inside or out, as to where the *Novocastrian* comes from. Certainly the motto is "*Progrediendum est.*" but then, of course, we all must, so that doesn't take us much further. Anyhow, I suppose it circulates somewhere, or Mr. — wouldn't advertise his football jerseys and shirts. And so, with wrinkled brow, I pass on.

The Pelican, or the Perse Grammar School Magazine, is well printed and nicely bound. In his April number the editor slates this unfortunate magazine in a delightfully boyish manner, comparing it—much to the disadvantage of *THE CAPTAIN*—with another boys' journal. I was surprised at his enthusiasm until I noticed a paragraph, in another part of the *Pelican*, in which the editor bade his readers look out for an article by himself in an approaching number of our contemporary.

St. Andrew's College Magazine (for

March) has come to us from Grahamstown, and very pleased I am to have received a copy. Here is no aimless twaddle or weak attempt at parody, but thirty-seven pages of solid, domestic reading, teeming with interest for every member of the college. As a frontispiece a good photo is excellently reproduced, cricket matches are carefully reported, and it is evident that our colonial cousins are quite up to date, so far as running a private magazine is concerned. So here's good luck to those across the sea!



The Wesley College Quarterly goes in for large print, thick paper, accounts of missionary meetings, and advertisements. There is nothing to quote.

Westward Ho! is the magazine supported by members of the Western College, Harrogate, and the editor's "Notes on News" in the Spring Term number are as

good as anything of the kind we have come across. (I have said before, and I say it again, that the charm of a school magazine lies in its school notes.) Then we come to an article on "Freshers." I should say, from what I remember of my own feelings at the time, that the writer is himself in his first year. He leads off in this way:—

I suppose most of you older boys know what a "fresher" is, but for the benefit of those juveniles who have not made a study of 'Varsity slang it may be as well to say that a fresher corresponds to a new boy at school.

This is the sort of very "fresh" statement that the average "fresher" is so fond of making.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



Old Fogey as I am, the communications which are constantly sailing in from all parts of the United Kingdom, from the Colonies, and from various European centres, all of a very friendly and encouraging nature—old fogey as I am, I repeat, these things make me feel young again. **THE CAPTAIN** has made lasting friends the wide world over, and now I have the pleasure of knowing that our publishing day is looked forward to with eager enthusiasm by many thousands of really “constant readers.” With such a rosy future before me, is it surprising that I occasionally perform a waltz on the top of my spare table?

A new school serial story, entitled “**THE TWO FAGS**,” by Albert Lee, is begun in this number. Many of you are probably acquainted with Mr. Lee’s clever books, and I am sure “**THE TWO FAGS**” will win him a host of new friends. The plot of “**THE TWO FAGS**” centres round the “iron-bound box” in Boardman’s study; when you read next month’s instalment you may think you can tell what’s going to happen, but the wind-up of the tale will surprise you. Like “**The Red Ram**,” Mr. Lee’s tale will run for three months. Thus Vol. I. of **THE CAPTAIN** (consisting of the first six numbers) will contain three serial stories. In the October number, which commences Vol. II., two new serial stories will be started, and both of them will last for six months. One will be Dr. Gordon Stables’ man-o-war yarn, and the other a public school story. I shall have more to say about these in my September editorial chat.

A schoolmaster writes: “I thought perhaps it might interest you to know that while abroad this Easter **THE CAPTAIN** met my eye in a shop at Pisa, and also in Rome. My travelling companion secured it in Naples; I had already bought my copy in Paris.”

Here’s a little ray of sunshine :—

DEAR “**CAPTAIN**,”—I have read three numbers of your magazine, and I can say that it is the best magazine for boys ever published. Its name fits it A 1. It is just a **CAPTAIN**. It puts so-called comic papers in the shade. I think I will try and get some of your £ s. d.—Wishing you good luck,

ONE OF THE CREW.

After reading the above, the O. F. blushed and expanded his chest. A very neat *nom de plume*, by the way, “One of the Crew.”

Here’s another from D. L. J. (Cape Colony) :—

DEAR OLD FAG,—I am writing this to you to tell you what I think of your splendid magazine, **THE CAPTAIN**. I have just finished reading the first number, and I must say that it is the best boys’ magazine I have seen. I hope **THE CAPTAIN** may continue to flourish, and be a very good **CAPTAIN** in future issues. I hope at some future date you will organise some competitions for colonial readers only. I enclose you a cutting from one of the leading Cape Colony papers.

My chest being already expanded by “One of the Crew’s” eulogium, “D. L. J.’s” epistle made the top button fly off my waistcoat. I shall have to sew it on myself, because there’s no Mrs. Fag, you will be sorry to hear.

From the *Revue Encyclopedique* :—

THE CAPTAIN (avril).—C’est la première livraison d’un magazine “pour les petits et les grands garçons.”—Une interview avec Mr G. A. HENTY, l’auteur de quantité de livres populaires, bons à lire pour tous les âges.—Des conseils pour “s’entraîner” aux différents “sports,” par C. B. FRY.—*Brimades*; par un “**OLD BOY**”;—A *khartoum* avec un *kouak*; par RENÉ BULL, article non moins intéressant pour les géographes et les ethnologistes que pour l’amateur de photographie.

It will be remembered that in No. 2 of this freely illustrated magazine I printed a picture of a horse careering about, and explained that this horse wanders irresponsibly around

Burleigh Street every afternoon, what time its rider transacts certain mysterious business inside a mysterious doorway. I am now in receipt of a letter from "A Faithful Reader and Critic," who says that his business duties bring him up Burleigh Street several times daily, and that he has seen this horse, and that (unlike myself) he has taken the trouble to find out all about it. It seems that its rider is the Parliamentary Messenger of the *Globe*, the well-known evening newspaper, and this messenger travels between the Press Gallery at the House of Commons and the office of the paper, bringing the latest Parliamentary intelligence.

After informing me of this fact, my informant proceeds to remark that if THE CAPTAIN goes on at its present rate it will lick every other boys' paper in creation into fits. Another button!

"Etonian" feels rather hurt by the remarks our School Magazine reviewer made about his poem in a recent number of the *Eton College Chronicle*. The review appeared in No. 2 of this magazine. Our reviewer would not have jumped on the effusion quite so heartlessly had he been aware of the fact that it was intended to be a parody of the "Hunting of the Snark," by Lewis Carroll. Furthermore, the parody dealt with an athletic competition peculiar to Eton, and so it is not to be expected that the humour of the thing would be appreciated by any save Etonians. Our reviewer, being a hard-worked man, and having a lot of magazines to get through, did not take all these facts into consideration. So now, I hope, he and "Etonian" are friends again.

A young gentleman at school in Dudley makes several observations which sadly endanger the well-being of the remaining buttons on my waistcoat, and then observes that he has an idea to propose to THE CAPTAIN. "On the front page," he says, "instead of having a picture of an athlete, with crowds cheering him, I suggest that you have a picture gallery of famous men, either cricketers (in their season) or footballers (in their season), or else famous heroes or generals, such as Lord Kitchener, etc. This, I think, would be a great improvement. Another very good feature in THE CAPTAIN is 'What to do when you leave School.' I am just in that position, and don't quite know what to do. I shall follow this feature every month, and perhaps I may read about something I shall like better than what I am doing now."

Thank you very much, young gentleman. I will think over your suggestion, and I hope that when anybody else wants to make a suggestion he will write in and make it.

M. C. writes:—"Can you tell me what constitutes the 'Head of a school?' Is it the oldest, the cleverest, or the one who has been longest there—or what? Is the 'Captain of the school' the same as the 'Head of the school?' As you have printed the portraits of a lot of 'Captains,'

I thought you ought to know." —————
The captain of a school, I take it, is not necessarily the oldest boy, the cleverest boy, or the boy who has been longest in the school. As a rule he is the head monitor, prefect, or præpostor. I should not say that the captain of a school must necessarily display proficiency at games, but you often find that the head monitor is the captain of cricket or "footer" because, of all the boys in the school, he is the best able to take command in the field as well as indoors. As "M. C." wants to know definitely whose portrait it is we require for the series, I may as well say at once that it is the portrait of the head monitor, præpostor, or prefect—according to the title he is known by at his school. The captain should be chosen rather for his moral than for his physical qualifications for the post. If he is the crack "footer" man, or the crack cricketer of the school, all the better; but this qualification is quite secondary.

Many happy returns to:—

W. G. GRACE, born July 18th, 1848.

S. A. P. KITCAT, born July 20th, 1868.

ALEC HEARNE, born July 22nd, 1863.

With the Old Fag's compliments.

Tarquin (Elnfield College, York) sends the following: "I should like to know your opinion about the leave, or rather the lack of it, which the fellows have at this place. There are two playing-fields attached to the school, beyond which all is 'out of bounds,' and we are only allowed out, either to go to the city or anywhere else, once every fortnight. We have two half-holidays in the week, but they have to be spent in bounds, except just once out of four. We think this is a bit stiff, to say the least, and I shall be much obliged if you will inform me in your next number how this compares with the leave given at other schools. I think THE CAPTAIN is a ripping paper, and I wish it much success."

Your head master probably knows best how much "leave" you ought to enjoy. "He who breaketh bounds, over his back shall a rod be broken." At the same time, the question you raise is of decided interest, and I should be much pleased if a few schoolmasters would tell me how much "leave" they consider boys ought to have. I shall be glad to publish their views in this part of the magazine.

A Brighton lady who keeps a school, after reading our article (in No. 2) called "Some Quaint Replies," sends me the following answers which have been given to her by little boys:—

A boy being asked the meaning of "casting lots," answered, "Being turned into a pillar of salt." It was the same boy who at another time said: "A prophet was a man who did churches out."

A boy who prided himself on his general knowledge informed me that "the Constitution of England is damp but healthy."

Another, whose knife had been taken away, said it had been "con-erated," and another thought photographers ought not to leave their "interrogatives" about where they might be easily broken.

But the boy who appears to have been most mixed up in his ideas asserted that "Ananias was a good man who was thrown into a fiery furnace because he refused to turn from the Christian Religion."

A Reading correspondent sends me rather a curious question. He says: "Can you tell me if a poor boy in America can become a doctor if he has no money for his college, and none for his 'keep' while at college?"

—The whole system of studying for medicine in America is very different to the course pursued in this country. For instance, if a man over here qualifies in London, he can practise in Scotland or Ireland; and if a man qualifies in Dublin or Edinburgh, he can practise in London; but in America, if you qualify in the State of New York, you cannot practise in Chicago or Philadelphia. Decidedly, the course is much cheaper in America; a boy can be working at medicine while he is doing something else; and then, if he can scrape up enough money to go to college, he can obtain his qualification far more cheaply than he could in this country. In some States it is cheaper than it is in others. A boy without any money at all, of course, couldn't get qualified. Until recently American doctors were looked down on in Europe, but the course is now so very much more severe than it used to be that, at the present time, the American medico is held in much esteem by his European *confrère*. At any rate, two or three of the smartest doctors in New York pulled Rudyard Kipling out of about as tight a place as a man could get into, and that grim battle with old Death will always be remembered to the credit of American medical skill.

Getting qualified over here is no doubt an expensive business. I once heard this summed up very tersely. I was staying with a country doctor, and used to accompany him on his rounds. Amongst his patients was a very mean old lady who always pretended to be very hard up, but who really could well afford to pay all her bills. My friend happened to remind her of his account one day. "Oh, doctor!" cried she, "you have such a lot of patients that I am sure you can afford to do without the little bit I owe you." This rather nettled my companion. "Look here, madame," he replied, "it cost me a thousand pounds to become qualified to practise medicine, and yet you want me to attend you for nothing." "Deary me!" cried the old lady, "you don't say so!" "I do, indeed," said the doctor. "Well, are you going to pay? If not, you'd better get another doctor." Now, she liked him and wouldn't have had another doctor for anything, but the idea of paying out money cut her to the heart. "Well now, look here, doctor dear," she replied, "just cast your eye round my parlour and see if there's anything you'd like to take to square the debt." Of course, he didn't want to at first, but as he couldn't see any other way of making her settle up, he finally took an eight-day clock which wouldn't go. He had it put right and varnished, and it now adorns his hall. Still, as he remarked, if he

had consented to be paid in this way by all his patients, his house would soon have come to look like an auctioneer's show-room.

The following paragraph appeared in one of the leading London papers not very long ago. There had been an explosion on a warship about that time, and on the previous day a man had been injured by a horse and taken to a hospital. I suppose things had got a little mixed up in the printing department. At any rate, this is the paragraph that appeared:—

THE EXPLOSION ON THE "TERRIBLE"

Rear-Admiral Wilson visited the cruiser *Terrible* at Portsmouth to-day and viewed the scene of the recent explosion. It is probable that the ship's boilers will be retubed with cold-drawn tubes, as recommended by the two men and severely kicked. He died last night upon an already very costly ship.

One of my readers living in North London asks me to decide a very difficult matter. He writes: "I have been for some years living away from my father, and have acquired principles that he does not agree with, *i.e.*, I have tried to carry out the teaching of our religion, and am a teetotaler. My father and I have had more high words over this than anything else, he wanting me to become converted to his atheistic views, and to cease to be a teetotaler. It is not nice to feel that your father looks upon you with contempt, and it is not nice to feel that to alter matters you must throw aside the principles that are dear to you. What do you advise me to do?"

Not for a moment do I intend, now or at any other time, to interfere between boys and their parents, but I feel bound to answer this question to the best of my ability. I can hardly believe that my correspondent's father really wishes him to cease to be a teetotaler, and to become an atheist. I hope and trust that he has exaggerated the attitude his father has taken up. I cannot believe that any parent in his right senses would assume such an attitude in regard to his son. From the manner in which my correspondent expresses himself, I take it that he has come to years of discretion, and is able to judge for himself what is best for him. Whatever may be the paternal view of the question, my correspondent must stick to his guns; he must not be coerced (even by his father) into giving up his temperate mode of life, and his religious beliefs. Possibly, if the father were to write to me, the matter would be placed before me in a truer light, but I have only the son's letter to go by. Surely my correspondent must possess some relative or friend who can act as an ambassador between father and son, and, by judicious argument, smooth over the differences of opinion which have placed a barrier between two persons whose relations should rightly be most friendly and sympathetic.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. M. B. (MADRAS).—Much pleased to hear that THE CAPTAIN is "going well" in India. No doubt by this time you have received the letter I sent you asking for an article on school life in your part of the world.

"**The Goat.**"—Sorry I can't use the description of your little rebellion. The next time you send an article to a magazine, don't forget to write in ink, and only on one side of the paper.

H. D. Hazell points out several spelling mistakes in No. 2 of *THE CAPTAIN*. I am obliged to you, H. D. Hazell.

H. B. McMinn.—The handbill you have seen is the only one that has been issued. You could make an interesting collection of handbills of various magazines. Don't forget to put *THE CAPTAIN* handbill on the first page of your collecting-book.

"**A Rugby Boy.**"—Thanks for your account of the great Rebellion of 1797. You will observe that I have made use of it.

G. T. F. (DUBLIN).—I am afraid my answer must be the same as that given to you by all your friends, *i.e.*, "Grin and bear it." To be quite plain-spoken, you are very silly to trouble about such a little matter. Some boys possess really objectionable names and personal peculiarities which afford food for endless chaff. You have a very good name, and if this chaffing is your only trouble, you are indeed a lucky fellow.

"**Hag**" (*CHARTERHOUSE*).—I agree with you—a most disrespectful term. But you can't kill old customs.

J. Morgan.—You are wrong. What the railway porter said was: "Cats is dogs, and dogs is dogs, but a tortoise is an hinseck."

H. W. W.—Your magazine to hand. Have sent it to my reviewer.

J. F. H.—No, I don't look upon you as an "idea merchant." I shall be glad to read your article on photography, but I warn you that I can only accept first-class material.

"**Toby.**"—I think the best trick question of that sort I ever did when I was at school was the following:—"Parse each 'that' in the following: 'The master said that that that that that boy said ought to have been "which."'" It's quite simple when you come to look at it carefully. I may add that my forin-master patted me on the head, and told me I had parsed it quite correctly. Most of the hair he patted is gone by this time.

A. G. E.—I do not forget that there is such a place as Scotland. The Scotch boys seem to be keen as knives on our competitions. As you say, you don't do much in the cricket way, as a country, but you are dynamite on football. Remember I am an old man, well stricken in years, and don't blow me up for making this joke.

"**Bookworm's Column.**"—I hope, in course of time, to review any books that are sent to me. I don't intend to review Greek grammars, or anything of that sort, in spite of what you say. The samples of reviews you enclose have a vitriolic touch about them which would appeal to the readers of a paper like the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

H. W. L. (VEVEY, FRANCE).—Hope you got my letter, and trust the little difficulty is now smoothed over.

"**Egyptian Old Boy.**"—I consider that our type is quite large enough. Yours is the only complaint I have received. Many thanks for your kind remarks.

B. R. considers that *THE CAPTAIN* is an "amoosin' little cuss." B. R. much obliged to you, "B. R."

Joseph Finan (SLIGO).—I hope in time to kill all the

"scavenger literature" you refer to. I wish you Irish fellows would buck up in the competitions.

Lucy Brown.—"My dear Lucy, I have received your very nice letter, and I congratulate you on being a girl. You are by no means the only girl who has written to me.—I am, dear Lucy, ever yours, *THE OLD FAG.*"

"**A. J. Penn.**"—Just tell Mr. John Smith that the Old Fag hails him as a man and a brudder. Mr. Tom Browne will be along to do his portrait next week.

"**Fagged Out.**"—You are evidently a man with a good long chin, and mean to get on. Always glad to see good MSS., but I don't waste any time over indifferent contributions. Pray don't regard me as unsympathetic if I happen to reject your tales. I like to help people on, but I don't intend to do it at the expense of my magazine.

An Interested Reader (EDINBURGH).—Vacancies in libraries are usually advertised in such papers as the *Athenæum*, the *Academy*, and the *Literary World*. The Editor of one of these would tell you if there is any book dealing with the subject of "Library Management."

O'M. Smith.—Your photograph as captain of your cricket club would not be eligible for our series of portraits—this year, at any rate.

A. Chandler.—The typewriter you refer to is not stuffed.

An Old Public School Boy.—I will consider your suggestion regarding portraits of football captains.

"**Palette.**"—Your letter re "Scene-Painting as a Profession" has reached me just as we are going to press with this number. I haven't time to make the proper inquiries, so I will hold your inquiry over and try to get some trustworthy information ready for you by the time I write my "answers" for the August number.

L. M. B.—Don't worry; you are simply run down through over-study. Take more exercise, cold bath, good food, and you'll be as brisk as a squirrel by the time the summer vac. begins.

Trinitarian.—With some trouble I have routed out the information you require. The man you ask about was married three times, each of his wives' names were the same, each of them had three children, and each lived with him three years; between each marriage he remained a widower three years. Only the third child of each marriage lived, and their birthdays were within three days of each other. When the man died his third wife had been dead three years.

Waverley.—No trouble, I assure you. Sir Walter Scott took his title "Ivanhoe" from the manor of that name in Buckinghamshire, and "Waverley" from Waverley Abbey, near Farnham.

J. M. G. (PLYMOUTH).—I am willing to answer anything in reason, but I must draw the line somewhere. When you ask me for a list of the thirty best books that have been written about the French Revolution I naturally conclude that you are writing a book on that subject yourself. If you like to send me a guinea I will employ a man to go to the British Museum and make you a list of *all* the books written about the French Revolution. As for *my* doing anything of this sort, allow me to inform you, as politely as possible, that I won't.

THE OLD FAG.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

The highest age limit has been altered to twenty-five, instead of twenty.

CONDITIONS.—The Coupon on Page II. of advertisements must be fastened or stuck on every competition submitted. If this rule is disregarded the competition will be disqualified.

The name and address of every competitor must be clearly written at the top of first page of competition.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like (providing you come within the age limits), and have as many tries as you like for each prize, but each "try" must be sent in a separate envelope and must have a coupon attached to it.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Address thus:—Competition No. —, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by July 16th.

No. 1.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best poetical extract on the subject of "Honesty." Age limit: Twenty-five.

No. 2.—**A GOLD BROOCH** will be presented to the boy who possesses the prettiest sister. Each competitor must paste his coupon on the back of the photograph, and must also write the name of his sister (in full) across the back of the photograph. The winner will, of course, politely hand the brooch to his sister. A number of the prettiest portraits received will be printed in THE CAPTAIN. Age limit: Twenty.

No. 3.—**A SOLID SILVER ENGLISH LEVER WATCH**, warranted to stand a good deal of school life, will be presented to the girl reader who possesses the best-looking brother. Same conditions as above, only the other way about. The winner will courteously present the silver watch to her brother. Age limit: Twenty.

No. 4.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best suggestion for a competition that boys of all ages can take part in. Age limit: Twenty.

No. 5.—**TWO GUINEAS** for the best photograph of your school "tuck shop," taken when a lot of fellows are around buying things. Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 6.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best water-colour drawing or pencil sketch of "A Rose." Age limit: Seventeen.

No. 7.—**ONE GUINEA** for the funniest poem (not exceeding sixteen lines) on any subject you like dealing with some phase of school life. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 8.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best written copy of the first page of the "When You Leave School" article in this number. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 9.—**ONE GUINEA.** Same as above. Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 10.—**ONE GUINEA.** Same as above. Age limit: Twelve.

NOTE.—*Second prizes of half the amount offered will be awarded in each competition, with the exception of Nos. 2 and 3.*

Some English Schools.

Being a few selections from drawings sent in for May Competition No. 1



Wellington College, Berks.

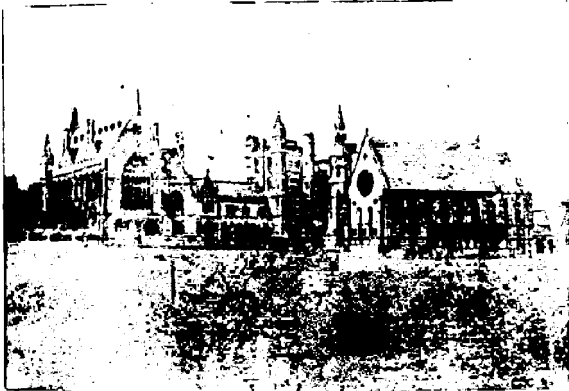
Drawn by EDWARD WROTTESELEY.

(First Prize.)

THE prize offered for the best drawing of a school attracted a huge number of competitors, the result being that considerable difficulty was experienced in deciding upon the winner. Herewith we reproduce five of the drawings.

No doubt it will appear to some that the winning drawing is not much better than that of Northwood College or Clifton College, but to the expert eye it will be at once apparent that the sketch of Wellington College is more artistically correct than any of the other four.

The picture of Clifton College was done with the help of a photograph, and we are pleased to say that the competitor was straightforward enough to acknowledge this form of assistance. Nevertheless, even with the help of a photograph, it is a very creditable production.



Clifton College.

C. B. CANNING.

Northwood College is perhaps the prettiest picture of all, and it is clear that Christian M. Wilbee religiously sat out in the drive on a camp-stool, and possibly caught cold in a gallant endeavour to beat all her rivals.

The drawing of St. John's, Leatherhead, is good but hardly as correct as it might be. It gives

North-Eastern County School.
(Barnard Castle.)

F. W. SARGINSON.



Northwood College, Northwood.

CHRISTIAN M. WILBEE.

(Second Prize.)

one the impression that it is an old building, whereas, from what we have observed of this establishment for clergymen's sons, it cannot have been erected more than thirty years ago.

The picture of the North-Eastern County School gives one an excellent idea of the block of buildings in the distance, but is somewhat niggled in texture for process-work.

Another clever drawing of Clifton College, by G. R. H. Thornton, arrived a day too late. Good drawings of Cardiff Higher Grade School, the Wheelwright Schools, Dewsbury, George Heriot's Hospital School, Edinburgh, the Westbourne



St. John's, Leatherhead.

H. A. FERRIS.

Schools, Westbourne Park, and St. Lawrence College, Ampleforth, were sent by J. Preece, H. Shaw, F. J. Daniel, David Livingstone, and F. A. Allen respectively.

It is our idea to make as much use as possible of artistic and literary material sent in by readers. There is a good deal of talent about in our schools, and we hope to unearth some of it. Anyhow, we do not judge competitions in a half-hearted manner; we go into the matter thoroughly, and always make sure, in every competition, that the best man is the winner.

Results of May Competitions.

No. I.—Best Drawing of a School.

WINNER OF £3 3s. : EDWARD WROTTESELEY, Wellington College, Berks.

WINNER OF £1 11s. 6d. : CHRISTIAN M. WILBEE, Northwood College, Northwood, Rickmansworth.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (consisting of volumes of the *Wide World* and *Strand* magazines) have been sent to: C. B. Canning, 12, All Saints' Road, Clifton, Bristol; David Livingstone, George Heriot's Hospital School, Edinburgh; Herbert Shaw, Dewsbury; F. J. Daniel, St. Lawrence College, Ampleforth, Yorks.; Rose M. Gardener, Blackheath High School; G. R. Thornton, Cheltenham College; John Preece, Cardiff Higher Grade School; Hadley A. S. Ferris, St. John's School, Leatherhead; F. W. Sarginson, North Eastern County School, Yorks.; Gerald J. L. Stowney, Chesterfield School, Parsonstown, King's Co., Ireland; R. A. Humphrys, The College, Great Malvern.

HONOURABLE MENTION : F. A. Allen, Westbourne Park, W.; W. J. Strang, Merchant Taylors' School; Bertram Bannerman, H.M.S. *Britannia*; Allan Dewar, Margate; C. S. Everard, Trinity College, Glenalmond; S. J. Venning, Whitgift School; P. Bishop, Kettering; James Houston, Tillicoultry, Scotland; W. Bridge, Nunhead, S.E.; P. Hothersall, Heaton Park, Manchester; Percy Petrie, Tunbridge Wells; H. J. Edge, Redhill, Surrey; A. P. Baldwin, Oundle; Wilson Fenning, Cheltenham; William Gray, Ayr Academy; P. Harvey, Stratford; D. H. Deneselon, Chelsea; L. S. Hawes, Emanuel School; Henry McPherson, Eastpark, Glasgow; Sydney Smith, Sheffield; H. J. Allen, The College, Weston-super-Mare.

No. II.—Best Photograph of a School.

WINNER OF £2 2s. : P. PERKS, The College, Leamington.

WINNER OF £1 1s. : G. ORMROD, "Hindley," Workington, Cumberland. (Shrewsbury School.)

CONSOLATION PRIZES (consisting of volumes of the *Wide World* and *Strand* magazines) : Lionel H. Green, Wellington College, Berks.; Arthur H. Fowler, Mill Hill School, N.W.; H. Bell, Bradfield College; C. G. Evans, Rugby; J. P. Stewart-Browne, Charterhouse.

HONOURABLE MENTION : E. G. Lindley, Eastbourne; Ummey (of Siam), Bancroft's School, Woodford; J. E. Millar, Albany House, Dumfries; Paul Telford Steinthal, Schoolhouse, Rugby; V. Dempster, Selwyn College, Cambridge; C. F. Horton, Christ College, Brecon; F. Jackson, Taunton; Geo. B. Davies, Whitechurch; Allen Neville, Blackburn; H. S. Thompson, St. Medard's, Darlington; J. W. Bowley, Butwell, Notts.; H. Marwood, Liverpool; H. Dowling, Dublin; J. W. More, Malvern College; P. H. Russell, Bedford; G. H. Wood, South Croydon; E. J. E. Hawkins, Winchester; E. E. D. Dural, Sir Walter St. John School, Battersea; Stanley B. Bond, Ipswich; V. Thomson, King Edward VI. School, Bury St. Edmunds; J. von Shubert, Downside College, Bath; H. Purcell, St. Bede's College, Manchester; G. E. Lee, Southsea; E. C. Young, Bedford; S. E. Batchelor, Brighton College; F. C. Lacaita, Petworth; M. L. Yeatherd, Winchester; Oliver P. Martin, junr., St. Paul's School; A. H. Masters, Kensington; J. C. Hereford, New Malden; L. N. A. Mackinnon, Farnchary.

No. III.—Six Best "Stories of Stamps."

WINNERS OF STAMP ALBUMS : C. R. HOOKER, Elm Villa, High Road, Upper Clapton, N.E.; JOHN B. EDGAR, Ashton, Lockerby, N.B.; SYBIL BISHOP, Milton Lodge, Kintbury, Hungerford; S. W. JAMIESON, Clovelly, Granville Road, Broadstairs; RICHARD TREVETHAN, 9, Violet Street, Stockport; GLADYS PEACOCK, Chagford, Newton Abbot, S. Devon.

HONOURABLE MENTION : H. J. G. Webb, Lewis Ward.

No. IV.—Best Essay on "My Favourite Game."

WINNER OF £2 2s. : HENRY DELACOMBE ROOME, 69, Kingsgate Street, Winchester (*Chess*).

THE SECOND PRIZE OF £1 1s. has been divided between H. T. CRICHTON, 18, Rotton Park Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham (*Cricket*); DOROTHY OWEN, "Oakdene," West Hill, Sydenham, S.E. (*Hockey*).

HONOURABLE MENTION : Percival Faulkner, Frank Vero, Florence Bruce, Henry R. Orr, F. H. Watt, J. Ashby.

No. V.—Best Essay on "My Favourite Book."

WINNER OF £2 2s. : ROBERT KEITH BROWN, 35, Gay Street, Bath. ("The Cock House of Fellsgarth.")

THE SECOND PRIZE OF £1 1s. has been divided between WILLIAM WYLE STEWART, 17, Montague Street, Glasgow, ("Westward Ho!"); WINIFRED LYNCH, c/o Miss W. Pollock, 153, High Street, Shoreditch, E. ("Lorna Doone.")

HONOURABLE MENTION : Cyril Stackhouse, William S. Birkett, James Andrew, J. E. Robinson, Reginald Barnard, Leslie Williams, John Ashby, Cissie Pylands, F. H. Watt.

No. VI.—"The Most Exciting Five Minutes I ever Spent."

WINNER OF £2 2s. : EDWARD W. EDWARDS, "Dunraven Hotel," Bryncethin, near Bridgend, who was in a hotel which was partially destroyed by dynamite. An actual experience. Mr. Edwards, father of winner, was awarded £300 damages, while the perpetrator of the outrage got seven years penal servitude.

WINNER OF £1 1s. : OSCAR R. FRANKENSTEIN, 1, St. James' Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION : Joan Sunderland, H. Eccles, G. H. Miles.

No. VII.—Drawing of an Open Door.

WINNER OF £1 1s. : FRANCIS M. CONK, "Repdon," Burton-on-Trent.

WINNER OF 10s. 6d. : GERALD F. LEAKE, 89, Lothar Road, Finsbury Park, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION : Ernest Sholt, Everest Windsor, Frank A. Perrott, Archibald W. Edwards, F. Carter, R. Burrows, Constance M. Reade, W. F. Sanders, Olive Malkin, J. H. Moat, W. Bridge, Maud C. Dowson, M. Manson, Frank Overton, Geo. W. Mason, Joseph Moor, B. W. Lund, Edith Stapley, John Harvey, E. H. Howard, Ralph Meredith.

No. VIII.—List of Words composed of letters in "Metamorphosis."

WINNER OF £1 1s. : STANLEY TRUPHET, 108, Blackheath Hill, Lewisham, S.E.

WINNER OF 10s. 6d. : ARTHUR MORRISON, 431, Victoria Road, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION : James Ernest Outhwaite, W. J. Evans, H. S. L. Oliver, T. B. Boyd-Carpenter, R. C. Haynes, S. A. Galliford.

No. IX.—Best List of Curious Surnames.

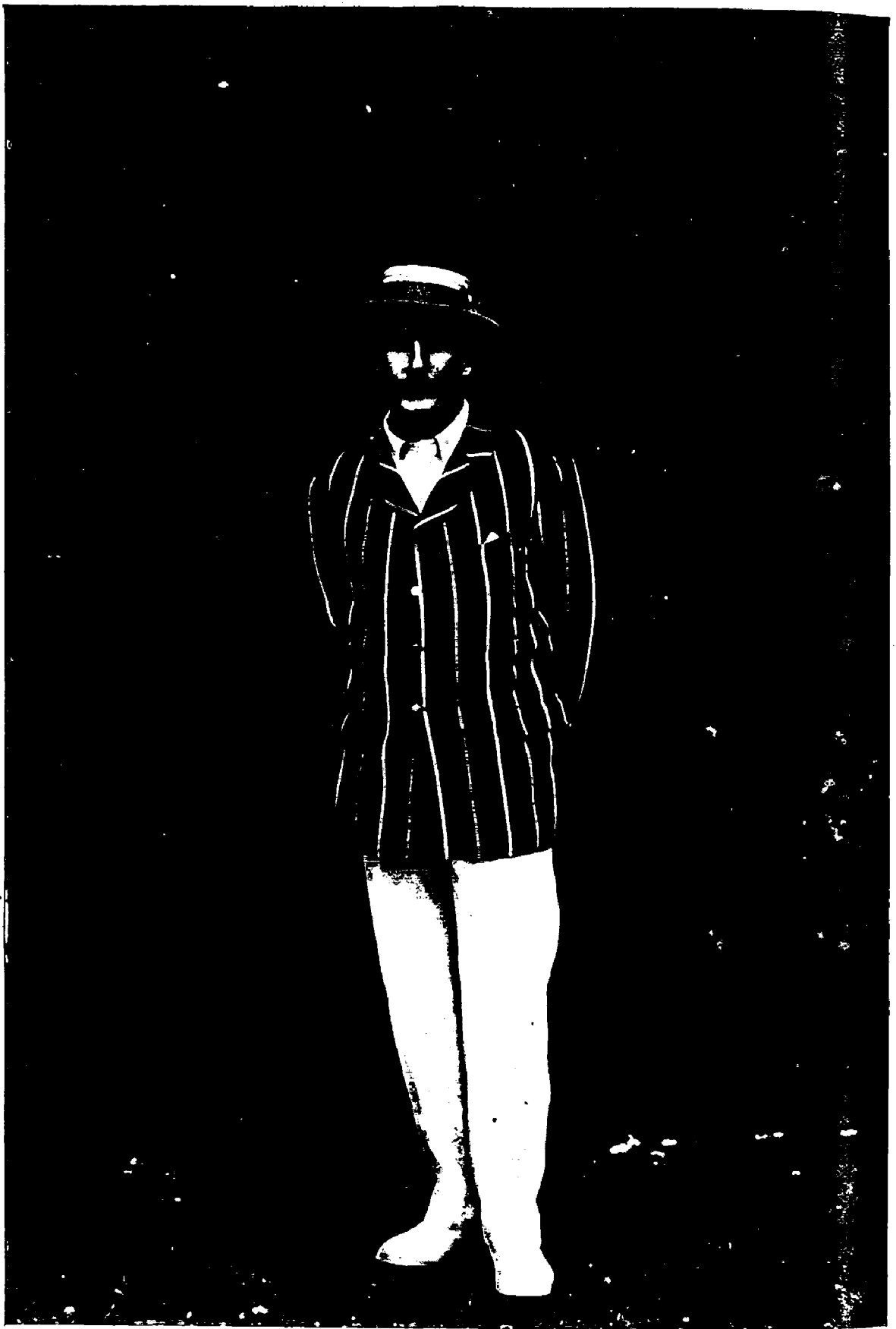
WINNER OF £1 1s. : EDGAR A. PRESTON, Great Missenden, Bucks, who informs us that all the following names appear in the registers at Somerset House : Cucumber, Corpse, Goodluck, Collarbone, Satan, Birdwhistle, Applebloom, Teapot, Psalms, Sweetapple, Mouldyeliiff, Sillycrab.

WINNER OF 10s. 6d. : FRITZ J. GEE, 32, Melbourne Street, Leicester.

No. X.—Best Twelve Nicknames.

WINNER OF £1 1s. : NORMAN C. HUNTER, St. Mark's School, Windsor.

WINNER OF 10s. 6d. : V. HOLLAND, Hodder House, Stonyhurst College, Blackburn.



Specially photographed for THE CAPTAIN by

Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

LORD HAWKE.

Cricket in the COLONIES



A Chat with Lord Hawke

BY J. RICHARDS.

Lord Hawke

WILL probably live in cricket history as "the travelling cricketer." Up to the present he has

covered well over one hundred thousand miles in his zeal for the game; and as he is still comparatively young, he may add considerably to this record before "time" brings his innings to a close.

A request for an interview on behalf of the readers of *THE CAPTAIN* was answered in the affirmative by the Yorkshire leader, whose most anxious task this season has been assisting in choosing the teams to represent England against Australia in the test matches.

His lordship has held a foremost place in cricket for so many years that a brief sketch of his career will prove interesting.

With, perhaps,

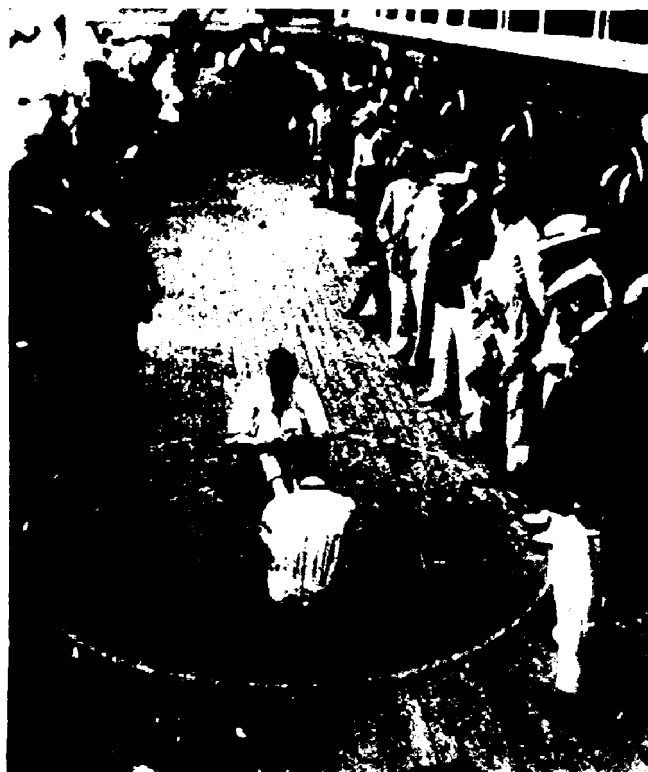
the single exception of Dr. W. G. Grace, no one occupies a more prominent position in the cricket life of to-day than Lord Hawke.

Besides leading the Yorkshire eleven, he is the chairman of the committee that selects the England teams against Australia, and one of the leading legislators on the game in the councils of the M.C.C.

The Hawkes have ever been a race of sportsmen, and thus it is not surprising to find the present head of the family devoted to all forms of outdoor amusement.

He rides keenly to hounds, and shoots well; but it is in connection with the great summer pastime that he is chiefly known. In fact, wherever cricket is played, his name is familiar, and his face has been seen on grounds in all parts of the British Empire.

Such an experience



COCK-FIGHTING ON BOARD SHIP.



A QUIET REST ON THE ESSQUIBO RIVER.

as his has fallen to few men, for he has played the game in every month of the year. After being busy in England from April to September, India and the West Indies have been the scenes of his operations in January, February and March. Canada was visited in October, and both Australia and South Africa have provided his lordship with his favourite recreation in November and December.

He must be nearly the champion cricket traveller, for his tours have embraced: Australia in 1887; India in 1889; America in 1891; India in January, 1892, and again in October of the same year; America in 1894; South Africa, 1895; West Indies, 1897; and South Africa, 1898.

He began his cricket career at Eton in 1874, after passing through Hawtrey's preparatory school at Slough. He played at Lord's in the Eton and Harrow match in 1878 and 1879,

and was also captain of the football team in 1878.

Even in those days the Hon. Martin Bladen Hawke, as he was then called, had given evidence of athletic prowess, for in one afternoon, in 1878, he won the quarter, mile, and hurdles, and finished second in the 100yds., steeplechase, and walking race.

He went up to Cambridge in October, 1881, gained his cricket blue in 1882, and after playing for his university in 1883 and 1884, captained the side in 1885, when the Light Blues defeated Oxford by seven wickets.

Before going to the university he had been chosen to play for Yorkshire in 1881, under Tom Emmett, and was elected captain of the county eleven in 1887.

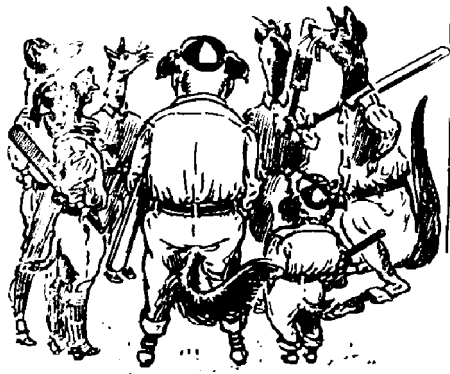
He still retains this position. He has now had an uninterrupted reign of twenty-six years, and his leadership has proved both efficient and successful, as the



LORD HAWKE'S PHOTOGRAPH OF A NATIVE, TAKEN AT THE MATOPPA HILLS.

WE HOPE MANY OF OUR READERS HAD THE PRIVILEGE OF WITNESSING

THE GREAT MATCH BETWEEN THE KANGAROOS AND BRITISH BOWLS



The long legs won the toss and at once went in

Their batting though full of energy seemed a trifle eccentric



While their bowling was really immense



On the other side Bull-Dog Captain proved himself a regular slogger



IRISH TERRIER proved himself a sharp cover point



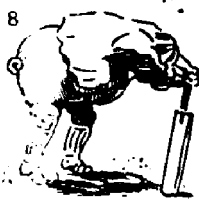
"How's that, Umpire?"

George Lambert



Yet had it not been for GREY HOUND very few runs would have been scored

The fielding of the Bowls was energetic but perhaps rather rowdy



The Umpire had considerable difficulty in regaining his breath after a 6



We regret to say the UMPIRE declines to serve again.

position of Yorkshire among the first-class counties proves. Lord Hawke's principal winter hobby seems to be that of conducting teams of English cricketers to various parts of the empire.

He began these travels in 1887 by going to Australia as captain of Mr. G. F. Vernon's team. Shaw and Shrewsbury took a team out by the same boat, so that twenty-six first-class English cricketers visited the Antipodes together. They combined forces when meeting a united Australian side. After playing in six matches, the Yorkshire captain received news of his father's death, and returned home. From that year his trips have followed each other at regular intervals, and scarcely any cricketer living has had a more varied experience of the game than Lord Hawke, who looks good for many more seasons yet.

And now for the interview!

After we had got quietly seated, Lord Hawke discoursed pleasantly on his various tours.

"Perhaps the most peculiar conditions under which I have ever played cricket were in South Africa. There you have scarcely anything but matting to play upon, and it is laid over ground that is as hard as adamant.

I paid my first visit to the Cape in December, 1895, and we reached Johannesburg two days after the raid in January, 1896.

There was a great deal of excitement, but the raid did not affect our cricket match, for over £700 was taken at the gate in the three days. We saw the Boers march through the town after they had taken Dr. Jameson and his men prisoners. While out there I took the opportunity to visit the Matoppa Hills. They furnish one of the most wonderful sights in the world, and anyone who

has seen these hills, with their vast caves, cannot be surprised at the difficulty experienced in driving the natives out of them during the recent rebellion.

"The West Indies have lovely tropical scenery. The native players are pretty good. When we were in Trinidad a judge offered one of the black bowlers a sovereign if he could bowl me before I had scored. The bowler won the money. But the most charming tour in the world is through India, where I travelled from the south right up to the Khyber Pass.

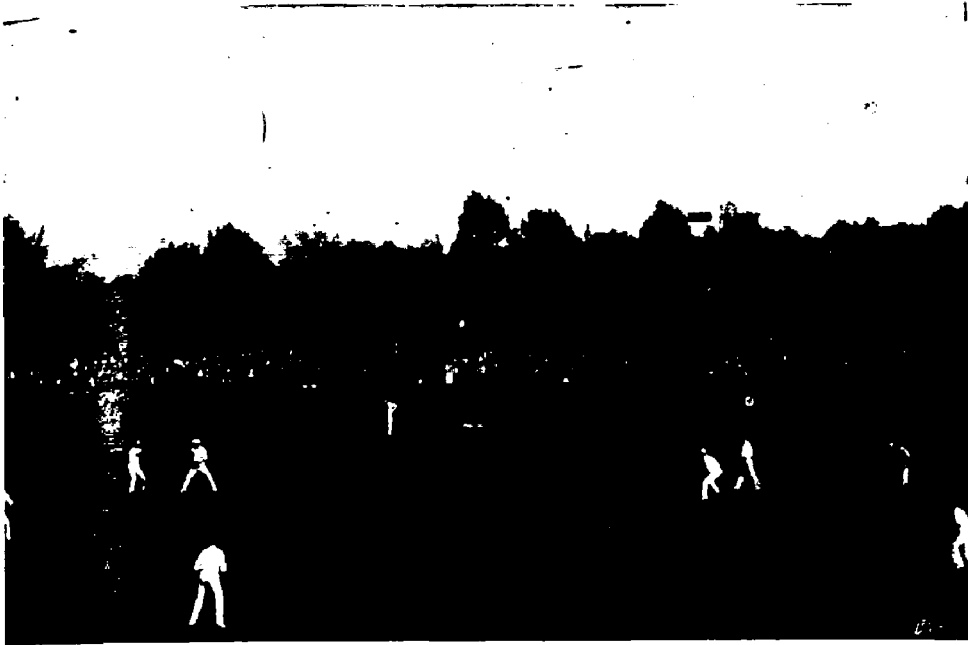
"You can get good cricket there, and fine shooting, and I cannot say which I enjoyed more, the shooting or the cricket.



LORD HAWKE'S PARTY CROSSING A RIVER.



THE MATCH AT ST. KITTS, WEST INDIES.



GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND V. PHILADELPHIA.

Another gentleman, whose feelings and pockets seem to have been equally hurt, wrote as follows :—

PRICE STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

9/10/91.

TO HIS LORDSHIP HAWKE,—
Pardon me trespassing on your Lordship's time, but I am an old English cricketer, and I want to decide a bet of one dollar. About how many Gentlemen Teams do you think could be raised in England to beat your team now playing?

What's the matter with your fellows, anyhow? I lost a dollar on this game. I thought it would be

a walk over for you. Asking your lordship's pardon,

"In the course of my tours I have been the recipient of many letters—especially from Yorkshiremen living in the Colonies. Some of these were evidently dashed off excitedly."

Lord Hawke afterwards showed me some of these epistles stuck in an album.

Here's one :—

HONOURABLE LORD HAWKE.

DEAR SIR,—I think you are bound to win the match. By jingo! Three cheers for the Union Jack of Old England!

YORKSHIREMAN.

Here's another :—

DEAR SIR,—Three cheers! Bravo! Repeat the same!—Yours respectfully,

YORKSHIREMAN.

Here's a scathing reproof :—

LORD HAWKE,—It's the wishes of many of your countrymen that yourself and team will be in better form to-morrow, and try and remove the disgrace you have brought upon your nation. I think it nothing but right that you should know that you emptied the pockets of your fellow working countrymen. I heard it positively asserted that you were banqueted on Sunday to unfit you for Monday. Yours, etc.

YORKSHIREMAN.

It just shows how keenly Englishmen feel about cricket all the world over.

Set against these cavilling folk, however, are the letters of many enthusiastic admirers—Britishers to the core—who extended to the English team the heartiest of welcomes. "You are sustaining cricket," says one correspondent, "which is what we are praying for. More credit is due to your team than any that has ever left the shores of Old England."



Photograph by

Elliott & Fry.

ABOARD THE S.S. "NORMAN"—THE LAST SOUTH AFRICAN TEAM.

"In 1892 I went on a shooting expedition in Nepal. The neighbouring rajahs treated me and my companions in the most hospitable manner. They lent us forty-two elephants and twenty camels to carry our luggage. We camped out all the time, and, what between shooting and fishing, had a pleasant holiday. I managed to bag thirteen tigers that trip.

"For downright fun my American trips would be bad to beat. The people were the personification of hospitality. The newspapers did not try to report the play, but devoted their columns to us personally.

"Sammy Woods took their fancy, and in one of the games he was described as follows: 'After demon Woods arrived the Staten Islanders were mowed down like wheat before a sickle. He is a big, brawny fellow; but nobody knows where he gets his speed from, unless it may come from the bottom of his pockets. During the overs he thrusts his hands deep into his flannels, and only withdraws them to field a ball. In bowling he takes a few fancy steps like a skirt dancer, and kicks out like a Georgia mule, before letting the ball go.'

"Woods thinks this description the unkindest thing that has ever been done to him except Brown's artistic tapping for Wainwright's benefit.

"The thing that has struck me as being most peculiar in warm countries is the fact that, as a rule, the women do all the work while the men take matters very easily indeed.

"While in New York I caught a chill, and was unable to play for the next day or two. The reporters at once stated that I was laid up through eating too much lobster salad, and someone sent me the following:—

"THE LAY OF THE LOBSTER AND THE LORD.

"There was once a lobster in New York
They made him into salad.
His lordship eat, alas! too much,
It made him very *malade*.

"Some of the pictures their black and white

artists drew of us were fearfully and wonderfully done. In our second tour a Philadelphia artist let himself go, and furnished us with a great deal of amusement.

"Anyone who knows De Trafford will appreciate the humour of the incident depicted; and from the way in which Bathurst bowled batsman after batsman it really seemed as if they were all mesmerised. The Philadelphia ground is an excellent one, and we spent an enjoyable time among the cricketers there.

"It was surprising what a number of people were too ill to go to business while we were in any of the towns. Though they could not work they were generally strong enough to visit the cricket ground, and the 'fresh air' cure was quite popular with these invalids during the tour.

"Of course we could not leave America without visiting Niagara, and the sight of the falls is one never to be forgotten.

"I have a cricket ball that was presented to me at Ottawa, Canada. In that match I was persuaded to go on bowling, and managed to hit the wicket. This surprised C. W. Wright that he had the ball suitably mounted and gave it to me. Since then he always declares that the age of miracles cannot be past, as we were playing against a strong and thoroughly keen team."

"And what about the cricketers you have met?"

"Well, it is difficult to express an opinion about them. I always place W. G. Grace on a pinnacle by himself. He is the greatest player we have ever seen, and though good men have come up since he first made a name, I don't think we shall ever see his equal. I remember once playing in a team with him against an Australian eleven. Dr. Grace was batting when I went in, and he cautioned me to leave Garrett's off ball alone. He was out himself the very next over to the ball he had told me to leave alone.

"In those days Spofforth was a great bowler,



BROWN REMINDING S. M. J. WOODS THAT WAINWRIGHT HAS A BENEFIT.

and, in fact, no one could touch him, though Palmer and Garrett were both good.

"A. G. Steel and Alfred Lyttelton are among the most wonderful cricketers I have met. They always seemed to be in form, though they had little practice; and A. C. McLaren is another player of the same kind.

"Then, in bowling, if we have not a Shaw or Morley now, we have J. T. Hearne, Lockwood, Rhodes, Haigh, and C. J. Kortright, and there is no better bowler in England on a sticky wicket than Wainwright.

"We had a nice tour through South Africa last winter, when my team proved strong enough for all comers. One day a picnic was arranged for our benefit, but, owing to some misunderstanding, only two of us arrived at the top of the hill where the luncheon was spread. I need scarcely say that my companion and I enjoyed ourselves, and raised the envy of the others afterwards by telling them of the good things they had missed. We came back to England in the steam-ship *Noiman*."

"What is your advice to young players?"

"There is one thing that should be impressed upon young players; that is, if they want to play in first-class cricket, they must really live for the game. The strain of these matches is so great that, unless a man keeps himself in condition, he will soon break down.

"There is, in my opinion, too much smoking among young players.

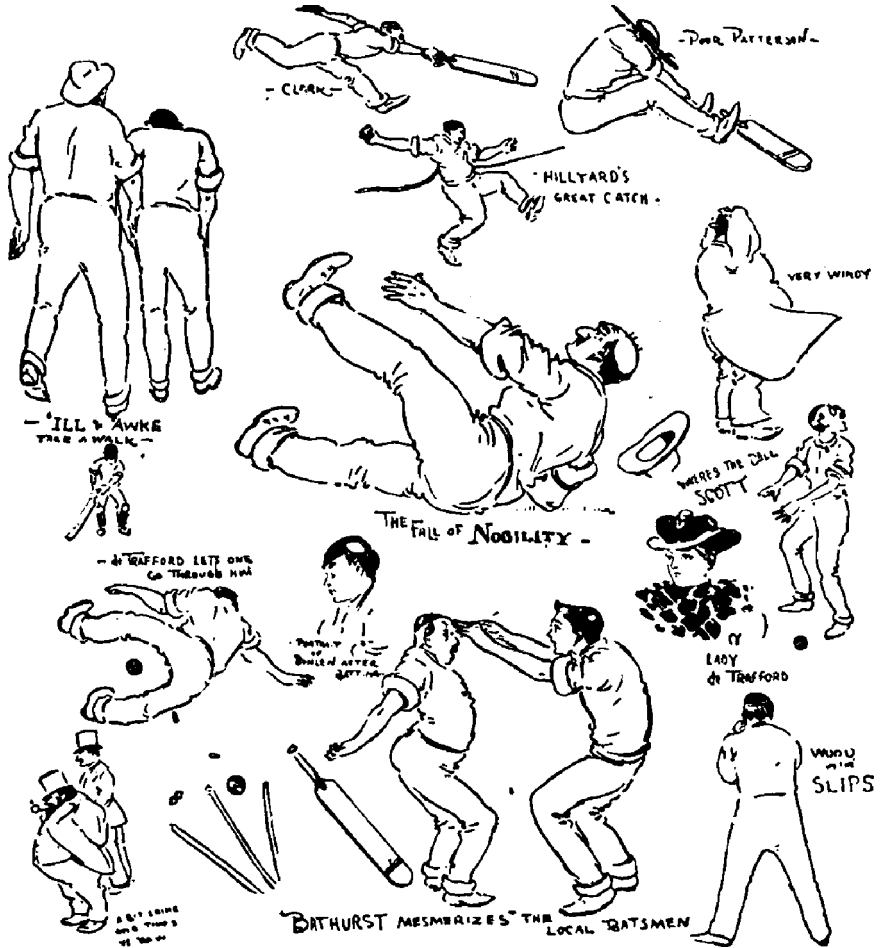
This excessive indulgence in tobacco does them harm. Personally, I never smoke until after five o'clock in the afternoon when playing, and I feel sure that if several of our players were to reduce their supply of tobacco their cricket would benefit by the change.

"My advice to those who wish to play well is to practise fielding as much as batting and bowling; and when playing to obey their captain cheerfully. No one should think of

himself only; he should remember that he is playing for his side, and do his best by cheerfully obeying his captain and working hard with him to win the match. Victories are generally gained by the united efforts of the whole team, and seldom by any one particular man.

"A captain should always try to give confidence to his team, and get them to 'buck up' whenever things are going against them. I have found it a good plan when a man has

INCIDENTS OF THE DAY.



AN AMERICAN ARTIST'S SKETCH OF THE ENGLISH PLAYERS.—PHILADELPHIA V. LORD HAWKE'S SECOND TEAM.

not been getting runs to put him in earlier instead of later. If you pursue the latter course you frequently make him lose heart, while the other stimulates him and causes him to try all the harder.

"A good captain never favours one man at the expense of the others, and though, I dare say, some players often think they know better than he what should be done, this does not absolve them from their allegiance to him,

and it is not fair for them to go round the ground cavilling at his judgment. He frequently needs sympathy more than captious criticism, but seldom gets it.

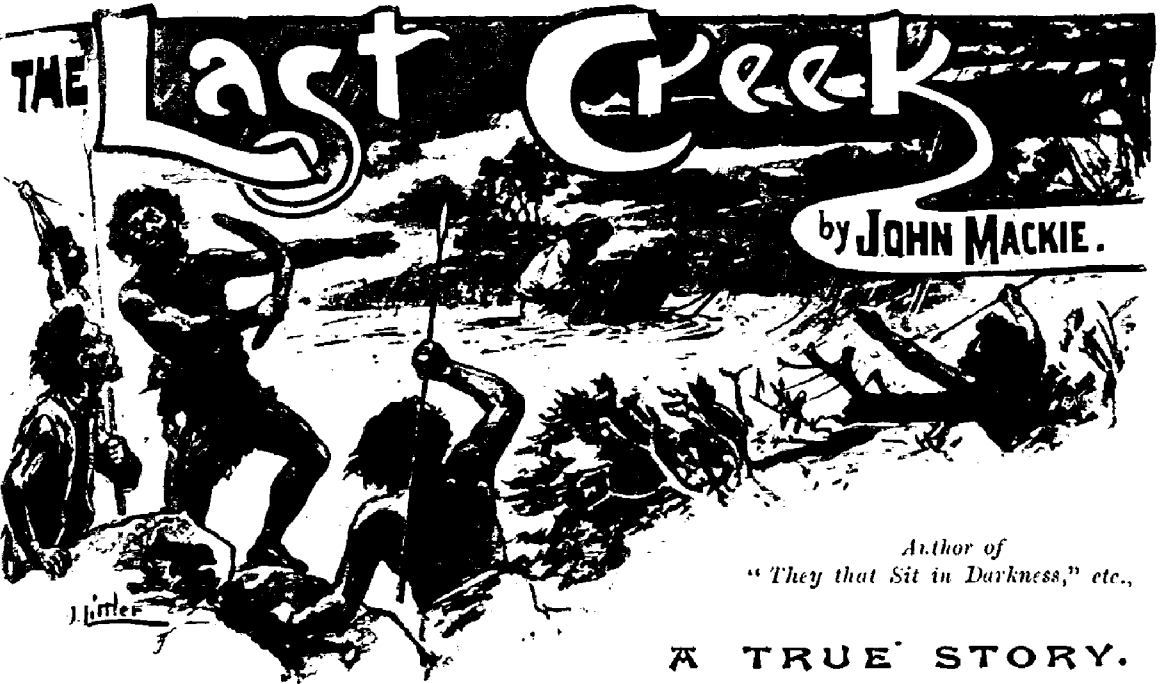
"The great improvement in Australian cricket has surprised me, though I am glad to see it. They have a longer season than we have, and their grounds are faster, and unless we take care the pupils will soon beat their old masters.

"These tours have done a vast amount of good in the past, but the days of their usefulness are now almost over, and speculative trips, such as we have seen from England to Australia, will soon cease. Whatever teams go out, should go under the auspices of the M.C.C., and not as the private venture of some prominent player."

James C. Hawke.



LORD HAWKE'S TEAM AT NIAGARA FALLS.



Author of
"They that Sit in Darkness," etc.,

A TRUE STORY.

Illustrated by J. Littler.

SCHOONERS must have grub and I had accompanied ours round to Normanton for supplies, leaving only one white man, a Malay, a Cingalese, and two semi-civilised black boys to look after the station and store I had established on the lonely Calvert River in the south-western corner of the Gulf of Carpentaria.

A bushman had just arrived who had passed my place on the Calvert a few days before, and told of a sorry state of affairs. My men had run out of rations, and, what was worse, powder and shot. They were now subsisting on a little rice, what few fish they could catch in the swollen river, 'possums, iguanas, and snakes. This was certainly pretty near bed-rock; but people in the Gulf country in those days did not trouble much about their bill of fare; it was the blacks, flies, and fever that concerned them most, and the blacks at my place just then were particularly bad. They had come down in a body some days previously, killed two or three of my remaining horses, and tried their level best to get at my men. Fortunately, after a ruinous consumption of powder and shot, they had been driven off.

There was only one thing for it—I must get to my own place at any cost, and that at once. To have it left to the mercy of the blacks was to have it looted and burned to the ground, and all my schemes knocked on the head.

More important still, there were my men. I knew that if they attempted to go eastward they would find themselves hemmed in by the great creeks, and must be drowned or perish for want of food. I did not take two minutes to make up my mind. I was young, of a girth that is denied most men, and the love of adventure ran hot in my blood. It was now late in the evening, but I would start before sunrise in the morning, and some time on the following day, if I had luck, would reach my place. I had swum dozens of swollen rivers before, with a horse and without a horse; and as for the blacks, I had got used to them like the flies, and I had my "Colt's."

Next morning, while it was yet grey-dark, I strapped a small knapsack on my back, containing a quart bottle full of powder, some small shot, and other essentials, and prepared to start out. I told my partner to push round to the Calvert River as soon as the gale abated, and was rowed to the eastern bank of the river in the dinghy. The landing was bad, and here I had my first accident; for while the man who rowed the boat was throwing after me

the packet of bread and meat that was to sustain me on my sixty-odd mile walk, it fell short and into the river. Back to the boat for more I would not go; there was a considerable vein of old high-land superstition deep down in my composition somewhere. I had gone on more than one occasion without food for two or three days; I could surely do it now for some thirty-six hours or so, even although I had not troubled about breakfast before starting.

Sixty-odd miles of partially-flooded country infested by niggers! It hardly gave me a thought in those days. My revolver was in my belt; the cartridges were waterproof; the load on my back was light; and, had it not been for the thought of those poor chaps on the banks of the Calvert, my heart had been still lighter.

I had traversed that uncertain track before on horseback, and, being a fairly good bushman, there was not much danger of me losing it. I wended my way through a gloomy pine-scrub; but as the rain had packed the sandy soil the walking was fairly good, and I did my first few miles as easily as if I had been walking on a macadamised road. Then I came to an open patch of lightly timbered country, and sat down on the crooked stem of a ti-tree for a few minutes to fill and light my pipe.

A sickly, wan light had by this time appeared in the eastern sky; a laughing jackass crashed into the tender spirit of the dawn, and startled me for the moment by shrieking hysterically from a high gum tree; a pale lemon glow showed over the tree-tops to the east, spread upwards and outwards, and then gave place to a tawny yellow; the few, faint stars went out one by one, like lights in a great city at break of day; a little bird among the boughs called sleepily to its mate, and in another minute a noisy flock of parrakeets flew screeching past. It was a wet, lonely, melancholy world, and when the sun showed behind the trees like a great white



THE PACKET OF BREAD AND MEAT FELL INTO THE RIVER.

quivering ball of fire, and a thin, gauze-like mist arose from the damp, sandy soil, I knew that the fierce tropical day had once more set in.

I stepped gaily out again. Dangers! Why, the walking was almost as good and pleasant as it was in any settled part of the country. Then all at once my feet went *splash! splash!* into what seemed to be a large pool of water; still, on I went. In a few yards the water was over my ankles; some fifteen or twenty yards more and I realised that it was up to my knees; fresh, warm, pellucid rain-water with dead leaves and forest débris floating through it. It was heavy wading, and I paused for a moment to gain breath and look around. There was water everywhere; it spread out like a great carpet over the fairly level ground, and only the fine points of the very highest grasses could be seen. Soon the water was up to my armpits, and then I began to swim. Even had I not been a strong swimmer, I could hardly have been drowned, for all I had to do was to climb into a tree and rest in the branches. In a few minutes more I came to a comparatively open space, and was swimming among the shaggy, drooping heads of Pandanus palms. Then all at once I found I was being carried away by a powerful current. I must get across that creek wherever it was, or else my strength must necessarily give out. Luckily my light, linen trousers and cotton shirt did not impede me much; my water-tight knapsack was but a trifling inconvenience; it was my

boots that were tiring me. I did not want boots anyhow in that sandy soil. I swam hand over hand to what must have been a giant gum tree that reared its head above the water, and, grasping a strong limb, drew myself up. I left my boots, tied together by the laces, dangling over a bough, and was descending the limb, when, to my consternation, I saw beneath me one of the largest tiger-snakes I ever had the good or ill fortune to meet in my life. It had doubtless been coiled round one of the upper branches when I first came to the tree, and being as much afraid of me as I now was of it, had again made for the trunk, only to find its retreat cut off. There was no time to cut a stick and have a sportive five minutes; besides, I had but scanty footing and room to fight nimble tiger-snakes, and so there was only one thing for it. The reptile, when I threw a small piece of dry wood at it, positively refused to budge. I took one last disgusted look at its gleaming, mottled, sinuous coils, and flat, repulsive head, from which its black, wicked, basilisk eyes looked dully out, and flopped into the water from my perch, a distance of some ten or twelve feet. At one place the current resembled a mill-race; this was doubtless the creek proper. In ten minutes more I touched bottom with my feet, and soon, to my great joy, I was stepping along on the firm sand again. I soon found the track; but on it I also found what I least desired to see—the tracks of savages going in the same direction as myself. I kept a sharp look-out after that.

The sun shone out all through that long, arduous day with a fierce, intense heat, but there was no time for rest. I swam several creeks, which carried me hundreds of yards down stream at a pace which meant certain death if I ran against the business end of a snag; and I waded and swam for many hundreds of yards at a stretch along the track in places where it was flooded. By drinking copiously of the lukewarm water I kept off the cravings of a healthy hunger. My pipe had slipped from my pouch, and, anyhow, my tobacco and matches, which I carried inside my hat, had got wet when I dropped from the tree, and this, to me, was the greatest drawback of the situation. The sun rounded slowly towards the west, and it was fast becoming dark, when suddenly I heard the jabbering of blacks at some little distance. To climb into a thick pine tree and conceal myself in its branches was the work of a few minutes. I had hardly done so before a straggling mob of blacks passed slowly underneath; the bucks, or warriors, went first

with spears and boomerangs in their hands, and the gins followed carrying the picaninnies and household goods slung in numerous dilly-bags over their backs. A few wretched half-tame dingoes brought up the rear, snarling and fighting with one another. It seemed strange to me that these savages should be journeying along the track, for at other times they seem rather anxious to avoid it. Perhaps they did it for the sake of the novelty of the situation, naturally supposing that their enemies, the whites, would not be travelling during the wet season. There might have been fifty or sixty of them altogether in the band. To my intense annoyance they went on about a couple of hundred yards, and halted on what was evidently a drier piece of ground than usual to camp for the night. There was no help for it; I would have to pass the night in that tree. It would be folly to wander about in the dark. Besides, I was dead tired and could hardly keep my eyes open. I unslung my knapsack, wedged myself into a sitting position among the close, dense boughs, and, in spite of the proximity of danger and a few stray mosquitoes, was asleep in two minutes. Had I descended the tree and camped on the ground sleep must have been almost impossible on account of the insects. The blacks lit numerous tiny fires, or smudges, to drive them off.

I awoke about an hour before dawn, stiff and chilled to the bone on account of my cramped, airy position; strapped my knapsack on my back, and descended the tree. There was a silence as of death in the blacks' camp. Taking my bearings I made a wide détour, and passed round them safely. After that I avoided the track as much as possible. I must have walked nearly thirty-five miles on the previous long day, but it must be borne in mind that it was one of continuous, determined toil.

I walked on steadily all that day, hardly pausing to rest; swimming flooded creeks, and wading in places up to my arm-pits, but my progress was better than on the preceding day. I felt the pangs of hunger more keenly, but I continued drinking large quantities of water, and this, as I had often found before, to a certain degree, stood me in good stead. At noon I came to a wild, broad water-course, called Scrubby Creek, and knew I was now within fifteen miles of my destination. I had been speculating all day as to the state of affairs at my camp—wondering if my men had deserted it, and if I would find it in the possession of the savages. If so, I would have to be wary in making my approach; I would have to follow the river down towards the sea and wait and starve until the boat came round. The prospect



A STRAGGLING MOB OF BLACKS PASSED SLOWLY UNDERNEATH.

was not cheerful, but still I never for one moment allowed it to affect the course I was pursuing. If I failed, then I had done my level best to do what I could, and at least no soul-harrowing reflections would be mine.

I was just about to step into the swirling, hurrying current of Scrubby Creek, when, happening to glance around, I saw something that

made my heart throb wildly, and arrested my further progress in an instant. A large number of savages were following me up, and there was not one of them but carried a spear or weapon of some sort in his hand. I wheeled about in an instant and drew my revolver, resolved to give them something more than they bargained for.

The blacks stopped short when they found they were discovered, and spread out in the form of a semicircle; then they closed in until, with their wimmeras, they could make sure of throwing their spears with precision and effect. I waited until I also could make sure of my man; and then, as one of them drew back his arm to lever his spear home, I raised my revolver and fired. He dropped all of a heap,

and I emptied the remaining chambers of my revolver at them with effect. I even made to follow them up, reloading as I walked, and they actually broke and ran before me. This was exactly what I wanted, and I seized my opportunity. I turned and dived into the brown tawny-crested creek, and by vigorous sidestrokes made for a narrow island-like strip of wooded land that stood right in the middle of



IN ANOTHER MOMENT THAT SAVAGE AND I WERE WRESTLING TOGETHER IN DEADLY GRIPS.

like a bullock that has been knocked on the head with an axe. A spear whizzed past me and buried itself in the thick bark of a ti-tree close to my head. My blood was up, but I took deliberate aim, and the savage who had thrown it also bit the dust; at eighty yards my Colt's was almost as deadly as a rifle. Somewhat taken by surprise, the blacks retired,

the stream. I had all but passed it when I caught hold of an overhanging bough, and drew myself into a thick clump of reeds and undergrowth. I stood up to the arm-pits in water. There was now some seventy yards between me and the bank I had just left—about half the distance I had yet to accomplish. As I expected, the blacks, who had rallied, now appeared

on the scene. Quick as thought I placed my soft felt hat brim-downwards on the water, and away it went sailing down that boiling torrent. The blacks saw it, and thought they had me now safely enough; they directed spear after spear at it, but I noticed that none of them took effect; they ran along the bank in a great state of excitement, shouting and skipping, and in a few minutes more were out of sight. If my hat would only continue to float, it might lead them quite a nice little goose chase.

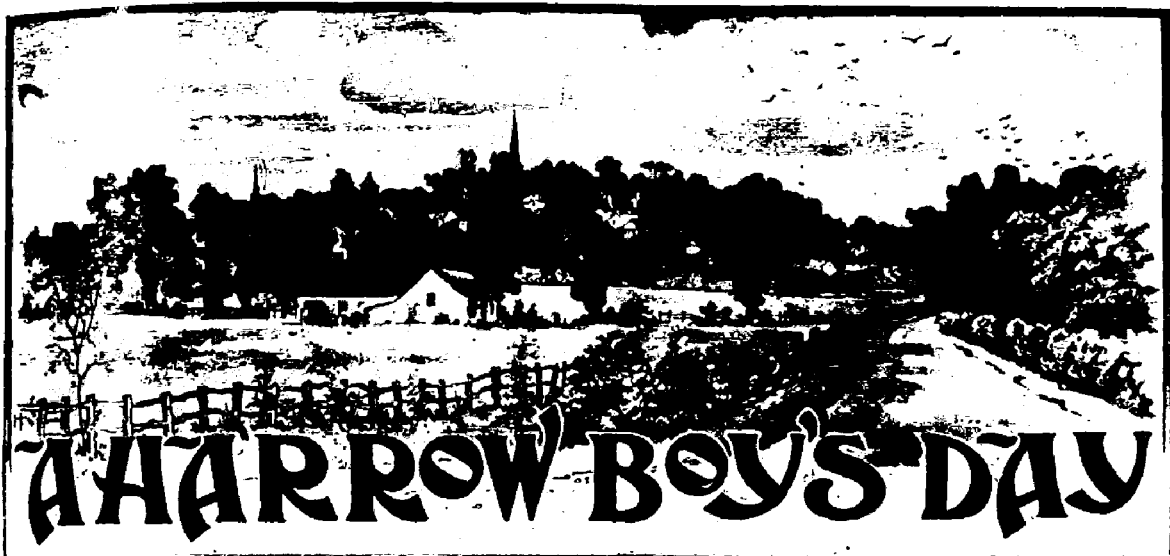
I waited some little time, and was just about to strike out for the opposite shore, when, to my no little surprise and chagrin, two of the savages returned. They went for some little distance up-stream, and then made straight for my little island. Evidently they had thought there was something suspicious about my hat. Only my mouth, eyes, and nose, and my revolver hand were above water now, and I waited for them to come on.

And what a wait that was! Every moment seemed an eternity; I could hardly control the intense longing that possessed me to be up and at them. But I knew I must bide my time and make sure of both, otherwise they could easily elude me in the water, attract the attention of the other blacks, and then it would be all up with me. I knew the chances of my coming out of that creek alive were very slight indeed; but life seemed sweet just then, and I took heart of courage. Every now and again a little wave would unexpectedly dash over my face, and I would be nearly suffocated. Were these savages never going to reach me? The suspense was too terrible.

They reached my island, and came down the narrow strip prodding the undergrowth with their spears. In another second they were within a few yards of where I was ambushed, and at the same instant both of them saw me and up went their spears. Fortunately, the one was almost behind the other, and this interfered with their concerted action. I fired point-blank into the grinning face of the foremost savage, and he dropped where he stood. I saw the little round hole my bullet had made right in the centre of his forehead. The flint spear-head of the second black ripped open my shirt and made an ugly gash in the fleshy part of my arm. He was within six feet of me, and I levelled my revolver at him and pulled the trigger. To my dismay, the weapon snapped uselessly, and I realised that my last cartridge had been fired. In another moment that savage and I were wrestling together in deadly grips. Once he had me under water, and I experienced all the first horrors of drowning, and the waters thundered in my ears. It was surely all up with me now! But, by one supreme effort, I pulled that savage down, and then it was my turn. When I had done with him I knew he would give me no more trouble. Then I tore off part of my shirt into a long strip, and bound it tightly round my injured arm in a rough and ready but effectual fashion, and then, with only one arm which was of any real use, essayed to cross the remaining strip of hurrying flood. In a few minutes more I was on the other side, more dead than alive. Thank God! It was the last creek I had to cross.

THE END.





HARROW BOYS' DAY

BY HERBERT VIVIAN.

With Photographs specially taken for this article by Alfred Johnson.

I ALWAYS maintain that people who refer to their school-days as the happiest period of their lives are either very foolish or very inaccurate. The happiest period is undoubtedly to be found at the university, with your first taste of freedom, and no bur-

then as yet of responsibility. But on the whole I can look back upon my four and a half years at Harrow with a certain amount of satisfaction, and I cherish some sentimental regard for the old place. I have met old Harrovians in all sorts of unlikely corners, from the centre of Russia to the south of Spain, and have felt instinctively that a bond of sympathy united us. I was certainly not unhappy at Harrow, but I have many other retrospects which are considerably rosier.

How far school-boys ought to be made comfortable is open to debate. I myself believe

that the old rough-and-tumble days turned out sturdier stuff, but on the other hand, some of the modern hardships are open to criticism. Take the question of food, for instance. Growing boys ought to have plenty of good, wholesome fare, even though of the plainest.

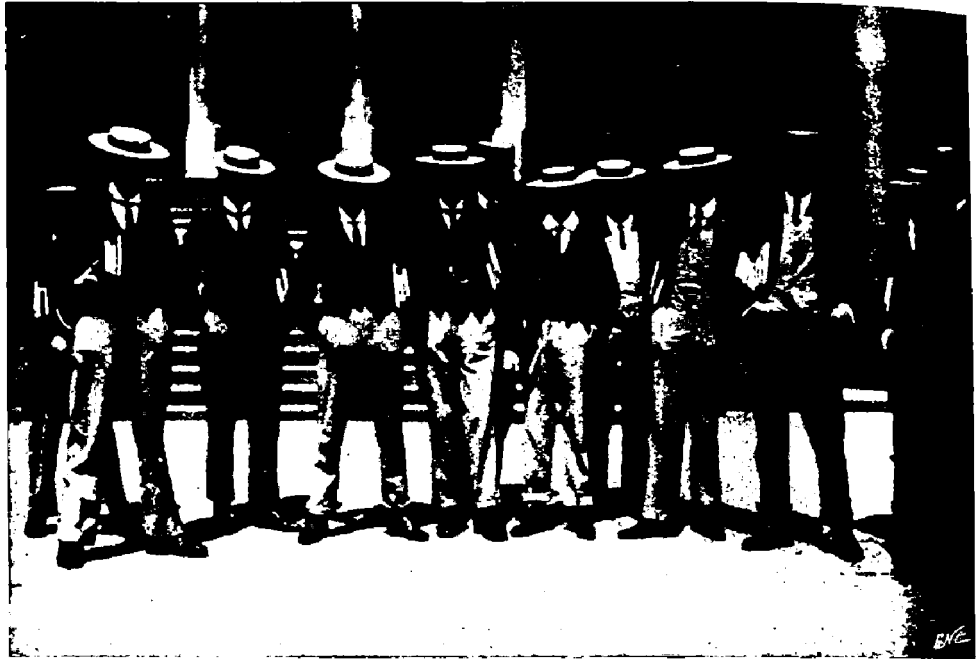
Now a Harrow house-master provides the following rations:—(1) At 7.15, before first school, cups of tea and hunks of dry bread and butter; (2) at 9, breakfast, consisting of tea, bread and butter; (3) at 1, dinner, consisting of one small helping of meat, vegetables, and pudding; (4) at 6, tea, similar to breakfast; (5) at 9 p.m., bread, cheese, and swipes. Few avail themselves of the first and last, and a traditional zeal for games induces the boys to waste as little time as possible over dinner. As for the house breakfast and tea, they are only supposed to form a basis for meals, which are often very good ones, in the case of boys who possess generous relations. These receive several



THE REV. JOSEPH WOOD, D.D.
(Head master of Harrow.)

hampers during the course of a term, and their tables groan beneath the weight of hams, tongues, birds, and all manner of tinned delicacies. Besides this, most boys have a credit, known as a "tick," of from 3s. 6d. to 7s. a week at one of the confectioners.

Here every morning after first school, the kitchen at the back of the shop is full of a surging mob, engaged in yelling such phrases as "Six of cutlets with," "Four of sausages without,"* while the confectioner and his family wrap greasy cutlets in paper bags, or fill old jam-pots with the more liquid rations. A clear head must certainly be required to superintend such a pandemonium, and, above all, to keep the accounts correctly. Directly a boy has secured his prize he hurries out of the shop, just casually calling out the amount to be booked as he passes. I expect



A GROUP OF HARROW BOYS.

the accounts must often depend very largely upon guess-work.

I only know that my term's credit was generally exhausted at the end of the first few weeks, but then I used to make it bear charges of 10d. or 1s. for both breakfast and tea, besides sundry ices, "penny glasses,"† and cakes at various hours of the day. Then would come long periods of famine, when my breakfast and tea were restricted to the limited provisions of the house, and when I would cast a wistful eye into my "grub-shop" on my way back from "third school." Sometimes the shop could be induced to extend my credit, but this was a gross violation of rules, and rendered it liable to be "placed out of bounds," which would have meant ruin. The school authorities have a great pull over all tradesmen by holding this power of placing them out of bounds over their heads. There are, in the ordinary sense of the word, no "bounds," but the frequent "bills" (roll-calls) make it impossible for a boy to stray very far. The station and all public-houses are, of course, "out of bounds."



PRACTISING AT THE NETS.

* 6d. worth of cutlets with potatoes; 4d. worth of sausages without potatoes.

† Of home-made lemonade, a favourite beverage always on draught at every confectioner's.



CRICKET "BILL" (FOUR O'CLOCK)

I remember one confectioner being put out of bounds because he had good-naturedly allowed some boys to have wine in his back parlour occasionally. One or two of the boys concerned were in the cricket eleven, and the affair created an immense sensation, as there were rumours that they would not be allowed to play in the match against Eton. The head master was, however, patriotic enough not to insist upon that, but contented himself with flogging, "degrading," or requesting the various culprits not to return for the following term. When the incident became known, there was as much curiosity to gaze upon the scene of the delinquency as though a murder or

burglary had taken place there. I remember seeing excited knots of boys discussing details on the pavement outside, and catching a glimpse of the confectioner's wife, with very red eyes, sighing among the buns which we should taste no more.

FIFTH FORM FIELD.

MATCH FIELD.



COMING DOWN WEST HILL TO THE CRICKET FIELDS.

House-life and school-life are quite different aspects of existence at Harrow. Your house is almost a family, the rest of the school almost a world. It is in your house that you make friends; other boys are very rarely more than acquaintances, even those you are with all day and every day in your form. I believe that at some other schools all the boys live more or less together in one big cluster of buildings. At Harrow all houses are quite

separate; some must be fully a mile apart. There is, accordingly, a tremendous *esprit de corps* about every house. We are all patriotic about Harrow, of course, just as we are about England; but the honour and glory of the house are almost a personal matter. A boy's heart beats very high over the prospect of a member of his house getting "his flannels," whereas a defeat of Eton is almost as remote a cause for rejoicing as a defeat of the French on the Niger.

Only Sixth Form boys have rooms to themselves, and not always then if there are many



COMING OUT OF THE SCIENCE SCHOOL.

Sixth Form boys in the house. The usual plan is for two boys to share a room; but three, and even four, boys together are by no means an exception. The beds are made to fold up into a kind of cupboard during the day, and in old times it was the custom to shut up new boys in these beds, head-downwards, every 5th of

November. This, like every other kind of bullying, had, however, died out before my day, and is now doubtless regarded as a myth. The wash-hand stands are also made to shut up during the day-time and completely conceal every trace of the toilet. In looking backward,



THE FAMOUS "FOURTH FORM ROOM."



THE VAUGHAN LIBRARY.

I am often struck by the extraordinary absence both of comfort and distinction which characterised the decoration of our rooms. The house only provided strict necessities—one wooden chair for each inmate, a plain deal table, a chest of drawers, etc.

—but even with our limited command of pocket-money, I believe we might have accomplished a great deal more in the way of adornment. Most rooms were either left like barracks or were decorated with

the taste generally attributed to the seaside lodging-house keeper. Our ornaments were invariably tawdry, our decorations (bought haphazard by several boys with divergent tastes)

were bound to clash, and our pictures were either framed chromolithographs from old Christmas numbers or cheap reproductions of some such hackneyed subject as "The Road to Ruin."

Considering that we lived a large portion of our lives in these rooms, it is surprising that we



BASKING IN THE SUNSHINE.

contrived to remain as cheerful as we were. To begin with, they were much too small, and ventilation was always a problem in winter, particularly as gas was the only form of light provided us. I knew one boy who kept every imaginable animal in his room, beside which the monkey house at the Zoo were a fragrant saloon. One term I was in a room with a boy who objected, on principle, to the window ever being open. Several times a day we came to fisticuffs over the question, the end generally being that his spectacles came off in the scrimmage, and he would accuse me of unfairness in profiting by their removal. I generally had my way about the window, but after a time he took his revenge by eating hard-boiled eggs in bed after the lights were out. The effluvia of hard-boiled eggs has been intolerable to me ever since.

Another necessary criticism concerns the paucity of the washing accommodation. There were only four baths for a house of forty boys, and as the monitors and Sixth Form had established a monopoly of their use in the mornings, the ablutions of the rest were

agricultural labourers do. In any case, we all enjoyed a daily visit to "Ducker" during the warm weather, and one of my most vivid recollections is of the long rows of boys wrapped in bath-sheets basking in the sunshine, and devouring bagfuls of buns after a long swim.

From my present point of view, I think what I should most miss, if I were suddenly sent back to Harrow, would be my privacy. Of course, in schools with the dormitory system it would be a great deal worse, but as it is, a boy rarely has a moment to himself. This, I am convinced, is one of the reasons why public school-boys so easily lose their individuality and come to be moulded on one pattern. There is always someone there to criticise severely from a very narrow standpoint. In the case of ninety-nine boys out of a hundred, this is probably an advantage, but I have known several cases in which it was much to be deplored. The door of a boy's room has no key, and he is always liable to incursions either from other boys or from his house-master. It is true that we generally had a hole-bored

with a red-hot poker — at our threshold, and a stick placed in it acted as an efficacious bolt; but this was only used when we were up to some mischief, such as smoking, or card-playing, which were considered such heinous offences that only quite desperate characters ever indulged in them.

In the case of a good-natured house-master — such as mine was — we generally knew when he was coming his

rounds, and everything was accordingly arranged with suspicious neatness before his arrival. Indeed, I rather looked forward to his visits, and would provoke political disquisitions by



"DUCKER."

few and far between. Of course, though, it is not fair to criticise from the grown-up point of view, and I do not suppose that small boys crave for baths any more than

* The school bathing place. Originally called "Duck-Puddle." The Harrow dialect consists in adding the termination "er" to every possible word.

flaunting photographs or partisan newspapers where he would be sure to notice them. Our chief point of issue was the question of "tolly-ing-up," or having candles alight after 10 p.m., when the gas had been turned off. I shall never forget one night when he detected my light from the road on his way back from a masters' meeting. I heard him coming upstairs, and had blown out my candles and retired rudely to bed by the time he reached my room. I was for pretending to be asleep, but he at once taxed me with my guilt, and there was no denying it. He found what he thought was my exercise on the table, and hastened to tear it up, remarking sternly that I should not profit by breaking rules. But all the time my fair copy was safely secreted in my hat, and he had no sooner departed than I woke up all my neighbours with peal after peal of Homeric laughter.

Fagging has always been a very mild institution at Harrow. All boys under the Lower Remove are liable to be fagged by the Sixth Form boys in their house; but, in practice, this only amounts to being sent on an occasional errand, and having to wait upon the "finds" at breakfast and tea. In my house there were five "finds," and, accordingly, five Lower boys were told off to attend to them in rotation every week. A "find" consists of a number of Sixth Form boys, who are privileged to have their breakfast and tea together in one of their own rooms. The other boys have their meals together in the hall downstairs. A fag's duties are to bring up a kettle from the kitchen, and afterwards to clear away for the "find." The plan is to go to the top of the stairs and shout "Bo-o-o-y!" in loud monotone, whenever the fag is required. When a fag is a celebrated cricketer, or some other person of importance, and his masters are creatures of little influence or character, who have merely attained their position by hard work, his services are often extremely perfunctory. I remember one boy, whose method of clearing away had at least

the merit of simplicity. He would simply take up the four corners of the table-cloth, and carry off everything—teapot, slops, jam, ham, crockery, and every sort of remains, both liquid and solid



IN THE HIGH STREET.

—in one confused bundle. If his masters had had any pluck they would have complained to the head of the house, who would have given the offender a "whopping."

This consisted of beating across the back with a cane, and is the privilege of every monitor and head of a house. I only once had to suffer this ordeal, and then it was merely done as a formality, in order to gratify the matron. Another boy, now a Member of Parliament, and I engaged in a water-fight. We had collected all the water-jugs in the house and, after donning macintoshes and opening umbrellas, we had indulged in a regular aquatic carnival, which left a third boy's room nearly a foot deep in water, and naturally injured the matron's sense of the fitness of things. The word "whopping" is restricted to chastisement by a boy in authority; most usually for absence from compulsory football.

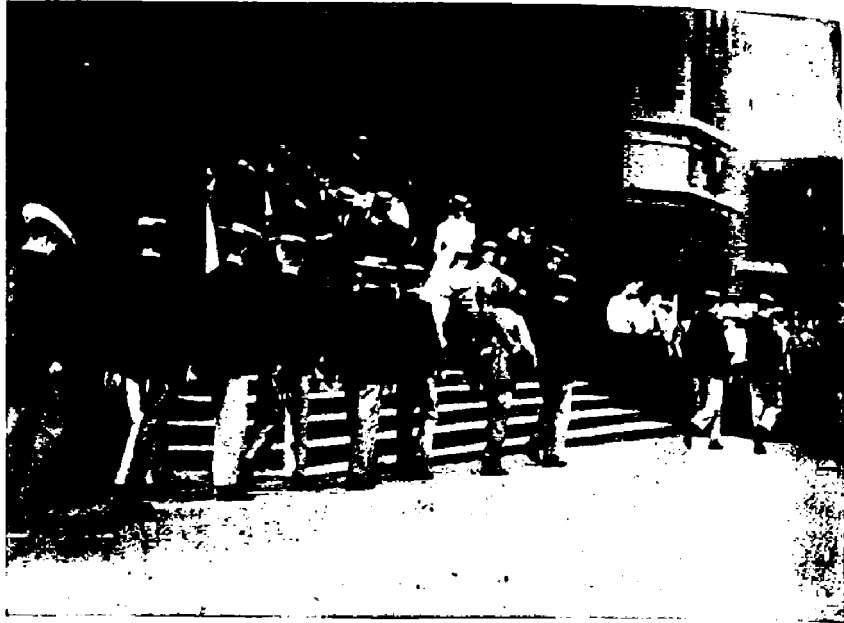
Flogging by the head master is known as "swiping," or "swishing." No assistant master may have recourse to the rod except with his victim's consent, which is sometimes given in order to avoid other punishments.

These comprise "lines," "extra school," loss of *exeat*,* and "sending up" to the head master.

* Leave to stay with relations from Friday to Monday once a term.

Lines have to be written on special sheets of paper with every fifth line ruled in red; and as this paper is only obtainable from a boy's tutor, it affords an automatic system of reporting conduct. Extra school is a barbarous institution. Those sentenced to it are mewed up for two and a half hours on a whole holiday and set to copy out page after page of Latin grammar. Only very cantankerous masters inflict it, except in serious cases, though it has come to be regarded as the regular retribution for failure in the holiday task. The worst feature of this punishment is that it generally carries with it the forfeiture of the *exeat*. When a boy is sent up, it is generally for some extraordinary offence, and may involve flogging, degradation from his form, or even expulsion.

Each house has a tone and traditions of its own. Among customs common to most houses are a prohibition to wear a tweed coat in your room or to receive visits from boys belonging to other houses, unless you have been three years in your house. Any attempt to break these



SIX O'CLOCK "BILL."

unwritten laws would be met by the use of the word "swagger," which is as potent in its magical effect as the word "taboo" is among South Sea Islanders. All sorts of apparently innocent things are considered "swagger," and he would be a very bold boy indeed who would venture to disregard it. In the matter of dress it is particularly potent, and it suffices to check instantly any attempt to introduce a new fashion. Except in the case of boys who are distinguished at games, or who are in the Sixth

Form and have been a long time at Harrow, it exacts an absolute uniformity of costume. Nor may they go to greater lengths than stick-up collars and white waistcoats. Boys below the Fifth wear Eton jackets, unless they are unusually old or big, when they may obtain special permission to wear tails—like their betters. These tails are the ordinary swallow-tail coat, which elsewhere is reserved for evening dress. Winter and summer the boys wear a peculiar straw hat, with a very low crown and a very broad brim. Of course, long use has made this costume very familiar to me, but it has often



HARROW SCHOOL VOLUNTEER CORPS MARCHING DOWN WEST HILL TO GENERAL INSPECTION.



BOAT BUILDING.

occurred to me that it must strike a stranger as very peculiar. Members of the cricket or football eleven wear a speckled straw hat instead of a white one, and generally the first intimation that they have "got their flannels" is the sight of them walking about in a speckled hat. Members of the cricket eleven are alone allowed to wear white flannels. If anyone else attempted to do so he would arouse as much amazement and indignation as a dock labourer would if he appeared at a levée in a duke's robes.

The great passport to consideration at Harrow is success at games

--cricket first of all, then football. Even a dull or disagreeable boy is made much of, both by masters and boys, if he hits up a good score for his school at Lord's. Otherwise, Harrow is a perfect democracy. Titles or money do not make the slightest difference to a boy's status, as they may at Oxford or Cambridge.

After games, success at work ensures most consideration. The monitors are, however, chosen from among the members of the Upper Sixth, chiefly on account of their character, for they have large powers, and considerable confidence has to be reposed in them. The ceremony of investiture



RIFLE PRACTICE ON THE OLD MILLING GROUND.

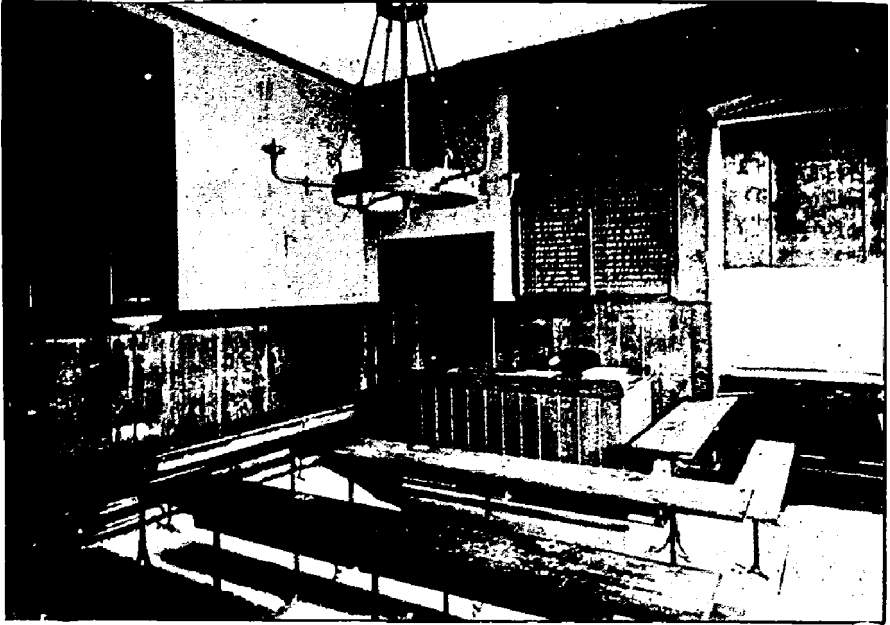
consists in the public presentation of a key to the Vaughan Library by the head master.

A word in conclusion with reference to masters and teaching. On the whole I am inclined to think that, though Harrow is a better training-ground than most schools for inspiring the instincts of a gentleman, it is not calculated to create great scholars. On the classical side, at any rate, the education is in a great measure tedious and mechanical. On the modern side, Mr. Bowen's singular gifts have,

through a lifetime of patient devotion, instituted a system of imparting very varied knowledge and stimulating intelligence to the utmost.

I may be censured for making too many trivial criticisms, but they are in reality a tribute to the unassailable excellence of the school as a whole. The greatest proof of this excellence is the fact that every decent old Harrovian in the world will unite with me in affectionate regard for the school

upon the hill, and will vigorously re-echo the words of its motto: *Stet Fortuna domus!*



HEAD MASTER'S CLASS ROOM.



WATCHING A MATCH.

THE ROUGH RIDERS.

A Story of the Rebellion in Cuba.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

ILL tell you at once what Dod Stuart and his old school-mate, Arch Gray, could do, and may be that will make a fair kick-off to this short but "gey true" yarn. Both could ride; they were Wild West boys. No, not cow-boys strictly speaking, though they could take a turn with any man that ever mounted a broncho at a spring round-in, and they were really and truly never more happy than when in the saddle and scouring the plains, unless when "on the war-path" as they chose to call it, with that *penchant* for romance which is never wholly absent from the breast of a youngster who is going to be worth a little more than his salt in this world.

Though the parents of each were now comfortably settled on neighbouring ranches, their fathers had each been out in the terrible civil war of three-and-thirty years ago, but on different sides. Gray had been a "Reb.," Stuart a "Fed.," and we all know how the war ended, and how the North was victorious—principally, I think, owing to the stern determination of that black Scot, Grant, who sacrificed men like card counters, and spilt blood like water—all to win, and win he did! Those were awful times, and though I was but a boy I mind them well, and, perhaps because there seemed to be more chivalry among the Southerners, we—my University mates and self—sided with them. Going on the war-path was, for Dod and Arch, a mixed sort of a business, but very pleasant and full of adventure of a certain kind. Let me see now, Dod—a contraction for Donald—was just eighteen, and meant for the law; Arch was only fifteen, and meant for nothing in particular as yet, but he went to school two terms in the year at the same city where Dod

was studying. Dod was tall and handsome; Arch, handsome certainly, but neither very tall nor very strong. More of a dreamer he appeared to be—in a drawing-room, that is—but in the field or among the hills all wire and fire. Stripped well, too; and, to look at his face, you wouldn't have judged that he carried such muscles under his jacket.

Taking a couple of black servants with them, two dogs, and two ponies, with a pack mule, the boys would move west and west till they came to the gulches and hills of the Rockies, and stay for a month or more, living on their guns and fishing-rods; getting no end of sport, no end of fun, and sometimes a bear or two, and more rattlers thrown in than they cared for.

Young Stuart had neither brother nor sister, so he often crossed the divide to stop for a day or two at Archie's, for Archie's sake, and, twixt you and me and

the binnacle, boys, for sake of Archie's sister. Arch and his sister Allie were twins, and for the life of him Dod couldn't have told which he liked the better. There was no love-making, although Allie was very pretty, naïve, and engaging, with the raven hair and bonnie black een of some maidens of the sunny south. No, never a bit of love-making, but for all that Dod often prefaced his discourse



GETTING NO END OF SPORT, AND SOMETIMES A BEAR OR TWO.

with Allie with the words: "When you and I get married, Allie," and the innocent child seemed just to take it for granted, and used to wonder to her little self, when alone, how she should like to live far away amongst the splendour and civilisation of some great east-coast city, the streets of which, she half believed, were lined with silver, the house-tops all of gold, with the green of waving palm-trees everywhere, and away beyond, glittering in the sunshine, the blue sea, dotted with dark ships and white sails from every land and clime.

But one day came rumours of war to stir the blood of these young fellows, and cause them to think of adventures far more exciting than any they were ever likely to come across in the Rockies.

"We're both going to go. Roosevelt's off for Tampa soon, and if he'll take us, dad, you won't try to keep us back, will you?"

It was Stuart père who was appealed to. He was at Gray's ranche that day, and the two dads were smoking and drinking something cool in the verandah.

They saw determination in the boys' eyes. They were also cool—very. The determination had come to stay.

There was a full minute of silence. Then:—

"Ted," said Stuart, "you and I fought for our country when boys. Let the lads go, and God go with them!"

"Greed," said Gray.

And horny hand clasped horny hand.



"O, DODDIE, DON'T COME BACK WITHOUT MY BROTHER."

The boys were off to join the force of General Wheeler—cavalry, and about one thousand strong. They would land shortly in Cuba, and help to give the Spaniards fits. But would Roosevelt take them? They were very much agitated when they presented themselves before this daring-looking and well-set-up king of the Rough Riders. They couldn't have been more nervous had they been going up for a public exam, *vivâ voce*.

Roosevelt looked at them, and laughed as he listened to their story.

"You are likely lads," he said. "Off you trot, and let the surgeon have a squint at you; if it's all right, you'll go in for drill at once."

It *was* all right. Roosevelt seemed to take a real interest in the lads, and gave them a lot of good advice, which they determined they should not forget a word of, and when they left him they seemed walking on air.

They were soldiers now! Raw recruits if you like, but soldiers all the same. They loved their country, loved their home, and the dear old stars and stripes: moreover, they were going to fight in humanity's cause.

Poor Allie! Dod had kissed her tear-wet face when he bade her good-bye, and her last words were simple, but affecting enough: "O, Doddie, don't come back without my brother. I'll die if he is killed."

Dod did not, could not, forget that, nor

Allie's pleading look. He would often think of it even when at drill—and drill is terribly dull. He thought of it at Tampa, at Key West, and on the sea, and he thought of it, too, when lying in camp on the first night of the landing at Sibonry.

We hear much about the romance of war, and if one has a home life and home ties, if one has mother, sister, or sweetheart, there is romance in war by land and sea. But there is also much that is commonplace, rough, and wearisome. Maybe there is a bit of real poetry in the hearts of twenty per cent. of sailors and soldiers, but the bustle and the stir, the noise and the hard work, do their best to banish it. Campaigning is really toilsome, even after one gets hardened, but at first the youthful warrior wonders how ever he could have been lured into it, and perhaps worries himself with the thought that he hasn't got grit enough to make a real soldier. Hard labour, hard tack, a hard turn-in, and, as often as not, harsh words cause him sometimes to think—as with weary eyes and aching bones he lies down at night to snatch a few hours' sleep—what a fool he was to leave his far-off happy home. Ah! but thoughts of that very home will bring sweet slumbers, and he awakes like a giant refreshed.

A young fellow's first fight is the event of a lifetime, and he finds it as different from anything he could have conceived as a Punch-and-Judy show is from a real Christmas pantomime.

Well, Dod's and Archie's baptism of blood and fire was very soon to come now, and I must candidly admit that it troubled both not a little. It troubled more than them, for I do not believe there was a single soldier in the whole of Wheeler's force who did not think a little about the immediate future.

The troops were in a somewhat tight place. They were landed to do or to die. Up on the wooded heights yonder was a truly chivalrous enemy, the Dons; they occupied a splendid position; they had rude forts on the brow of the hills, and these must be stormed; they were concealed and well armed, and they were in great force. It is true, on the other hand, that the Americans had a band of Cubans, but these were little better than children, and could only be depended upon as scouts—poor even at that.

It was curious to note the effect that certainty of a tough fight to come had upon these Rough Riders. There were old soldiers among them, certainly, men who had long concluded that, at best, this is but a very ordinary sort of a world, that death is certain some time and

somehow, and that it is better met in the battle-field than on a bed of sickness. These men simply smoked, and said little. They did their duty, and they meant to continue doing it till the end, but they seemed amused in watching the behaviour of those around them. One or two were absolutely "funky," and took little pains to conceal it; others looked as reckless and dare-devil as if they were already in front of the foe; some were reading their prayer-books, and evidently expecting courage from a higher power, while some kept singing or talking, doing all kinds of ridiculous little things and making silly remarks, with hysterical little laughs, which were meant to deceive their comrades, but didn't deceive even themselves. It was all very curious, but it is always so just before the fight, for it is ever the unknown that men dread the most.

Now, had the enemy behaved like soldiers of any other civilised nation up to date in warfare, the landing of the American forces would have been effected against fearful odds. As it was, the almost insignificant, though brave and plucky, force, was permitted to disembark, the enemy retiring quite three miles from Sibonry.

They must be followed and fought on the ground they had themselves chosen, at all hazard, too. No words of mine could describe the rough nature of the country to be traversed; it was a forest, or jungle, on rolling, cliffy hills. A road lay along the foot and another led upwards. But both were altogether unsuitable for a dashing cavalry attack, so while General Young, with his regulars, was to lead his men along the low road, and pretend to attack the foe in the front, the Rough Riders, under Wood and Roosevelt himself, had the more difficult task assigned them of climbing the wooded hills *on foot*, and thus bear the brunt of the fight against a hidden and bush-protected foe. As for the paths, they were more like the beds of streamlets than anything else.

All this was known to the Rough Riders on that first night. They knew that many a man would lose the number of his mess, and that the struggle would be of the nature of a forlorn hope, but they determined to fight to win. And the thought of home and country was sufficient to give them heart.

* * * * *

Long after the sun had sunk red over the wooded hills the men lay here and there in their camp, not far back from the sea, talking low, it is true, but telling many a humorous yarn nevertheless, and many a story of wild life in the Far West. There were among the boys

with Allie with the words: "When you and I get married, Allie," and the innocent child seemed just to take it for granted, and used to wonder to her little self, when alone, how she should like to live far away amongst the splendour and civilisation of some great east-coast city, the streets of which, she half believed, were lined with silver, the house-tops all of gold, with the green of waving palm-trees everywhere, and away beyond, glittering in the sunshine, the blue sea, dotted with dark ships and white sails from every land and clime.

But one day came rumours of war to stir the blood of these young fellows, and cause them to think of adventures far more exciting than any they were ever likely to come across in the Rockies.

"We're both going to go. Roosevelt's off for Tampa soon, and if he'll take us, dad, you won't try to keep us back, will you?"

It was Stuart père who was appealed to. He was at Gray's ranche that day, and the two dads were smoking and drinking something cool in the verandah.

They saw determination in the boys' eyes. They were also cool—very. The determination had come to stay.

There was a full minute of silence. Then:—

"Ted," said Stuart, "you and I fought for our country when boys. Let the lads go, and God go with them!"

"Greed," said Gray.

And horny hand clasped horny hand.

The boys were off to join the force of General Wheeler—cavalry, and about one thousand strong. They would land shortly in Cuba, and help to give the Spaniards fits. But would Roosevelt take them? They were very much agitated when they presented themselves before this daring-looking and well-set-up king of the Rough Riders. They couldn't have been more nervous had they been going up for a public exam, *vivâ voce*.

Roosevelt looked at them, and laughed as he listened to their story.

"You are likely lads," he said. "Off you trot, and let the surgeon have a squint at you; if it's all right, you'll go in for drill at once."

It *was* all right. Roosevelt seemed to take a real interest in the lads, and gave them a lot of good advice, which they determined they should not forget a word of, and when they left him they seemed walking on air.

They were soldiers now! Raw recruits if you like, but soldiers all the same. They loved their country, loved their home, and the dear old stars and stripes; moreover, they were going to fight in humanity's cause.

Poor Allie! Dod had kissed her tear-wet face when he bade her good-bye, and her last words were simple, but affecting enough: "O, Daddie, don't come back without my brother. I'll die if he is killed."

Dod did not, could not, forget that, nor



"O, DODDIE, DON'T COME BACK WITHOUT MY BROTHER."

Allie's pleading look. He would often think of it even when at drill—and drill is terribly dull. He thought of it at Tampa, at Key West, and on the sea, and he thought of it, too, when lying in camp on the first night of the landing at Sibonry.

We hear much about the romance of war, and if one has a home life and home ties, if one has mother, sister, or sweetheart, there is romance in war by land and sea. But there is also much that is common place, rough, and wearisome. Maybe there is a bit of real poetry in the hearts of twenty per cent. of sailors and soldiers, but the bustle and the stir, the noise and the hard work, do their best to banish it. Campaigning is really toilsome, even after one gets hardened, but at first the youthful warrior wonders how ever he could have been lured into it, and perhaps worries himself with the thought that he hasn't got grit enough to make a real soldier. Hard labour, hard tack, a hard turn-in, and, as often as not, harsh words cause him sometimes to think—as with weary eyes and aching bones he lies down at night to snatch a few hours' sleep—what a fool he was to leave his far-off happy home. Ah! but thoughts of that very home will bring sweet slumbers, and he awakes like a giant refreshed.

A young fellow's first fight is the event of a lifetime, and he finds it as different from anything he could have conceived as a Punch-and-Judy show is from a real Christmas pantomime.

Well, Dod's and Archie's baptism of blood and fire was very soon to come now, and I must candidly admit that it troubled both not a little. It troubled more than them, for I do not believe there was a single soldier in the whole of Wheeler's force who did not think a little about the immediate future.

The troops were in a somewhat tight place. They were landed to do or to die. Up on the wooded heights yonder was a truly chivalrous enemy, the Dons; they occupied a splendid position; they had rude forts on the brow of the hills, and these must be stormed: they were concealed and well armed, and they were in great force. It is true, on the other hand, that the Americans had a band of Cubans, but these were little better than children, and could only be depended upon as scouts—poor even at that.

It was curious to note the effect that certainty of a tough fight to come had upon these Rough Riders. There were old soldiers among them, certainly, men who had long concluded that, at best, this is but a very ordinary sort of a world, that death is certain some time and

somehow, and that it is better met in the battle-field than on a bed of sickness. These men simply smoked, and said little. They did their duty, and they meant to continue doing it till the end, but they seemed amused in watching the behaviour of those around them. One or two were absolutely "funky," and took little pains to conceal it; others looked as reckless and dare-devil as if they were already in front of the foe; some were reading their prayer-books, and evidently expecting courage from a higher power, while some kept singing or talking, doing all kinds of ridiculous little things and making silly remarks, with hysterical little laughs, which were meant to deceive their comrades, but didn't deceive even themselves. It was all very curious, but it is always so just before the fight, for it is ever the unknown that men dread the most.

Now, had the enemy behaved like soldiers of any other civilised nation up to date in warfare, the landing of the American forces would have been effected against fearful odds. As it was, the almost insignificant, though brave and plucky, force, was permitted to disembark, the enemy retiring quite three miles from Sibonry.

They must be followed and fought on the ground they had themselves chosen, at all hazard, too. No words of mine could describe the rough nature of the country to be traversed; it was a forest, or jungle, on rolling, cliffy hills. A road lay along the foot and another led upwards. But both were altogether unsuitable for a dashing cavalry attack, so while General Young, with his regulars, was to lead his men along the low road, and pretend to attack the foe in the front, the Rough Riders, under Wood and Roosevelt himself, had the more difficult task assigned them of climbing the wooded hills *on foot*, and thus bear the brunt of the fight against a hidden and bush-protected foe. As for the paths, they were more like the beds of streamlets than anything else.

All this was known to the Rough Riders on that first night. They knew that many a man would lose the number of his mess, and that the struggle would be of the nature of a forlorn hope, but they determined to fight to win. And the thought of home and country was sufficient to give them heart.

* * * * *

Long after the sun had sunk red over the wooded hills the men lay here and there in their camp, not far back from the sea, talking low, it is true, but telling many a humorous yarn nevertheless, and many a story of wild life in the Far West. There were among the boys

in these groups those whose fathers had bled both for and against the Union in by-gone times. And the great civil war was taken up as the subject of argument and fought over again. Oh, the pity of it, at such a time too! Yet there were some who spoke most bitterly against the Southern States or old Confederates. Such a one was Dod Stuart.

He was tired, and one must always take care what one does when in this state, because fatigue and irritability are first cousins. Just as he had given vent to some almost cruel

He turned restlessly from side to side, asking himself many times and oft the unanswerable question: "How *could* I have been so foolish?"

Slumber did steal over his senses for one brief moment, then was his dream a vivid and fearful one. Near him lay, dead and bloody, poor Arch, while Allie's form bent over him with anguished



invective, he became conscious that someone stood close behind him.

It was Arch himself. In the brilliant starlight—for there was but the merest scimitar of a moon—his face looked pale and sad, and his dark eyes had a glimmer in them such as Dod had never seen before.

"Good-night, boys!" This was all he said. "Good-night, I am on outpost duty."

Dod stretched out his hand, but Arch seemed not to see it. He was offended. On the very eve of battle a cloud had arisen to sever friendship. And the fault was Dod's only. So *he* thought; and an hour or two after this, when he rolled himself in his cloak, it was not to sleep.

NO REPLY! WAS HE DEAD?

looks, and pale. Then he remembered her words:—

"O, Daddie, don't come back without my brother!"

Dod started to his feet at once. "I'll sleep no more," he said to himself. "I know the

out-post and countersign; I shall go at once and make it up with Arch. He is *my* brother as well as Allie's."

Clouds had banked up and half hidden the stars, but Dod knew the direction, and so went hillward at once. He was only challenged by one sentry, and presently found himself near the bush, and lo! yonder was Archie's solitary out-post.

But no Arch Gray!

Only a huddled heap on the ground, and Dod, trembling now like the leaf of the linn, slowly approached.

"Arch! Arch!"

No reply! - Was he dead?

He was not dead, but by the Articles of War he had been guilty of a crime that is punishable by death. He had slept at his post.

sleep had stolen over his brain, and bore the spirit far away on the ocean of oblivion.

"Arch! Oh, Arch!"

Still no answer. Then from behind Dod came the hail of a sentry some fifty yards away, and he knew that an officer was going his rounds.

Quick as thought he lifted his friend from the ground and carried him into the bush and left him.

He had just time to regain the post and seize Archie's rifle when he heard footsteps approaching.

"Who goes there?"



ARCH FELL AT LAST, SHOT THROUGH THE SHOULDER.

Arch, when he had taken up his station, was almost worn out with fatigue, and with sorrow too. Had not his dearest friend spoken words that severed for aye the tie of brotherly love which had bound them? The wind had moaned drearily through the cactus jungle, there was the monotonous song of the cicada, and the cries of the night-birds, rendered plaintive by distance. So wave after wave of

"Friend!"

"The countersign. Quick!"

"Remember the Mayne."

"Pass on, friend!"

And it was not until a few minutes after silence had begun to reign o'er all the land and sea, that Dod ventured into the bush, and succeeded in waking poor Arch and bringing him back to the post.

Bygones were forgotten now, and quickly too. But the lad's grief was for a time terrible to witness, nor would he be comforted.

"And this," he cried, in bitterness and agony, "is the end of all my dreams. Dod, I will die, I *shall* die!"

"Hush! hush, brother! Think of Allie, and talk not of death. God himself sent my dream, that your life might be spared. Promise me you will think not of death!"

"Brother Dod—I—promise. I will not *think* of death."

* * * * *

Next day came the fighting in earnest.

Roosevelt led his boys on to death or victory as, perhaps, none but that gallant fellow could have led cow-boys.

Roosevelt loved his men, and was beloved by them, and all that day, when they fell near him dead or wounded, the bullets seemed to strike him personally. He was able, even amidst the din and excitement of the struggle against an enemy who could seldom be seen, to mark instances of heroism among his troops. Once, when he slipped and fell under a volley, which killed one man and wounded five, it was young Arch who helped him up.

Arch was here, there, and everywhere. He led the men when hope itself appeared vanishing. His shrill, treble, girlish voice inspired confidence. Now he was kneeling, firing, but quite exposed; now he was rushing onwards; now disappearing in the bush itself, and startling the enemy into flight; and anon he was kneeling beside a wounded pal, holding his canteen to his white lips.

Verily Arch seemed to bear a charmed life.

Was it bravery or madness? Neither. Arch felt that he deserved death, and he was not

thinking of it, but seeking it. At the last terrible charge on the hill-top, or near it, when Roosevelt's men dashed at a redoubt which, had the Dons been anything else save cowards, they could have easily defended, Arch fell at last, shot through the shoulder muscles.

But the day was won.

Arch saw no more of the war, and his life was long despaired of.

Then came peace, and Roosevelt thought it his duty to single out for special praise, on parade, the heroes of that day on the jungly hill.

The first called forward was Arch.

"His bravery," Roosevelt said, "had been most conspicuous."

His comrades cheered wildly, but the pale, sickly lad held up his left arm. The other was in a sling. "No praise be mine, Colonel Roosevelt," he cried, while the tears streamed over his face, for he still was weak. "I was not brave. I was only courting death." Then in a few brief but heroic words—for it takes true heroism to act as this gentle boy was acting now—he told the story as you, reader, know it.

Then silence deep as death spread over the ranks. But after a few moments Roosevelt stepped forward and took Archie by the hand.

"I forgive the boy," he said. "But, men, he is yours; do with him what you will."

There was a wild shout, and next minute Arch was lifted off his feet and carried gently shoulder high around the little camp.

And so it ended.

The war was brought to a close, and the boys found themselves once more on the dear old ranch. Hand in hand, they appeared one day at Archie's father's.

"I have kept my promise, Allie," said Dod, simply, "and I've brought our brother back."



COURAGE.

I DARE do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more, is none.

SHAKESPEARE.

∴ ∴ ∴

Courage ! There is none so poor,
None of all who wrong endure,
None so humble, none so weak,
But may flush his father's cheek,
And his maiden's, dear and true,
With the deeds that he may do.
Be his days as dark as night,
He may make himself a light.
What though sunken be the sun?
There are stars when day is done.

BARRY CORNWALL.

∴ ∴ ∴

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.

TENNYSON

∴ ∴ ∴

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

MONTROSE.

∴ ∴ ∴

Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should
fear ;

Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

SHAKESPEARE.

∴ ∴ ∴

Unbounded courage and compassion joined,
Tempting each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.

ADDISON.

∴ ∴ ∴

I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope ; but still bear up and steer
Right onward.

MILTON.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife !

LONGFELLOW.

∴ ∴ ∴

Stand upright, speak thy thought, declare
The truth thou hast, that all may share ;
Be bold, proclaim it everywhere :
They only live who dare.

∴ ∴ ∴

The brave man is not he who feels not fear,
For that were stupid and irrational ;
But he whose noble soul its fear subdues,
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks
from.
As for your youth whom blood and blows
delight,
Away with them ; there is not in their crew
One valiant spirit.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

∴ ∴ ∴

This is true courage, not the brutal force
Of vulgar heroes, but the firm resolve
Of virtue and of reason. He who thinks
Without their aid to shine in deeds of arms,
Builds on a sandy basis his renown ;
A dream, a vapour, or an ague fit
May make a coward of him.

WHITEHEAD.

∴ ∴ ∴

Yet it may be more lofty courage dwells,
In one weak heart which braves an adverse
fate,
Than his whose ardent soul indignant swells,
Warm'd by the fight, or cheer'd through
high debate.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

SCHOOL CAPTAINS

Hamish Gray



DENSTONE

W R Warren



ST MARKS, CHELSEA

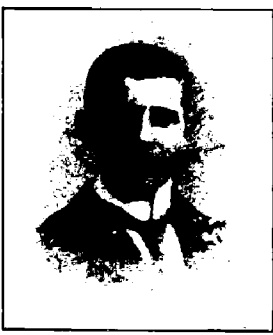
R C Richards

A R Roberts



MILHILL

A F PENTLAND



DROGHEDA



DULWICH

F L Venables



BERKHAMSTEAD

(FIFTH SERIES.)

DARK LUCK

BY G. HAWLEY

Illustrated by the Author.

PART I.

CAPTAIN S. JOSHUA GRIGGS shuffled up and down his poop in the very worst of possible humours. His brig, the *Number One*—which was an abbreviation for "Take care of number one"—lay becalmed on the outer edge of the Indian Ocean monsoon belt. Five whole days had she rolled idly under a sweltering sun. Five whole days, too, had an idle crew drawn their rations without a qualm of conscience.

He was a tall, gaunt man, dressed in cast-off and misfitting clothes. Much seafaring under tropical skies had painted his face a bilious yellow. His grey eyes peered out suspiciously from under overhanging brows, and with a cunning that showed the foundations of his very soul. To get money by any means save at the risk of personal danger was the sole business and pleasure of his life.

Like master, like man; and like captain, like ship follows just as readily. The brig was painted with a cheap green paint, two new pine boards in her bulwarks excepted, and these glared like cheap jewellery. Her rigging and sails were thin and weather-worn, the latter patched and re-patched in every square foot of their surfaces. Still, there was one new sail, the maintop-mast stay-sail, and this flaunted its yellow whiteness brazenly to the setting sun.

Captain Griggs had sorted his present crew out of many former ones for the one commendable quality of tameness. They were that kind of poor souls

who are surpassed in bravery by the common earth-worm. In the imagination of his crew Captain Griggs was a ruffling bully of the deepest shade. With any other deep-sea crew he would have been scuttling round the decks in fear of his life within forty hours of leaving port.

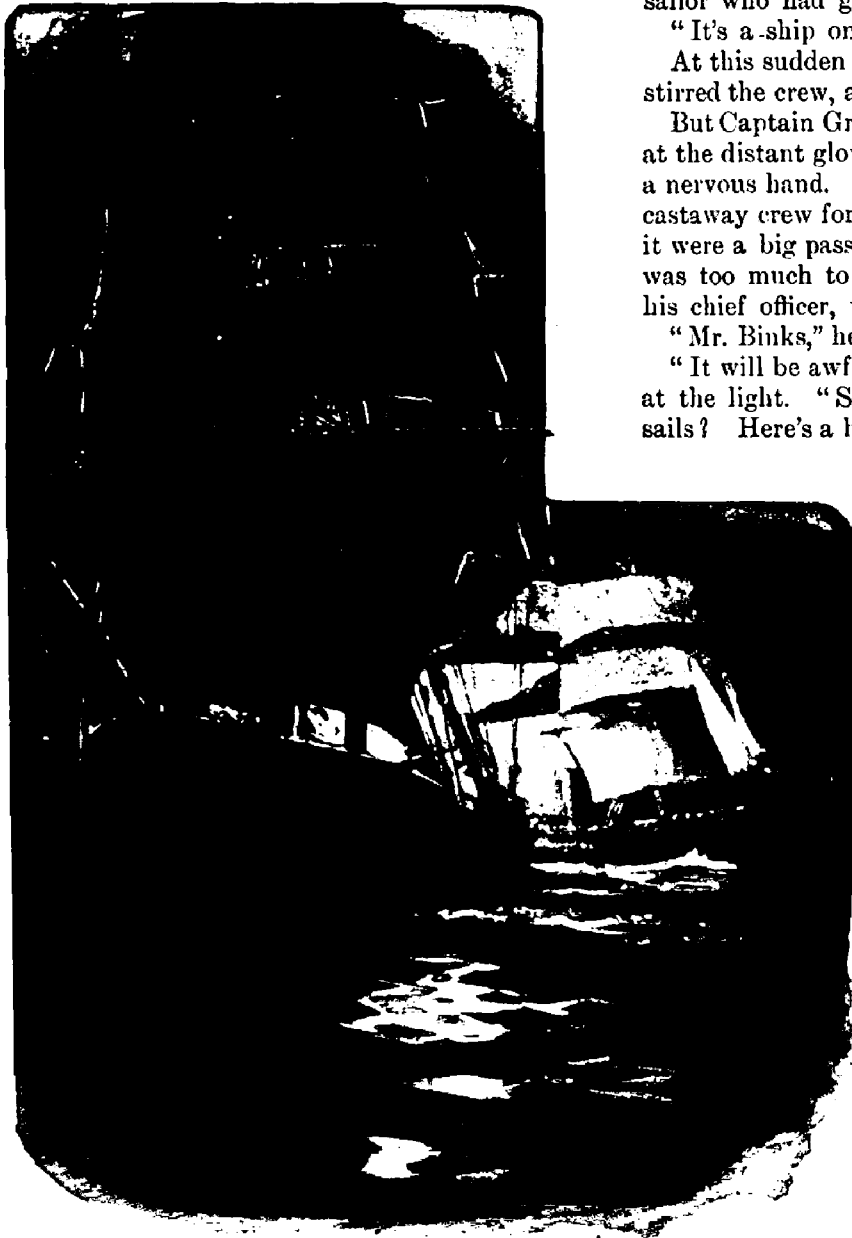
At present the supper tins were being carried from the galley to the fo'c'sle-head. The sun set, and soon the tropical night hid the meekly roosting crew from sight; but not from hearing, for their sad voices chanted a mild sea song to the thin strains of an accordeon. As Captain Griggs heard the plaintive melody, he scowled in the direction of the fo'c'sle-head and muttered:—

"There's too much bull beef in 'em. They're getting fat and mutinous, and then what'll happen? No work for 'em--painting the ship costs money, and they've nearly scraped the chain cables as thin as dog-chains. Never a derelict ship comes my way for me to pick up and set 'em to work, and here I've been forty-five years a-sailing."

At this last thought he fell to reviling his unkind fate in unmeasured terms. Other captains were picking up distressed and cast-away ships—why not he? He addressed this query to the darkness, and the heavy dew-soaked canvas flapped heavily to a sudden roll of the ship as if in answer.

The night was oppressively hot and close, and the smell of heated wood and blistered paint hung heavy in the air about the ship. There was no moon, and there was no light on the brig save in

the binnacle. No sailing ship could run into them, while as for steamships they would have been heard a couple of miles away, so still was the night. Thus Captain Griggs economised his lamp-oil with perfect safety. And it was this economy, as it chanced, that brought him his dark luck.



THE SAILS OF THE "NUMBER ONE" WERE ILLUMINATED BY THE FLAMES ON THE BURNING VESSEL.

Only a few miles away on that silent sea something was happening; and if Captain Griggs had had his lights burning it would not have happened.

It was just as a small air of wind sent the complaining sails to sleep that a glimmering light

began to show in the distance, and presently was noticed by the brig's crew. But in a few minutes it was discovered that it was not a ship's light. It was not a lighthouse or beacon either, for the Maldivé Isles, the nearest land, were as yet out of range. Suddenly the buzz of voices questioning one another was struck silent by the cry of a sailor who had gone aloft:—

"It's a-ship on fire!"

At this sudden wonder, a quiver of excitement stirred the crew, and they climbed up the rigging.

But Captain Griggs stood motionless. He stared at the distant glow, fingering his scant beard with a nervous hand. A ship on fire! That meant a castaway crew for him to feed. What, indeed, if it were a big passenger liner? This ghastly idea was too much to be borne alone. He turned to his chief officer, who had just come on deck.

"Mr. Binks," he cried, "this is a terrible affair!"

"It will be awful, sir," said the mate, squinting at the light. "Shall I set the hands to wet the sails? Here's a breeze coming, and the sooner we get down to her the better for her people, poor wretches."

"Run down to her!" half-shrieked Captain Griggs. "I'm believing she's an Indian liner, full o' dainty pick-and-choose-grub people—not to say a word about a big hulking crew of fat steamer men."

But Mr. Binks called to mind a case where a crowd of shipwrecked passengers had subscribed hundreds of pounds for the captain of the ship that had saved them, "and the crew also," he added, with plaintive emphasis.

At this roseate story, Captain Griggs grew bold with hope—and avarice. The latter part of the mate's story was probably an addition, he reflected. Still, he would not be mean. The passengers could give his crew a few tips if they felt so inclined.

"Square away, Mr. Binks!" he cried; "we'll run down and save 'em; and there's no saying but what you'll be able to make a decent pile by letting your berth to the swells."

So Captain Griggs, lured by the bare suggestion of making money without risk, headed the brig for

the rising light, and in an hour was so close that the sails of the *Number One* were illuminated by the flames on the burning vessel.

Captain Griggs stared at her, a crestfallen and disgusted man. It was not a liner crowded with rich passengers, all eager to pay extravagant sums for a dry plank on his deck, but a big clipper ship. Not a hail came from her, not a human being was on her deck.

As yet only the cabin under the poop was alight, the flames pouring through the doors and windows that gave upon the deck. It was a mystery of the sea. Here was a fine ship utterly deserted, and so far without cause, for a big crew could have extinguished the fire in half-an-hour, and this was patent to all on board the brig.

"Where's her crew?" asked Captain Griggs of his officer.

"Goodness knows! I don't. There's no sense in it either, for there's no boats around."

"There's two gone from the forward booms. Why have they got off her, and why have they pulled out of sight? Tell me that, Mr. Binks!"

Mr. Binks scratched his head in perplexity, and said:—

"Why, if her crew came back they could knock the fire out in half-an-hour."

Captain Griggs nodded, and then both in the same breath cried aloud: "We could!"

"Mr. Binks," said Captain Griggs, with unction, "we'll save her and salvage her, and you shall have a percentage!"

He laughed with glee, clapped his mate on the back, and called to his crew. At last the luck he had sighed for had come to him.

In a few minutes Captain Griggs and all but three men were in the boat, and presently on the burning ship, and dragging the buckets from the racks.

It was a tough fight, but, under the stimulus of visionary shares in the salvage money, the brig's crew put forth all their strength, and within the hour the last smouldering embers had been extinguished.

A lamp was lighted and the cabin explored. Everything in the state room was a mass of charred fragments. The side berths were completely gutted, the partitions burnt outright; under foot a water-sodden mass of half-burnt straw and wool from the mattresses squelched softly at every footstep.

But the steward's pantry, which was near the break of the poop, had escaped intact. Round this place the men were hanging suspiciously. Captain Griggs shouldered his way through them and entered the pantry. It was handsomely provisioned, and, at the sight of sugared hams, smoked tongues, fine cheeses, and a rack full

of bottles of liquor, the mouths of the crew watered.

Elated beyond measure at his luck, their captain handed them a bottle of rum, which was speedily mixed in a bucket of water and passed round the thirsty group. But Captain Griggs was more dainty. He found a bottle of fine old brandy, and even above that half-a-dozen bottles of soda-water. Wiping his hot face, he sat down in a chair and mixed a stiff bumper. He hunched himself up, trying off-hand guesses at the worth of the ship and her cargo. He was a rich man now, but he would finish his voyage to Calcutta—certainly he would. And then he would go back and buy up a plot of land in Botany, along Sydney Harbour, and build a row of tenements, and every Monday morning he would walk down and gather the rents—"every Monday morning," he repeated, nodding complacently, and reaching out his hand for the glass. But not in time; another hand, a big brown hand, reached across him, and seized the tumbler. Captain Griggs fell back in amazement. A weather-tanned, black-bearded man was nodding at him over the glass.

"Here's luck to you!" said the stranger, and forthwith poured the beverage down his throat. At this Captain Griggs rose up speechless.

"Fill yourself another," quoth the stranger, with a large and generous wave of his hand. "I've been without a drink for twelve hours, and that though I am the skipper of this ship."

He entered the cabin, and even to a less critical eye than Captain Griggs's the very manner of his doing it proved his title to the hilt. There was a large, free air about him, and a look on his face as if accustomed to move a big crew by short and sharp words. His black eyes glanced truculently from under thick and mobile eyebrows, ready to stare down all opposition. Still, for all that, the humorous wrinkling about their corners gave him an open look of bravery.

Captain Griggs stared so long at him without moving that the stranger refilled the glass and passed it to him.

"Who are you?" he asked, as Captain Griggs, still silent, and his eyes still on him, raised the tumbler.

"Captain of the brig out there, the *Number One*," he faintly gasped; for what with the excitement of the night's work and this last sudden surprise, his mouth was as dry as desert sand.

"Glad of your company, sir," quoth the stranger. "I'm Captain Tobutt, of this ship, the *Attila*."

With a shaking hand Captain Griggs poured the liquid down his throat.

"Have another," cried Captain Tobutt.

His companion assented, for he was considerably



IT WAS A TOUGH FIGHT, BUT, UNDER THE STIMULUS OF VISIONARY SHARES IN THE SALVAGE MONEY, THE BRIG'S CREW PUT FORTH ALL THEIR STRENGTH.

shaken by the unexpected appearance of a claimant to the ship. But under the inspiriting influence of the liquor his courage rose to face the coming discussion about the salvage. His rights were at stake, and this overrode all curiosity as to the startling fact before him—a clipper without a crew, and a captain dropping down from the clouds as it were.

“Your owners,” said Captain Griggs, with a weak smile, “will be pleased that I tumbled across you in time.”

“Just so,” cried the stranger heartily, “this will be a good night’s work for you and your crew.”

At this frank acknowledgment of his salvage claims Captain Griggs fairly bubbled over with delight. He giggled mirthfully and poured out another bumper. As he set down the empty glass he suddenly asked: “But where’s your crew, captain?”

“Levanted, sir! I’m like the last rose of summer, left blooming alone. Pass the bottle.” He drank thirstily, setting down the glass with a crash. “But,” he cried hotly; “they’ll bloom again, if I get my hands on ’em! They were a crowd, if ever I shipped one. Mutin-eed, that’s what became of them. They’re out there——” said he, sweeping his hand across the horizon,

which was already showing up black against the dawn.

“But I’m hungry,” he cried, and, placing a newly-boiled ham on the table, he sat down and began to carve with such skill and nicety that he might have been in an hotel, and the ship and mutineers a matter of print in a story.

Captain Griggs watched him uneasily. Instinctively he felt that for him to overreach this man at making terms for the salvage of the ship would be a game requiring the nicest and the deepest kind of skill. True, he had all rights on his side, but to state the case openly and bluntly wanted the class of courage that he did not possess. To brazen out a mutinous crew of thirty-five men as the man sitting opposite had evidently done, was a feat beyond his powers of comprehension. Yet all his curiosity was now alive to hear how it came about, and presently, as Captain Tobutt had satisfied the first pangs of his hunger, he heard the story.

By sheer luck the *Attila* had shipped a crew of what are tersely known at sea as “hard cases,” the third mate alone excepted; he, in Captain Tobutt’s words, “was no better than a boy just ’way from his mammy.” With this exception there was not a limp man among the whole of the crew. They were the desire of Captain Tobutt’s



"LEVANTED, SIR! . . . MUTIN-EED, THAT'S WHAT BECAME OF THEM."

heart. For three months he had lived the life of a royal despot, hectoring, bullying, punishing; a

word and a blow was the order of the day on the high seas with him. He and his officers slept with one eye open and their revolvers under their pillows. But at last an ominous quietness fell upon the crew, and this, to the experienced of such crews, hinted at coming trouble. "That," said Captain Tobutt, slicing at the ham, "would not have troubled me a hang, but I'd over three thousand pounds of the owners' money on board, and just then the first mate got wind of it, and by thunder, he joined in the mutiny! The second mate w'd lost overboard off the Cape; and the third, the mammy boy, joined 'em for fear of his carcase. It was last night when the crush came. You couldn't see a hand before your face, and that saved me, I guess; for when they came I'd just slipped on deck two seconds before, and away I scooted right forward through the fo'c'sle and into the bowsprit—ours is an iron one—and pulled some old dunnage boards and mats over the hole. Then I waited for things turning up, and dropped asleep. Your people woke me, so I knew that my lot had cleared out. Guess you don't waste your lamp-oil, skipper," he laughed. "They'd not have been such fools as to fire the ship if your lights had been showing. They meant to settle the *Attila* and get on shore as a shipwrecked crew, and me drowned. Aren't they lambs?"

Captain Griggs listened breathlessly to this account. At the time when the "crush" had come on board the *Attila* he had been listening to the gentle merriment of his tame crew. The swashbuckler spirit of the speaker dashed Captain Griggs's soul to the ground. His courage was rapidly oozing away, so the sooner he made terms the better. Nervously clearing his throat, he began:—

"You'll be wanting a few of my men to help you home with this ship?" he asked.

"Just so," cried Captain Tobutt, pulling out a cigar case. "How many have you?"

"Eleven, all told, and myself."

"Eleven!" said Captain Tobutt, tilting his

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"Couldn't you just run her under lower canvas with six of my people? At a pinch I could manage with the rest."

"And then it will come on to blow monsoons and mix things aloft, and somebody else will be picking this ship up, and then where's *your* salvage, eh, captain? No, sir; this ship will swallow the whole of your crew for one watch—pass the matches."

There lay the whole case in a nut-shell, and for once in his life Captain Griggs thought swiftly and acted promptly. Forgetting that caution which is the chief armour of a man driving a keen bargain, he cried out on the word:—

"That's it, captain! We'll put all my men on board and tow the brig." He leant across the table, giggling at the audaciousness of his proposal and furtively watching for the effect of his words on Captain Tobutt.

It was at this moment, as the latter slowly removed his cigar from his lips, that a cry and hubbub broke out on deck.

In the east the daylight was now completely come, though the hollows of the swell were still curtained with darkness. The men were all crowding in the lower rigging, pointing to the distance. The two captains joined them and caught a passing glimpse of two boats dark against the sky; their oars pulled two quick strokes before they were lost in the next hollow. They were coming with desperate haste.

As the ominous-looking boats leapt into sight again Captain Tobutt peered keenly under the edge of his hand. Then he turned to Captain Griggs.

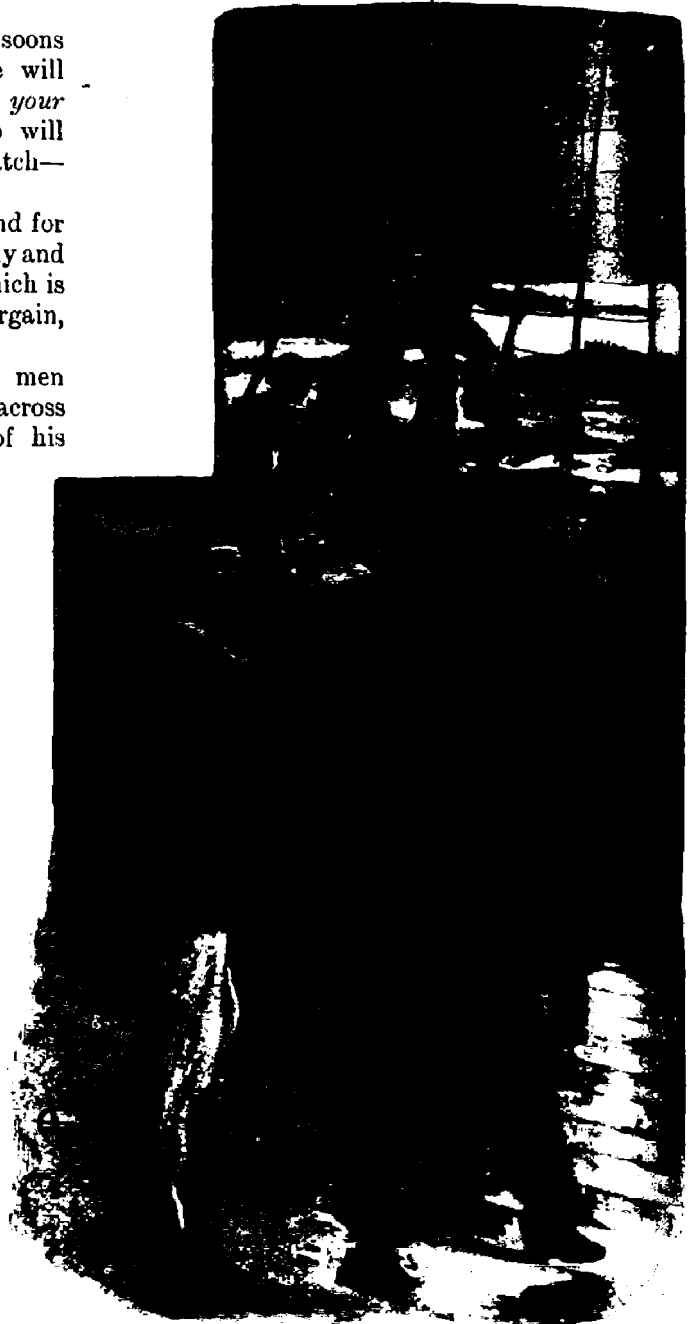
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"Yes, my son. Thirty-three of the hardest cases that ever shipped for sea, and they're singing a morning hymn and a funeral march in one, and it's 'Dead men tell no tales!'"

"Good Lord!" cried Captain Griggs in a horror-stricken voice; and that was all he could say. He heard as from a great distance Captain Tobutt calling out: "To the boat, men, and pull like old Harry for the brig."

And even on the word Captain Griggs was hurried in the boat. The sound of thumping oars and panting men came to him as in a dream; but presently, as the well-known fittings of his cramped brig fell under his eyes, his mind re-



THE TWO CAPTAINS JOINED THEM, AND CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF TWO BOATS DARK AGAINST THE SKY.

covered somewhat of its former state. But he still shivered as if a cold night wind had blown over him, for this passing glance of dark life had shaken him to the core. Thirty-three armed and evil-minded men were to be run from as fast as

sail could be made. He held up his hand to feel the breeze, and shrieked out: "Up helm—square away!"

Captain Tobutt glanced at him, and an upright rein in his forehead stood out like a cord.

"Square away?" cried he. "Why, how's that? No, sir, we'll just dodge the brig round 'em, and chivvy them into port, or till some big ship comes up to help us."

"No, no!" cried Captain Griggs in a very panic of fear. "I'm going to leave 'em and go on my course—"

"Now hold on," broke in Captain Tobutt; "you're just chucking away all your salvage. Say the word, and we'll hop round 'em. Remember, we are in the track of the Calcutta boats."

"I'm done with passenger ships," roared Captain Griggs. "It was them as brought me into this mess, and I'm going! I'm going, I tell you!" He swung up and down the poop in his excitement, and collided heavily with Mr. Binks. "You old

woman!" he cried, shaking his fist at the trembling officer. "You old woman! You, with your tales of passenger ships, get forward, or Ill—I'll starve you!"

At this direful threat Mr. Binks straight-

way flew down the poop ladder and disappeared forward of the galley, and was not seen aft again till dusk.

Meanwhile the boats had reached the clipper, and Captain Tobutt was scanning her through the glasses keenly, and with a set mouth. A stealthy change of sail was going on. He turned to Captain Griggs.

"You'll not stay?" said he.

"No, not for a whole ship full of millionaires."

For a moment Captain Tobutt curled both ends of his moustaches, looking at him the while with a mocking smile, and at last cried:—

"Then, by thunder, you've got to! Look, they're going to run you down!"

Captain Griggs jerked round with the swiftness of a marionette. He looked at the clipper, and his jaw dropped. She was slowly forging ahead to cross the brig's track.

"Oh!" he cried, helplessly. "Whatever brought me into this mess?"

"Salvage, sonny—salvage," chuckled Captain Tobutt.

The *Attila* was now leaning over to the breeze. Every sail was set and drawing, and an ever-broadening ribbon of foam curled beneath her cut-water. Now and again, as she slightly rolled to windward, and offered her deck to the rising sun, there came trembling flashes from the brass work about her decks. It had an evil effect on the nerves of Captain Griggs. It was suggestive of firearms.

He lunged on the wheel-spokes, blinking at the coming horror like a man fascinated. All the time he was aiding the helmsman to put the brig before the wind. That was the course to destruction, but Captain Griggs' one and only thought was to run away, and to go before the wind seemed the quickest way out of trouble. The two vessels were approaching each other along paths at right angles, and these, as every seaman on board the *Number One* could see at a

glance, must presently meet. And as they recognised this, the fact slowly dawned on them that they were to be run down, drowned, and clean wiped out of existence, for on that depended the safety of the clipper's crew.

As Captain Tobutt had truly said, "Dead men tell no tales." The tame crew looked desperately at their captain, murmuring among themselves. The worms were ready to turn. Already the face of the helmsman was white with fear, though, from sheer habit, he gave a spoke and took a spoke as the brig yawed uneasily as if scenting her danger.

At last, with a cry of fear, the crew broke like running water, and flew to the sheet and tacks, calling the while to their captain "Luff! luff!" Two of their number burst on the poop, dashed Captain Griggs from the wheel, and sent the brig up in the wind. So near had been the race that the *Attila* ripped through the seas within a ship's length of the brig. She was turning, too. It was going to be a case of greyhound and hare.

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THE MUTINEERS.

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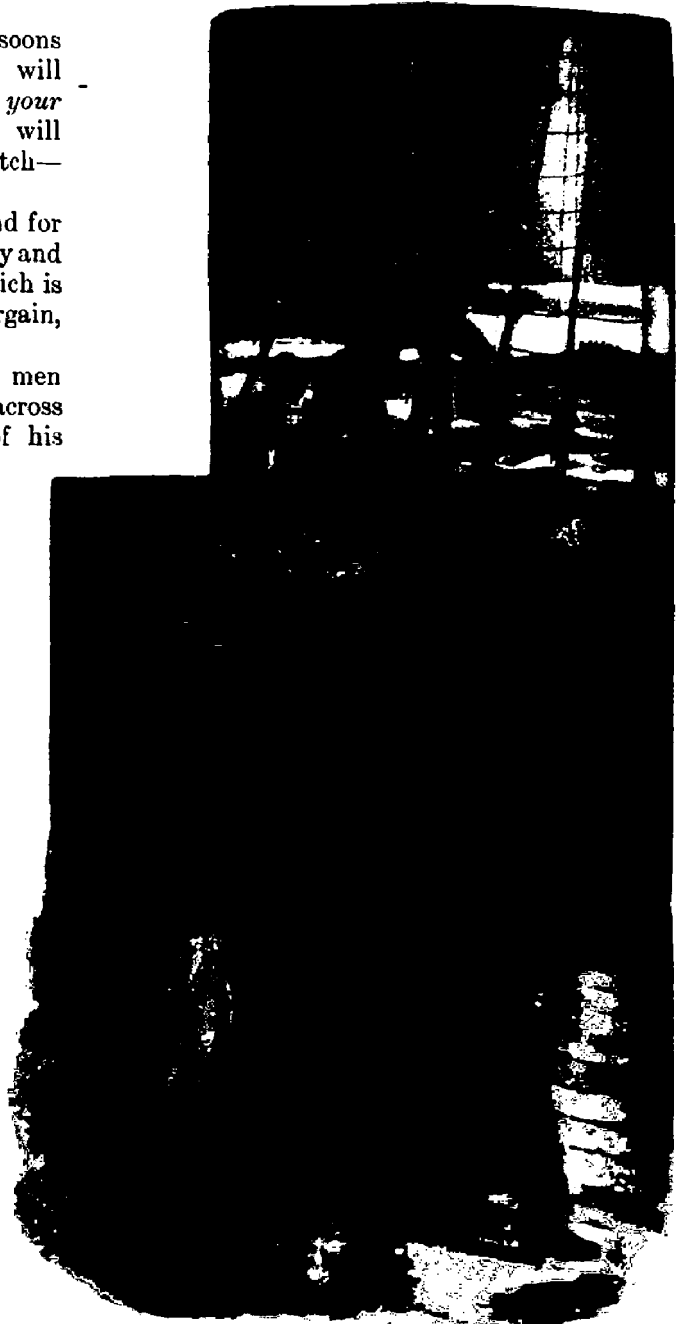
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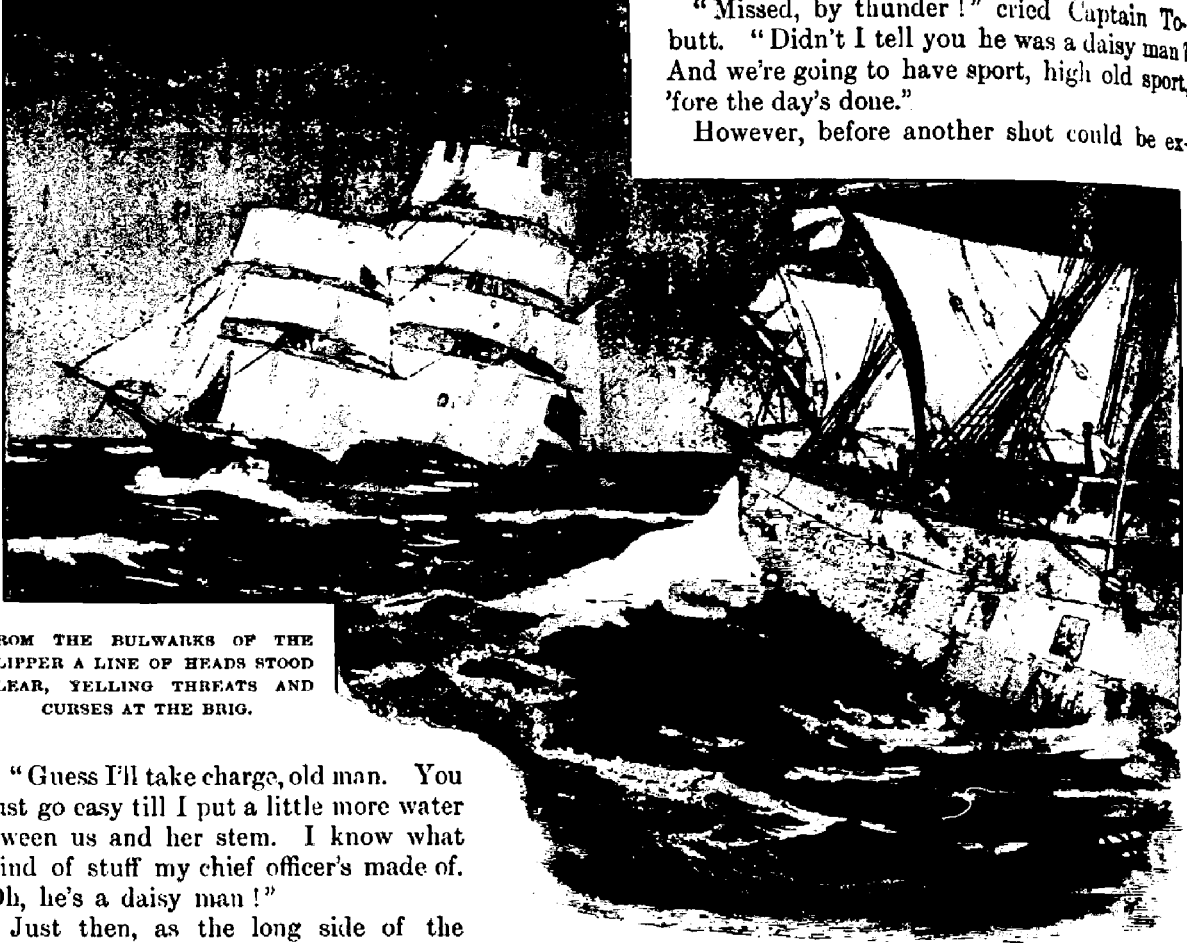
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"Missed, by thunder!" cried Captain Tobutt. "Didn't I tell you he was a daisy man? And we're going to have sport, high old sport, 'fore the day's done."

However, before another shot could be ex-



FROM THE BULWARKS OF THE CLIPPER A LINE OF HEADS STOOD CLEAR, YELLING THREATS AND CURSES AT THE BRIG.

"Guess I'll take charge, old man. You just go easy till I put a little more water 'tween us and her stem. I know what kind of stuff my chief officer's made of. Oh, he's a daisy man!"

Just then, as the long side of the clipper swept past the brig's quarter, a horrid roar broke out from her, and above her bulwarks a line of heads stood clear, yelling threats and curses at the brig.

"That's for me!" cried Captain Tobutt, with a fine show of pride and a dancing light in his eyes. "They've seen me!"

This was true, for one man, standing on the burnt-out poop, was peering hard at Captain Tobutt, and he at him.

With the swiftness of lightning both their right hands shot up, and the two reports fell in together in the same instant of time.

changed, the ships had moved and put a network of rigging between the combatants.

Sport there was already, for the "daisy man's" shot had struck the wheel, and gashed the face of one of the helmsmen with a splinter.

"Another hand to the wheel!" roared Captain Tobutt, as he jerked out the empty cartridge from his revolver; "and you go below and get the mate to patch you up. The fun's just beginning."

(To be concluded in our next.)



A SHOWER IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

"My Favourite Character in Fiction."

BY THE EDITOR.

READERS of THE CAPTAIN between the ages of fourteen and twenty were asked to contend in friendly rivalry on the subject of "their favourite characters in fiction." The prizes offered for competition were hotly fought for. As character after character came boldly before me, championed by some ardent young pen, I fell to dreaming of them, and the books they appeared in, and of happy hours spent with those books, until my reverie was interrupted by the rude entrance of the printer's boy, who wanted "*June results, please!*"

And what characters, think you, seemed to have taken a closer hold of my readers' youthful affections than any others? Neck-and-neck, first one in front, then the other, ran Dumas' famous hero, D'Artagnan, and Dr. Conan Doyle's magazine creation—Sherlock Holmes. These were the two which, if I may put it that way, "cropped up" most frequently.

Wrote a sixteen-year-old boy:—

It may seem an unpardonable offence in a British school-boy to say that his favourite character in fiction is drawn from the work of a French novelist. But what boy does not love, admire, venerate, even wish to emulate D'Artagnan, and long for a repetition of the days when a man's best friend was his sword? D'Artagnan's most striking qualities are his loyalty to the King and his devotion to his friends. Perhaps the side of his character which most appeals to a school-boy is his ability to get out of scrapes. No corner is ever too tight for him. Perhaps nothing about him is so convincing, so pithy, so much to the point, as his sword. It is always ready to hand and he to handle it.

The following was sent in by a girl competitor:—

What a sad, yet glorious picture Charles Dickens has given us of "Sydney Carton"! Dissipated ne'er-do-well, "wrecked in port," he yet excites our keenest sympathy. Throughout his whole life his worst enemy was himself, and his abilities were ever at the service of others less capable than he. How indignant one feels with the pompous and bombastic Stryver, who thrived on the products of the young advocate's brilliant intellect! Carton's love for Lucie was almost worshipful. What a sad revelation of his own life did he make to her, sure, if not of her love, of gentle sympathy and pity! Feeling that he himself would sink lower, dragged down by his enemy, drink, he knew, that even if their lives could have been united, in spite of his love, he would have dragged her with him. This strange avowal ended with the wish that she would sometimes think there was a man, who, for her or one she loved, would give his own life. Misjudged, misunderstood by the rest of the world, he unburdened his full heart to the one being on earth who had the power to rouse his better self. In how full a measure was that vow fulfilled! Darnay, then Lucie's husband, brought within the clutches of the dread tribunal of the Revolution, was condemned to the guillotine. Sydney Carton, taking advantage of his resemblance to the prisoner, successfully installed himself in his place. Charles and his wife escaped to England, and Sydney Carton went to his doom as Number 23! Poor Sydney Carton! To him "love was a good thing, but port better, and death best of all."

This by a boy of seventeen:—

My favourite character in fiction is Colonel Newcome, dear, noble, lion-hearted Thomas Newcome. Where else in fiction do we get such a magnificent picture of an honourable, warm-hearted, upright English gentleman, as in Thackeray's immortal work? and, above all, where is there such a touching and pathetic piece of writing as in that final, crowning passage, where "he, whose heart was as that of a little child" answers Adsum for the last time on earth, and passes to the great roll call on high, before the Master's throne? Which of us, I wonder, has not shed tears as he bade farewell to the dear old man, who had fought so well on earth the battles of his Master and his Queen, and which of us has not instinctively compared him to his own father? Happy, indeed, the boy who can find the parallel exact. From the very beginning, where he shows his disgust at Captain Costigan's song, down to that last pathetic death-bed scene, he seems to stand out among a world of people actuated only by selfish ideas of personal aggrandisement and wealth. English fiction possesses no nobler, braver, more lovable character.

Many such extracts I should like to quote, but space forbids. I must find room, however, for what a boy of fifteen says about the inimitable Sherlock:—

This model of all fictitious detectives—though he does not like the title—possesses a great many attractive qualities. His professional methods naturally claim the greatest part of one's attention; but that is not everything. You cannot fail to notice that he is something more than a mere machine. Whenever instances of deceit and wickedness occur in his cases, he invariably evinces disgust. He is accused of egotism and conceit. Now he himself gives a splendid explanation of the difference between conceit and proper self-esteem, and proves the wrong in depreciating one's abilities when they are evident. He will never lose his originality. He is remarkable for being almost the only hero—if he can be termed a hero—who is not affected by the Tender Passion. . . . I shall always consider that Dr. Conan Doyle has endowed the literary world—especially the juvenile contingent—with a most fascinating character, one worthy of contemplation.

Before me lie some beautifully written essays on the immortal creations of Dickens—Little Dorrit, Little Nell, Dombey & Son, Captain Cuttle, Mark Tapley, David Copperfield, Sam Weller, and so on through that vast portrait gallery. Sydney Carton is especially popular; in fact, self-sacrifice appeals very strongly to the young reader. Other favourite characters are Colonel Newcome, Hereward the Wake, Amyas Leigh, Rudolph Rassendyll (the girls love him!), the many boy personalities in Talbot Baines Reed's unique public school tales, Uncle Tom, Ivanhoe, Rob Roy, the Vicar of Wakefield, Adam Bede, "Girt Jan Ridd," the "Last of the Mohicans," and that other mighty coloured gentleman, Mr. Haggard's "Umslopogaas,"

WHAT I WANTED TO BE.

SIR GEORGE NEWNES, BART.

You ask me, Mr. Editor, to say what, as a boy, I wanted to be when I became a man. Many things.

My ambitions were kaleidoscopic, changing year by year. I quickly passed through the 'bus and engine-driver stage, and soon ceased to regard these useful and estimable citizens as the most important functionaries in the country.

Fennimore Cooper then kept me for a long time in an undecided state of mind as to which tribe of Red Indians I should lead on to perennial victories against fearful odds.

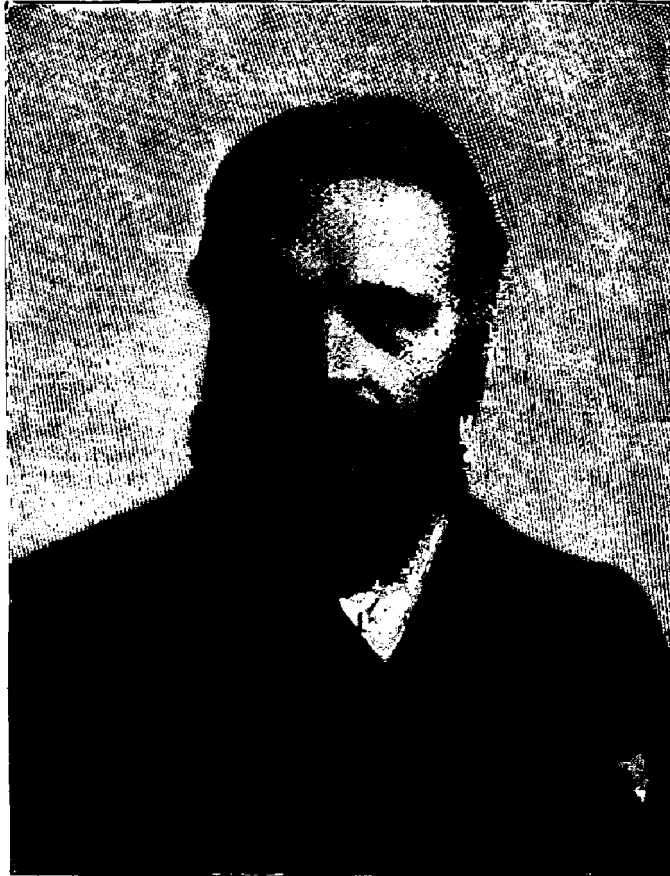
Having wrestled with, and conquered these and numerous other juvenile ambitions, I was sent to a boarding school. There I became profoundly impressed with the importance of religion, and I wanted to become a preacher. Six of us who were of like mind and spirit agreed to hold a weekly prayer-meeting. As it happened, there was an old disused summer-house at the end of the grounds which would very well serve as our little conventicle. It was quite away from the school, and we hoped there to be left undisturbed. So we were for a time, and we did

enjoy those quiet devotional evenings. With a sense of security we became bolder, and it was suggested that, in addition to our prayers and reading of the Scriptures, we should sing a few hymns. This was opposed on the ground that

if a certain section of the other boys heard us, we should be chaffed out of our lives, and possibly have our meetings violently interrupted. "But," said one boy, earnestly, "we need not sing loudly, and I should so like to have a few hymns like we do at home on Sunday evenings." And we determined to risk it. One night we must have forgotten our resolution, and sung too loudly; we were heard! Before the next meeting we were told by a boy who was in sympathy with us, but who was afraid to join us, that it had been arranged that we were to be attacked. He told us all about the plot. They had

recognised the honourable necessity of only invading us with the same number as ourselves—namely, six; but as they were to be the biggest picked fighting boys in the school, we could not quite see where the honour came in. We held a consultation. One or two thought we had better give up for a time, but more plucky counsels prevailed, and it was decided to hold our meeting as usual, whatever happened. The eventful night came, and we turned up in good time at the summer-house. We were all more or less excited, as we knew there was going to be trouble.

But we had a consciousness that we were doing right, and that gave us courage. One boy opened with a prayer, crude but fervent, perhaps, because of the circumstances, even more fervent than usual. Then another of our little band read a



SIR GEORGE NEWNES, BART.

chapter of Scripture, which was specially selected to give confidence to Christian martyrs. After that another boy began to pray, and before he had gone far we heard sounds that told that our enemies were upon us. The boy pluckily continued praying, albeit in a tremulous voice; he was only a little chap. Nearer they came. We had locked the door, but it did not take much to burst the rickety thing open. When they saw us on our knees, two or three of them shrunk back as if in shame, and one cried "Don't!" But their leader, a great hulking bully, twice as big as any of us, jumped on the table and kicked our Bibles about, and shouted, "Get up, you silly softies, and we'll knock this nonsense out of you." Then the others, brought back by these words to their former temperaments, began cuffing us, and so we had to fight.

For some time before I had been wishing to be a preacher; now, for the moment, "what I wanted to be" was a prize-fighter. But they were all bigger lads than we. The unequal struggle could not last long. We did our best, but were badly beaten. The little weekly prayer-meeting in the old summer-house was broken up, and persecution, not for the first time in history, prevailed.

After leaving school I formed another and very different ambition. The old story—I became stage-struck.

So infatuated was I that for about a year I used to go with a friend—equally bitten—four nights a week to the theatre. We knew better than many of the critics the plot of every play that came out about that time,

and the characteristics of every actor and actress upon the London stage.

We both wanted to go upon the boards.

One night we fell in with a broken-down actor, who told us that the first thing we must do was to learn stage-dancing. He recommended to us a friend who would teach us quickly. (I rather fancy Lord Russell's Bill against secret commissions would have come in here.) However, we went three times a week to take lessons, and got on very well. To this day at Christmas, or when yachting, or on other occasions when one sets aside mature dignity, I give my friends examples of what I learnt when pursuing a now buried ambition.

The end came in this way. Our actor friend took us behind the scenes of a small theatre, where we remained for two hours—we came away cured.

Parents, if you have a stage-struck son, let him spend an evening in the wings of a third-rate theatre.

My next ambition was destined to take practical shape. I became a greedy devourer of all kinds of periodical publications. Besides my own purchases I used to pay a newsagent a shilling to let me spend a couple of hours in his shop, turning over the pages of the various publications, and, as he took most of those issued, it was very interesting. There I examined them, criticised them, and tried to improve upon them.

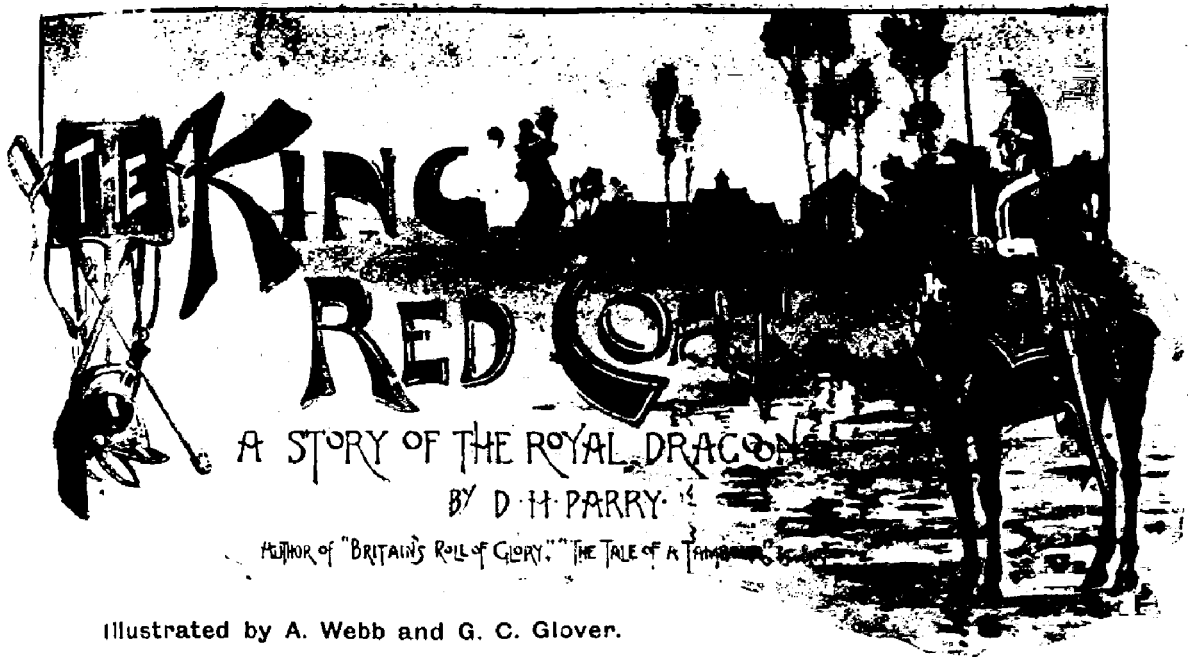
In fact, at that time, my thoughts were largely upon journals and magazines, and I suppose they have been largely upon them ever since.

J. J. Jones
Les Newnes





THEY SPURRED FOR THE SCENE OF COMBAT, FOLLOWED BY DATCHETT'S GALLANT HUSBANDS.—(See page 504.)



SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—XI.)

It is the period of the great Peninsular War, and Will Mortimer is gazetted cornet in the 1st Royal Dragoons. He is rigged out with a uniform, and with all possible speed accompanies his uncle, Captain Dick Datchett, of the 10th Hussars, to Spain. Heavy weather overtakes them as they are journeying across country to join the English army, and they seek shelter in some out-buildings of a farm. Here they are discovered by some French cavalry, commanded by the Chef d'escadron Zaminski; a hand-to-hand fight ensues, and eventually Will and the captain cut their way through to the English lines. Will rides up to his regiment, but hardly has he been introduced to his brother officers, when a shell enters the chest of his horse and explodes. Will miraculously escapes being blown to bits, and for many weary months lies in the hospital. On his recovery he rejoins the army, and shortly afterwards detects a Spanish officer, Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora, in the act of stealing Wellington's despatches. The Spaniard rides off with them, and Will follows him, but, when he has almost overtaken the thief, is captured by a band of brigands. Disarmed and bound, he is standing in their midst, when his old enemy, the Chef d'escadron Zaminski, rides up and recognises him.

CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH THE CHEF D'ESCADRON ZAMINSKI SHOWS HIMSELF IN HIS TRUE COLOURS.

THE peak of the chef d'escadron's *schapska* threw a strong shadow across his great hooked nose, and out of the shadow glistened his eyes.

His yellow moustache, carefully twisted out and thickened with horsehair, bristled fiercely above the square chin; and, as Will looked up at him, he felt his heart sink lower.

But after the first momentary shock the boy's British pluck began to come uppermost, and he returned the lancer's gaze resolutely, resolved that whatever his fears might be, at least he would not show them.

"Yes, monsieur, we have met before," he said quietly, "under different circumstances, too."

"*Ma foi*, yes," said Zaminski, without taking his eyes off him. "It is my turn now, *hein?*"

There was just the faintest suspicion of scorn in the smile with which Will greeted the remark; perhaps it would be more correct to term it incredulity that a brave enemy should meditate reprisals for what had clearly happened in fair fight, and the lancer saw it.

"How old are you?" he said abruptly.

"I shall be seventeen in September," replied Will. "If——"

"If what?" asked the chef d'escadron, sharply.

"If I live until that time, monsieur."

Major Zaminski laughed a great laugh that showed his white teeth and wrinkled his visage into a multitude of little furrows about the eyes and cheeks, as though the heat of the sun had suddenly cracked it.

Then he became grave on the instant.

"My child"—and there was a curious undertone of sadness in his voice—"you will be a colonel when the vultures are busy with the bones of Zaminski; but, attention! These brigands speak naught but their own language; tell me, how come you in their hands?"

"I was captured on the road yonder, five miles back," said Will.

"How, in a skirmish? Your patrol was attacked—eh?"

"No, I was alone."

"Ha, riding with despatches?"

"Pardon me, monsieur, that is my affair," replied Will, tightening his grip on the paper he had crumpled up, and which was now hidden in his clenched fist.

"*Tonnerre de guerre!*" cried the Chef d'escadron Zaminski, "and only seventeen next birthday!"



A SUDDEN LEAP SENT GARCIA AND HIS MONEY INTO A CLUMP OF PRICKLY ALOES.

There is a great future before you ; but, seriously, you are in bad hands, and it will be a case of ransom, with probably a cruel death even when the money is paid—have you thought of that ?

"I have thought of nothing, sir. I have not had time," and there came a faint quiver into the boy's lip, as he stood there bound and helpless.

"Courage, my friend!" said the lancer. "There is a way out of it if you wish, and I am very willing to serve you, but you will have to be my prisoner, and give me your parole not to attempt to escape."

"And be sent to Verdun until the war is over. No, monsieur, I shall certainly try to regain my own people!" cried Will, a red spot burning on each cheek.

"Bah! not at all. With your parole once given I will keep you with the army until you shall be exchanged—my word of honour upon it, and Zaminski never lies. Come, decide quickly, my time is the Emperor's, not my own," and the Pole smote his thigh impatiently.

There was something about the brown-faced blustering man, alternately smiling and frowning, that inspired Will with confidence.

He felt one of the guerillas snipping the gold lace from his tails under cover of the conversation,

and he made up his mind there and then.

"I give you my parole, monsieur," he said.

"That is good," cried the chef d'escadron, and then he spoke in Spanish to the guerilla leader.

"Garcia," said he; "this officer must go with me to headquarters. He it is that I was seeking this morning with my men."

"But, monsieur, that is hardly true," said Will.

"True!" cried Zaminski.

"Where will you find anything true in this world? Is war itself true? Bah! You are quite right, you are only seventeen next birthday, and have much to learn."

Will bit his lip at the rebuke.

"You will keep the horse, Garcia," continued the lancer; "though," he added in a lower tone, "it is an iniquity to allow that beautiful creature to remain in the hands of such a scoundrel—and monsieur here will give you what money he has upon him when you have unbound him, if you have not taken it already."

The rascals hesitated, but Major Zaminski merely raised his eyebrows and said "Ha!" which very expressive observation they understood so perfectly that the cord was instantly untied.

"Now give them your purse and we will march," said the chef d'escadron.

Will emptied a little pile of dollars from the netted silk bag in his fob, handed them to the scoundrel named Garcia, and put the purse back again.

"Oh, he," laughed Zaminski. "A *gaye d'amour*, and only seventeen next birthday! I warrant me you were thinking of mademoiselle's fair fingers when you fell in with these thieves."

Will often thought of them, and the brown eyes too, and wondered what pretty Mary Robin was doing among the roses that clustered round the lattice windows of the old-fashioned parsonage.

He hid his face for a moment in Ladybird's mane, and then, kissing her soft nose for the

last time, turned away, and walked beside the lancer.

Suddenly the major pulled up.

"*Nom de Napoleon!* Here comes your horse, and as Garcia had not wit enough to keep it, you shall resume possession."

Ladybird whinnied joyfully, and coming to a stand beside her master, caressed him with her shapely head, snorting the while, as if to get the flavour of Garcia and company out of her nostrils.

The moment Will and the major were out of sight, the mare had plunged so hard that Garcia yelled for assistance, and two of his gang seized the bridle, while a third, who had been a priest in a seminary before the war broke out, and knew nothing of horses, tried to hold her by the tail.

She quickly disposed of him by a stroke of her hoofs, which nearly killed him; but the others hung on, and, quivering with thoroughbred indignation, Ladybird stood stock still.

When they let go, however, and Garcia began to divide Will's dollars, she saw her opportunity;

a sudden leap sent Garcia and his money into a clump of prickly aloes, where he was about as happy as a highlander in a gorse bush, and away she went down the road at a pace that defied pursuit.

"Well, mount, my friend," laughed the chef d'escadron. "Yonder are my fellows, waiting at the bridge; you shall soon see what life is like under the Eagle, and as I have taken somewhat of a fancy to you, I will try to make your captivity as pleasant as possible."

Will got into his saddle with very mingled feelings, all the while keeping a tight grasp on the little ball of paper that had cost him his liberty, and wondered how he should dispose of it.

The chef d'escadron, meantime, pressed on at a brisk trot, and the two strange comrades were soon at the bridge where Zaminski's squadron sat lolling on their horses.

"Say nothing of that affair in the barn, my friend," said the chef d'escadron. "I do not think it probable that any of the others will recognise you, and it is better so. They are a little rough



"MY COMRADES, I PRESENT TO YOUR FAVOURABLE NOTICE A BRAVE ENEMY."



"CARRAMBA!" MUTTERED ZADORA, "I AM PURSUED!"

now and then, but, *mon dieu*, they have good hearts—and, when I think of it, how are you called, *monsieur*?"

Will told his name, which the lancer at once rendered as Mortimé, but the rank bothered him.

"How, *cornette*? What is that? Is it possible, then, that *monsieur* blows the horn?" and some annoyance found its way into his face at the suspicion that after all he had only captured a bandsman.

Thanks, however, to the superior intelligence of "those who come from the north" rather than Will's French, the *chef d'escadron* finally identified him as a *porte-étendard*, and recovered his equanimity.

"Ha!" he cried to the officers of the squadron who rode out to meet him, attracted by the King's Red Coat beside their leader, "I have brought you a most charming gentleman with me—quite young, but of remarkable sagacity, and a fine *sabreur*. My comrades, I present to your favourable notice a brave enemy, the *Porte-étendard* Mortimé; and, *monsieur*," he continued, waving his hand in the direction of the knot of horsemen, "permit me the felicity of making known to you the *Capitaines* Rickart, Miquart, and Briquart; the *Lieutenants* Chickart and Sickart; and the *Sous-lieutenant* Parigot Manèque Grandvalet de Fleurac!"

This was all uttered so seriously that Will had the greatest difficulty to prevent himself laughing outright, but as he bowed low over his holsters

the horse-tail on his helmet came to his rescue by hiding his face.

They were a fine, bronzed set of men, those French officers, some of them short of stature, but all intensely military, and full of what we call "swagger."

When they were doing nothing else, they pulled their moustaches and said "*Parbleu*" or "*Nom de Napoleon*"—all except the *sous-lieutenant*, who took a violent dislike to the English lad at first sight, and was at no pains to conceal it.

"My comrades," said the *chef d'escadron*, "*monsieur* has given me his parole; I shall presently conduct him to Jourdan. And now, forward, trumpeter!"

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW WILL MORTIMER FOUGHT A DUEL WITH THE SWORD.

MEANWHILE, that high-souled gentleman, El Capitano Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora pounded his hardest along the rocky road

in the vain hope of coming close enough to Will Mortimer to shoot him in the back.

The piebald was almost done; anyone but his rider would have seen that; but the Spaniard still spurred him unmercifully with true Spanish indifference to the claims of dumb animals.

Suddenly he jerked the panting beast on to his hind-quarters, and, bending down, listened to something the wind had been whispering in his ear, which the floundering hoofs had drowned.

"*Carramba!*" muttered Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora, "I am pursued—on, contemptible worm; on, pig in horse's shape!" and the reeking piebald, trembling in every limb, made a gallant attempt to fulfil his master's wishes.

Looking back, the traitor saw the road he had just traversed, curving along the mountain side almost in a semicircle, and winding away out of sight at the far end beyond a point of rock.

The river brawled over its boulders below him, and swine were feeding among the oak woods that clothed the opposite side of the valley.

An eagle soared above him, and the blue sky palpitated with the heat of the June morning, but he saw nothing, except that point of rock and the scarlet figure that suddenly trotted into view.

Anyone but the Hon. Marmaduke Fitznumbskull would have kept his eyes in front of him when engaged on such a mission, but as the Hon. Marmaduke rounded the corner he chanced to be turning in his saddle to speak to one of his party.

"*Madre de Dios!*" exclaimed Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora, "I am a dead man!"

The pickalod plunged out of sight of the pursuers with a last despairing effort, and shambled down into a limping walk; Zadora broke into a sweat of mortal terror, promising candles by the bushel to Our Lady of Assistance; and the Hon. Marmaduke, ignorant of the prize almost within his grasp, raised an immaculately-gloved hand, and said: "Halt!"

The little party of the Royals, hastily despatched by their colonel, under the first officer he met, pulled up and scanned the valley before them.

The black horses were in a lather and the men eager for the chase, but there was nothing in sight; only another of those seemingly endless curvings of the road which they had been swinging along at a fast trot for the last half hour.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the sergeant, "but with your leave I should like to ride to yonder bend of the track. There seemed to me something like a cloud of dust settling down there."

"Oh, dear no—quite absurd, my good fellow," said the Hon. Marmaduke, surveying the road casually through his glass. "We've done enough of this for one morning. The thing's ridiculous. Turn 'em round and we'll go back."

The sergeant bit his lip, and had disrespectful thoughts of the Hon. Marmaduke.

"Very well, sir," he said to his officer, and then gave the command so savagely to the men that they winked at each other, knowing what was in his mind.

And so it happened that Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora escaped to work more mischief; the vultures settled on the carcass of Pedrillo's horse, and at the next muster Cornet Mortimer was reported "missing."

Meanwhile Will was riding silently along by the side of the Sous-lieutenant De Fleurac, conscious that that young gentleman was regarding him with the concentrated essence of contempt.

He was short and very slim, with a budding moustache on his upper lip, which was in imminent risk of being pulled up by the roots, so often did the sous-lieutenant tug at the poor little hairs in his premature attempts to train them in the way they should go.

He was of that type of lad—peculiar to France and Germany, thank goodness—which plays with a soft ball until well on in its teens, and then becomes exceedingly bloodthirsty and pines for the weapons of grown men.

Will had felt for some time that his companion had been staring at him in a highly unpleasant way, and at last he turned towards him with the colour mounting to his brow.

There was no mistaking the sneer of studied insult on De Fleurac's lip, but Will's steady gaze transformed it on the instant into a monkeyish grin, and a faint spot of red glowed on the young Frenchman's cheek.

"Monsieur is good enough to regard me with impertinent curiosity," said the French boy. "He has possibly not seen a soldier before, since there are none among the English *canaille*."

"The impertinence is on your side," said Will very quietly, though he was inwardly boiling.

"*Pauf!*" sneered De Fleurac. "That is not a very clever retort; you English, then, are as little renowned for wit as for courage."

Will's face grew dark as a thundercloud.

"You would not dare to say those words if I were not a prisoner!" he said hotly, at the same time unconsciously pressing Ladybird closer.

"I say what I like and when I like," snapped De Fleurac, making his horse canter slowly, and thereby throwing up a cloud of dust which blew across Will's face.

Will pushed Ladybird on a pace to escape this fresh annoyance, but De Fleurac, who was a good horseman, followed him up and laughed as he watched the result of his mean trick.

"You will either go forward, or rein back—one or the other, monsieur," cried Will, losing his temper, and slipping the crumpled despatch into his left gauntlet.

"I am not under your orders," sneered the sous-lieutenant; "besides, I have instructions to keep a sharp watch on you in case you break your parole," and he threw into his voice an expression of the most exasperating scorn.

"If I break anything it shall be your head!" cried Will suddenly, and riding close to him until their knees touched, he dealt the sous-lieutenant a terrific backhander, which forced him on to the blue valise behind his saddle.

"You pig, you have struck me!" screamed De Fleurac, as his horse reared. "This shall be to the death—I will kill you!"—and hearing his cry, the capitaines Miquart and Briquart, and one of the lieutenants came up in time to see him reeling and Will with his arm still raised.

The entire party had turned at the sound, and Zaminski spurred from the head of the squadron.

"What is all this?" he demanded sternly.

"Sous-lieutenant, explain, if you please?"

"Ha, the *coquin*, he has hit me!" cried De Fleurac, sobbing with vexation and pain, for his cheek had already swollen up and his left eye was closing. "He made to escape—the English dog!—when I said, quite politely, 'Monsieur, is it this way that brave men treat their parole?' And then, with a fist like a hammer, he struck me—struck a De Fleurac—and I will kill him!"

"You miserable little liar!" shouted Will, so fiercely that the rascal reined his horse hastily behind that of the Capitaine Miquart. "He has insulted me by every means in his power, and I *had* to hit him; and, what is more, I'll just punch his head until he doesn't know he's got one! What I tell you is perfectly true, Major Zaminski—look at his face!"

Major Zaminski had already been doing so, and, knowing well what manner of contemptible animal was Parigot Manèque Grandvalet de Fleurac, had drawn his own conclusions, but there was another matter which outweighed all considerations of mere justice.

The sous-lieutenant had been *struck*; and when a French officer has been struck there was, is, and ever will be, only one course open to him.

"Monsieur Mortimé," said the chef d'escadron, very gravely, "you were probably in the right."

The Sous-lieutenant De Fleurac will consider himself under arrest, but"—and this was uttered with a deprecatory bow and a shrug of the shoulders that made his epaulettes flap—"you will not refuse him the satisfaction usual in such cases?"

"Yes, monsieur must fight!" echoed the others in one breath; and the Lieutenant Chickart said, "I will act for De Fleurac."

"And as for me," said the Capitaine Miquart, "my services are at the disposal of Monsieur Mortimé."

"Hold, my friends," said the chef d'escadron, "there is one thing we have overlooked. The Englishman is a prisoner, and if Jourdan should hear of this—*ma foi!*—the 8th Light Horse Lancers will get a bad name."

A visible shadow crossed the faces of the fire-eaters.

"*Sacre bleu!*" said De Fleurac. "Have I not told you I should kill him? The dead tell no tales."

"Silence!" thundered Zaminski. "Which ever way it goes you will not come out of it with clean hands."

"Gentlemen," interrupted the English cornet, "I will fight that fellow, since it is your custom. All I ask is time to write a few words, which you will send to my home if I fall. I know what is in your minds, but, believe me, the *maréchal* shall never know of this matter from my lips."

"What did I say?" cried the chef d'escadron. "This is a brave boy, my comrades!"

"Do me the honour to give me your hand," said the Capitaine Miquart, in a loud voice; adding in an undertone, "You have the choice of weapons—swords, remember. With the pistol De Fleurac will kill you!"

* * * * *

The sun had gone towards the west; not far, but enough to throw a curious semicircle of shadow across the dusty grass.

With their backs to the sun, and sitting motionless in rapt attention on their horses, were the men of the lancer squadron.

The officers were dismounted, in a group for the most part, but the Capitaine Miquart stood alone at some little distance, and the chef d'escadron had taken up a position midway between him and the rest.

Will Mortimer, tall and grim visaged, was prodding the turf mechanically with the point of Miquart's sabre, and the sous-lieutenant, De Fleurac, having adjusted the wrist-knot of his own weapon, puffed out his chest and nodded.

He was scowling ill-humouredly, having anticipated certain success with his Versailles pistols, and now it was to be an affair of the sword he was less confident of results.

"*Commencez, messieurs!*" said the chef d'escadron; and they commenced.

De Fleurac appeared taller when on foot, and the disparity in height between the two combatants was consequently less marked, but the Frenchman was slimmer and more lithe in his movements, and there was a vindictive light in his eyes as he bent forward and crossed swords.

The bright steel blades grated like two corn-

stalks in a breeze and the watchers drew in their breaths.

It seemed as if they were never to begin, but were bending nearer and nearer to each other.

Then a flash, and a zigzag gleam of the sun-kissed sabres; Miquart ejaculated "Ha!" and all the breaths were discharged again.

De Fleurac had lunged like lightning and the dragoon had parried him.

Once more those vicious blades touched each other side by side, rising and falling with a faint hissing sound, and again De Fleurac lunged and jumped back again.

His mouth twitched at the corners, and he was visibly paler, and on to the ground fell some red spots, unnoticed by them all.

"This English boy has a coolness most remarkable," thought the Capitaine Miquart. "When he is roused he will be *magnifique*."

A moment later they were engaged again, and when they fell back the sous-lieutenant grasped his face in his left hand.

There was blood oozing through the fingers of his white gauntlet and down his neck. Will had slit the skin from his ear along the entire length of his jawbone.

"Hold!" cried Zaminski; "that is sufficient."

"Not for a De Fleurac!" cried the sous-lieutenant, starting forward. "He struck me!"

"As you like," said Will, between his teeth; "but look to yourself this time, for I shall strike you again."

The men of the squadron bent lower over their holsters, and the Capitaine Miquart assumed the pose of a wicket-keeper, with a hand on each thigh.

De Fleurac sprang round his enemy with incredible agility, and the two young men revolved in a circle which was ever narrowing, until at length, with a cry that was something like a snarl, the lancer threw himself on to Will and thrust wildly at his throat.

A head guard sent the curved blade harmlessly above his helmet, and before De Fleurac could recover, the dragoon's sabre passed completely through the yellow plastron and embedded itself in the muscles of his shoulder, the pommel striking sharply on the silver button below the epaulette-strap.

"*Halte!*" shouted Zaminski, and halt it was, for, brandishing his left arm in the air, Parigot Manèque Grandvalet de Fleurac sank backwards into the arms of his second, gasped two or three times, and showed the whites of his eyes.

A sergeant dismounted and came forward with a canteen of brandy, which Zaminski put to the sous-lieutenant's lips, and while he was so doing the sergeant plucked a handful of grass and saluted the English officer.

"Permit me, monsieur," said he, making pretence to wipe Will's reeking blade, but in reality observing him closely.

"Eh, then," he muttered under his moustache, "I am right—it was the same hand that slew the poor Grogowski. Wait, my pig, you and I have accounts to settle!"

"Bah!" screamed the sous-lieutenant, returning to consciousness. "I will kill him—I will—"

but the effort was too much for the wounded lad, and with a glare of inextinguishable hate, he fainted a second time.

"I am very sorry, messieurs, for the misfortune that has attended your comrade," said Will, his honest British heart rising superior to all petty sentiments.

"My friend," said the Capitaine Miquart, drawing him aside; "these little circumstances will happen, but I beg you to entertain no regrets. When the regiment marched for Germany, and our squadron was retained in this accursed Spain, they left us De Fleurac for our sins—we owe you thanks for ridding us of his presence for a time, and I shall always cherish my sabre in memory of the brave fochman who has wielded it so well—but, hola, what have we here?"

Will turned his head in the direction of the capitaine's gaze, and saw with very mingled feelings that other captain, Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora, approaching them on foot, leading his jaded piebald by the bridle.

For an instant Will thought he was about to turn tail and fly; but the next moment Zadora advanced, pale as ashes, and made a profound bow to the French captain.

Beyond a crimson flush which he could not repress, Will made no sign of recognition, and when, after a few words of conversation,

Miquart transferred the traitor to the chef d'escadron, no one could have guessed that any understanding existed between the two officers thus strangely thrown together in an enemy's lines.

What Zaminski said to the Spaniard Will could not hear, but there was something in his gestures, and the haughty way in which he drew back from Zadora, that showed our hero how the gallant Pole estimated a traitor.

Will was equally in the dark as to the purport of a message brought at full gallop to the major by a dashing aide at the moment when they had lifted De Fleurac on to his horse, and were tying him in his saddle.

Whatever the order, it had the effect of breaking up the knot of officers, who ran to their horses, looking grave, and of starting the squadron at a brisk trot due north, two men supporting De Fleurac in the centre, while Zuazo di Gamboa Basta del Zadora did his best to keep up with the rear, where he swallowed more dust than he had bargained for.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN INTERRUPTED NARRATIVE.

FOR several days and nights, halting only to rest the horses and snatch a few hours' sleep, the Polish lancers pushed on.

The weather became a little cooler in consequence of some rain, and that fact probably



A HEAD GUARD SENT THE CURVED BLADE HARMLESSLY ABOVE HIS HELMET.

saved the wounded De Fleurac, who still travelled with them, often unconscious from the agony of his wound.

"Why do you not leave him in charge of the doctors—surely you have hospitals like the British army?" said Will one day to the Capitaine Miquart, who, in common with the rest of the squadron, had been growing more and more silent and perturbed.

"My friend," he replied, curtly, "it is not my habit to be rude, as you will doubtless do me the honour to admit when we have severed our acquaintance, but you must ask me no questions."

Will bowed, and took the advice, only he kept his eyes and ears wide open, and drew his own conclusions.

It was evident that the French were retreating, and that in haste.

They overtook columns of marching infantry, all pressing northward, and once an army corps, with long trains of artillery, the sun glinting on the brass cannon until they seemed on fire.

Will chanced to ride close to the lumbering guns, and on one of them he saw the Republican cap of Liberty and the name "Terrible," while the next bore the *fleur de lys* of Louis XVI.

You can see some of those guns in the Tower to-day, taken at Waterloo, and still read their names above the touch-hole.

At length, one night, the lancers unsaddled in a dense corkwood, videttes were posted, and a general air of relief seemed to pervade officers and men.

Two large fires were lighted, and the hot soup was soon bubbling, sending a fragrant odour through the bivouac, the first time they had smelled it for many days.

"*Tonnerre de Ciel!* Jourdan is taking a leaf out of the Emperor's book. I have not made such a march since the campaign in Poland, six years since," said the chef d'escadron, wiping his moustache on the back of his hand. *Hola, Monsieur Mortiné, come and sit beside me. I have had no opportunity of enjoying your amiable society of late; shall I tell you a story?*"

Will's face was reply sufficient, and the other officers drawing nearer, the chef d'escadron beamed upon the world in general, and the bivouac fire in particular.

On the other side of the blaze sat De Fleurac, muffled in his cloak, and beside him the Spanish traitor, who had become strangely intimate with the sous-lieutenant of late; while, with that familiarity peculiar to the French service, a sergeant sat on the bank with them—he of the hawk's nose who had recognised our hero.

"All the world has heard of the great Battle of Marengo," said the chef d'escadron with a grandiloquent wave of his hand, "how Bonaparte, as we called him then, came near to being defeated by the Austrians; and Dessaix and Kellermann restored the fortunes of the day.

"*Ma foi!* yes, that is history; but few know that a division of ten thousand Austrians lay idle one short league away, all through the combat, listening to the cannonade, and never moving hand to musket!

"No, that has not yet been given to the world. A force strong enough to have fallen on our rear and routed us utterly—a force of ten thousand

whitecoats held in check by *one man*, and that man Zaminski!"

The chef d'escadron looked very fierce, as well he might, with such an Homeric memory to relate.

"Listen. It was in this way.

"On the evening before Marengo was fought, I had been sent by Lannes to warn some distant posts that the Kaiserlicks were about to march on Genoa, and that they must be upon the alert.

"Riding all night, and in a hurry to return for the battle we knew was approaching, I found myself with the dawn at an Italian village, whose name I have forgotten, nor is it marked on any map I have seen.

"Half hidden by a grove of solemn Lombardy poplars was a house of some pretensions. I entered, drew my sabre and mounted a staircase; everything was costly, yet in the bare, uncomfortable Italian style, and still no living soul, until, in a small room which had evidently been a lady's boudoir, I found the most enticing breakfast ever laid to tempt a famished aide-de-camp!

"*Nom d'un pape*, I was young, and I was very hungry; the dishes were all marked with the letter K, but the entire alphabet would not have deterred me just then—I forgot all but my appetite, and throwing myself on to a gilded sofa under the window, I ate ravenously.

"It might have been ten minutes, perhaps it was longer—I know I had swallowed my third cup of coffee out of a Sévres *tasse* when I heard horsemen outside.

"Hastily removing my hat, and with my mouth full of ham, I looked down on to an astonishing spectacle, which would have terrified a less strong nerve than that of Zaminski.

"An Austrian general officer was dismounting at the door, but what was worse still, line upon line of white coats piling arms on the road and in the fields, showed me that I was in the midst of an Austrian army corps

which had just marched up and meant to stay there.

"I was more annoyed than alarmed, though the position was serious; but I knew that everything depended on my keeping my wits



"ALL THE WORLD HAS HEARD OF THE GREAT BATTLE OF MARENGO," SAID THE CHEF D'ESCADRON, WITH A GRANDILOQUENT WAVE OF HIS HAND.

about me, and I straightway began to sharpen them.

"Bah!" said I to myself, 'yonder general is their celebrated Könighümpfen, the man who is so fat that they allow him two days' start of the other divisions and then have to wait for him. Yes, that accounts for the K engraved on his *batterie de voyage* here—*ma foi*, and all solid silver, too!'

"At that moment spurred heels sounded in the outer room, and a young officer came jauntily in, evidently to inspect his commander's repast and see that it was entirely *en règle*—I think he must have been his personal attendant.

"Himm-l!" he gasped—and then I took him by the throat, and said in German, 'Silence, or you die!' But the sight of my uniform did not awe him in the least, for he was a brave man, and his sword was out in a twinkling.

"I was sorry, but I had to do it, for there were more of them to come; so I ran him through, rolled his body under the sofa, and retired behind the door, wondering how it would all end.

"Just then there sounded a ponderous stamping in the outer room, and the heavy breathing of a large man unused to a steep staircase.

"It is Monsieur le Général," thought I, and it was, but—*sabre de la gloire!*—such a general I had never seen," and the chef d'escadron laughed aloud.

"He was like all the rascally commissaries who grow fat on their plunder turned into one, and his waistcoat alone would have made a standard for a demi-brigade.

"He had certainly five chins; I counted them later on; but the instant he had loomed into the room I closed the door behind him and shot the bolt.

"He had no eyes for anything but his breakfast, and, waddling straight up to the table, threw himself into a huge chair and blew a mighty breath that fluttered the window curtain.

"Where are you, Carl?" said he, fumbling to loose the massive gold sash that girdled him.

"If Carl is the young gentleman in the red breeches," said I, stepping forward and presenting my sabre at his breast, "then Carl is under the sofa. I am the Citizen Lieutenant Zaminski, general, and if you speak above a whisper you will take your *déjeuner* in the other world!"

"*Mon dieu!* that man's face it is not possible to describe. He opened a mouth like a bear in the Jardin des Plantes, and quivered like a jelly.

"I had no plan; things would have to develop themselves; so I glared very fiercely, and under the window the Austrian band struck up a drinking-song—the hippopotamus, then, took his meals to music.

"Come, sir," said I, 'while you eat I will talk to you. There is here some ragout which is quite delicious, and these eggs are not yet cold—but permit me to take a simple precaution,' and I bound his ankles to the legs of the chair with his own sash, fixing him with my eyes meanwhile, and the poor beast never daring to move.

"I wager he had not seen his feet for twenty years—it was a physical impossibility.

"I drew a bottle of wine from the great silver cooler, and was about to pour out a glass for him

when the band suddenly stopped, and a roll like thunder vibrated across the plain.

"The battle has begun," thought I, 'and Zaminski is not there!'

"Then a horse galloped up, voices shouted in German, I heard someone dismount, and the clank of a sabre at the room door.

"Mind!" said I, 'your life is a hostage for mine!' and knowing that the messenger had come up alone—for no one dared disturb Könighümpfen at such a moment—I opened the door.

"A Hungarian hussar officer, very gorgeous, entered saluting.

"His Excellency requests your immediate support, sir," he panted. 'He desires you to march on the Bridge of Boromida, and take the *sans-culottes* in the rear.'

"My friend," said I, 'I do not think that arrangement at all desirable.' And seeing that I had to deal with another brave man, I was again sorry, but I rolled his body also under the sofa."

Will gasped with astonishment, and the chef d'escadron heaved a little sigh of regret.

"Listen to the braggart," whispered De Fleurac to Zadora on the other side of the fire. "But he tells a good story all the same."

"I thought Könighümpfen was going to have a fit," continued the chef d'escadron, and the distant cannonade grew louder and louder.

"He drank some wine, and lay back in his beautiful white coat all laced with gold, and looked at me as if I were a wild beast, though I am sure I pressed him with all the delicacies in turn, but in vain.

"An hour passed, and another messenger came—his horse fell dead from fatigue as he pulled up—and again I opened the door.

"*Ma foi*, it was the same tale, and I said to myself, 'Zaminski, if you cannot get out, at least you can perform a great duty—this adde-pated division will not move without orders from their leader, and every moment of delay is helping your comrades over there.'

"That made three dead men at breakfast with the general, and the fourth came on the heels of the third!

"I saw him below, where the Austrian officers were fuming and boiling, and the sight of him gave me an idea.

"He was of my build, also with a fair moustache, and in less than five minutes he was on his back in the room, and I was drawing off his leather boots.

"The general crossed himself as I combed out my moustache with a table-fork, after the manner of their young men, and with all the haste I could muster I slipped off my blue pantaloons and was thrusting one leg into the crimson ones of number four, when—"

What happened Will was fated never to know. A volley of carbines rent the night. Everyone sprang up with a cry of alarm, and into the circle of the bivouac firelight dashed a score of mounted figures, shouting an honest British "Hurrah!"

Blue and white, and a touch of scarlet. He knew the uniform as he jumped on to the bank to escape the flashing sabres, and he knew the hearty



BUT AS THE LAD FELL, DICK DATCHETT REVENGED HIM.

voice that cried: "There he is, boys! Stand clear, Will, until we've done the business!"

"Save the major!" shouted Will, with a pang of anxiety for his late captor. But the major had already saved himself, and the lancers were flying through the darkness in a mighty panic—quite excusable under the circumstances.

"Now, old fellow!" cried Captain Dick, "if you want some fun you must ride as you never rode before! There's a fight on the carpet—if we can only get up in time!"

Once more Will found himself astride Ladybird, who had answered to his whistle amid the general stampede, and uncle and nephew galloped side by side in the cool morning towards the great plain of Vittoria, where King Joseph Bonaparte was about to cast the last die for his tottering throne.

With much to ask and to tell each other, they talked in shouts, and as the crackle of musketry came on the wind they spurred for the scene of combat, followed by Datchett's gallant hussars.

"No use trying to find the Royals," cried the captain. "You stick to me and see service with the Tenth for once—bless 'em! I've only just found you after a desperate hunt, and I'm not going to lose you now!"

But the country was alive with French patrols; and a thick vapour made it difficult to recognise friend from foe; and after some narrow escapes, it was not until the retreat had begun that our friends fell in with the regiment, although they were in sound of firing for hours.

You know the story of Vittoria, and how Joseph crowded his army and an immense train of baggage, guns, and all the ladies of his Court into a valley ten miles by eight.

How Wellington poured in his red battalions and blue gunners, and fought them inch by inch, and then let loose his gay light-horsemen on the flying foe.

In vain Will looked through the rolling smoke for the scarlet ranks of his own men; the Royals had bad luck that day, and were chiefly in reserve, only losing one man by a round shot; but the Tenth were in their glory, and it was "Hussars to the front!"

Like a whirlwind they swept along the cloud of carriages, guns, and wagons that crowded the causeway. The magnificent cavalry of Napoleon, wasted by incompetent leaders, made a brave stand, but the retreat became general.

Joseph bolted, Jourdan bolted—leaving his marshal's bâton behind him—and their fine army was utterly wasted.

"Right shoulders forward—charge that colour!" cried Captain Dick, as a mass of green-coated chasseurs swept across their path.

Ladybird at the same moment felt a sharp blow on her croup from a spent ball, and before Will knew what she was up to the mare was in the centre of the green jackets.

A furious chasseur officer charged him in defence of the colour, and their swords crossed. Next moment the Frenchman's blade pierced him, and the sky danced in black spots before his eyes as he swayed backwards. But as the lad fell, Dick Datchett revenged him.

(To be concluded.)

D. H. Parry

WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL.

Something in the City—(Second Article).

A BUSINESS in which great strides have been made in recent years is insurance. The chief branches of it are life, fire, marine, and accident insurance. The best way to get into an insurance company is to obtain a recommendation from a director, and forward it, together with a written application, to the manager.

Some insurance companies hold an examination for their clerkships, but by far the most important qualifications for a post in a good insurance company are a thorough general education, a good appearance, intelligence and smartness. No premium is required, but very often a term of from four to five years' apprenticeship has to be served, during which time some slight remuneration is generally given. At the end of the apprenticeship the salary is fixed at anything varying from £60 to £100 per annum, depending upon the ability the youth has shown.

The prospects of a clever youth who has entered an insurance office at the age of seventeen, and has taken care to make himself thoroughly acquainted with every detail connected with his special branch, are most excellent. A reputation for exceptional ability in calculation and mathematics may bring him to the post of actuary, where he may easily earn a salary of from £500 to £1,000 per annum. Or if he is in a large marine insurance company, like Lloyd's, he may receive as underwriter from £2,000 to £3,000 a year.

If he reaches the very summit, and becomes—by ability alone, or by ability and influence combined—a manager of a leading insurance company, he will get anything from £4,000 to £5,000 per year.

Taken as a whole insurance companies offer the most remunerative—and the most quickly remunerative—posts to really smart men.

Even as the agent of a good company, whose business it is to secure policies, a man may easily earn five or six hundred a year. The post of agent, too, is one that requires no very special knowledge of the business. The successful agent must be able to talk well. He must be well dressed and smart in appearance, and the more influential friends he has the better for his prospects.

For the youth who can afford to give the time for five years' apprenticeship without any immediate return except a little pocket money,

a clerkship in a bank offers good opportunities. No premium is required, but it is desirable for candidates to have had a good general education and to have passed some examination like the Oxford or Cambridge Junior before leaving school. A knowledge of book-keeping and of French or German is also very useful.

Many banks give preference to youths who have obtained the Commercial Certificate from the London Chamber of Commerce or some other similar institution. In applying for a post it is well, if possible, to obtain a nomination from a director.

Bank clerks would always do well to become members of the Institute of Bankers during their five years' apprenticeship. The annual subscription is only 10s. 6d., and the Institute grants certificates to those who successfully pass its examinations. These examinations are held annually in May in London and many provincial centres. The examinations are hard and require careful preparation, but the certificate granted is of great service.

Of course, the posts offered after apprenticeship vary in the different banks, but anyone with good qualifications can be sure of obtaining an influential position. Chief clerks in banks command a salary of from £400 to £2,000 per annum, in accordance with the size and importance of the bank, and the post of manager carries with it a salary of from £500 to £4,000 per annum.

I come now to a very important and very remunerative kind of employment, which offers more scope for the display of a man's personal powers than almost any other I could name, viz., commercial travelling.

Commercial travellers are the diplomats of commerce, but, unlike ambassadors, they do not receive a royal welcome everywhere they go. The necessary qualifications of a good traveller may be summed up in the one word, "smartness." Goods nowadays do not sell themselves. You may carry, if you represent a wholesale drapery house, very fine samples in the way of silks, stuffs, lace, etc., all got up to please the eye; but unless you are able to talk about them well, and to persuade other people into buying them, you are no use as a commercial. A good traveller can make an indifferent article sell like wildfire, while the very best goods will

remain unsold by the man who lacks "smartness."

It does not matter, then, very much what your early training, or what your school attainments have been. What is of paramount importance is that you should cultivate the "gift of the gab," have unlimited confidence in yourself, and not allow yourself to be snubbed or sat upon.

It will not greatly matter if you have but scanty knowledge of the business you represent. Some of the most successful travellers have no expert knowledge at all. They are simply known as capital fellows, who can tell good stories, and who always look well dressed and presentable, and whom people are pleased to see.

It is no unusual thing for firms to employ as travellers men who have had no experience whatever, and who are simply sent on the rounds with a supply of samples to do the best they can. A friend of mine who was up at Oxford some years ago, where he was known as a very good sort, was obliged, owing to pecuniary troubles, to come down without taking his degree. For some time he could not succeed in getting anything to do. He aimed, perhaps, too high, as so many University men do. At last, however, on the strength of his good appearance and well-known talking powers, he was taken on as a commercial traveller by a firm of jewellers. He was an immediate success. In less than a year he was earning over £500 per annum in commissions, and now he drives a smart brougham, and is said to make at least £2,000 a year.

Of course, some trades require more special knowledge than others. Representatives of a drapery business, for instance—a trade which, by the way, is greatly in the ascendant—require to have some thorough knowledge of stuffs and fabrics.

The salary of a commercial traveller depends entirely upon the house he is representing, but, as a rule, the average income a good man may earn on the road ranges anywhere from £300 to £1,000 a year. The usual custom that has hitherto been followed by the majority of firms was to allow a man a small salary and a good commission on sales, but now it is becoming more and more customary to increase the salaries and allow little or no commission.

In recent times firms used to allow their travellers as much as 30s. a day for expenses. Then it got reduced to 25s., then to a guinea, and now the usual amount is 15s. per diem.

One of the most desirable trades to be identified with as a traveller is that associated with silver and electro-plated goods. Travellers in this business are generally recruited from the

ranks of those who have been connected with it for some years. A boy who has entered a factory at an early age, after serving for two or three years as junior, will become a salesman. As a salesman he will receive from £60 to £100 per annum, and if he is sent on the road to represent his house his starting salary will be about £200 a year, with commission and expenses.

The advantages of a commercial traveller's life are very obvious. Constant change of scene, variety of life, social intercourse—these are only some of the many advantages. But it cannot be insisted upon too strongly that the life is only suitable to a man who has these social and sociable qualities in a marked degree. For the bashful and retiring man, or even for the decidedly domesticated man, the life means nothing but hardship, disappointment and humiliation.

The profession of a chartered accountant also offers good prospects as a career for a smart boy.

Compared with other professions, the preliminary expenses are small, the stamp duty on the indentures only amounting to 2s. 6d.

An apprenticeship of five years from the time of being articled has to be served, except in the case of graduates of a university, when the term is reduced to three years. A premium ranging between one hundred and two hundred guineas is required according to the standing of the firm articled to.

No one can be articled until he has reached the age of sixteen, and has passed the Preliminary Examination of Chartered Accountants.

The examinations are three in number—the Preliminary, Intermediate, and Final.

For the Preliminary a good, sound, general education is necessary. The subjects are as follows:—

Compulsory.—Writing from dictation, English composition, arithmetic, algebra to quadratic equations, Euclid (Books I.-IV.), geography (Great Britain and Ireland and one European country), English history (from B.C. 55), elementary Latin.

The *optional* subjects, of which any two may be taken, one of which must be a language, are: (1) Latin (set author); (2) Greek (set author); (3) French; (4) German; (5) Spanish; (6) Italian (in these subjects, passages are set for translation, and questions in grammar are given); (7) higher mathematics, algebra, trigonometry, and Euclid, I.—VI.; (8) physics—elementary mechanics, hydrostatics, and pneumatics; (9) chemistry (inorganic); (10) animal physiology; (11) zoology; (12) botany; (13) electricity and magnetism; (14)

geology; (15) shorthand (dictation at rate of seventy words a minute).

The Preliminary Examination is held in London and provincial centres in June and December.

Certificates of exemption are issued to graduates of any university in Great Britain, undergraduates of Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, and London, and Oxford and Cambridge Senior and Junior Locals.

Accountants are sought for as secretaries to land syndicates, savings banks, building societies, and the position of borough accountant is one of the most lucrative and responsible posts in our municipal government.

A fully qualified chartered accountant may always rely upon making at least £300 per annum, and some of the larger firms count their incomes by many thousands.

To bring to a close this article on Employment in the City, although, of course, many branches have had necessarily to be omitted, a few plain hints may not be out of place. First of all, the boy who intends to go straight from school to the City should make the very most of his opportunities for acquiring a sound general education. It will stand him in good stead all his life. He should pay particular attention to his practical subjects, such as book-keeping and shorthand, and also to the study of modern languages.

Secondly, he should not be content to fancy that his education is "finished" (most absurd of expressions) when he has left school.

In the truest sense his education is only just starting. The boy who, immediately he has thrown off the discipline of school, also throws up all mental cultivation, has little chance of success in life. Continue some definite study, then, in your spare time. Specialise and gain a thorough knowledge of some special subject connected, directly or indirectly, with your business. A man's commercial value increases in proportion as he knows something or can do something better than his fellows.

And last, but by no means least, cultivate while still at school business habits of promptitude and smartness. Don't put off till to-morrow what you should do to-day. Learn to make some definite progress every day, and learn, above all, to make practical use of the knowledge you have previously gained. Take your life work in the proper spirit, not flippantly and lightly as a thing of small moment, but seriously and conscientiously, as befits one who is in earnest. Learn to give and take, to submit yourself with good grace to authority, and so to fit yourself for becoming in turn a leader. Take

your disappointments and failures—you are sure to have them—bravely, not brooding on them sulkily, or contrasting your own misfortune with other men's good luck. So shall you learn life's hardest lesson—the lesson of self-dependence. So shall you become a true man—and never were manly men wanted more than at the present time.

A. E. MANNING FOSTER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In reply to many correspondents I am glad to state that the next article of this series will be devoted to Farming and Agriculture. The various Agricultural and Colonial Colleges in England will be fully dealt with, and the article will, I hope, be illustrated by photographs.

Rex (LONDON).—You must be under seventeen years of age. For full particulars apply The Registrar, Burlington House, W.

James E. (MARYLEBONE).—I shall be pleased to send you the name of a good coach, privately, if you forward me your address and a stamped envelope.

Lex.—There are two examinations for the bar. As you are an undergraduate you will not have to pass the preliminary, but you must apply for admission to one of the Inns of Court and "eat your dinners." I shall be happy to send you the name of a good law coach, *privately*, but I cannot recommend one in these columns. You will, I think, see the names of several in our advertisement pages.

Mabel.—It is a very hard life, and I can hardly recommend it for you. Why not brush up your shorthand, learn typing, and try for a post as secretary?

Literary Boy.—Short story writing is somewhat precarious as a means of livelihood. You should try to combine it with other regular work until you have made your name.

Alfred K.—Apply the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon Row, W.

Chas. J. W.—Very glad you found letter helpful. Shall be pleased to hear from you again. Good luck to you in your examination.

Shelburn.—Shall hope to hear that you have been successful. Do not apologise for length of letter. I like it.

G. H. C.—As your father possesses the influence of which you tell me, I should think that it would be quite possible for him to obtain for you the nomination now, so that when you are nineteen years of age you can go up for the examination.

F. J. P.—It is not necessary for you to be a certain number of inches round the chest, nor is your height taken into consideration. The medical examiners merely require that you should be free from all physical defects and in normal health.

J. A. B.—Dublin University Engineering School has a very good standing amongst British colleges, and the degree to be obtained there is considered quite as good as elsewhere. The authorities at your college will be best able to advise you as to the practical part of the work, and if you go and have a talk with one of your professors on the subject, he will know better than I the best place for you to go.

W. F. B.—If you will write to any of the C.S. coaches who advertise in *THE CAPTAIN*, and ask them about the examination for which you desire to enter, they will be glad to give you particulars.

N.B.—Owing to pressure on space it is only possible to print a few replies every month. Mr. Manning Foster will, however, be pleased to reply by post to all correspondents who enclose a stamped addressed envelope.



THERE WAS ONE THING ABOUT THE NEW GYM. WHICH PUZZLED THE BOYS.

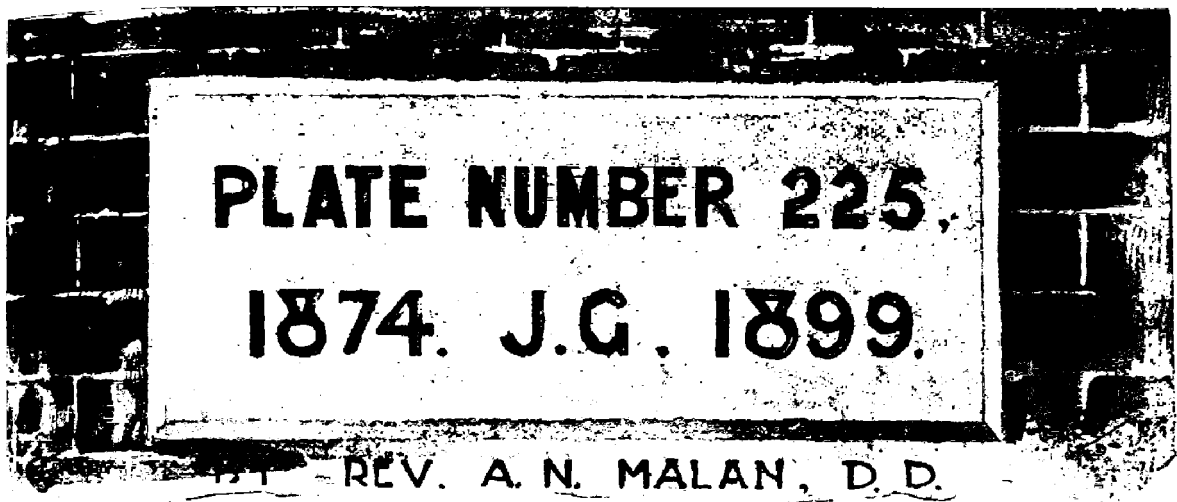


PLATE NUMBER 225.

1874. J.G. 1899.

REV. A. N. MALAN, D. D.

Illustrated by T. W. Henry.

WHEN Dr. Crowbar, the head master of Stanbury School, informed the captain of the games that an "old boy" was going to give them a new gymnasium, there was great rejoicing among the athletes. A site was chosen, plans were prepared, the ground was pegged out, the foundations were laid. Then the walls quickly rose, and, at last, the boys knew that when they returned after the Easter holidays they would find the building finished.

Their expectations were fully realised—universal approval was expressed. The old "tin shed" had been removed, and its place was planted with evergreens, greatly adding to the effect.

There was one thing about the new gym. which puzzled the boys. A white slab of freestone over the entrance bore the inscription :—

PLATE NUMBER 225.

1874. J. G. 1899.

What did it mean? The School Calendar enabled them to identify "J. G." as John Grove, who had been a boy at the school during the years 1862—1870; and the date 1874 on the stone did not bother them much—they said it was a mistake.

But what had Plate Number 225 to do with it! Juniors asked the Sixth Form—they could not tell. The assistant masters were appealed to—they did not know. "You must ask the head master," they said. So the captain of the games went to the great man and asked him. The answer was: "I am not at liberty to tell you."

Curiosity was excited to the highest pitch. At last, one day, the head master made a communication about it. He gave out in school that Mr. John Grove, the generous donor of the new gymnasium, was going to pay him a visit, and he hoped the boys would take the opportunity of thanking him for his noble gift. "We propose that you should give an assault-of-arms, to show Mr. Grove that you are turning his generosity to good account. Possibly he may enlighten you on the inscription."

When the appointed day arrived the competitors selected for the various events were in good training and high fettle. A large company of visitors had been invited, and all available space was filled.

When Dr. Crowbar escorted Mr. Grove to the seat of honour on the dais a storm of cheering greeted him. He smiled and bowed his acknowledgments. The entertainment began, and a very successful programme was carried through, to the satisfaction of all concerned.

At the conclusion the captain of the games made a speech, thanking Mr. Grove in the name of the school for his generous gift. Then Mr. Grove made some remarks, in the course of which he said :—

"I congratulate you upon the display you have just given us. It is good proof that you appreciate your opportunities and put this building to a good use. Dr. Crowbar tells me that the inscription above the door puzzles you, and that there is some curiosity to know what it means." ("Hear, hear.") "Well, I should like to tell you—but I fear there

is not time.' ("No, no!") "I have to catch a train in less than a quarter of an hour, and I could not possibly explain it satisfactorily in so short a time. It has reference to certain incidents which occurred in 1874—so you at least understand the reason of that date." (Cries of "Plate Number 225!") "Well, look here, boys, I will not disappoint you. I will write out a full explanation at my leisure, and forward it to the editor of the school magazine, and if he thinks fit to insert it, you will be able to satisfy your curiosity, if not I daresay he will be good enough to tell you what my paper contains."

Uproarious cheering greeted this announcement, and Mr. Grove left the room to enter the doctor's carriage, bound for the station. The promised solution of the mysterious inscription appeared as follows in the next number of the *Stanburian*, under the signature of John Grove.

In 1874 I held a tutorship in Hampshire my pupil being the only son of Mr. Crewarth, of Dursborough Hall. Squire Crewarth—as he was popularly called—was a thoroughly harmless old man, very fat, and of placid temper, except when suffering from gout—then his good lady would make allowance for an occasional hasty word. He had white hair and whiskers, which he wore short. He also wore a high black bowler hat when he took his daily walks about the park, plodding slowly along the roads and paths of his domains, planting his feet deliberately, leaning heavily upon his stick, and sitting down often on some rustic seat, from which he could only rise with difficulty after two or three ineffectual efforts.

He had never made an enemy—he never brow-beat a servant. His neighbours respected him as a worthy man; his dependents with one voice praised him as a just and considerate master, generous, and free from all affectation of pride. He was the very last man in the world who might have anticipated the shock which hung like the sword of Damocles over his venerable head. The single hair which suspended it snapped one morning in June of that year 1874.

The squire entered the breakfast-room. He took his seat at the table, at which were already seated his wife, his son, and myself. The butler brought in the letters. Squire Crewarth looked at his consignment, and opened one of the letters addressed in a strange handwriting. As he read it his full under lip quivered, and his rubicund face grew pale. He returned the letter to its envelope, placed it under the rest, and made a pretence of eating his breakfast. I could not help noticing symptoms of inward agitation in his demeanour.

When the meal was finished, and his wife and son had left the room, the squire said to me:—

"I have received an extraordinary letter, Mr. Grove; please run your eye over it."

He handed me the letter. It was extraordinary. It consisted of a rude drawing of a skull and cross-bones over a coffin, beneath which the following words were written in a scratchy hand with a fine-pointed pen:—

As sure as you live you will be dead before the year is out. Your footsteps are dogged. You will be murdered in cold blood.

(Signed) CREEPY SKULLCRACK.

The letter was addressed: "Richard Crewarth, Esq., Dursborough Hall, Portisfield, Hants."

"Not a pleasant greeting for a summer day," said the squire; "somewhat calculated to interfere with the digestion—eh? What had I better do?"

"Well, sir," I replied, "we must find out the scoundrel who wrote it, and bring him to justice. What do the post-marks tell us?"

We examined the envelope. The stamp was cancelled with "P79." The Portisfield mark was clear, but the mark of the issuing office was not to be deciphered even with a lens. It had been carelessly impressed with a stamp nearly dry. No impression of the name was evident, except half of what looked like final ON.

"Hundreds of places end in ON," said the squire.

"True, sir," said I; "that will not help us much. The stamp may tell us more. I know something about stamps. Will you lend me the lens? Thanks. Every stamp bears the number of its sheet. This one is 225. Then the letters at the four corners. This has A. A. This stamp was the left-hand top corner one of a sheet of 240 stamps, numbered 225. Can that be of any use?"

"Humph! I don't see that it can."

"Well, sir, there is something more yet. The cancelling mark, P79, is the office number of the place where the letter was posted. I will go to the post office and inquire what the place is."

"That is a good idea—and, look here—you must not let out about the contents of the letter. Strictly secret between you and me. If my wife heard of it, she would never know a day's peace."

"Certainly, sir; not a soul shall know."

I went to the post office, and soon returned with the intelligence that the letter was posted at Wocketon, in Rutland.

"Do you know anyone at Wocketon, sir?" I asked the squire.

"Wocketon! Never heard of the place. What an extraordinary notion! I don't like it at all!"

There was something pathetic in his evident alarm.



"WE MUST FIND OUT THE SCOUNDREL WHO WROTE IT."

"I am deeply sorry, sir, that you should be subjected to such infamous annoyance. I suppose some would profess to laugh at the threat as idle and ridiculous."

"Perhaps. I can't. I haven't the nerve of former days. What am I to do? Shut myself up behind bolts and bars? Never stir out? It would kill me! Better fall by the murderer's hand than that!"

"We must find out who wrote the letter."

"How? Would you advise me to employ a detective? It would in some measure alleviate the anxiety. Shall I telegraph to Scotland Yard?"

"I think it would be wise. But, before doing so, would you allow me to go to Wocketon and look round? I might possibly find a clue. I could be back to-morrow night—no time would be lost."

"Very good of you, I'm sure," answered the squire. "I should be much obliged if you would do so. The 10.30 express reaches Waterloo at 12.33. How could you get on? Let us consult Bradshaw."

We found a train from St. Pancras at 2 p.m. which reached Oakham at 5.20.

I started at once, and after a long journey I reached Oakham. A three-mile drive would land me at Wocketon.

As the fly growled along, I tried to fancy myself an experienced detective; but the clue seemed flimsy enough to daunt my enthusiasm. It was probable that the stamp was purchased at the village post office; it was possible that, being the first stamp of a new sheet, the person who sold it might remember who bought it. If I could find the sheet and locate the stamp A A 225, I should have a solid basis to work upon. It would not do to ask at the post office to be allowed to examine all the stamps in stock—that would rouse suspicion. It would be useless to ask for a penny stamp, on the chance of its belonging to sheet 225. But it might answer my purpose to ask for a sovereign's worth of penny stamps. That course might most likely produce the evidence I wanted. Yes, that must be the first move.

I called to the driver, telling him to put me down at the post office.

The village was reached before six o'clock. I noticed clean-looking cottages clustering about the church—shops of the grocer, baker, blacksmith; children playing on the green, geese, and a donkey or two; a typical village inn, where I resolved to pass the night. Near it was the post office. I paid the fare and entered the post office. A woman was in attendance. I asked for a sovereign's worth of penny stamps. She unlocked a drawer and took out a sheet of stamps. I saw that one stamp was wanting to make the sheet complete. She took another single stamp, and handed me the lot.

I walked across to the inn and engaged a room. Then I examined my stamps. The plate number of the sheet was 225—the top corner stamp belonging to it was upon the envelope containing the anonymous letter. My heart bounded with excitement. I smoked a pipe and pondered. I gazed at the peculiar writing of the address. Some one in the village wrote it—bought the stamp at the post office, and posted the letter at once. Should I go and ask at the post office? It might bring the scoundrel to my knowledge at once—or it might rouse suspicion and defeat my purpose. Should I show the envelope to the landlady and ask if she knew the handwriting?

Should I take a stroll through the village and see if it would yield a suggestion?

I decided to take a stroll round—the village was not very extensive. From a central point, where streets crossed at right angles, I wandered up and down for a while without noticing anything to attract attention.

But presently a quaint, old-fashioned, gabled cottage, with tie-beams of oak intersecting the walls, brought me to a halt. A board over the door was inscribed "*Eli Pidgeon, Geologist, Archæologist, and Bird-Stuffer.*" In the window were displayed odds and ends of old wares, a pair of brass candlesticks, a few stuffed birds, eggs, shells, fossils, sheets of foreign stamps, specimens of blue china. But, beyond all this, the chief object of attraction was a notice, written in a hand closely resembling that of the threatening letter. The notice gave information that letters could be written within from dictation.

I stood spell-bound. Here was a discovery of startling importance—if not the actual solution of the mystery! I entered the shop; the owner was evidently before me—an old

man, bent, and of spare build, with long grey hair, bespectacled—poring over a musty volume.

He laid down the book and looked at me. A light of intelligence beamed in his grey eyes; his aquiline nose and thin lips lent an aristocratic air to his well-proportioned face.

"Are you Mr. Eli Pidgeon?"

"I am, sir; at your service."

"You are a geologist and archæologist, I understand?"

"I am, sir."

"You have sundry curiosities on view—are they for sale?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you write letters, I presume, for any of the villagers who cannot write for themselves?"

"I do, sir."

Then an idea struck me.

"Since you write letters from dictation, I should like you to write one for me. It does not matter if the dictator is able to write, I suppose?"

"Not at all, sir. Sixpence a sheet is my charge. Let them all come!"

I proceeded to dictate, and Mr. Eli Pidgeon wrote, while I narrowly watched his face.

DEAR MR. CREWARTH,—I have made a good journey to Wocketon, and have made the acquaintance of Mr. Eli Pidgeon, geologist and archæologist, who also writes letters for those unable to write for themselves. He has kindly written this for one who might have written it himself.

I told him I could do the finishing up myself, and I got him to direct the envelope to "Richard Crewarth, Esq., Dursborough Hall, Portisfield, Hants."

On returning to the inn I carefully compared the writing of the two letters and identical addresses. There

was such a remarkable resemblance between them that I felt convinced I had made the grand discovery. But it puzzled me to understand how Mr. Eli Pidgeon could have been so absolutely callous to such a broad hint that his threatened victim was not going to sit still and await his doom.

The more I considered the matter the more perplexing did it appear. What possible motive could an inhabitant of this obscure village have for threatening the life of an inoffensive gentleman who had never hurt a living soul?

I paid another visit to the post office, and found the postmaster on duty. I plunged desperately into the business.



MR. ELI PIDGEON.

"I bought this sheet of stamps here an hour ago—complete except for the first stamp. That first stamp had been used for a letter sent to a friend of mine by some unknown correspondent. Can you remember who bought that stamp?"

"How is it possible?" asked the man, looking at the sheet. "How do you know it was that identical stamp?"

"Here it is. See for yourself. Look at the letters A A, and plate number 225, and your office stamp of cancellation."

"'Tis so," said the postmaster. "Not many gents know so much. Are you a detective?"

"No; I am only anxious to find out who wrote that letter, and I should be glad if you could help me. Did you sell that stamp?"

"I may have, or not—can't say."

"Your wife waited on me; do you think she might have sold it? Would you ask her?"

"Certainly. Here, Mary" (calling through the door at the back of the shop), "you're wanted."

The woman soon appeared, and could not remember. They sold a good many stamps, and were not expected to remember who bought them.

I went out and strolled on the village green, watching the groups of villagers who came to enjoy the cool of the summer evening after the day's toil was done. There were maidens with their swains, and some men were playing a game of quoits. Old gaffers sat about in tall hats smoking churchwardens. I spoke to some of them and encouraged their curiosity to know whence and why I had come to Wocketon. I told them I had come from Hampshire, and asked if any inhabitant had ever been so far south.

"No," said a bear-eyed veteran; "I don't suppose any of us has. Hampshire be a powerful long way from Wocketon, I reckon—beyond Lunnon town, maybe."

I went back to supper at the inn, and made a

resolve to ask Eli Pidgeon on the morrow if he wrote the letter.

I carried out my intention next day immediately after breakfast.

"Good morning, Mr. Pidgeon. I have called again on a matter of importance. I have here a letter, written under a feigned name to a friend of mine, stamped with a stamp bought at the post office up the street, and posted there. I have compared the writing of that letter with the one you wrote for me yesterday, and they are so much alike that I conclude you wrote the other letter. Look at the two addresses. Am I correct? Did you write it?"

Eli Pidgeon looked carefully at the address.

"No, sir; I did not write that."

"Are you sure? Is not the writing the same?"

"It is like, in a way, but different. I never make big 'C' like that; I always curl the end of the stroke. I never make small 't' as tall as 'l.'"

"Have you a wife or child who writes like you?"



"HAMPSHIRE BE A POWERFUL LONG WAY FROM WOCKETON, I RECKON—BEYOND LUNNON TOWN, MAYBE."



THE NOTICE WAS DISPLAYED IN THE POST OFFICE WINDOW.

The old man was visibly perturbed by this announcement.

"That is a very serious business, likely to get me into trouble."

"You will have to appear in court and prove your innocence. There is ground of suspicion against you. It is as much to your interest as mine to find out who wrote the threatening letter."

"It would be a terrible thing to be charged with such a dastardly act," said the old man. "I am sorry I wrote that letter for you. I never thought you wanted to entrap me."

"I do not want to entrap you. There is no need to doubt your word. You have nothing to fear if you are innocent."

"I have a deal to fear. Do you call it nothing for an honest man to be suspect of a felonious act? I have a reputation to guard as well as you. It's nothing less than dragging me through the mire!"

I was sorry to leave Mr. Pidgeon in such distress, but time was short, and I had to hurry off. I called on the rector, who received me kindly, and listened to my tale of woe. He was surprised.

"It is strange," he said, "that our little insignificant village should sound a note of discord to be heard so far afield in a village possibly of no wider fame. As you had never heard of Wocketon, I never heard of Dursborough."

"It is equally strange," I replied, "and serious. Mr. Crewarth is old and infirm—he is terrified at the threat—and the effect on his health, bodily and mental, may be disastrous, unless the culprit is discovered."

"I can imagine it," said the rector; "and I would recommend you to put up a notice in our post office offering a reward for information—and also to take our policeman into confidence. Will you write a notice while I send for the policeman?"

"Thank you, sir—I will."

Have you taught writing to any person living in the village?"

"Neither one nor the other. I have no wife or child, and never taught anyone to write. It is odd the writings should be so alike—a freak. Caterpillars sometimes imitate twigs of the shrubs they feed upon."

"True, but not to the point. I must tell you that the letter in this envelope, written in a hand which closely resembles yours, threatens the life of the gentleman to whom it is addressed. The writer is guilty of felony, punishable with penal servitude. We are doing our utmost to discover the writer and bring him to justice. On my return we shall at once put the matter in the hands of a London detective, to whom I shall tell the results of my visit to Wocketon."

The rector provided a large sheet of paper and a parcel's pen. I wrote:—

£20 REWARD.

Whereas some ill-disposed person wrote (or got written) a letter threatening murder to a gentleman, and posted the same letter at Wocketon on June 15th, 1874—Notice is hereby given that the above reward will be paid to anyone who shall furnish such information as shall lead to the conviction of the offender.

The policeman was fully advised—the notice was displayed in the post office window—I gave out that a London detective would immediately be put upon the scent—and I set forth on my return journey. On reaching Dursborough Hall I was shocked to see the alteration in the worthy squire. He looked years older.

My visit to Wocketon had the desired effect, though we never actually discovered the offender. But two days after my return, Squire Crewarth received another anonymous letter from the same person without any attempt to disguise the handwriting. It read as follows:—

DEAR SIR,—I am in a terrible fright. I cannot sleep at night. I believe I shall go mad. Oh, sir, do please forgive me! Please do not let the detective come to Wocketon! If he caught me I should be sent to prison, and it would break my mother's heart. Oh, dear, good, kind sir, please forgive me! I will confess all. I only wrote it for a joke. I had been reading "The Adventures of Nic Nobbles, Forger," and I thought it would be fine to write an anonymous letter. I did not mean to be wicked. I got father's directory and opened it anywhere, and copied the first name and address I saw, and I tried to imitate the writing of old Eli Pidgeon, because Nic Nobbles always wrote in a feigned hand. I never meant any harm. Oh, dear, good, kind sir, I do beseech you to forgive me this once! I will never do it again. I dare not sign my name, but I mean every word of it. You'll see I do, because no one will ever try to murder you. It was only a joke. Please do forgive me!

No magic draught ever produced a more immediate and beneficial effect than that letter. The squire read it at the breakfast table, and was another man. The colour returned to his face, he laughed and joked, and when his anxious wife hoped he had a good appetite, he declared he never felt better in his life.

When we were alone together his joviality was expressed with unrestricted freedom. He actually danced about the room, waving the letter.

"God bless you, Mr. Grove, you have saved my life by going to Wocketon. Read that!"

I read the letter—the squire repeating its words and commenting on them.

"There's a genuine ring about it, eh? Don't you think so? Not a doubt of it! Some young chap was up to a lark. He is more frightened than his victim after all! Good luck to him—I forgive him from my heart!"

"There is no doubt about its being a genuine confession and plea for pardon, sir."

"Not a shadow of doubt, thank God!"

So there was an end of a wild-goose chase. And what has it got to do with your new gymnasium? you will be asking. That is soon answered. I can jump with one bound to the second date—1899.

On New Year's Day my nephew Robin came to spend a few days at my house. He brought with him a collection of stamps, of which he was very proud. He asked me if I ever went in for collecting? The question reminded me of Squire Crewarth. I remembered the sheet of "penny reds" which I had never looked at for five-and-twenty years.

They lay slumbering in a drawer. I went and fetched them. You should have seen Robin's amazement as I unfolded them.

"Oh, uncle, how magnificent! What can they be worth?"

"I don't know—twopence a piece, I daresay."

"Much more than that," he said. "I've got the 'Specialist's Catalogue' upstairs—let me get it."

He ran off and fetched the book.

"What is the plate number of the sheet?" he asked.

"Two hundred and twenty-five," I answered.

"Is it possible? Look here! See what it says"—(his hand trembled so he could hardly point to the page)—"Number 225, unused, 40s. each; used, 8s. 6d.' Oh, uncle, what a prize!"

I looked at the book—there was no doubt about it.

"Well," I said, "it seems that I have made a valuable collection without intending it. Let us see what it is worth—239 stamps at 40s. each, £478, and one at 8s. 6d.—£478 8s. 6d."

The nephew was pale and speechless with amazement.

"I must realise my fortune, Robin. I will go up to London to-morrow, and see what will come of it."

I went to the famous dealers in Philately Street, Soho. They were no less amazed than Robin. They said the sheet was probably unique, since Plate Number 225 of "penny reds" was extremely rare. The envelope bearing the first stamp of the sheet, which they called an "original," added to the interest and value of the sheet. And, to cut it short, they offered me, then and there, a cheque for £500 for the lot.

I thanked them, and accepted the offer. The cheque was written at once, and I left the shop.

As I journeyed home I resolved to devote that cheque to presenting a new gymnasium to my old school.

There, boys! I hope your curiosity is satisfied.

Bowling, Fielding, and General Hints.

BY C. B. FRY.

LET me begin with a general hint that concerns batting. Practice is the occasion for learning how to play. In a match you must forget all about how you do this stroke or that, and, simply concentrating your attention on every ball as it is bowled, play it as the instinct of the moment impels you. If you get thinking how you are to play you take your mind from the ball, which is fatal. If you have practised diligently your habits of playing will be so settled that you are unlikely to make your strokes otherwise than at the nets. In any case, as a practical hint: In matches think of the ball and trust to your eye.

Bowling is a difficult subject to tackle on paper. The fact is, save for a few simple pieces of advice, it is next door to impossible to help would-be bowlers. However, here goes.

EVERYONE HAS A NATURAL ACTION

in delivering the ball. There is no point in telling you what actions are good and what bad; for whatever yours may be, it is not much use trying to alter it. Perhaps it is worth while remarking that the higher you keep your arm the more sting are you likely to impart to the ball. Nevertheless, some first-rate bowlers have had low actions. Bowl naturally, and with your natural action always. Especially avoid chopping and changing your mode of delivery. Young bowlers often fancy they have cultivated a new action that is better than their usual style. It is a delusion. In bowling, it is a case of your own or none.

Some bowlers have by nature more spin and sting than others. One bowler sends down stuff that pitches and comes off the ground as from a feather bed: another, with no apparent reason for the difference, makes the ball nip off the pitch like a marble off a granite wall. This spin is a gift. But mind this—if you have the gift in a small degree you can increase it. Therefore, always intend in your mind to

MAKE THE BALL NIP FROM THE PITCH.

Constant intention leads to increase of power. Remember Mr. Sandow's dictum that to increase muscle you must do more than exercise it; you must think what you are doing. The body obeys the mind. The more you *will* to bowl with spin, the more likely are you to achieve the power of so doing.

You must be sure and find out what

distance of run-up and what sort of run-up before bowling best suits you. Most good bowlers take not less than six strides or so. But the faster the bowler the longer the run-up—in reason, of course. Be sure to stick to your run-up; make it a confirmed habit, so that you need never think about it. You must have your mind free for concentration upon evicting the batsman.

The two great principles of bowling are:—

“DIRECTION” AND “LENGTH.”

You must learn to bowl the ball in the direction you want, and to pitch it where you want. Some people say “Bowl straight and keep a good length.” But that rule is rather liable to make a novice imagine he must always bowl at the wicket. A great mistake.

To master direction you must simply practise bowling till you acquire the power of sending down the ball in the line you wish. Put up one stump and aim first straight at it; then aim a foot outside it. The point is to be able not only to hit the middle stump, but to send down at will a ball that passes about six inches outside the off stump. Remember that if you accustom yourself in practice to bowling straight at the middle stump, and nowhere else, you will gain a *mechanical habit of straightness, not a power over direction*. Do not confuse these two things; the former is not much use save against poor bats; the latter is a big part of first-rate bowling.

It is not easy to be precise about “good length.”

LENGTH IS NOT A FIXED QUANTITY.

It differs with different batsmen and different states of wicket, and different paces of bowling. Given a certain batsman, a certain wicket, and a bowler of a certain kind, then there is a spot on or near which the ball may be pitched with more inconvenience to the batsman than if pitched elsewhere. The slower the bowler and the slower the wicket, the smaller in extent is the spot. A bowler must obtain a similar command of length as of direction. He must be able to pitch the ball where he wishes. He must find out by experiment what length of ball is most inconvenient to each batsman in the circumstances of the day. Then he must use his skill in pitching the ball, having acquired this by

diligent practice. The best test of "inconvenience to a batsman" is to note the spot which finds the batsman in two minds whether to play forward or back; that is the spot to keep aiming at.

NO ONE CAN TEACH YOU HOW TO MAKE
A BALL BREAK.

That you must learn by experiment. When you can make the ball break, remember that good length is the first and essential point, break a subsidiary aid. Never sacrifice length to break. Again, remember that if the wicket is such that the ball will not bite, to try to make it break is useless. Try other dodges, such as changes of pace and direction.

If the ground bites well do not put on too much break—that is silly. Thank the wicket for saving you trouble, and be satisfied with an inch or two; that is enough, just enough to beat the bat.

Be enterprising in practice. Find out what you can do, or might learn to be able to do. Use your natural advantages to the full. If nature has given you an off-break, perfect your control of it; leave the leg-break to the future, and *vice versa*.

When you bowl in a match

REGARD THE BATSMAN AS YOUR DEADLY FOE,

and try to get him caught or stumped if you cannot clean bowl him. But go for him somehow, heart and soul. If he feels you are hostile you will find him the easier victim. Above all, do not let him feel you consider yourself unable to get him out. Never forget that there are other ways of outing a man besides clean bowling him. *Verb. sap.*

The great thing in fielding is to be keen. It is nonsense to say anyone can field if he tries. Some men can never field well, however hard they try. But everyone can be keen, and the keener you are the better you will field. Watch the batsman with all your eyes; expect a catch every ball and a ground-hit every other. Stand ready, with your hands handy.

INATTENTION IS THE CHIEF CAUSE OF
BAD FIELDING.

It is easy to be surprised into dropping a catch you would swallow if on the *qui vive*.

In throwing in from the near field, aim full pitch at the chest of the bowler or wicket-keeper—if the men are running. From the long field aim at the top of the stumps, and you will send the ball an easy first bounce.

Never remember a failure in cricket, except for the purpose of avoiding the cause of it in the future. Nothing stops a man getting runs or wickets more than bearing in mind the occasions on which he has failed.

You are sure to have runs of bad luck. Skill, not luck, gets you big scores and good analyses. But however great your skill, you may sometimes find everything go wrong. Forget each mishap, and start again without losing heart. Mr. W. L. Murdoch once played eleven innings with a top score of seven. In his next effort he made 211. So never despair. Play your game, improve it as much as possible, and try your hardest. Then you will be the best kind of cricketer.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. F. Mackie.—Do not force your length of stride in sprinting. In practice keep in mind the value of a long stride, and your stride will imperceptibly increase. In a race think of nothing save getting to the other end in the shortest possible time.

J. M. Onsey.—Both questions too difficult for me—like the bowler in question.

"Glendale."—Your decision was wrong. P was out because they had not crossed. As A got back before P reached A's crease, and as they had never crossed, A must be regarded as never having left his crease.

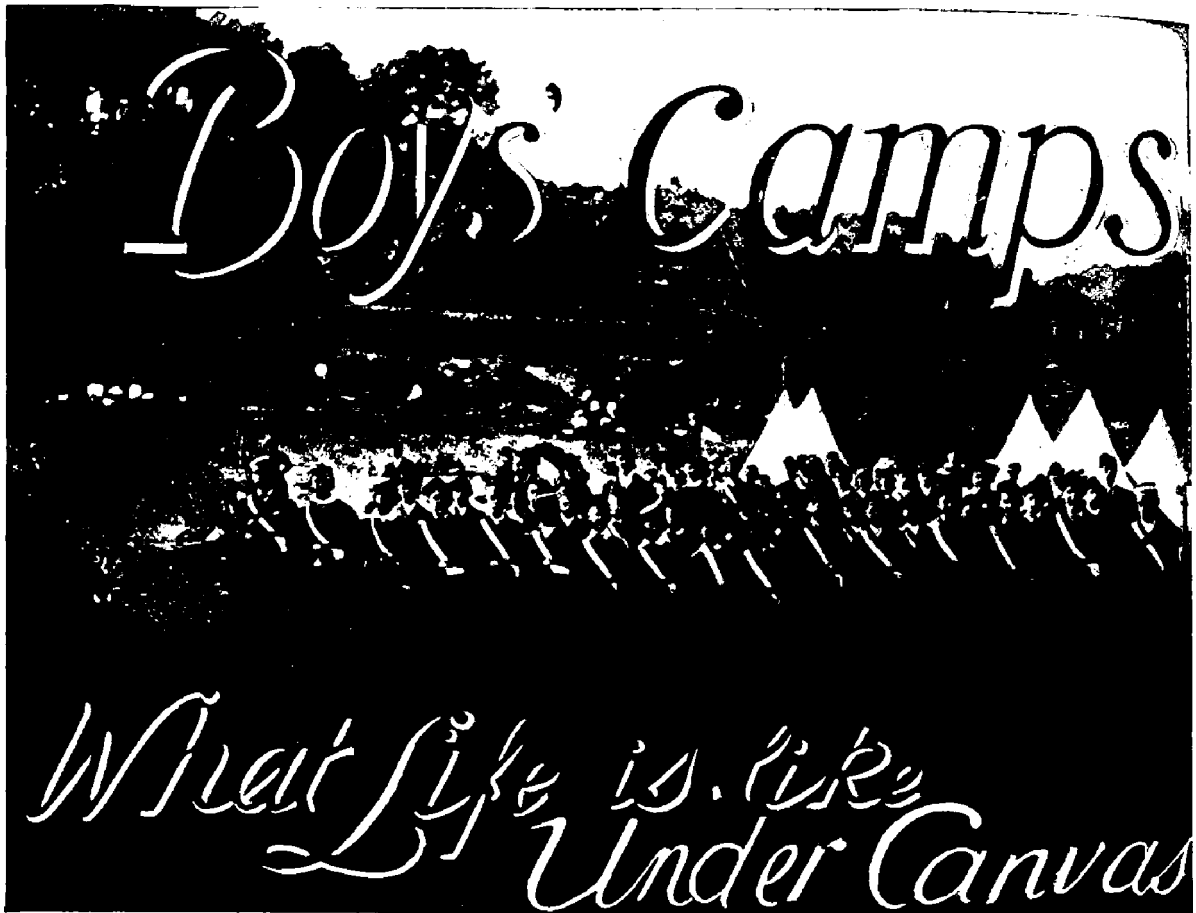
Cyril E. More.—If the batsman is in his crease before the bails are off, he is in. Personally, I find that when the ball hits the wicket the bails come off so quickly that there is no time between the two events.

"Weakling."—You are the first man I've met who measures his chest in feet. You are all right. Time will adjust your ins and outs. Inches don't count till you are some years older.

N. P. B. S.—100yds., under 13secs.; quarter mile, under 65secs.; long jump, 16ft.; high jump, 4ft. 7ins. But conditions vary so in school sports. Practise 50-yard spurts, with an occasional 300yds. Train four days a week.

F. A. F.—Go in for both, and chance it. Then you will begin being an all-round athlete. Play games when you can, and enjoy them for their own sake. A wonderful sprint means an exceptional fast time over a distance shorter than a quarter of a mile.

C. B. F.



BY GEORGE BULLIVANT.



"I'M ready, captain!" a boy in a large town remarked to the gentleman who, on the morrow, was going to take a party of lads for a week's camp. But the boy in question did not finish his remarks at the above point, for he added: "And

I guess there are thousands more who'd like to be ready."

That boy undoubtedly had a knowledge of human nature, for not one lad in ten would say "No" to an invitation for a week's camp in the country or at the seaside.

Of late there has been a great increase in the number of boys' camps throughout the country. This is due almost entirely to the Boys' Brigade and the Church Lads' Brigade, who have found out what the boys of the United Kingdom require. They have hit the mark so well that lads of all ranks have joined, and the public

school-boy, as well as his fellows, have fallen into line and joined these societies.

There is such a charm about these organisations that the boy from Eton and his compeer from Harrow and other schools have acted as sergeants over lads in their native towns, and, what is more, have even consented to be privates. This is not surprising when such "old boys" as Lord Wolseley, Lord Roberts, Lord Chelmsford, General Edgecombe, Major Dalbiac, M.P., and last, but not least, Mr. G. A. Henty, actually belong to one or other of the brigades, and in some instances put in a few days at the camp.

There is something about life in a camp that fascinates boys. First of all, it is conducted on military lines, and that means that discipline takes the first place. There are hundreds of boys who, when they are at home, are waited on hand and foot, yet these very boys enter with zest into the task of cleaning their boots or peeling



BOYS OF THE MANCHESTER B.B. CAMP PEELING POTATGES FOR THE DAY'S DINNER.

meals, wash the dishes, etc. While this work is in progress the other boys clean their own boots, put their kit in order, and get ready for inspection.

There are always "shirkers," and the boys who gain this character do not have a very pleasant time. Many amusing stories are told of the way in which culprits in this respect have been put right. On one occasion a boy was set to

collect up bottles which had been left in the field instead of being returned to the canteen. He did not like the task, and did not

collect up bottles which had been left in the field instead of being returned to the canteen. He did not like the task, and did not

potatoes for the cook. To belong to the "fatigue squad" is one of the great delights of the camp, and the general regret is that it only lasts a day, or, at the most, two days.

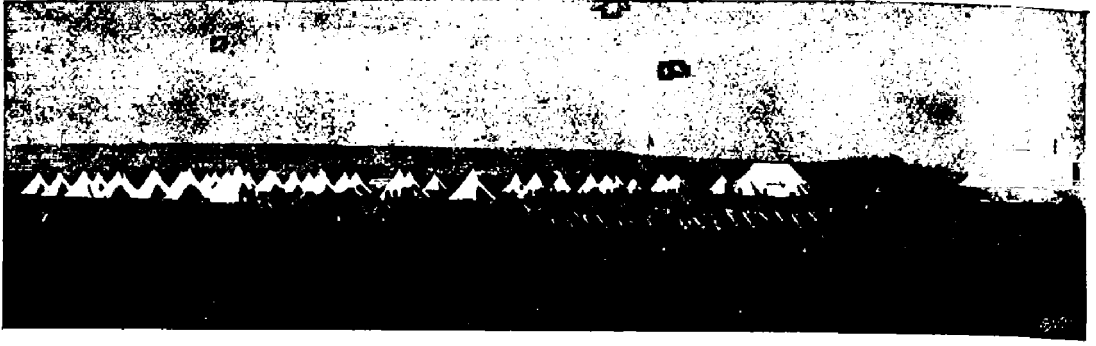
Naturally, no two camps are conducted precisely alike, for the attractions of some are greater than others, but the ordinary duties of the day are similar at all canvas gatherings. The programme is as follows: At half-past six the bugle sounds, and the boys have to get up and dress. Half-an-hour is given for this operation, and then comes the bathing parade—but more about this later. Breakfast follows at eight o'clock, with prayers by the chaplain of the camp, while two hours and a-half later there is a full-dress inspection of camp, followed by a parade for drill.

At one o'clock dinner is served, and then in the afternoon, until tea, at half-past five, the boys are left to their own devices. At half-past seven there is either a "march out," or games, which last two more hours, when the time has arrived for "tattoo, supper, and prayers." Finally, at ten o'clock, comes the order, "Lights out," and in a minute the whole camp is in darkness.

This is the programme of events as it concerns seven-eighths of the boys day by day. As a rule one-eighth of the boys serve daily on the "fatigue squad." Their chief duty is to clean the camp, fetch water, trim the lamps, help the cook to prepare



WHAT AN ORDINARY B.B. TENT HOLDS—OCCUPANTS AND FURNITURE.



THE CAMPING GROUND OF THE B.B. BRISTOL BATTALION.

mean to find any bottles, but he came to grief in making his report to his captain by exclaiming: "Please captain, I've been finding bottles all over the field, and I can't find any." Of course, he intended to imply that he had looked in vain.

It goes without saying that the camp has sentries on duty at night for a few hours at a time. At the slightest sound the challenge is given, "Who goes there?"

And the boys who are responsible for the safe conduct of the camp achieve the acme of strictness. No person is allowed to come to the camp or near it unless he has business and can give the password.

A good story is told of a camp in the Midlands. Two boys were on sentry duty, and one of them, to his horror, saw something white in the distance. He told his companion of this, but the latter laughed, and told him that his nerves must be out of order. But at that

moment "the man in white" appeared again in the neighbourhood of some trees, this time with a friend. Promptly the challenge was given, "Who goes there?" but the only answer was a shrill, ghostly laugh.

This in itself was quite bad enough, but when the "ghosts" seemed to be walking towards the sentries the boys turned tail, and roused the whole camp with their shouts of "Ghosts!"

Everybody

jumped up in alarm, and then laughed at the story, and finally put down their comrades for "muffs" when the ghosts could not be found.



THE TUG OF WAR AT THE C.L.B. CAMP, SUTTON-ON-SEA.



READY FOR CAMP INSPECTION AT THE B.B. BEESTON CAMP AT SKEGNESS.
 Photograph by J. B. Smith & Sons, Beeston.

The sequel of the incident, however, took place the following morning, and was provided by the gentleman who had lent the field for the camp. He said that his son from the 'Varsity was at home with a chum. The previous day they had played in a cricket match, and as they did not return until very late they kept on their flannels and strolled out in the grounds for a smoke before retiring. In their ramble they came across the camp, and when the boys challenged them they burst into loud laughter at the unexpected adventure. So it turned out, to the amusement of the whole camp, that the ghosts were two cricketers. The chaffing those sentries had to submit to can be better imagined than described.

There are, however, two more stories that must be told in connection with the sentries of these boys' camps, and, oddly enough, both of them are about bishops. It is a remarkable thing that camps for soldiers and volunteers do not attract the bishops, but last summer no less than three prelates consented to act as chaplains at camps for lads.

In a boys' camp a bishop cannot do what he likes. He has to obey rules as well as the lads, and the Bishop of Bath and Wells found this out last year. When a bishop in Australia Dr. Kennion often had to camp out in the bush,



MEMBERS OF A B.B. CAMP MARCHING BACK TO THE RAILWAY STATION AFTER TENTS HAVE BEEN STRUCK.

and he gladly consented to act as chaplain and do the same in the "Old Country." He expressed a wish to rough it like the boys, and accordingly his tent was placed right amongst those belonging to the rank and file.

One night the order "Lights out" was given, and the officer in charge some time afterwards noticed that one of the tents had a light. Thinking it was occupied by lads he rapped viciously with his cane on the tent. In as military a voice as he could command he said: "Now, then, put that light out," and was somewhat disconcerted when he discovered it was the bishop's tent, his lordship informing him that he was not quite ready for bed, but that he would extinguish it as soon as he could. The next day the bishop laughed over the incident as heartily as anybody.



BATTALION MARCHING IN COLUMN AT THE C.L.B. CAMP ON RICHMOND RACECOURSE.



AFTERNOON TEA AT THE B.B. CAMP AT CHIPPERFIELD.—WAITING FOR THE ORDER TO COMMENCE BUSINESS.

The Bishop of Wakefield was the hero of the other story. He was returning to camp one evening when the sentry challenged him: "Who goes there?" His lordship replied: "The bishop." "That won't do for me, my lord," the lad said; "you must say 'Friend.'" The bishop cried "Friend," and then was allowed to pass by the sentry with the words: "Pass, friend, and all's well!"

It goes without saying that one of the most popular items in camp life is the bathing parade. Most of the camps are held at the seaside, and every possible precaution is taken to see that the bathing is free from danger. Each day several of the best swimmers walk up and down the beach with

lifebelts, so that in case any of their comrades get into difficulties they can rescue them.

On one occasion, at a camp held at Killough, one of the camp officers was successful in saving a man from being drowned, and in consequence he obtained the certificate of the Royal Humane



THE AMBULANCE CORPS.

Society. At another camp, held at Minster, near Sheerness, the value of the bathing picket was proved, for one of the lads got out of his depth, and was being rapidly carried out to sea. The picket went in after him, and after an exciting struggle the drowning lad was rescued by his own chum, who had, in his eagerness to save his friend, out-distanced the rest of the picket.



BATHING PARADE, WITH NON-SWIMMERS WADING UP TO THEIR KNEES AS INTERESTED SPECTATORS.

At most camps sports are held, but, of course, a great deal depends upon the weather.

At one camp last year the rain was a great offender, and the following extract from a diary, written in a somewhat sarcastic vein by one of those present, will be found interesting:—

"On Thursday it still rained, but the weather cleared a little later, and in the afternoon we started the sports, and ran through all the events but three before the inevitable rain came. One event scratched was the 'Go as you please' race to Richmond and back. A Sunderland officer was at the Market Cross to see that all the competitors went round it before turning up the hill again. We did our best to get him up again to camp by sending messenger after messenger, but without effect. There is a tradition that he is still there, a martyr to duty, declaring that he will not leave the spot till the last wet and muddy competitor has been round the Cross. On Friday we opened as usual with rain, and the lads swam out of their tents."

It is surprising what a variety of entertainments it is possible to arrange. The cricket matches between the officers and boys, and with clubs in the neighbourhood of the camp, always provide plenty of attraction. Then there is always the possibility of breaking a record, as one slogger was able to do. He managed to

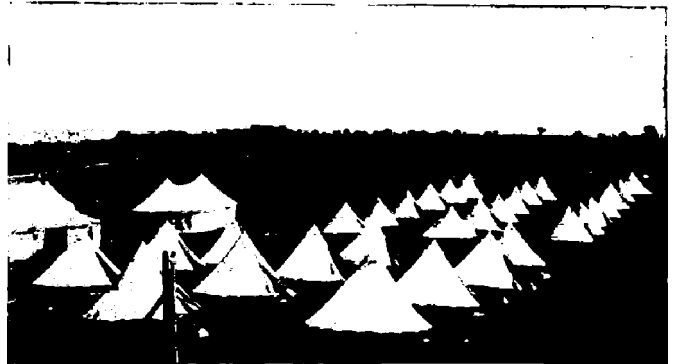
Some retired officer residing in the locality is asked to act as the "judge" and award the victory to the successful battalion.

The task of deciding who has won is often exceedingly difficult, and it is on those occasions that a "drawn battle" is declared. At one of these "drawn battles" a boy, amid great amusement, designated it the "Second Bunker's Hill."

One cannot do better than close with the musings of one who attended a camp last year. "Which of all our doings will live longest in our minds? Perhaps it will be the journey over the heather to the summit of the mountain to an altitude few had ever attained before; perhaps the glorious bonfire departure, which blazed into the night. Who can say?"



TOILET IN THE TENTS.



A TINY SNAP-SHOT OF THE SHAM FIGHT AT THE C.L.B. CAMP ON RICHMOND RACECOURSE.

THE TWO FAGS

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY



BY ALBERT LEE.

Author of "The Key of the Holy House," "The Inca's Ransom," etc.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—IV.)

ON his arrival at Ellingham School, Harry Baldwin, a new boy, meets Boardman, captain of Furguson's House, who promptly dubs Baldwin "Snowdrop," because he's such a pale youngster, and makes him his fag. Toplady, otherwise "Blotch," a notorious bully, knocks Snowdrop down a flight of stairs, with the result that he is laid up for a week. During this period Snowdrop makes many friends among the Lower School boys in Furguson's House, chief of whom is Tom Sinclair, nick-named "Sparrow." These two both fag for Boardman (who is a real good sort), and, consequently, they become fast chums. Boardman acts as "banker" for the Lower School fellows at Furguson's, and keeps the money entrusted to his care in a large iron-bound box which stands in his room. One day, whilst the box is open, Blotch comes in to borrow a book. Unnoticed by all save Snowdrop, Blotch casts greedy eyes on the money in the box. However, Blotch takes his book and goes away, but Snowdrop does not forget the incident. Soon, however, his mind is taken up with other matters, for he, Sparrow, and the other fags, unite against their common enemies, Blotch and his ally, "Scrawly"—an equally objectionable Sixth Form boy. After a scrimmage in Blotch's room one day, the Two Fags dart into the passage. Blotch and Scrawly, in hot pursuit, tear blindly after them, with the result that they run full tilt into Mr. Furguson, and all three go down together with a crash, while the Two Fags make good their escape.

CHAPTER V.

THE MALTESE CROSS.

WHAT passed between the tutor and those who knocked him over so unceremoniously, we never heard; but the supposition was that Blotch and Scrawly had some *poenas* to write on an extensive scale, for they were busy at their tables for the next two or three days, and were neither in the playing-fields nor on the river. Their fags had a pretty hard time of it, for Tony Anderson and Digby were in no sense sparing of uncomplimentary remarks concerning their fag-master,

and Dapper Mordaunt, who fagged for Scrawly, vowed that he would wipe out his injuries in a way that would make his fag-master's hair stand on end so soon as the chance should come.

By the end of the week, however, Scrawly and Blotch were at large again, and, no questions being asked, they went on with school work and recreation just as if nothing had happened. It goes without saying that Toplady was unpopular. It could not well be otherwise, for a bully never stands in good odour with the rank and file of a public school. But neither was Scrawly—whose real name was Marmaduke Camberwell—one for whom any had much affection. He was not exactly a bully, but, on the principle that birds of a feather flock together, he seemed a fit comrade for Toplady, and no one tried to appropriate him at the expense of his boon companion. Scrawly was good-looking enough and smart enough. Some fellows said that he was a sap who construed as cleverly as anyone in the Sixth, and turned out verses that made his tutor have a sort of sneaking regard for him, although now and again he had days of idleness.

He was a "wet bob" chiefly, and was number four in the Eight, pulling a capital oar, without great dash, but conscientiously and in fine form. He was also a "dry bob," and in the Eleven, being a first-class wicket-keeper, his long arms scrawling out, as it were, for every ball that passed the stumps. I do not know whether the term is a right one, since scrawling, according to the dictionary, applies only to irregular and inelegant writing; but Ellinghamites never drew nice distinctions. When it suited them to do so, they coined a word without hesitation. They did so in this case, and, because they said that Camberwell scrawled behind the wicket, they called him Scrawly.

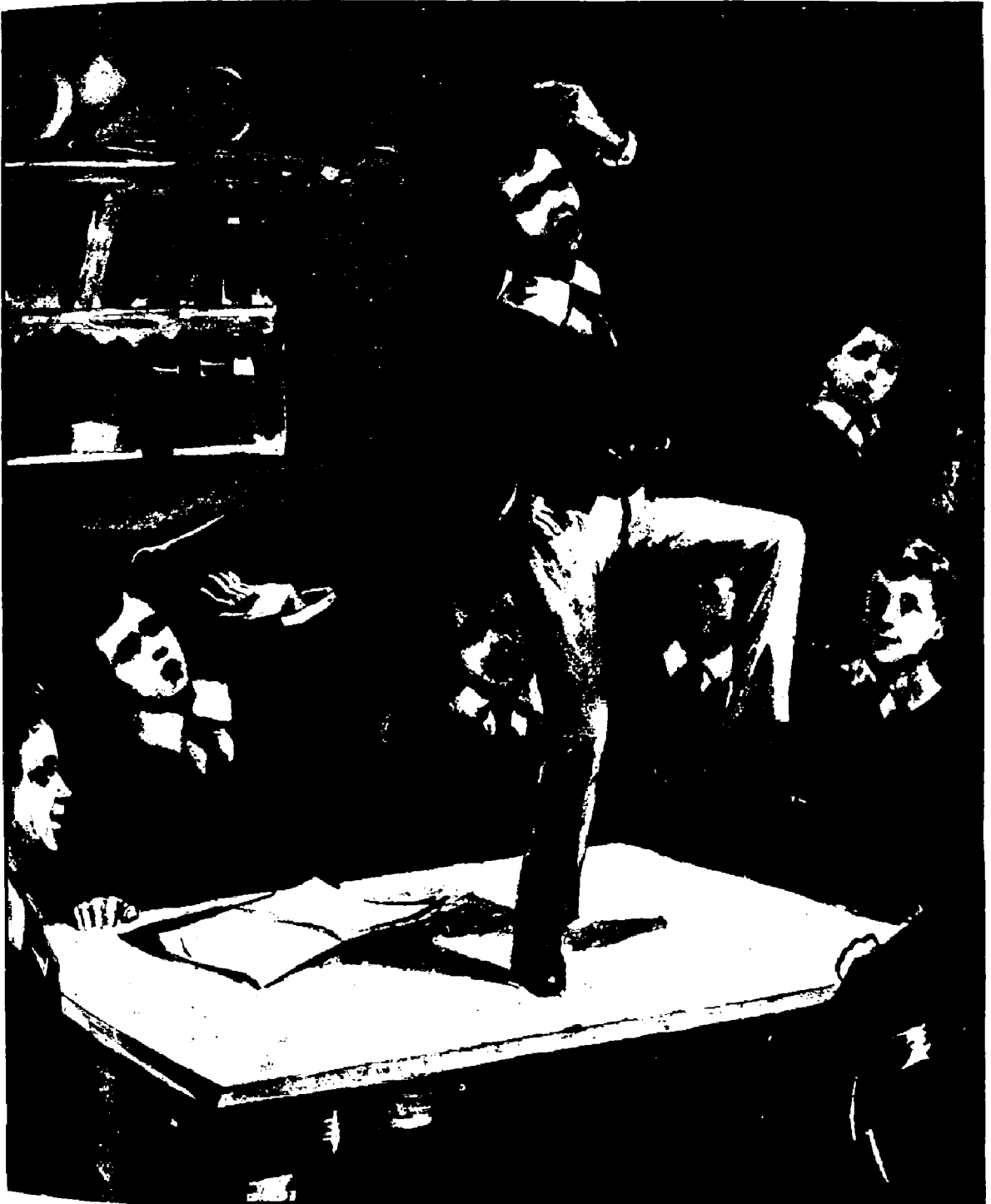
But when the boating and cricketing were all

allowed for, everybody except Toplady had done with him; and when it came to the every-day life of Ellingham, you found him isolated, as a rule, with only Blotch for a kindred spirit.

The next Monday after Blotch and Scrawly had begun to get about again was wet; at all events, it was too wet "after six" to go about, although it was not lock-up until a quarter to nine. Neither Sparrow nor I were in the mood to do any sap-

ping, and Sparrow, having a bit of spare cash which was hot in his pocket, suggested a supper party; but Dame Martin would not allow it because our boys' maid was out that night. Determined to have something in lieu of the supper, Sparrow proposed penny readings, and in five minutes we were all over the house, beating up an audience.

At seven o'clock the place was full up to the door, and three fellows had to be refused



"WHO'LL TREAD ON THE TAIL O' ME COAT, ME BHOYS!"

admission unless they occupied the window-sill or stood on the washhand-stand. They accepted the conditions, and then the proceedings began.

Williams minor started off with "Mollie Darling," but it was voted slow, so that he was told that when he came on again he was to be ready with something of a livelier nature. Paddy Turner was in fine form, but complained that the platform—which, by the way, was the chairman's table—was too small to do justice to his song, "Who'll tread on the tail o' me coat, me boys?" However, he made up for want of platform accommodation by a free use of his shillelagh, which slipped from his hand, and gave the chairman a knock which nearly necessitated a bandaged head. Banjo-playing was in great request, for Dapper Mordaunt, who had blacked his face with burnt cork for the occasion, gave us some nigger songs, which were received with such rapturous applause that it was the general wonder of the audience that Scrawly, whose room was underneath, did not send up word that we were to be quiet because he was sapping.

Tony Anderson was called upon to perform one or two of his famous conjuring tricks. Tony began by producing an egg, which one of the boys' maids had purloined from the kitchen, after which he requested the loan of my silk hat. He looked at it critically, and remarked that he would have been better pleased if I had lent him my best, because he thought the experiment would come off better; but I declined, luckily, as it proved, for the egg cracked, and he was obliged to throw it out of the window.

A second or two later there came a yell, and Sparke, who had been sitting on the window-sill, and was leaning out, announced to the audience that Scrawly had been looking out of his window, just below, and that the egg had fallen smack on the Sixth's head.

Someone proposed an immediate adjournment, but it took some time to move the chairs and open the door, and when that was done, and the meeting was about to break up in some confusion, who should come into the room but Scrawly.

He pushed his way in roughly, and handkerchiefs were in requisition; for the egg, in its descent, not much broken when it tumbled into my hat, had completely smashed on Scrawly's auburn locks, and now we had olfactory and ocular evidence of the fact on his appearance in our midst.

"Who threw that beastly egg on my head?" he roared; but since no one answered, it was left to the chairman to make explanations.

"We had no idea that your head was there, Camberwell, and no one had any wish to insult you."

"But who threw it out?" Scrawly shouted again.

"Well, that, of course, we can't say," the chairman responded. "But I am sure we're very sorry."

Scrawly swung out of the room savagely, leaving us to our own devices; but, as the programme had come to an end, the meeting broke up with much silent laughter.

Five minutes later Sparrow and I were alone,

and looking round before putting things tidy. But Sparrow chiefly spent his time in lying on the floor, tossing his legs about and laughing, while a handkerchief was thrust into his mouth to deaden the sound. He was rolling about like this when he espied something, and, reaching out for it, jumped to his feet.

"What's this?"

I was at his side instantly, and saw in his hand a handsome Maltese cross of solid gold, on the back of which was an inscription.

BARWOOD
ATHLETIC
CLUB.

M. Camberwell,

1ST PRIZE
QUARTER-MILE
FLAT RACE.

A debate followed between us as to what should be done with it. Dare we venture into his room? We decided to risk it, and went down. Scrawly was at his washing-stand, mopping away at his head, and sundry angry mutterings showed us that he was in a vile temper.

I had thought to beg his pardon, but feared to do so now. He had not seen us enter, being so occupied, and, tossing the cross on to the carpet as quietly as possible, we closed the door and came away.

We had cause to know that Maltese cross still more intimately before many days were gone.

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CHAPTER VI. ON THE ISLAND.

LATER in that same week Sparrow and I went to Bodman's raft, took out a skiff, and pulled up the river as far as Frog-pool Island. There we found a quiet spot among the rushes and pollard willows. Having tied the boat to a tree stump we sat down to read, but now and again our reading was interrupted by the hiss of the swans that swam about in the reach where Frog-pool Island lay. Doubtless there was a nest somewhere near, and the birds suspected our intentions; or possibly they supposed that we had biscuits or other dainties, and would throw them out some for the asking, just as most of the picnic people on the river did.

But reading was not easy that afternoon, for our attention was distracted by an occasional swan fight, when a bird of another reach was bold enough to invade the domains of the feathered owners. At times, too, a four-oar pulled by, and shouted out for information as to other fellows who had gone up; or some excursionists, down from London for the day, and provided with concertina or banjo, would pass remarks which were by no means polite. Of course, reading could not go on under such distracting conditions, so that

we flung our books down and began to talk, lying full length in the bottom of the boat, with hands folded behind our heads, which had the seat for a pillow.

Away in the distance were the grey and massive towers of the world-famed Barwood Castle, on the opposite side of the river to that on which Ellingham stood. Had we been on some high ground we might have caught a glimpse of the red tiles of the houses of that ancient borough which nestled beneath the walls of this stronghold, as if the nearness afforded security. In between us and that great pile lay the meadows, rich with buttercups, cowslips, and patches of cuckoo-flower, while far back against the rising grounds which bordered the river valley were hundreds of beech trees which were refreshing to look at in the glowing heat of that early summer afternoon.

It was so silent that one could very well have gone off to sleep that day. The corn-crake was crying out not far away. Then came the distant note of the cuckoo. Again, the water would splash against the boat-side after a steam launch had gone by, making our skiff rock in the little willow-shaded bay. Far away among the beeches and chestnuts were the wood-pigeons, whose plaintive "kurroo" could be heard continuously.

"I say, isn't this jolly?" said Sparrow. "But let's talk, or I shall go to sleep. And off he started on the topic of Scrawly's misadventure with the egg, and wondered whether the Maltese cross had been found by him on the floor of his room.

"Oh, it was," I interposed, for just then it was possible to get a word in. "I saw he had it on his watch-chain when we were going to chapel."

"That's all right, then," said Sparrow, with a yawn. "I say, Snowdrop, Blotch wouldn't have let us off so easily."

"He might have done when he thought of the *poenas* he would have to write if he did us any mischief," I suggested.

"H'm," reflected Sparrow; "there's something in that."



AS FOR THE BOAT . . . IT WAS AS GOOD AS A FIXTURE—THE KNOT WOULD NOT UNTIE. BLOTCH WOULD BOARD US, AND WHAT THEN?

Presently I shifted my position, and put my hands into my trousers pockets.

"Hallo! I forgot all about this," I cried, pulling a letter out. It was the same which I had absent-mindedly pocketed while hiding in Toplady's cupboard, and, as a matter of fact, I had worn another pair of trousers when we had gone on the river.

"Where did you get that from, Snowdrop?" asked Sparrow, now all alive. There was no semblance of a yawn about him, and when I told him all, and handed him the letter, he turned the envelope over and over.

"What will you do with it?" he asked, when I had ended.

"I don't know."

"Of course, you won't read it?" he observed.

"Read it?" I exclaimed, indignantly. "Of course not. It's not my letter. I can't imagine what made me put it into my pocket. I'll toss it into his room just as we did Scrawly's Maltese cross." I concluded.

"Then the fags might see it. Still, I know old Tony wouldn't be mean enough to read a letter that was not his to read."

Sparrow had scarcely said this when there was a sound close at hand, and looking up, to our horror we saw Blotch perched in a tree, but now beginning to descend. I jumped to my feet on the instant, and Sparrow, sprawling lengthwise, tried to undo the painter; but in his hurry he got the rope into a knot, which made it impossible for us to shove the boat off—a thing we were anxious to do; for who could say what Toplady might not do to us now that he had us all to himself, away from any who might stand by and see fair play?

"Give me that letter," shouted he, when his feet touched the ground; and then he came towards us with swift strides, saying, as he came, "I'll murder the two of you, if you don't."

We quite believed that he would do so, and began to cast our eyes round for a way of escape. There was none so far as we could see. On the land side was Blotch, able to run us down easily. Besides, if we got ashore, we could not get off the island without a swim where the river had a strong current. As for the boat, in the hurry it was as good as a fixture, for the knot would not untie. Blotch would board us, and what then?

"Cut the rope, Sparrow," I shouted, diving into my pocket for a knife, which I passed to him, opened, and ready for use. Sparrow held out a hand for it, and then turned back, intending to saw away at the painter; but before the blade had touched it I heard him say:—

"Confound it, it's gone into the water."

At that moment Toplady had his foot on the rowlock.

"Slam him with the boat-hook!" cried Sparrow, who was reaching out for a scull.

Self-preservation was everything then, and, snatching up the boat-hook, I brought it down smartly on Toplady's toes. The sudden pain made him yell out; but it did more. He forgot where he was, and threw his weight on the boat's side. The boat gave instantly, he lost his balance, tried to recover, but failed, then tumbled in amongst us, hitting his head against the seat when he fell. Not caring to be in such close proximity we jumped ashore. Thinking that the boat-hook might be useful for self-defence, I stuck to it when I sprang out to the bank. Sparrow, too, tossed a scull on land and then jumped; but the boat, swaying with my own leap, swayed still more when he moved, so that he fell short, and slipped down the bank. Toplady, by this time on his knees, grabbed my chum by the shirt, and began to drag him back into the skiff.

"Prod him!" shouted Sparrow, who, though awfully scared, had not lost his wits.

Down I went to my knees on the grass, and

gave Toplady a dig with the boat-hook, but he still held on.

"Let him go!" I cried; but he only swore at me, and threatened to flay me alive when he got hold of me. That settled the matter. I lifted the boat-hook again, and brought it down with a whack on Toplady's head, then gave him a vicious dig in the arm, hurting him so that he let Sparrow go, and began to rub the injured part.

"Run for it!" cried Sparrow, when he was on the grass beside me. We started off, with no more idea than the man in the moon how we could be any better off on the island than in the boat, except that we were not at such close quarters, and could play hide-and-seek to some purpose perhaps.

Thinking they might be useful, we took our weapons with us—Sparrow his scull, and I my boat-hook. They were somewhat of a hindrance, catching now and again in the trees; but we got a good start, and stuck to them. Toplady came on in hot pursuit, yelling out for the letter, which, however, Sparrow would not part with; indeed, he had pushed it into his pocket when Blotch appeared on the scene.

"Better give it up to him," said I, breathlessly.

"All right—presently. But let him run for it," panted Sparrow; and on we went, dodging and doubling.

Many a time Toplady stood still, confounded as well as savage, because, just when we were almost in his grasp, we suddenly divided and doubled, darting off in some other direction while he was pulling up. But once he was so blown that he sat down on a tree-root, and contented himself with swearing at us, and bidding us throw down the letter. Then we gave the bully sundry bits of good advice, and said things sufficient to make one mad. This cut Toplady's rest short, for he finally jumped to his feet and came after us with a rush.

The next time he rested we found, to our satisfaction, that we were near our boat, and made for it. Toplady understood our intention, and bounded after us. He came so near that there was only time to jump aside, and this we did. But it so chanced that Sparrow was trailing the scull, that proving an easier method of getting on. As we leaped sideways, to right and left, the scull remained in the way, and our pursuer, not seeing it, caught his feet in it, and went sprawling.

"Toss him his letter," I shouted.

"All right." And Sparrow dropped it as he ran. Then, taking our opportunity, we made a dash for the boat and jumped in just as our pursuer got to his feet and pounced on the letter. It was clearly an important one, but we had no time to think of that. Sparrow whipped out his own knife and cut the painter just as Toplady came up. For my own part, I had a scull ready, the blade stuck against the bank, and as soon as Sparrow called "Shove off!" I gave a thrust, and we floated into the stream. Even now, however, we barely parted company with our foe. He saw what we meant to do, and began to scramble down the bank just as the boat began to move. The



AT STATED INTERVALS WE HAD TO COME BACK FOR CALLING OVER, OR "ABSENCE."

attempt to grab at it caused him to slide on the soft, slimy riverside, and souse he went in the water up to his waist.

"Pull hard to the willows," said Sparrow, quietly sitting down, and taking up his sculls. I asked no questions, but pulled. Presently we slid alongside, and saw Toplady's new boat—one he had bought of Bodman the boat-builder.

"I have half a mind to scuttle her," said Sparrow, in whom the spirit of mischief was now in full activity.

"No, I wouldn't do that," I remonstrated. "We shall get into trouble. Untie the painter, and let her drift."

"Snowdrop, you're a genius," shouted Sparrow gleefully; and in a few moments we accomplished the task, drew the boat into mid-stream, and let her go. As she drifted on, gathering speed while she went, now with her nose to the bank, and then twisting round again stern foremost, we saw Toplady tearing along to the spot where he had landed.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MAN IN THE BARN.

How Toplady got away from Frog-pool Island we never discovered; whether he had to swim for it and then walk on the tow-path at the riverside, or whether Scrawly, whom we met pulling up-stream, found him and took him in, I do not know; and, what is more, I am afraid we cared very little. Our chief concern was to keep clear of the vengeance which was pretty sure to come.

But later events showed that Toplady had graver concerns to look after, and while it is scarcely likely that he forgot to repay us, he was otherwise so much occupied and harassed that, for the time being, we got off scot-free. What happened also served to explain his eagerness to get back the letter which he saw in our hands and overheard us speaking about while we were moored to the bank.

There came, not long after that incident on the island, one of the great days of the year at Ellingham, known to all the country round as

"Founder's Day." It was a "whole holiday," and was looked forward to by everyone with such eager interest that, as the day approached, the fellows forgot preparation so thoroughly that the number of *ponies* set in our form was something appalling, while the appearance of our exercises after the master had scrawled over them was quite as disconcerting. We had Founder's Day on the brain, and thought of nothing but that.

When it was actually with us we looked out of the window anxiously for signs of the weather. It was a tradition at Ellingham that it always rains on Founder's Day; but, if that was the rule, this one proved a glorious exception. It was one of those hot days when one thought of the cool river, and had longings for a visit to the Piræus, as our school bathing-place was called.

There was no lying in bed that morning, and whatever a fellow's health had been the day before, he was well enough now to take part in the festivities to which mothers and sisters, aunts and cousins came, however great the journey, sporting the Ellingham colours, and ready to spend unlimited cash in treating at the various hotels in Barwood, the town on the other side of the river.

The worry of it all was, that we could not get far away, since at stated intervals we had to come back for calling over, or "absence" in the school-yard. To our visitors this was a pretty sight enough, to see the boys standing in a semicircle, stretching from the fives wall, upon the steps near which the Head stood, half across the yard. As each boy's name was called he lifted his hat, said "Here, sir!" and walked away. Very pretty for the visitors, but to us who had this sort of thing every day, it had no charms.

In the afternoon came the cricket match, and it was then that Blotch's conduct set me thinking. Boardman had let me off all fagging for the day, except for the afternoon, when, like other Lower School boys, I had to do my part of carrying camp stools and hammock chairs for the use of the visitors who were friends of our respective fag-masters. There were many shady spots in the playing-fields, where the visitors could sit and watch the cricket, and notably beneath the gigantic elms, many of which had been planted by a provost in the time of the Commonwealth. Chairs set down in such places were esteemed the very thing by the Upper School fellows, and we who were fags were expected to carry them there. Still, we had the opportunity of watching the match, and noticing how the fellows of our own house got on, so that we had our fair share of the pleasures that were going.

The match was about three parts through, and Blotch, who had scored over five-and-twenty runs, was out, and had disappeared in the cricket lodge, when Mortimer, the porter at Ferguson's, came up with a telegram in his hand.

"Do you know where Mr. Toplady is, sir?" he said, coming to the place where I was standing.

"Yes," I answered; but before I could say any more the Head caught sight of Mortimer, and sent him on an errand. While passing me the porter asked if I would mind finding Blotch, since he must hurry; so I took the telegram at once. When I stepped into the lodge Blotch was alone,

pulling off his leg-guards. The other fellows were outside, talking about what was going on in the field. When I went forward Blotch looked up and scowled. He said nothing when I handed him the buff-coloured envelope, but tore it open eagerly. It was a fairly long message, and while he read it he first turned red, then pale; after that a frightened look came into his face, and he swore to himself. He had, perhaps, forgotten my presence, for when he looked up he turned on me savagely, and ordered me out of the place.

I saw no more of him until the procession of boats was formed. I had not expected to be more than a sightseer, but an hour before the start Boardman looked me up.

"Snowdrop, you must act as cox in the third Lower boat presently."

I looked up, astonished.

"Tony Anderson is cox of the boat!" I exclaimed.

"That's true; but the youngster has been feasting so liberally on strawberries and cream that he's gone to bed with a bilious attack. Come along and try his suit on. It should fit you, for you are about his size all ways."

Boardman was captain of the boats, and was busy making final arrangements for the procession. When he saw that Tony's rig-out did for me he gave me a few instructions, and left me in a state of excitement that rendered me speechless. I was sorry for Tony, of course, but in the seventh heaven at having a place in the Lower boats.

At last the signal came for the start. I was sitting in the coxswain's seat, arrayed in the garb of a navy lieutenant, and on my knees was a splendid bouquet of flowers, three times the size of my head. What cared I for the discomfort of my position, sitting up stiffly and awkwardly on a little seat where I held the ropes? Tony Fellows and Sparrow were among our eight, and chafed me, gave me instructions in a most patronising way, and said things which were complimentary, and the reverse, about my wearing cast-off clothing. But what cared I! I was in the boat, which was enough for me, and I settled down, returning the good-natured banter of all the fellows with interest. Then off we went, each one in our eight wearing his gay flannels, coloured scarf, and ribbons, like those in all the other boats, but only differing in the special colour of our particular crew.

As for the first boat, where Boardman acted as stroke, that was made up of ten fellows, the crack oarsmen of the school, and with them were Blotch and Scrawly. But I did not see them until we had pulled down the open space, lined with steam launches and pleasure boats, backed by a crowd of relations, and the people from Ellingham and Barwood. The procession set off amid the ringing of the castle bells, and the music of the band, in a boat that got into everyone's way and generally made things awkward. That, however, was all a part of the day's proceedings, and nobody cared.

A pull up the river for a couple of miles brought us to Shoreham Meadows, where we landed. It is the custom for each boat on its arrival at Shoreham to go leisurely to its own

particular table, where a capital supper is laid out for them, and, having drunk champagne, and eaten the good things provided by the hotel keeper on the other side of the river—at college charges, of course—to come down to the Fellows Egot to see the fireworks.

But we had started so punctually that there was time and to spare before supper was ready, and, leaving my bouquet in the boat, I went off for a stroll with Sparrow, to see a rat-hole, where he hoped some day to have some sport with the aid of a terrier, which Furguson's house-porter was going to lend him. Close by was an old barn, which I suppose was used as a

cattle-shed by the farmer who rented the land. We mooned about a bit, and then sat down on the bank, with the barn serving as a back rest. We had already squinted into the place through one or two holes which gave us a view of the interior, but it was completely empty. Before long, however, we heard voices, and recognising one of these as belonging to Blotch, and being too far away from the other fellows to run any risk of discovery, we kept quiet, little suspecting that we were to unintentionally overhear a conversation. If we could have slipped off, we should have done so, for this interview was none of our business; but Blotch might have run us down

easily, and none would know what he was doing to us, since two or three high-hedged fields separated us from the meadow where the supper was being prepared.

The other voice was unknown to us, and peering through the holes we saw that Blotch had strange company—a horsey-looking man, fat and vulgar, although he was well-dressed and wore rings which glittered whenever they caught the sun, as he smoothed his clean shaven chin. He had drawn a note-book from his pocket, and, having turned over the pages, began to talk in tones that were insolent to a degree.

"Did you get my letter, Mr. Toplady?"

"Yes, confound you!" said Blotch savagely.

"Softly, sir. I do not care for talk like that; but this I know, that you owe me a considerable sum of money over that betting transaction. And mark you, sir," the fellow added, holding up a forefinger, as if to emphasise what he had to say, "if the money is not forthcoming within seven days, I shall go and see your father first, and then the Head."

Blotch's face was turned towards the light, and we saw that he was awfully scared. He took off his straw hat, and mopped his forehead with a hand that trembled, and, much as we disliked him, we felt half sorry, and savage to think that a low-

bred fellow like this betting man should talk so to an Ellinghamite. Blotch said nothing, for the man gave him little time to reply.

"I sent you a letter which you ought to have answered."

"I lost it," interrupted Blotch, telling half the truth.

"So much the worse for you, then, if anyone found it. But I was going to say, you ought to have answered that letter. What's due is due, and you owe me £70. When are you going to pay?"

"I haven't got as much," faltered Blotch.

"But you must get it; otherwise I shall tell your father."

"It would ruin me!" exclaimed Blotch. "He is so down on betting that he would

cut me off clean, and I should be no better off than a crossing-sweeper."

"I can't help that. I intend to have my money, and it must be paid by this day week."

"Will you give me till the end of July?" pleaded Blotch.

"No, I won't!" said the man decisively.

"Will you give me a fortnight, then?"

The man smoothed his chin thoughtfully, and did not speak for a few moments.

"If you will make the seventy into seventy-five, you shall have a fortnight."

The great drops of perspiration stood out on Blotch's forehead, and he wiped them away,



"WHAT'S DUE IS DUE, AND YOU OWE ME £70. WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO PAY?"

while there was a look of desperation on his face.

"I know no more where to find the money than the meanest cad in the country," he faltered.

"Then steal it," said the other, laughing, and putting the note-book back into his pocket.

"Serve Blotch right," whispered Sparrow; "but I'd like to punch that fellow's head just the same. Steal it! Nice one he to have anyone in his clutches."

"This day fortnight, Mr. Toplady," said the betting man, turning on his heel, and walking off without another word.

Now we understood why Blotch was so madly anxious about the letter I had found, and why he chased us about Frog-pool Island.

"Serve him jolly well right," said Sparrow again and again, as, when the coast was clear, we went back to join the supper party on Shoreham Meadow.

CHAPTER VIII.

A TELEGRAM FOR THE CAPTAIN.

FOUNDER'S DAY had become a thing of the past, one among many others of the same—hundreds, one might say, for it was the proud boast of the Ellinghamites, from the Head and Provost down to the newest boy, that the school was a very ancient one, founded in the fifteenth century by a pious king, who one day arranged the establishment of a King's College of our Lady of Ellingham. But that far-off day was one of small things, seeing that there were at the start only twenty-five poor grammar scholars. It was a school now, however, which numbered a large number of collegers, or free scholars, and hundreds of oppidans, whose parents were prepared to pay handsomely for the admission of their sons into all the privileges and prestige which came of belonging to Ellingham.

But this is so much wandering away from what I meant to speak about. I had intended to say that when Founder's Day had gone by, the old routine asserted itself. *Poenas* came as plentifully as ever. There were the old struggles to maintain one's position in the school, evasions in the matter of fagging, grumbings about extra work, which the masters never forgot to ask for, dodges to make the work come as easy as possible, and lamentable failures in the attempts, scrapes with old Boardman because he caught us cribbing, and so forth.

Moreover, old Boardman kept his eye on Sparrow, and, on my advent to Ellingham, on me as well, in the matter of getting into debt. He would have his suspicions at times that we were buying in things beyond our means, and then would send for us to his room, and talk "like a father," as Sparrow put it. Sometimes he saw that his talk was not exactly palatable, and then he would go on to say that he had our good at heart, wanted to see us turn out well, a credit to our house and to our fag-master; which, when not in the best of humours, Sparrow would call "tommy-rot."

But, take him on the whole, old Boardman was hard to beat for downright goodness and generous feeling. Fellows like Scrawly and Blotch had to forego many a revenge, and stop short of many a cruelty because the captain was about.

The full swim of school work did not drive out the memory of that interview in the outhouse at Shoreham Meadows. Now I called to mind what I had nearly forgotten—the coming of Blotch into Boardman's room that afternoon when our fag-master was showing us the contents of the iron-bound box. I remembered the money that was lying on the table while Boardman was looking for his "Terence," and Blotch's greedy look at the gold and silver scattered about. It was easy then to put two and two together. This bookmaker had begun to dun Blotch for his betting debts, and he would have gladly had that money to clear himself; but, of course, he had not the chance.

During the days which followed Sparrow and I, knowing what we did, kept our eye on Blotch, and wondered how he would get out of the scrape.

We saw how absolutely miserable he was, and were not the only ones to remark it.

"Serve him jolly well right," said Sparrow one evening, when four or five of us were talking about it in the pupil-room.

He was saying something like that when Mortimer came in with a telegram in his hand.

"Where's Mr. Boardman?" he asked, quickly.

"Oh, I know," said Tory. "What's up?"

"A telegram for him," was the answer.

"Then give it to me, and I'll find him," said Sparrow, running across the room. It was his business or mine, as fags, to find him on emergencies; and beckoning to me while he slipped the envelope into his pocket, he put on his hat and waited.

"Where did you see him last, Tory?" he called out.

"At Bodman's raft."

"Come along, Snowdrop." And off we started down High Street at a steady trot. "A telegram for old Boardman must mean something particular. I hope it's nothing that will trouble him"

In spite of all Sparrow's grumbles about the captain he thought great things of him, and did not like to fancy that the telegram might be an occasion for sorrow. "I wouldn't like him to be put out, you know, Snowdrop, for, after all, he's a trump through and through, if he does jaw one sometimes."

The man at the raft told us that Boardman had gone up the river with Chang, since they were practising for the school-house races; and, thinking it would save time, we put on our boating togs in the boat-house, and, taking a skiff, pulled up the river. Some of the fellows were bathing at the Piræus, and when we shouted to know if the captain had been seen, we were told that he was up the river by the Burton Lock. Presently we espied Boardman and Chang coming down full speed. They shot past us, and would have gone out of sight and hearing had we not



"A TELEGRAM FOR BOARDMAN."

shouted to them, while Sparrow frantically waved the buff-coloured envelope.

"A telegram for Boardman."

The boat pulled up with a tremendous splash as the blades cut in and backed water; then, while they came towards us, we pulled down their way.

"Is it for me?" said Boardman, somewhat anxiously.

"Yes," said Sparrow, handing it over.

It was torn open instantly, and then the captain cried: "Good Heavens! *'Come at once. Mother ill.'*" He waited to say no more, but, slipping the telegram into his pocket, called on Chang to pull for dear life, and before long they were round the bend in the river, and out of sight.

"Poor old Boardman!" we said, spontaneously; for, while the captain said little, we knew how disappointed he had been that his mother was too unwell to come to Ellingham on Founder's Day.

By the time we had got back he was gone. Our tutor had looked out his train, and one served most conveniently, so that he lost no time.

When prayers were over, and we were coming out, Sparrow suggested that we should sleep in Boardman's room for the fun of the thing. We could fling ourselves on to our own beds and make them a bit untidy in case the boys' maid came in before we got back to our rooms in the morning, and then, when the other fellows were quiet, we could slip along the passage and lie in the captain's "lordly bed," as Sparrow called it. And that, of course, we did, because we knew that no boys' maid would enter the room till six o'clock at the earliest.

Boardman's bed was all ready for him, since the boys' maid knew nothing of his departure, and supposed that he would occupy it as usual.

Jumping in, we lay down in sweet comfort. But the moon shone in so gloriously that we sat up in the bed again and had a good look round.

We had pushed the door together, but had not turned the key in the lock, and presently we heard a sound as of a handle being turned stealthily.

"By Jove, we're caught!" said Sparrow in a whisper, and, lying down quickly, he covered his head with the bedclothes. I lost no time in doing the same thing, fearing that the tutor was about to enter. Fortunately, the moon was not shining across the bed, but, coming slantwise through the window, lit up the room in that part where the iron-bound box lay, so that it could be plainly seen, while we were hidden in the semi-darkness.

"Let's hope he won't find us, if it's Ferguson," whispered Sparrow. "If it is, there's forty lines for certain, and I've quite enough on hand at present."

"Hush!" said I. "He'll hear you."

"Not he," came the response.

But what followed startled us still more than if it had been our tutor. The door opened, and we heard some footsteps. Peeping out we saw someone standing in the moonlight, saw his shadow fall across the floor, and from the general shape we knew it to be Blotch. He stood irresolutely, as if he would turn back and go out of the room again, but while he hesitated, a whisper travelled across from the door.

"Go ahead. Don't waste time."

That was Scrawly's voice. Anyone could have sworn to it. We looked round, but could not see him. The door was ajar, and he was evidently standing half in and half out of the room, on the look-out.

We were fairly frightened; for we knew that we should stand small chance if these two big fellows found us. We could not think what their business was; but since everything was done so silently, so mysteriously, one might

say, and with such stealth, it was mischief of some sort that brought them to Boardman's place.

"Slip out your side, Snowdrop," whispered Sparrow. "Get under the bed; but go quietly, or we are done for."

There was no need to tell me to be quiet. The hint as to what to do was enough, and almost before Sparrow knew it, I was on the floor, and crawling under the bed, where we were in perfect hiding, unless anyone brought a light and searched for us. A moment or two later my chum was with me, and we lay, chests on floor, watching.

"Why don't you go ahead?" said Scrawly, again. "You'll lose the chance."

"I don't really like the job now I'm here," answered Blotch, and there was a tremor in his voice.

"Then more fool you. You have a chance you may never get again. Boardman's clean out of the way — make something of that."

"That's right enough," said Blotch, still standing in the full flood of the moonlight. We could see his feet moving restlessly. Now he was turning this way, then that; now as if he meant business, then as if he were about to pass to the door, his task, whatever it was, undone.

"Do you mean to funk?" said Scrawly impatiently.

"I feel half like it," came the answer.

"Then take the consequences, since you haven't courage to save yourself. What do you suppose Swernton will say if you haven't the money when the day comes? As sure as you're alive he'll tell your father. And if he doesn't do that, he'll tell the Head, and—by Jove! I don't know which would be worse. You're in an awful fix, so the best thing is to go ahead, and get the thing done."

I lay there alongside Sparrow, watching in-



"WHY DON'T YOU GO AHEAD?" SAID SCRAWLY, AGAIN. "YOU'LL LOSE THE CHANCE."

tently, and full of wonder. We knew of Blotch's difficulty, knew of the alternative which that horsey-looking man had put to him, whom we saw and heard at the outhouse in Shoreham Meadows on Founder's Day; but what object Scrawly and Blotch had in view I could not imagine. Our only plan was to wait and see what was to follow.

(To be concluded.)

Albert Bee

ENGLAND v. FRANCE AND GERMANY.

A Story of a Cricket Match in India.

SKETCHES BY TOM BROWNE.

UGGANAICKPALLIUM is a commercial seaport on the eastern coast. Beyond the usual complement of district officers — I was one — the society of the station was composed almost entirely of French *negociants* and German *kaufmanns*.

We freely intermingled; they and their womenkind took kindly to our lawn tennis, our badminton, our croquet, and our boating, while we equally appreciated their magnificent

billiard tables, their open hospitality, where we would be regaled with music—at the German houses especially — such as our own fair daughters of Albion could not treat us to.

But lately — that is, about the time of my being appointed to Jugganaickpallium—some fresh blood had been infused into the English community in the person of a new district superintendent of police, a new civil surgeon, and myself. We liked the foreigners, but we missed one great desideratum, and that was cricket. We found, on inquiry, that, though we English mustered some twenty males, there was not such an article as a bat in the place. We sounded the others on the subject of starting a cricket club. The Britishers unanimously approved, but our French and German friends did not

"cotton" to the idea. At a meeting convened for the purpose, M. La Rive, the chief French resident, supported by Herr Gorlitz, the most influential of the Germans, expressed the views of the "foreign faction"—as we termed them among ourselves—in unmistakable terms.

"It is not game, vat-you-call, intimate to

French peoples," said La Rive. "I have seen ze Engleesh at ze play in Marseilles; thees contry it makes itself ver hot for ze creeket; we sall die, we sall suffaire of ze *coup de soleil*, vat-you-call, ze beat of ze sun. *Ma foi!* but it is dangerous. I spik for my contry peoples. We reserve ourselves from ze vote."

This clinched the matter; we decided to start the cricket club ourselves. We set aside every other day from two to six in the afternoon; we selected the ground; we procured a complete outfit from Madras. Every Englishman, in honour bound—whether he knew a lob from a leg-guard—joined, and the consequences were that for half the week our French and German fellow exiles found themselves deprived of our society.

Some of the original sojourners who joined us were very rusty, and Pack, the policeman (not in the home acceptance of the term, remember, but an officer drawing, all told, something like £800 per annum), Giles, the medico, and I, had hard work in licking our brethren into shape. At first, the French and Germans were conspicuous by their absence from our field; they kept studiously away—men and women. Some few of the latter, however, began turning up in our tent; but more to deride and endeavour to wean us away to the boats, than to look on and approve. But we were not to be so lured.

We intended, during the coming Christmas week, to challenge the team of a neighbouring station to a three-days' match, and we had barely six months before us to get into form. At last our friends began to put in an appearance—La Rive and one or two others. We hailed their presence with acclamation,



WE WERE REGALED WITH MUSIC.

and offered to initiate them into the mysteries of "ze creeket"; but they resisted our overtures, standing apart and whispering among themselves. In due course, not a cricket afternoon passed without many of them coming to witness the play. They kept aloof, and appeared to pay the greatest attention to our proceedings; talking, gesticulating, and scrambling for a small book, which seemed to possess an uncommon interest for them all.

The introduction of cricket seemed fated to upset the doings of our community; it had already extinguished two of the boating evenings; but as this pastime was so popular with our *Mesdames* and our *Fraus*, tennis and badminton had to give way thereto. Again, hitherto our mornings had generally been spent in riding parties; now however, we noticed a falling off at our equestrian meets on the part of French and German gentlemen riders; although their better halves showed up as usual. We sounded the fair horsewomen on the subject of this defection, but could obtain no satisfactory reply. "Ze gentilmans are busy; zey render zemselves togezaire to talk vat you Ingleesh call 'ze shop,'" they would laughingly tell us, and with which we were forced to be content. Another noticeable fact; La Rive, the head of the firm of La Rive, De la Nougerede et Cie, lived in a palatial bungalow on the extreme outskirts of the station, and it was generally there that we assembled after our morning rides; we were never invited to do so now. Further, our doctor, Giles, who had been called in to see little Félicité La Rive, remarked that the extensive lawn at the back of the house, and on which we had played many a good game of tennis, was now enclosed by a tall screen of palmyra leaves! All these little incidents taken together, though not actually proving a state of strained relationship between us and our neighbours, nevertheless rendered obvious the fact that things did *not* run so pleasantly as heretofore. However, we said nothing; we stuck to our cricket; we endeavoured to make

ourselves as agreeable as possible in all other respects, and matters continued in the same semi-satisfactory manner.

Christmas drew nigh; we had knocked together a fairly respectable eleven, and we were thinking of sending our challenge to Godari, when on this particular morning at Pack's house, while discussing on ways and means, a large-sized letter was handed to our host.

"Who can this be from?" muttered Pack, opening the missive. He read for a few seconds, then threw down the paper, and chuckled unctuously. "The murder's out!" cried he. "Listen:—

"The Franco-German Cricket Club of Jugganaickpallium will hereby cast down the gage to the English Cricket Club of Jugganaickpallium, and request the honour of the game of play at the convenient time and place while the Holiday of Christmas.

"Achille, St. Cyr de la Rive,
"THE CAPTAIN."

"So that's what they've been up to,"

exclaimed Moggeridge, the sub-collector. "Deep beggars, making no sign, and bursting like a thunderbolt on us! We'll play them, of course, eh?"

"Gad! I should think so," said Giles. "Twill be rare fun, I bet."

"No one has been coaching them, eh?" asked Pack.

There was no such traitor in the camp; no one had the faintest suspicion of our neighbours' intentions, so well had they masked their proceedings. The absence of the men from the morning rides; the enclosed tennis courts; their steady attendance at, and attention to, our practice games, were all now accounted for. Well, to make a long story short, the challenge was accepted, and, in due course, the day of the match came round. Our opponents were evidently in earnest, for at the hour appointed they all appeared, accurately attired in brand new flannels, with tricoloured "blazers" and tricoloured ribbons round their "deerstalker" hats. The tents were crowded with the beauty and fashion of the locality, and the ground was in first-rate condition. La Rive, who captained



"WE RESERVE OURSELVES FROM ZE VOTE."



WHISPERING AMONG THEMSELVES.

them, told us in a short speech that they had determined to try and like cricket, and had tried to learn the game. At first they were dead against it, but seeing that we were so enthusiastic, and matters as they stood being likely to cause dissension, which might tend to interfere with the friendly understanding which had hitherto existed among us, they had all put aside their own prejudices, accepted the inevitable, and made up their minds to assimilate themselves with their English friends in this respect as they had done in others. He confessed he intended this as a surprise for us; he thought he had fairly succeeded, and he hoped that France and Germany combined would be able to beat England in cricket, if not in anything else! It being a purely English game, they, on their part, he said, had decided to use nothing but the English language—even to each other—while playing it.

Now the fun began.

This being the first regular match, we had umpires, and their presence had to be explained to our antagonists. Pack and La Rive tossed. Pack won, and we elected to put them in, a proceeding which they looked on as a polite concession, for they broke out into a chorus of thanks, and only half believed us when we told them that our self-denial was somewhat qualified with self-interest. They were made up of six pure Frenchmen, two "Pondies," or Pondicherry creoles, and three Hamburgers. Describing the match *in extenso* would occupy too much space, so I will confine myself to recording the more salient comicalities thereof. Truly it was exquisite fooling from start to finish, and my very jaws ache from laughing as

I write with the remembrances and recollections of that never-to-be-forgotten day green in my memory.

"The other way, sir—the other way round!" admonished the umpire at my end—I was to take first over—to Versonne, the batsman facing me, who held his bat convex side to front!

"Ze nonsense!" ejaculated Versonne in reply.

"No nonsense, sir," said umpire, our head lock-keeper, and an old soldier. "Turn your bat round, sir."

Versonne, still incredulous, hereupon took his bat by the blade and poked the handle into the block hole.

Naturally we were in smothered fits, and our wicket keep, choking with laughter, explained matters to the mystified Versonne, who bowed and raised his hat in acknowledgment of the hint; whereupon, wicket-keep, in duty bound, also bowed and raised *his* hat.

Straight or wide, lob, half volley, full pitch or half pitch, slow, medium, or swift—it mattered not; they swiped at everything that came, and ran as if they were on hot bricks, encouraging each other in grotesque English the while. We laughed till we could scarcely stand; and for myself, who bowled from one end throughout the innings, often had I to wipe the tears from my eyes before delivering a ball.

Their vociferations from the tent, all in our tongue, added to our risibility; the roll they gave to the letter "r" in the reiterated cry of "Rron! Rron!" when their men made a hit; their vituperations when anyone bungled or got out were intense in their drollery; all enhanced by their earnestness, and the evident idea that everything they said and did was quite *comme il*



"THE MURDER'S OUT!" CRIED PACK, "LISTEN!—

fait. Whenever they did get on to the ball, they either skied or tipped it; they had the crudest notions of defence, ignored block, and often stood to receive either with all three stumps uncovered, or with their legs where their bats ought to have been. But what more could we expect? Their knowledge of the game was the outcome of a few weeks' observation and the superficial study of the rules book, only a single copy of which they appeared to have among the lot of them. It was altogether French, this undertaking of theirs; something quixotic, beyond all doubt.

At the first call of "Over," which the old lock-keeper delivered in stentorian tones, the two batsmen, seeing a general move on the part of the field, and not comprehending the term in its correct sense, evidently concluded that play had come to an abrupt termination, for they exchanged glances, shouldered their bats, and walked off towards the tents! We had to run after them, explain, and bring them back again.

We disposed of them in rapid succession, and La Rive came in half way down.

"Hourrrrah, La Rive! Go for ze bik score! Mak ze numerous rrons!" were the cries that helped their champion on his walk to the wickets.

"How's that?" asked Childs, after delivering the first ball.

"Out!" ejaculated the umpire. I was wicket keep. Childs had put on no break. La Rive was plainly "l.b.w." The Frenchman did not move.

"You are out, La Rive," I remarked.

"Who has said?" he asked fiercely.

"The umpire at the other end."

"*Ze ompire!*" he echoed. "Vy you haf said I am out?" he added, shouting to that functionary, who happened to be another soldier, employed in the Customs.

"Ne'er a doubt of it, sir," he replied. "You was leg before wicket."

Hereupon La Rive left his ground, walked across, and towered over the umpire, a little sturdy old Kentish Buff. "I vas not!" thundered the Gaul.

"Yes you was!" retorted the Briton, his choler rising.

"I vas not! I tell it to *you!*"—(*crescendo.*)

"Yes you was, and I tell it to you—there!"

"Again I tell you mine leg vas not before ze wicket."

"Well, all I can say is you *was* leg before wicket! Ain't I got eyes?"

"Pack!" cried La Rive to our captain, who, shaking with laughter, stood amid the crowd which the altercation had attracted. "Vat is ze nonsense zat ze old Smeed spiks? How he arrives to ze decision? Is it imperatif zat one obeys him?"

"My dear fellow," explained Pack, struggling with his mirth, "Smith is umpire, and his decision is final; he's there for the purpose of answering appeals. Child's ball, you see, did not break, it hit your leg; and if your leg had not been there it would have taken your wicket. Smith also saw this, and on Childs appealing to him he gave you 'out.' It's all fair and square."

Poor La Rive! He walked away crestfallen. Evidently, on getting back among his fellows, he warned the balance yet to come in on the subject of "l.b.w.," for now the batsmen carefully stood about a yard to the "on," blindly slogging from that position, and, of course, getting bowled out one after the other.

They were all disposed of for twenty-three runs; but the fun, so far from taming down with the close of their innings, continued fast and furious. After the given interval they issued forth from their tent, headed by La Rive, armed with leg-guards and gloves. He was evidently going to wicket-keep; but when the whole eleven streamed out similarly accoutred we simply choked.

"Halloa, La Rive!" cried Pack, who was



TOM BROWNE

POKED THE HANDLE INTO THE BLOCK HOLE.

going in first with me. "I say, all don't want guards and gloves."

"But vy? It is optional, is it not?" asked the Frenchman.

"No!" laughed Pack. "Only allowed for wicket keep."

La Rive's travesty of that important post was execrably funny. His imitation of us intensified in absurdity when we recollected that he and his fellows were acting in all seriousness, and that, under the impression of having mastered the game, they deemed themselves justified in making this attempt to beat us with our own weapons.

Reraud and Cardorrier, their bowlers, were very swift underhanders, and it was worth a king's ransom to watch La Rive standing boldly to his wickets during intervals, only to dodge and even hop out of the way when the ball came. Was there ever such delicious folly? I felt perfectly unstrung; Pack and I did nothing but laugh, and we were unable to do much more than block every ball.

"How you are amused yourselves! How ze great joke!" remarked La Rive, sardonically, during a wait.

"Can't help it, my dear fellow," I replied hysterically. By now we were quite out of hand, and made no effort to subdue our mirth. To their credit be it said, our opponents took our hilarity wonderfully well; but this only added fuel to the flame, and turned

the whole affair into a veritable saturnalia for us; we did nothing but laugh, and our tent resembled a pandemonium from the same cause.

Gorlitz stood point; I cut a ball at him. So far as position went, he could not have been better; he copied our own point perfectly; but as the ball flew at his shins, he jumped clear of it with surprising agility; cover point also failed to stop it; so Gorlitz

and he raced after it. Cover had just picked up the ball when the German got up to him, and tried to snatch it away. Cover resisted; they grappled, and the field concentrated round them to see the fun. I and Pack could not run for laughter, and there ensued a break in the game. The disputants, followed by the rest, came to La Rive, who kept his place at the wicket, growling choice French under his beard.

"The ball it was mine!" commenced Gorlitz breathlessly, on coming up.

"Zen, duffaire zat you are, vy have you permitted it to rron?" asked cover, a Frenchman.

"The ball is it not to me?" appealed Gorlitz to La Rive.

"But you let it, and Querrieux he vas correct

to pursue. Go you all back to your stations," continued La Rive loftily, and the farce proceeded.

"Peetch him the more, Cardorrier," admonished the captain, as that bowler was about to commence an over.

"No ball!" shouted Smith.

"Vat ees zat?" asked Cardorrier.

"No ball, sir; counts one for t'other side."

"My friend, you will please explain to me."

"You see this 'ere line, sir? Well, one of your feet must be ahint of it as you bowls."

"But ze Capitain M. La Rive, vat he tell me now?"

"Told you to pitch 'em up, sir."

"Vell, for to do

so it must to approach near, is it not?"

I and Pack having made forty runs between us, he declared the innings closed. The other side did not understand this, and, with creditable sporting spirit, were anxious to continue. However, we explained the matter to them, and they accepted their defeat without more ado.

The "match," though a burlesque from beginning to end, had the effect of reconciling



"AGAIN I TELL YOU MINE LEG VAS NOT BEFORE ZE WICKET!"



WHEN THE WHOLE ELEVEN STREAMED OUT SIMILARLY ACCOUTRED WE SIMPLY CHOKED.

our opponents to the advisability of joining us ; at the same time showing them the futility of trying to master cricket without the aid of British exponents of the game. From that day forth they identified themselves with us heart

and soul, and during the following season, when we did actually play Godari, our eleven—with three Frenchmen and one German incorporated therein—won the match by some thirty runs!

H. HERVEY.



COVER HAD JUST PICKED UP THE BALL WHEN THE GERMAN TRIED TO SNATCH IT AWAY.



"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

The Aberdeen Grammar School Magazine, "special enlarged summer number," bristles with the names of old boys who have become famous men. Chief among these, of course, comes Lord Byron, whose statue is to be erected under the shadow of the school walls. Then we have Mr. A. L. Danson, secretary of the Oxford University Athletic Club, whose prowess is rather physical than mental. Mr. Danson has lately distinguished himself by walking from Cambridge to Oxford, a distance of eighty-two miles, in less than twenty-four hours, thus establishing a record for that journey. Another great old boy is the Colonel Macdonald known as the hero of Uganda. He sat side by side with the hero of Omdurman at the banquet given in honour of the latter at the "Hotel Cecil."

The Acorn is rural both in appearance and contents. I do not say this in any disparaging sense, for the rusticity of the little April number comes as a welcome relief after the jaded round of the Strand and Fleet Street. "Stray Leaves" is the heading to one column, and a little further on we get "Oak Apples" from the tree of knowledge. These I take to be extracts from examination papers. "Corpulent is just running," says one examinee, and another informs the world that "Vi is another form of the perfect indic. of Ego." A budding dramatic critic writes about "A Peep into Drury Lane Theatre," and has put together a very readable article.

The Blue for May contains much matter that cannot be at all interesting to the ordinary boy at Christ's Hospital. Passing over this, we come to school news. It appears that Ward VI. subscribes the most money to the *Blue*, with Ward I. a good second, and Ward XI. a bad last. Ward VIII. won the tug-of-war in the Athletic Sports.

The Bradfordian for April does credit to the advertisement canvasser and that is the only thing about it that we don't like. Mr. F. W. Dyson contributes a very interesting article on the Royal

Observatory, Greenwich, and all Bradfordians ought to feel proud of the honours that this former member of the school has won. An excellent portrait of Mr. Dyson is reproduced, and also a photograph of the large Antique Room attached to the School of Art.

The Bramptonian summer number is imposing in bulk and full of brightly-written school notes and news. The theatricals are particularly well done, and sporting matters receive very evident care and attention. The school poet lets himself go on the subject of Nansen.

The Burfordian's spring number is honoured by an article from the pen of no less a personage than Mr. G. L. Jessop, who writes on the Cambridge cricket prospects for this season. Mr. Jessop is careful not to commit himself, and his contribution mainly consists of names. The chances of the Light Blues against Oxford are not touched upon, but by the time these lines are in print my readers will know exactly what happened in the great match. *The Burfordian* revels in the possession of a real live artist, "specially engaged" on the editorial staff. Some sketches from his "versatile pen"—good old phrase—are reproduced as a frontispiece, and I must congratulate "S. M. H." on the very promising talent he displays.

The Carthusian for June reaches a high literary standard, and I congratulate the editor on his opening remarks. If he would only consent to turn off two or three pages of school notes, written in the same dignified but humorous vein, how much brighter and more interesting his paper would be! But even now the June number is one of the best magazines that has reached us, and makes a perfect record of school events that will be of the greatest interest to all Carthusians, past and present.

The Haileyburian for June is, as usual, in perfect taste, and thoroughly relevant from first to last. Letters from O.H.'s in all parts of the world take up a considerable portion of the magazine,

and are of real interest to all members of the school. "R. M. G.," in some clever little verses, surrounds us with the atmosphere of the summer term in the most realistic manner. Here they are:—

THE SUMMER TERM.

A sunny sky, an Eastern breeze,
Light robes of green about the woods,
The cuckoo calling through the trees,
The hawthorn flecked with breaking buds,
Some fellows very hard at work,
And many very hard at play,
A few, whom both appear to irk,
These usher in the month of May.

Heavens of unfathomable blue,
With soft airs sighing from the West;
Three more Eleven colours, who
Intend to take a fortnight's rest.
Cherries at sixpence by the pound,
And strawberries expected soon,
Dull care in lemon-squashes drowned
About the 20th of June.

Bright breathless noons
and balmy nights,
Aflame with myriad-
sprinkled stars;
A strong desire for breezy
heights,
And drinks, which dis-
cipline debars;
Sweet nightingales "in
beechen plot,"
That soothe us as we
sleepless lie,
Prospects of Lord's and
Aldershot—
These are the signs of
late July.

The Herefordian for April is quite in the best style. We trust that other 'old boys' in residence at the 'varsities will take due warning from the following:—

[This is where the Oxford Letter ought to be. The senior O.H. in residence at Oxford seems to consider it beneath his dignity to comply with our request for a letter.]

The editor has also been at pains to collect some amusing answers to a general knowledge paper, of which these are a fair sample:—

Who wrote "Oliver Twist"?—
Martin Luther; "Adam Bede"?
—King Alfred.

Difference between a sketch and a picture—A sketch is made up of a lot of little lines, but a picture is done by a machine or drawn.

The near side of a horse is its hind legs.

The *Royal George* was a ship mentioned in a piece of poetry which sank. (Heavy reading! no doubt.)

The *Victory* was a ship in which Nelson won the Battle of Waterloo.

The Hurst Johnian, which takes for its motto, "Manhood, Learning, Gentleness," is a delightfully quaint little volume. Its size, indeed, is so modest, that the publication blushes a deep red all over the cover at its temerity in venturing to appear at all. But good things, we know, may sometimes be found in the smallest packets, and the June number of the *Hurst Johnian* is excellent.

The Ipswich School Magazine is one of the few which illustrate contents with photographs. In the number before us we find excellent pictures of the school chapel, the swimming bath, and the

gymnasium. We note, with interest, that Mr. Edward Rose, a famous Ipswich "old boy," has offered an annual prize of £5 for an essay on some subject connected with history or political economy.

The Leys Fortnightly, dated June 7th, contains an article entitled "Nineteenth Century Barbarism," which is well and powerfully written. Congratulations to D. Green (captain) on his 175 not out for Prefects v. School.

The Lincolnian for April is not lavishly got up, but covers all the school doings very thoroughly.

The Malvernian for June is the 247th number of an excellent journal. The editor congratulates Mr. H. K. Foster, the distinguished Old Malvernian, on crowning his career by winning the Amateur Racquets Championship for the sixth time in succession, and getting married in the same week. The fact that the head master of Malvern preached the University sermon at Cambridge on April 23rd is also chronicled.

The Newtonian for June, the organ of the Newton Abbot College, confines itself strictly to school news. We observe that it has reached Volume XXIII. The editorial might be longer, otherwise we have no fault to find with this neat little periodical. It is interesting to note that the famous author, Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, is an Old Newtonian.

The Reptonian for June is a very sound number. Particularly interesting is the page of "Repton Records." I observe that "our Mr. C. B.'s" name figures in it more than once.

The Sex hails from Peterhouse College, Cambridge, and consists principally of humorous essays and poems by Peterhouse undergrads. We learn that—

The *Clinker* four owed their success mainly to two facts. First, their knowledge of how to use their weight; second, their hard leg drive at the end of the stroke, by means of which, combined with a comparatively steady swing for-

ward, they were able to hold any of the other crews at a much slower stroke.

Rowing school crews please note.



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Cambridge:

PRINTED BY J. HALL & SON.

Want of space compels me to hold over reviews of the *Alperton Hall Magazine*, the *Askeam*, the *Blurdellian*, the *Boltonian*, the *Eastbournian*, the *Elicabethan*, the *Erasmanian*, *Lowell Annual*, the *Mason University College Magazine*, the *N.E.C.S. Magazine*, *Owen's School Magazine*, the *Portsmouthian*, the *Shastonian*, *Sons of the Brave*, *St. Winifred's Magazine*, the *Victorian*, the *Whitgift Magazine*, and many others. All will be noticed in due time.

JACKSOPPIN

By R. Neish

Illustrated by M. A. Boole.

It happened while we were up in Barroch for the summer vacation, and it was certainly a very narrow escape for old McAllister.

My chum, Jack Graham, and I were staying at Barroch with old McAllister, the governor's bailiff, as the mater and he had gone abroad, and Glencorm was shut up.

It was jolly fun being up at Barroch. It was a rambling old place, where we could do exactly as we pleased, and we were only a mile from Glencorm, so we could go over there every day if we wanted to.

Angus McAllister's daughter, Jeanie, was home for her holidays.

She wasn't at all a bad sort of girl, and was always ready to do anything she could for a fellow—and she could make a rattling good salmon fly.

The village of Barroch is a dull, sleepy old place, and we rode over to Glencorm nearly every morning to fish or loaf about.

I did not do any shooting (excepting to pot a few rabbits), as Jack's governor would not allow him to shoot, and it was poor fun going by myself.

Jack was not keen about sport. He was a quiet, dreamy sort of chap, and seemed to enjoy sketching or meandering about with Jeanie more than anything else.

Well, now for our adventure. It was our last evening. Jack was finishing off a sketch, and Jeanie was doing some girl's work and talking to us. Old McAllister was away; he had gone to Dunnalton to sell some of the governor's cattle. We were expecting him home that night, but Jeanie said he would be sure to be late, and could not be back for another hour or more.

It was a very wet night, and, as we sat listening to the rain blustering against the windows, and to the wind howling round the

house, I think we both felt rather low at the thought that our holidays had nearly come to an end.

All of a sudden a bang came against our door, a sort of thud, as though something heavy but soft had fallen against it.

Jeanie jumped up in a hurry and called out, "What's that, Jack?" If Jeanie is startled she always calls out to Jack. (Rum things, girls.) He looked up in his dreamy way and said "What?" But Jeanie had run and opened the door.

Standing in the passage, leaning up against the wall, quite out of breath, with her hair and dress all untidy, stood Maggie Adams, the daughter of one of the worst characters in the village—John Adams, poacher and blackguard.

Jeanie pulled Maggie into the room and shut the door, while Jack, who is always a polite sort of chap, took off her wet shawl and put it over a chair in front of the fire with the air of a prince in a fairy story.

"What is it, Maggie?" asked Jeanie. "Whatever is the matter?"

At first the girl could not speak, but, by dint of coaxing and promising not to tell her father, we at last managed to extract her story—and a most extraordinary tale it was. She said that her father and her brother knew all about old McAllister being away, and they knew he was expected home late that night, and that he would have the farm wages with him, and they had made up their minds to set on him and rob him on the road. They meant to waylay the cart with the farm pony in it, and stop it. John Adams was to stand at the back and hang on to the cart while his son, Sandie, pulled McAllister out on to the road. Maggie heard the two villains talking and arranging their plans while they thought she was asleep, and she had run all the way to tell us, because

she was so fond of Jeanie. She said she daren't go home again for fear they would kill her.

Jeanie was in an awful funk and began to cry and sob. I hardly knew what to do, or what advice to offer. We couldn't, of course, sit still and let any harm come to old McAllister, yet I didn't exactly see how we could stop it, because we couldn't set on the two men nor take them up before they made their attack. While I was wondering what on earth we could do, Jack sat very still and solemn, with his hand on his head—not speaking a word, although Jeanie kept crying (I wonder why all girls cry so much), and saying: "Oh, Jack, dear, what shall we do — what can we do?"

At last he sprang to his feet, and said, quite suddenly and excitedly — for him:—

"Hurrah! I've got it!"

I asked him what on earth he was driving at, but he only said:—

"Go out at once, Bob, old chap, and tell Andrew" — (Andrew was the farm boy) — "to put Polly in the light cart; and you, Jeanie, come and get me an old coat of your father's, and a cap. Here, make haste, Bob!" he added to me, and I went off.

It's wonderful how these quiet chaps come out when there's any danger about. I never thought Jack had it in him to order me about, but I went out and had the pony put into the cart while he and Jeanie went upstairs, and Maggie sat and cried in the parlour.

"Come on!" Jack called out presently. "Hurry up, Bob! We've no time to lose! Good bye, Jeanie," he added; "I'll explain to Bob as we go along."

"Oh, Jack, dear, do be careful!" cried Jeanie.

But he only laughed, and said cheerily: "All

right, we shan't be long. Put the kettle on the fire, Jeanie. Your father may be glad of a glass of hot grog when he gets in."

We set out, armed with a big stick each. Andrew had already driven out at the other entrance, after many whispered directions from Jack.

On our way we stopped and picked up old Turriff, the road man—a sandy-haired giant, who would have thought as little of knocking anyone over the head as he did of breaking stones on the road.

We had to pick our way rather carefully, and as we went along the dark and muddy road Jack whispered what his plans were to Turriff and me.

Everything helped us. It was pitch dark, still pouring with rain, and a tremendous wind blowing from the south-west. In fact it wasn't at all a cheery sort of a night for the job we had in hand, and, to tell the truth, it almost made my blood run cold when Jack suddenly whispered the word "Halt!" in a sepulchral voice.

We had reached the edge of the Cory Wood, and were just outside Glen-

corm. I wished the governor had been with us; it would have suited him down to the ground—he is such a thorough sportsman.

We stood quite still, but we saw nothing of the two Adamses, and I was just beginning to wonder whether we had not come to the wrong end of the wood when suddenly, a few yards away, a match was struck—it seemed almost in our faces.

The owner was evidently trying to kindle his pipe. Twice the match was put out by the wind and the rain, but the third time he succeeded in keeping it alight, and we distinctly saw by its light the faces of John and Sandie Adams — and a nice couple of blackguards they looked.



"WHAT IS IT, MAGGIE? WHATEVER IS THE MATTER?"

We were much too near them for comfort or safety, yet we dared not move for fear of their hearing us, when suddenly a furious gust of wind came shrieking and screaming through the wood, and, under cover of the noise, we stepped back into the dark wood and waited breathlessly for them to make their next move.

The next ten minutes or so passed very slowly. It was bitterly cold, as these autumn nights so often are, and we were soaked through to the skin. I

felt a little anxious, too, about the success of Jack's plan, when suddenly he touched my arm and whispered, "It's all right! Listen, Bob."

I listened eagerly, and presently I plainly heard the steady trot of old Polly's steps on the road. My heart thumped like a sledge-hammer, and Jack gripped my arm hard. The cart came very slowly up to where we were standing, and without a sound the two villains sprang into the roadway.

By the dim light we could see John Adams hanging with all his might to the back

of the cart while Sandie, making a terrific effort, pulled what he thought was the figure of old McAllister into the road.

The two men seemed surprised at their easy success and at the dead weight of the figure they had assaulted, for I heard John Adams cry hoarsely, "He's blin' foo'!" (dead drunk). Now was our time. We sprang on to them as they knelt over their victim, and, with a shout of

triumph that rang through the wood and fairly scared their wits out of them, we jumped on them, and, with Turriff's help, secured them, although their struggles and language were things to be remembered!

How had we circumvented the villains? It was through Jack's cleverness. He had dressed up a dummy figure of old McAllister and tied it into the cart. Andrew, who was driving Polly—

who really needed no one to drive her—was kneeling in the body of the cart. He jumped up the moment the dummy was out, and, doubtless glad enough to get safely away, poor little chap, gave Polly a cut with the whip that fairly woke her up and set her off at the nearest approach to a gallop she was ever likely to reach in her old age.

Jack's plan had been a most perfect success. We securely tied the wretches to two trees with the ropes Jack had brought, and left them in Turriff's care while we walked down the road to meet old McAllister.

* * * *

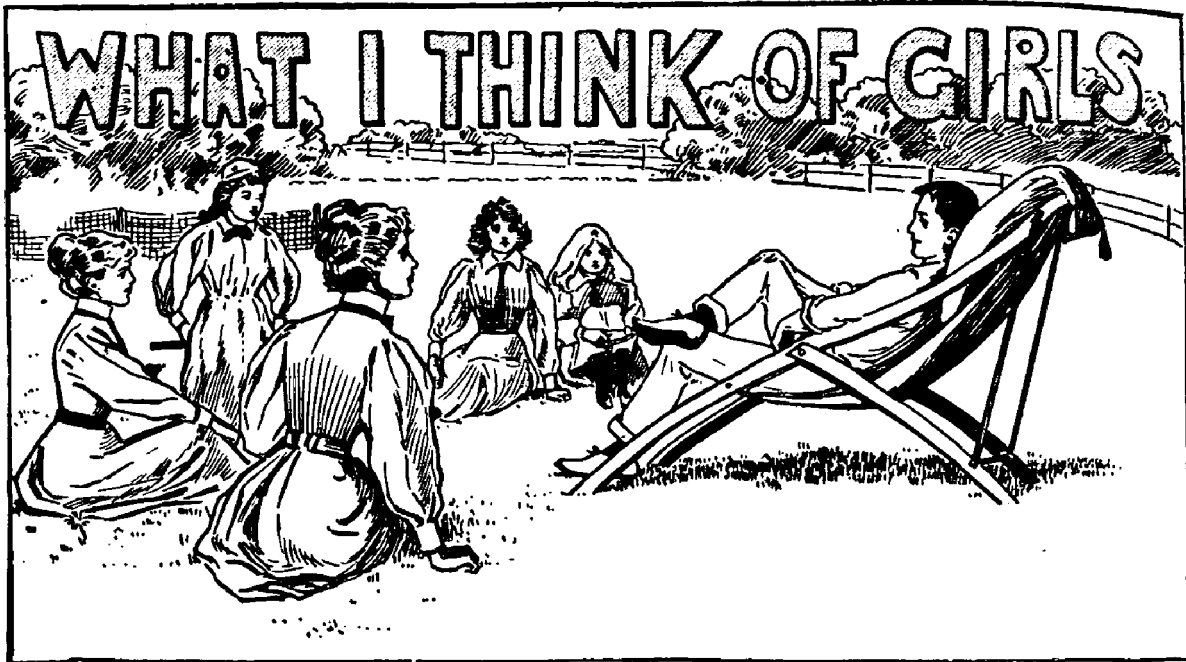
An hour later we were all sitting round the fire again, and Maggie Adams was asleep upstairs, while her two deserving relatives were lodged in an outhouse, with Turriff and two collies in charge.

Old McAllister was very jolly to both of us, and Jeanie was quite affectionate to Jack—but he didn't seem to mind a bit.



"HE'S BLIN' FOO'!"





BY A BOY.

A

GIRL is a very *mean* person. I intend to say that a girl is not endowed with that very high sense of honour that you always expect to find in a boy. Take a girl, for instance, who is playing tennis.

You want to keep a very keen eye on the back line and on the service line. It isn't that she means to cheat you out of a point exactly, but she is so dead set on winning that she really *thinks* at the time that the ball which goes on the back line is out. Of course, no boy would ever do that. For one thing, it's against his nature, and, for another thing, he'd get his head punched.

And that's just where a chap's handicapped when he's playing with his squissies—or another chap's squissies. He may know perfectly well that they're jolly well cheating, but he always has to bottle up his wrath, and it isn't fair to take it out in slanging them, because they can't punch your head either.

Of course, a girl knows where she has the pull, and you bet she pulls hard. But if you do happen to get the best of her at any time, she doesn't forget it till she's *paid you out*. Sometimes you come across boys who are vindictive, but they're not a patch on girls for spite. I remember once dropping Syb's white rabbit into the brook at the bottom of our garden. It really didn't hurt the rabbit much,

and it was great fun seeing the fat creature trying to swim. Just as I was going to lasso it with an eel line, Syb came down the path.

"Have you boys seen my rabbit?" she said.

"Yes," said I; "it's fallen in the brook."

"You're a beast!" she said. "You put it in."

And I'm sorry to say she scratched the back of my neck, and kicked me on the ankle.

Now, in an ordinary way, Syb is a very quiet person, and you wouldn't give her credit for the spiteful thing she did to pay me out for the rabbit business. She bided her time for ten days, and then, one afternoon, when I wanted my bike in a great hurry, she deliberately ran a pin right through both tubes of the back wheel. What was I to do? I couldn't tell the gov'nor, because she'd have split on me about the rabbit. I couldn't knock her down, and I couldn't go for my ride. She was as pleased as Punch about the matter.

And that's what I call "spite." I made it up with Syb very soon after, because I knew that it was simply in her nature, but I've always let her rabbits alone since. The curious part of it was that when this little affair had blown over she was quite ready to be good friends again, and I think that shows that girls are really affectionate if you let them have enough rope.

Now, you can't call a boy affectionate exactly. He may be very chummy, and he may be willing to do you a good turn, but he *won't* go

out of his way much to please you. You see a boy doesn't like fag, and his time is much more precious than a girl's. Of course, if a boy were shut up in a house half the day he might not mind knitting his pal a pair of cuffs, or writing long letters to his brother at school. But I will say that a girl generally manages to find time for these little things whether she's shut up in the house or not—and that's the way she has of showing her affection. And another funny thing about a girl's affection is that it takes a lot of killing. Now, I know some chaps who are beastly to their sisters—won't take 'em out biking, won't take 'em out fishing, won't let 'em have an innings at cricket, or anything of that sort, and yet their sisters really think an awful lot of them.

Talking of cricket, by the way, reminds me that a girl is generally a horrible funk. You can see that it is absolutely repulsive to them—much more so than it is to a boy—to get a whack on the shin with a cricket ball, or a knock over the thumb, if they happen to be batting. I suppose they're not built the right way to stand knocks, and cuts, and bruises, and, somehow or other, they don't mind showing it. Quite different to a boy. Now, when a boy is batting he doesn't ask you not to bowl at his legs. He waits to see where the ball is coming, and if he thinks it's going to hurt him, he skips out of the light, but a girl goes just the other way about it. She first of all makes you promise not to bowl fast—a thing that any boy would scorn to do—and then, if you do bowl fast, and she happens to be leg before, she will let the ball come whack up against her leg rather than get her stumps knocked down. Very likely, after she's been hit she throws down the bat and blubs, but if you suggest that she shall go out she kicks up no end of a fuss.

You see, a girl can't understand the *principle* of L. B. W. She knows that when the ball hits the wicket she's out, but she can't understand *why* she should put up with the inconvenience of getting a crack on the shin and go out as well. She seems to suppose that the mere fact of having incurred the pain entitles her to another innings. And it's very much the same

with fielding. Did you ever see a girl try and hold a swift catch? I never did, and I've got five sisters who think they can play cricket. No. They'll put out a hand gingerly, and let the ball come whack up against it; but they never seem to think that it hurts much less, and is far better cricket, to catch the ball properly. If you jeer at them for not holding it they point out, with many tears and reproaches, that they saved ever so many runs by stopping it, ignoring the fact that a man generally makes fifty after he has been let off like that—at least, I do when I'm playing with my sisters. I never make more, because there's a distinct understanding that all boys shall give up at fifty. Sometimes one gets rather annoyed about this, but, as the girls never make more than fifty between them all the holidays, perhaps it's a fair rule, and whether it's fair or not they keep us to it.



THE PRINCIPLE OF L. B. W.

And that brings me to another thing about girls—their obstinacy. I once heard of a small girl whose mother told her to go down the village to the vicarage and ask the time of the children's service on Sunday afternoon. Now this little girl had a great objection to children's services, and she told her mother so. But the mother insisted that the small child should go on her errand, and escorted her as far as the front gate. Then the mother went indoors and continued her household duties. *Three hours later* the good lady went down the path to see if the small girl was returning, and, to her utter astonishment, she found that the obstinate little thing was standing on the exact spot where she had been left three hours before, and hadn't budged an inch! How's that for obstinacy? Now, a boy wouldn't have done that, you know. He would have waited till his mother was out of sight; then he would have thrown a stone at the nearest pig or chicken, found an apple or a bit of toffee in his pocket, and gone off happily—in the other direction. I don't know which would be the most admirable behaviour, the boy's or the girl's, but I know which seems to me the most sensible.

Now, I've said a good many slanging things about girls, but before I choke off I'm going to give them one pat on the back—they always

turn up trumps when a chap has a birthday, or at Christmas-time. I believe, as a general thing, girls don't get so much pocket-money as boys, but I know jolly well that they spend more of what they do get on other people. It always surprises me at Christmas-time when I find five clinking presents on my plate, and know that I haven't done much to deserve them. I feel rather a beast when I open them; but if I say anything about that they

always begin to look like doing a blub, and I think that's a mean advantage. I would far rather that a girl whacked me over the head with a stump than begin giving the show away by crying. And so I just pocket the presents, and give them a nod by way of thanks; but I don't mind telling you in confidence that I think a good deal about my squissies when I'm at school, and find them jolly good pals when I'm at home.

FOR VERY LITTLE BOYS.



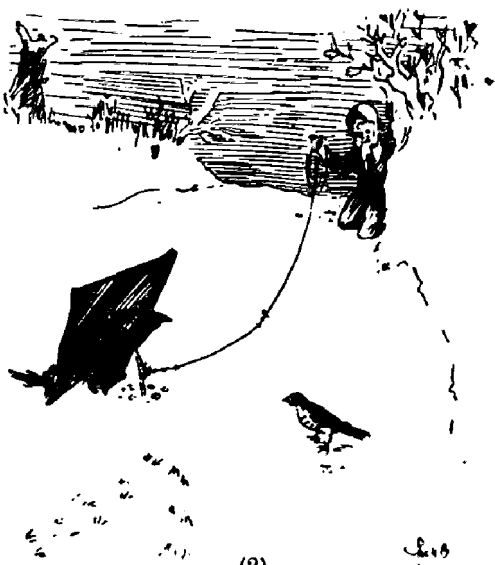
(1)

"WHAT'S THE USE OF A HAT LIKE THAT?" SAID PHILOMEL PHAT.



(3)

"THIS MORTAR-BOARD WILL MAKE A NICE DOMICILE FOR MICE."



(2)

"I KNOW!" SAID PHILOMEL PHAT;
"YOU HUSH!
HERE COMES A THRUSH!"

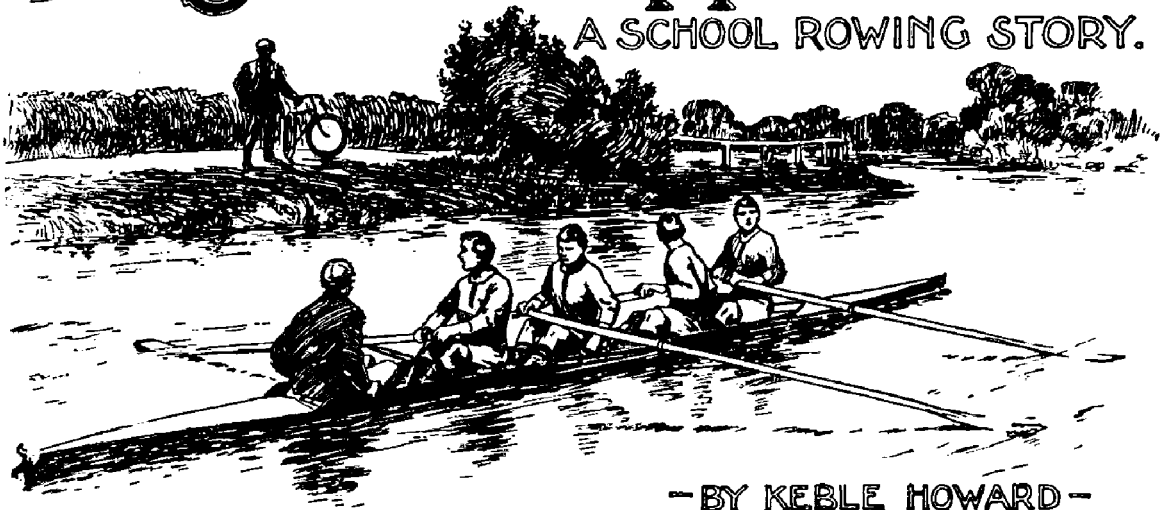


(4)

"BOO-BOO! I DIDN'T KNOW IT WOULD FLOAT!
I'VE LOST MY BOAT."

THE SAINT OF HARVEY'S.

A SCHOOL ROWING STORY.



—BY KEBLE HOWARD—

Illustrated by T. W. Holmes.

I.

“TRIP!”

Every man in the Harvey's four had his scarf and sweater off in an instant, and was waiting for the next word of command from the coach on the bank.

“Now,” said the great man, who was no less a personage than the captain of the St. Quentin's Boat Club, “I am going to give you a burst of rowing. Be very careful about the start. Immediately on the word ‘row’ I want to see you get off with two short snatches. Then the stroke will lengthen out, and the rest of you must pick it up at once. We are going to do one minute by the watch, and let each man put in every ounce he knows. Try and imagine that this is to-morrow, and that the Rats are alongside of you. Hug the left bank, cox, and don't take the corner too fine. All stretchers right? Come forward. Ready? Row!”

With one splash the four oars gripped the water, the stretchers creaked as the Mice rose in their seats and swung back with a will, the light craft leapt under the force applied by those supple young muscles, and seemed to shoot forward upon the very surface of the stream.

“Keep it long, stroke! Don't hurry forward, three! Eyes on stroke's left shoulder, two! Come off your seat, bow! Mind the corner, cox! Last three strokes! E-e-e-asy all!”

Harvey's four glided alongside the raft, and the crew disembarked, joyful in the knowledge that they had done their work right well. The captain of St. Quentin's leaned his bicycle against the side of the boat-house, and proceeded to give the oarsmen a last word of advice. He knew better than to accord unstinted praise, but at the same time he let them understand what he expected them to do in the great race that was to take place on the morrow.

For many years there had been the keenest rivalry between Harvey's and Lowe's houses; the Mice and the Rats, as they were respectively dubbed, lived only to assert their superiority the one over the other, but the culminating interest of this historic contention centred in the four-oared race at the summer regatta, when they annually fought—and fought desperately hard—for the Senior House Cup.

As the Mice hurried on their sweaters, scarves, blazers, caps, and doubled off along the path which led to the old school buildings, somebody came softly out of the boat-house, and watched, with no friendly eyes, the retreat of the confident crew. Walling, who now stood alone on the deserted raft, was the captain of the Rats.

“Gently, gently,” he murmured, slowly drawing the palm of his right hand over his left fore-arm. “You may be a fine crew, my Mousie people, but you have yet to reckon with the captain of the Rats. We may win on our merits, though I hardly like to risk it. I think the time has come to play my ace of trumps.”

The Mice had by this time disappeared, and so Walling bent his cat-like tread in the direction taken by his school-fellows. Reaching the school, he turned into the library, and looked round in an expectant manner. There was only one boy in the library, and he had just finished dressing after his burst on the river. Norman Whiteleaf, for all that he was a regular *habitué* of the school reading-room, was not altogether a milk-sop, as may be judged from the fact that he had been elected to stroke Harvey's four at the regatta.

Walling's beady eyes soon spotted the famous Mouse, and the captain of the Rats gave vent to his customary gurgle as he wound his way, in tortuous fashion, up the room. Walling had a trick of moving very quietly, and it was not until he felt a claw-like hand placed upon his shoulder that Norman was aware of his rival's presence. He gave a little start of surprise.

"Ah," said Walling, in his most dulcet tones, "a little bit nervous, Normy? That's a bad sign, you know. Anyone who wasn't aware of your high moral character would think that you had something on your conscience. But we all know that the Saint of Harvey's could do no wrong, don't we?"

Norman had by this time recovered his self-possession, and returned the Rat's glance with straightforward gaze.

"Do you want me?" he said simply.

"Oh, no," said Walling, "not particularly, but of course it's a great privilege to exchange a few words with such a model person as the Saint of the Mice."

Whiteleaf, in common with most other people, disliked Master Walling intensely, but

he did not intend to be drawn into a wordy warfare if he could possibly avoid it. Walling had brought to perfection the unpleasant art of personal repartee.

"Well, look here," said the Mouse, "I want to finish reading this stuff before the tea-bell rings, and so, if you will allow me——"

"Awfully sorry," said Walling slowly, looking at the other through his eyelashes, "but I feel sure that you have something on your mind, and I shan't go to bed happy unless you confide in me."

"I don't know what you mean," said Norman, rather impatiently. And with that he sat down and tried to go on with his reading.

Walling bent over the stroke of Harvey's until his thin lips almost touched the other's ear. Then he whispered:—

"How about Rutherford's money?"

Whiteleaf looked round quickly, and gazed at his tormentor in blank amazement.

"What do you mean?" he said.

Walling returned his gaze with half-lowered eyelids, and repeated his remark.

"How about Rutherford's money? I suppose you know that he had some stolen

out of his study yesterday, and that all the school is trying to discover the thief? Of course, nobody would suspect the Saint of Harvey's."

Norman quickly perceived the insinuation, and flushed up to the roots of his hair.

"Ah," cried Walling, "that pretty colour tells tales, Normy. Of course," he continued, bending down and peering into Whiteleaf's face, "I haven't told anybody that I happened to see you rummaging Rutherford's study yesterday morning, about half-an-hour before



WALLING, WHO NOW STOOD ALONE, WAS CAPTAIN OF THE RATS.

the money was missed. Nasty trick to play on the captain of your own boat, wasn't it? Still, you can rely on me, Normy; but you won't mind my making a bargain, will you?"

The hot colour died out of Whiteleaf's face, and he became deathly pale. Nobody knew better than he the dangerous character of Walling's disposition, and Walling, in his turn, knew his man. He understood Whiteleaf's pessimistic nature; he knew the nervous dread that would be aroused in this sensitive boy by the slightest breath of suspicion; and he was determined to use his knowledge without a trace of mercy.

After giving Norman time to fully realise the gravity of the situation he said, with an assumed air of good-fellowship: "Now I don't want to get you expelled, dear old chap. You are one of the few men in Harvey's house for whom I have a genuine respect, and I know how awfully cut up your mother would be if you were sent away from St. Quentin's in disgrace. But it needn't come to that if you'll only be reasonable."

Then Norman made a grave mistake. He felt that he ought to have stood up boldly and defied this loathsome creature to do his worst; he knew that he was guilty of an unpardonable weakness in suffering his contemptible schoolmate to breathe his odious insinuations into his ear; and still he waited there in dumb fashion to hear the dread alternative of denunciation.

Walling drew up a chair, sat down close to his rival, and gently played with a button on Norman's coat.

"Of course, Normy," he said, "I ought to go

at once to Rutherford and tell him what I know, but we don't always act as we should, do we, dear old man? And there are two excellent reasons why I should like to make a bargain with you. The first is that I value your friendship very highly. The second is"—and here the captain of the Rats modestly lowered his eyes—"that I wish my house to win the race to-morrow."

Norman shrank back aghast. As the enormity of the suggestion flashed upon him he shuddered from head to foot, and felt the chill horror of the situation slowly numbing his finest feelings. He looked up weakly and met the other's glance.

"What do you want me to do?" he said huskily.

"That," said Walling, "depends upon circumstances. If our house draws ahead to-morrow you need not make any mistake in your rowing. But if matters turn out as most people seem to expect, and Harvey's house draws away from us in the race, I leave it to you to see that your boat does not win."

A faint feeling of despair caused Whiteleaf to bury his face in his hands. When he looked up he was alone.

I

BLAZING sun, sparkling water, bright blazers, pretty girls, crowds of "people," fun and good humour everywhere, made up a picture that no old St. Quentin's boy who had ever been present at the regatta could in after days forget. Here was a small knot of parents and guardians chatting to the head master and his wife, there



COMPARING NOTES ON THE SUCCESS OF THEIR EFFORTS TO SQUEEZE "COIN."

a group of Lower School fellows comparing notes on the success which had attended their efforts to squeeze "coin" out of good-tempered uncles and indulgent aunts.

Inside the boat-house the Rats and Mice were stripping for the contest of the day. The condition of either crew, as Brimmell the boatman said, "couldn't be beat." School-boys are always in pretty good training, and when they can be persuaded to leave off imbibing over-doses of gassy lemonade, or to desist from stuffing themselves with jam puffs and pork pies—by no means ethereal as regards their outer crust—then their state of "fitness" will arouse a flame of envy in the breast of many a 'Varsity Blue.

But one member of the Mousie four was distinctly off colour. Whiteleaf's pale face had that morning excited universal comment throughout the school, but, in reply to all questions, he merely said that he was "beastly nervous," and showed evident anxiety that the matter should be discussed no further. Rutherford, the captain of Harvey's four, was particularly distressed at the change that had come over his stroke. Yesterday the boy was eager, confident, alert; to-day saw him nervous, weak, despondent. Nothing could have been more unfortunate.

As the captain of the Mice was ruefully turning over in his mind this unexpected misfortune, he observed, to his astonishment, that Norman had retired to the furthest corner of the changing-room, and was in close confabulation with that pariah of the school—the captain of the Rats. Closely watching the pair, Rutherford noticed that Walling was adopting an attitude distinctly threatening, whilst Whiteleaf appeared to be pleading with his rival with unwonted passion and vehemence. The conversation between the two did not last long, but it seemed to leave Norman more dejected than ever, whilst Walling glided out of the boat-house with a look of satisfaction on his crafty features.

Rutherford strode across to Whiteleaf, and gripped him by the shoulder.

"There's something up between you two," he said fiercely, "and I insist upon knowing what it is."

"No, no," said Norman nervously, "there is nothing the matter, but I am feeling beastly seedy. I wish, old man, you would row somebody in my place."

"Can't," said Rutherford bluntly; "there's nobody else we can rely on, and I see no reason why you shouldn't row. You're as fit as a fiddle as far as training goes, and if you're nervous—you'll forget all that after the first ten strokes. Come now, old chap," he continued, laying his

hand on the boy's shoulder, "make a clean breast of it. We have been pals ever since you came to St. Quentin's, and you're not going to fail me in our last fight together for the old house. Now, Norman, what's wrong?"

Whiteleaf's fortitude was fast giving way under the appealing words of his old chum. His lip trembled, and two bitter tears started to his eyes.

He felt that it would be an unspeakable relief to get the dreadful nightmare of Walling's terrible accusation off his mind, and he suddenly resolved to tell Rutherford the whole story.

"I am in great trouble," he began. "Walling—"

But alas, the crowd without had been waiting for some time with growing impatience, and now, egged on by the unfriendly Rats, they set up a terrific howling and jeering, that was taken up all along the course!

Norman stopped short in his tale.

"We must go at once," he said; and Rutherford was bound to consent.

As the two chums stepped out on to the raft another shout rent the air; but this time it was the Mice exulting in the fact that their heroes had come up to the scratch after all.

The rival crews were quickly in their places, and paddled off, amidst another burst of applause, for the starting point. Those who intended to keep pace with the boats along the bank had long ago taken up their positions, and were immensely relieved to see the competitors coming up the stream. The two boats were soon in position, the minutes and seconds were counted out, and the dull boom of the starting gun told the anxious crowd at the winning-post that the race had begun.

It is impossible for me to describe the mixture of sensations that Whiteleaf experienced when he found that the race had actually started. A true sportsman at heart, his first impulse was to do all he knew to win. But then, as his boat began to draw away from the other, he caught a glimpse of his enemy in the other craft, and at once there came over his mind the dream that he had dreamed all through the last long night. He saw his mother—his widowed mother—sitting alone in her drawing-room, and thinking of the boy at school of whom she was so proud. He saw the door open and himself coming into the room, and the glad cry of welcome with which his mother greeted him mingled jarringly with the yells from his supporters on the bank. And then he was telling his shameful tale—how that he had been expelled from school



T. W. HOLMES.

THE TWO BOATS FORGED ALONG AT A DEAD LEVEL.

for stealing money which he had never stolen—and he watched the grey shadows stealing over that beloved face with an agony at his heart that bit and choked him.

All this passed rapidly through his mind as he rowed on mechanically, heedless of the cries from the bank that grew harsh and angry as the Rats began to draw away. But suddenly a well-known voice sounded in his ear.

“For God’s sake—and mine—Norman, pull yourself together.”

It was Rutherford, sitting behind him at three, and gasping out his dismay at Whiteleafe’s wretched display. The tone and the words aroused Norman as effectually as the first plunge into the morning tub, and love for his friend swept away all regard for his own fate. Why should he care what became of him? Was he to sacrifice his old chum’s last school race to save himself from unpleasantness? It was not too late to win, perhaps! Away with consequences! He was a sportsman still.

Norman had never known until that moment what was meant by the expression of the determination to “do or die.” With his feet firmly planted on the stretcher, his seat running easily on its well-oiled wheels, his blade gripping the water with a precision born of long

practice and careful coaching, three good fellows behind him following his lead with the perfect timing of a well-regulated machine and the buoyancy of human enthusiasm, the boat leaping beneath the combined efforts of the crew like a living, breathing thing, and the bows cleaving the dancing waters with a swirl, he felt that the truest happiness of life lay in fighting the Rats on the river, and winning glory with an oar for Harvey’s house.

Both boats were now in the straight piece for home, and the shouts of those waiting at the winning-post, suddenly uplifted as they caught sight of the approaching crews, came rolling up the course in a jangled, muffled roar. Still the Rats increased their lead, and many a backer of Harvey’s crew looked glum.

Then, in the nick of time, Whiteleafe seized his opportunity. From a steady rowing stroke he gradually quickened up into a truly magnificent spurt, the like of which had seldom been seen on the Home Stretch at St. Quentin’s. Rutherford, at three, like lightning took it up; the dainty craft quivered and shook herself under the irresistible impulse of the crew that meant to conquer, and the flagging cheers of the Mice once more filled the air as the two boats forged along at a dead level.

And Norman was not the man to be content with the verdict of "dead heat." Again he put new life into his boat with a well-timed, winning stroke, and again the Mice delighted all beholders by taking up the lead. The spectators on the boat-house, filled with enthusiasm, rose in their seats, and shrieked at the oarsmen who were now close on the winning post, and many an old member of Harvey's house chuckled with glee to think that he was there.

"Now! Now! Now!" The crowd on the bank yelled and yelled again, until at last the Mice increased their lead still further, and shot past the winning-post three-quarters of a length to the goal. The scene of enthusiasm

that followed will long be remembered by everybody who was there. The boys surrounded the door of the boat-house and cheered to the echo as the crews disembarked, even the beaten Rats joining in the general chorus, filled with the exultation that is born of witnessing a good race. The "old boys"—and some of them were very old boys—crowded rashly on to the raft, and, many of them with tears in their eyes, shook the crew of Harvey's by the hand, and congratulated them most heartily on a magnificent victory.

And then, without any warning, a harsh note was struck. As Whiteleaf struggled through the enthusiastic crowd towards the boat-house



THE CAPTAIN OF THE MICE SWUNG HIM ONCE ROUND, AND THEN HURLED HIM INTO THE RIVER.

a hand clenched his shoulder, and he was brought suddenly to a standstill. He turned round and found himself in the midst of the throng, face to face with Walling. The Rat was trembling with rage; his face was twitching, and his eyes gleamed viciously at his victorious rival. And then, raising his voice till it rang out high above the clamour, he screamed:—

“Thief! Thief! Thief!”

In an instant the most deadly silence took the place of the previous hubbub. Walling seized his opportunity, and repeated his accusation that all might hear.

“Whiteleaf’s a thief! I said I’d denounce him, and I will. He’s a thief!”

Norman stood perfectly still, but every vestige of colour left his face for a moment; no one moved or spoke, until dear old Rutherford, swelling with the pride of his final victory, strode up to Walling.

“What do you mean?” he said Walling looked up at him defiantly.

“I saw him steal the money,” he said, “out of your study.”

In a moment Norman’s chum saw through the whole cowardly scheme. But he was equal to the occasion. Looking straight at Walling he said, in tones that could be heard distinctly by everybody present:—

“You lie! The money was not stolen at all. I found it this morning where I had left it.”

But that was not all. The crime of the whole thing was too much for that honest Britisher, and Walling was temptingly near the edge of the raft. Stooping suddenly, the captain of the Mice seized the other firmly about the waist, swung him once around, and then hurled him headlong into the river.

With a cheer St. Quentin’s closed in upon the two heroes of the hour, and, leaving the discomfited Walling to crawl out as best he might, bore the captain and the Saint of Harvey’s home in triumph

“CAPTAIN” COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

The highest age limit is twenty-five.

CONDITIONS.—The Coupon on Page II. of advertisements must be fastened or stuck on every competition submitted. If this rule is disregarded the competition will be disqualified.

The name and address of every competitor must be clearly written at the top of first page of competition.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like (providing you come within the age limits), and have as many tries as you like for each prize, but each “try” must have a coupon attached to it.

In every case the Editor’s decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Address thus:—Competition No. —, “THE CAPTAIN,” 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by August 16th.

No. 1.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best poetical extract on the subject of “Loyalty.” Age limit: Twenty-five.

No. 2.—**TWO GUINEAS** for the best suggestion for improving THE CAPTAIN, written on a post-card. **NO COUPONS REQUIRED IN THIS COMPETITION.** Age limit: Twenty-five.

No. 3.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best amateur photograph of a landscape or seaside scene. Age limit: Twenty.

No. 4.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best drawing of “An Open Window,” or a study in foliage. Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 5.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best essay, not exceeding four hundred words, on “How to Become Popular with One’s Schoolfellows.” Age limit: Seventeen.

No. 6.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best of map Cape Colony. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 7.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best letter, not exceeding four hundred words, supposed to have been written by a Cat. Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 8.—**ONE GUINEA** for “The Best Riddle I ever Heard.” Answers to riddles must be sent. Age limit: Fourteen.

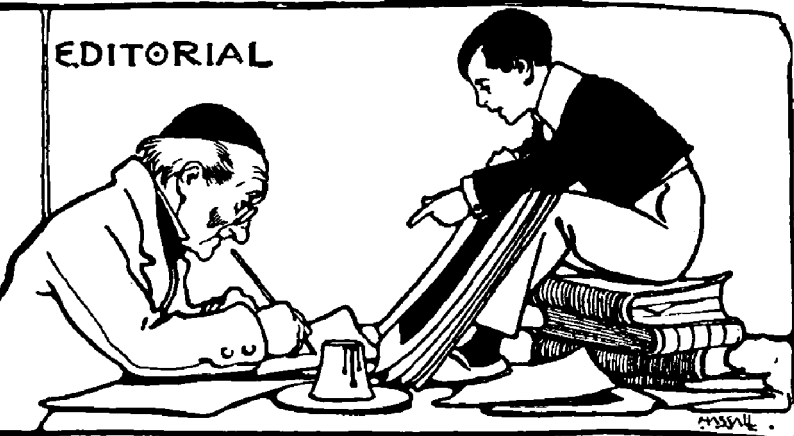
No. 9.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best bit of coast line most resembling a man’s leg and foot. Italy excluded. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 10.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best written copy of the first paragraph of the “Old Fag’s” editorial. Age limit: Twelve.

[The Editor reserves to himself the right to award Consolation Prizes to deserving competitors, age being taken into consideration.]

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



Dr. Gordon Stables writes me from his leafy home at Twyford that he is forging steadily ahead with his story of "The Battle and the Breeze," which will commence in October. Here you will see depicted life in the Royal Navy as it is to-day, with plenty of gun-room fun and frolic sandwiched between the more serious happenings. Dr. Gordon Stables is thoroughly at home with his subject, and he will show you how a boy progresses through the navy, beginning at the time he leaves home for the *Britannia*, and following him when he passes thence to a man-o'-war, and smells powder in foreign waters.

Poetry.

I sighed for wealth, and ease, and
pomp,
To win fame at a bound ;
I went in for a CAPTAIN comp.,
And, lo ! I won a pound !
I did !
I went in for a little comp.,
And won a little pound !

"**The King's Red Coat**" has reached its last stage but one—next month comes Waterloo, and the end. I have seldom read a story which smacks so bravely of a soldier's life as does this gallant record of Cornet Mortimer's doings. Jostled by so many other stories, "The King's Red"—as the printer calls it—has necessarily been condensed somewhat, but Mr. D. H. Parry tells me that before publishing it as a book he will lengthen it, and otherwise round it off. What Mr. Parry says about soldiers is worth listening to, let me tell you, for he is an acknowledged authority on "Tommy"—past and present—and has on many occasions supplied well-known

artists and actors with particulars relating to uniforms and accoutrements. The study of soldiers has been the hobby of his life. He does his writing in a studio the walls of which are covered with war-like trophies—helmets, lances, sabres, plumes, and belts, which have "seen service" on many a battlefield.

The Boy's Guide to Knowledge.

QUESTION : "What is to be won in this month's CAPTAIN comps.?"

ANSWER : "Sovereigns—lots of them !"

QUESTION : "Is it true that consolation prizes are to be awarded?"

ANSWER : "It is indeed true!"

(*O. F. weeps copiously as he disgorges gold.*)



MR. D. H. PARRY.

I make a point of getting hold of contributors who speak from actual experience. Nobody will dispute Mr. C. B. Fry's right to lay down the law about cricket, or Mr. H. M. Gooch's ability to discuss and advise upon all sorts and conditions of stamps. By the way, as this is rather a "dead season" in the stamp world, Mr. Gooch's article is held over until

next month ; thus spare is afforded for more topical matter. Mr. Herbert Vivian, the well-known writer, being an "Old Harrovian," is eminently qualified to describe "A Harrow Boy's Day"; while Mr. George Hawley, the author of "Dark Luck," is bad to beat in sea tales, seeing that he was for several years a sailor. It is apparent that he knows life at sea as you. O reader, know what life in a school is. Mr. Hawley is a clever combination of artist and author, for you will observe that he is illustrating

"Dark Luck" himself. The story, being a long one, will be concluded next month.

The New Sandford and Merton.

MR. BARLOW: "My good boys, when you—ah—tire of viewing Nature in all her guises and listening to my—ah—discourse—"

SANDFORD AND MERTON: "Hear, hear!"

MR. BARLOW (angrily): "Silence! I intended to say that when you tire of my discourse you may go in—"

SANDFORD AND MERTON (together—bolting): "For THE CAPTAIN comps!"

MR. BARLOW (gazing after them): "Dear, dear! How times are changed! Now when I was a boy there were *no* magazines for boys, and no—ah—*comps!*"

Mr. John Mackie is another man who, when in search of an idea, turns over the pages of his own life until he strikes a memory that will shape into a yarn. His adventures when filling the *roles* of explorer and stock-keeper in the lonely Never-Never Country of tropical Australia, as a gold-digger in Queensland, and as one of the Mounted Police in North-West Canada, have enabled him to impart much actuality and local colour to the scenes of his romances. "The Last Creek"—his contribution to the present number of THE CAPTAIN—is a true story.



MR. JOHN MACKIE.

I might dilate in this way every month upon our list of contributors, but once in a way is enough. Among our other contributors this month you will see several names with which you are familiar. The Rev. A. N. Malan has for years been a prime favourite—good wine needs no bush. Mr. Keble Howard contributes a rowing story, the opening portion of which is a reproduction of the sentences which were often thundered into the ears when he was being "coached" by his captain at Oxford. Mr. Manning Foster's straightforward and informative article speaks for itself. He tells me that he is overwhelmed with letters from boys who are "leaving school," but he succeeds in tackling them all. Now I'll turn to the letters which have been overwhelming *me*.

Suggestions arrive every day. Here are a few:—

The College,
Winchester.

DEAR OLD FAG,—I hope you will not be offended if I make a suggestion. Why not have a mathematical and classical competition to run alternately, as some of your readers, who could not attempt the easiest of your competitions, could do the hardest problems in Euclid or algebra.—Yours truly,

H. F. M.

I hardly think such competitions as these would meet with general favour. What does the next say?

Royal Naval Ordnance Depot,
Woolwich.

DEAR OLD FAG,—I should like you to publish special articles on "Walking," and "How to Become Strong."—Yours sincerely,

C. T. C.

I shall be publishing an article on "Walking" all in good time. Articles having to do with "Strength" have already appeared, and more will appear in future. Now what else does my Suggestion Bag yield?

Cheltenham College.

DEAR OLD FAG,—Your new magazine is already very popular here; in fact, everyone in our house reads it, and there is quite a rush when it comes out. I have a suggestion to offer. One cannot be long in a public school photographic club without hearing a great many comments on one thing and another, and I have come to the conclusion that the kind of articles to be really useful must be:—

- (1) Short.
- (2) Simple, and to the point.
- (3) Free from formulæ and tables that take up space.

Hoping that you will bear this in mind when publishing articles on photography,—Yours sincerely,

PHOTOGRAPHIC FIEND.

I have handed Mr. P. Fiend's letter to our photographic expert, who will digest its contents

before he dares again put pen to paper for THE CAPTAIN.

Steadily forging through the heap, this comes next:—

DEAR OLD FAG,—If you don't mind me making a proposal I think it would be a very good thing if you could give some account of the Public School Cricket in Scotland—*i.e.*, Fettes Loretto, Merchiston, Blair Lodge, and Academy. Sorry to trouble you, but I am so pleased with your magazine that I would like to try and give any little hint.—Yours truly,

J. R. B. S.

I have had this cricket idea in my head for some time. So take notice, if you please. Every public school captain in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales is requested to send in a return of:—

(1) MATCHES PLAYED—won, lost, drawn; (2) BEST BATTING AVERAGE; (3) BEST BOWLING AVERAGE; (4) BEST SCORES by ——. Thus I can publish all returns this autumn, and compare school with school. The returns, records of centuries made, etc., are sure to catch the eye of the "powers that be" at Oxford and Cambridge, so I trust school captains will realise and appreciate the value of such an article as this will be.

Rowing Schools will please note that I shall be pleased to publish photos of School Crews from time to time. Crews may be taken either in their boats or grouped on the bank. Names and weights should be affixed.

Here is a kind offer of which cricket enthusiasts may like to avail themselves:—

Surrey County Cricket Club,
Kennington Oval, London.

DEAR SIR,—I shall be pleased at any time to answer (free of charge) any questions you may have addressed to you dealing with the history of cricket.—Yours faithfully,

F. S. ASHLEY-COOPER.

To the Editor of THE CAPTAIN.

Many happy returns to the following eminent cricketers:—

T. RICHARDSON (Surrey), b. August 11th, 1870.

F. MITCHELL (Yorks.), b. August 13th, 1872.

LORD HAWKE (Yorks.), b. August 16th, 1860.

J. T. BROWN (Yorks.), b. August 20th, 1869.

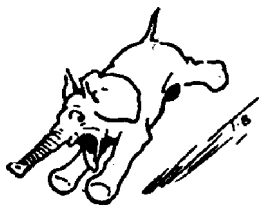
G. MCGREGOR (Middlesex), b. August 31st, 1869.

With the Old Fag's compliments.

"Ancient Schools" strikes me as being a good subject for an article. I shall be glad to receive photographs or drawings of ancient schools, with some particulars as to their history.

"Frances" is a girl-reader who writes on behalf of the other girls at her school. She says:—

The chief object of this letter, dear Mr. Fag, is to ask for your advice. We want to get up a club for the elder girls. It may sound absurd, but we do not know what to have for an object. Can you suggest a good subject and name for the club? We live by the sea, and almost in the country; are out all Saturday afternoon with the whole school, and have no other regular half holidays. We have to get up early (5.30 a.m.), and go to bed at 8.15 p.m. We shall be very much obliged if you can help us. I shall write again after the club has been started, and tell you of its success. I may add that some of the girls are rather half-hearted. This was not put in to say anything nasty about them, but to show you that we shall want something very interesting.



Now here is a nut for a toothless veteran to crack! I am to think of a name for a girls' club, and of "something very interesting" for the club to do.

Why not have a "Reading Club"? Nowadays you can get well-known books for 4½d. Take one book a week, read it, and meet on a certain night to discuss it. Choose another book, and so on from week to week. In this way you will become acquainted with the best prose works of the century.



Mr. Tom Browne tells me that, as a result of our interview with him, he has received a big budget of letters from boys who wish to follow in his footsteps, and become popular black-and-white artists. "In fact," he adds, "willing as I am to help everybody, I'm getting rather tired of answering all my correspondents, as I don't keep a secretary." With the object, therefore, of affording Mr. Browne's pen a well-earned rest, I will give aspiring artists a few hints: (1) Any indelible black ink may be used. (2) Draw on smooth Bristol board. (3) Use whatever pen suits you, but not a "J," or any broad point. (4) Drawings are generally made to reduce to one-half or one-third of their original size. (5) Drawings should be sent to editors between cardboard, with sender's address written on back of each picture. Stamps for return should be enclosed. (6) Necessary, in addition to pens, ink, and board, heaps and heaps of practice, perseverance, and talent.

The Editor would be obliged if School Football Captains (Season 1899-1900) would send in their portraits for publication in THE CAPTAIN.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Sadow (TUNBRIDGE WELLS).—(1) One hour is quite enough for lunch. If you have to walk some distance, and therefore have not time to eat slowly, get a bike. A good walk morning and evening, with cold bath and dumb-bell exercise before breakfast, ought to keep you in pretty good condition. (2) Lizards eat flies and other small insects. (3) I do not care for a photo of your muscular development, thank you.

T. E. S.—Glad to know you followed my advice with such satisfactory results.

D. J. H. S. (BELFAST).—I daresay we shall have a tale by him some day.

H. H. C.—Thanks for Latin Grace.

Old Boy.—Glad to know I have such a staunch supporter at Pontefract. I read the "Red Ram" three times myself, and liked it better each time. By the way, "red" seems to be our lucky colour.

Another Old Boy.—Sorry you were unsuccessful, but pleased to hear that you intend to try, try, try, try, TRY AGAIN!!!

M. M. S. (ARGYLLSHIRE).—Pray don't apologise for being "only a girl." I do not think you are a poetess, if you want my candid opinion.

H. L. (SWINDON).—Nor do I think you are a poet, "H. L." Try boat-building for a change.

J. H. (HORNSEY).—Before you write another story you must improve your grammar and spelling.

Dominus (SHEFFIELD).—The sort of tale you mention is more suitable for a halfpenny paper than for a sixpenny magazine.

Montague Newton.—You can obtain No. 1 of THE CAPTAIN by writing to the publisher and enclosing price of postage—three stamps. "A Yankee Boy's Success" can be bought at any bookstall, or send eight stamps to the publisher, Geo. Newnes, Ltd., Southampton Street, London.

L. B. R.—So long as the food you take is good, and you have enough of it, I do not see why you should grumble. A good many boys do not get as much as you do. The palpitation you speak of is probably due to the fact that you are growing. However, I should advise you to go and see a doctor, and ask him to give you his advice. You are quite right to get as much fresh air as possible, and to sleep with your window open. Eat plenty of vegetables, if you can get them, and rub yourself down with a rough towel morning and night.

Junior Clerk (CROUCH END).—If you wish to perfect yourself in shorthand and foreign languages, and have only your evenings available for such study, you had better go to Messrs. Pitman, of Southampton Row, W.C. Write for the prospectus of their evening classes.

C. Jenkinson.—I forwarded your letter of inquiry to the chaplain of the Worcester, and no doubt you have received the information you require by this time.

Would-be Middy.—Order from your bookseller a very instructive little book, called "How to Enter the Royal Navy." Price 1s. The author is Ernest J. Felix, and it is published by Simpkin, Marshall & Co., London.

N. E. C. S.—As far as I know yours is the only school whose "houses" are named after counties. At other big schools they take their titles from the masters who control them, or from their architectural position, such as "Middle House," "East House," etc.

Northern Scot.—As you are only seventeen I do not think you will earn much pocket-money by literary work. Why don't you go in for our competitions?

J. T. C. (NEWTOWNARDS).—Your letter was mislaid; I have handed it to Mr. Fry, who will doubtless reply to your numerous questions in due course.

Albert Andrews (BRISTOL).—Put the wild flowers between sheets of blotting-paper, and place a light book over them. Change the blotting-paper from time to time, increasing, as you do so, the pressure on the flowers.

"Dum Spiro, Spero."—Look out for "Birds' Eggs" article early next spring.

Ragging.—(See above.)

Long Vac.—You will get on all right with your people if you learn to "bear and forbear." Sisters are a little trying sometimes, but they are all right if you treat them properly. You are strong; they are weak. Remember that with the greatest strength one generally finds associated the greatest tenderness.

"Theta" (EPSOM).—Mr. Rudyard Kipling is 34, Mr. Rider Haggard is 43, and the Old Fag is—never mind!

Oberland.—Your competition was just six weeks too late, friend.

E. C. H. E.—We may have a chess page in time. We advance by degrees.

Achilles van Swae (ANTWERP).—Very good of you to send me such a thoughtful and well-expressed letter. Considering the short time you have been learning English, you really have quite a good grasp of our "barbarous tongue." As for your suggestion, I fear it would not be to the liking of many readers.

Juvenis.—(1) Do not publish your History Notes yourself. (2) You will find addresses of educational publishers in your class books. Write and offer them before you send manuscript. (3) Yes, I pay for contributions.

H. K. W. (LLANDAFF CATHEDRAL SCHOOL).—Your letter was not opened in time for me to send you a reply before comps. closed. You will find plenty of new comps. in this number.

Gerald Bullivant.—We cannot send result of any comps. by post.

Dulcie Smith.—In reply to your request, you will observe that this month I break into poetry in the course of my editorial observations. Glad to hear your black rabbit is well again.

THE OLD FAG.



"Men and brudders, our bread's taken out of our mouves. (Groans.) Who is it? (Groans.) Who's leapt furver than we leap? (Renewed groans.) What's his name? (Cat-calls and croaks.) Fry! C. B. Fry! To the ponds with him! 'E's jumped furver than any of us." (Exit in search of C. B. Fry.)

Results of June Competitions.

No. I.—The Best Essay on "My Profession."

WINNER OF £2 2s. : LEONARD R. TOSSWILL, 8, Guildford Place, Russell Square, W.C. (*The Medical*).

WINNER OF £1 IS. : JOHN R. GILL, 1,811, Van Buren Street, St. Paul, Minnesota, U.S.A. (*Newspaper Artist*).

HONOURABLE MENTION: Allan Arthur (*Electrical Engineer*), Frederick George Jackson (*Solicitor*), Alice M. Hill (*Music Teacher*), William H. Davies (*Civil Service*), Chas. L. Gibbs (*Architect*), Archibald Webb (*Tailor*), Francis E. Bawden (*Canadian Railway Engineer*), Daisy Kilroy (*Author*), Violet M. Vincent (*A Womanly Woman*), Sapper Robert Edwards (*The Army*).

No. II.—Best Poetical Extract on "Courage."

PRIZE OF £1 IS. is divided between WILFRED M. HALL, 18, Mount Preston, Leeds, and AYMER EDWARD COOKES, High Row, Richmond, Yorks.

WINNER OF 10s. 6d. : WALTER V. HAYDON, 35, Bouverie Street, Chester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Arthur H. Fowler, Paul Thomas Kirk, Guy Centaro, Walter Clulee, E. Greville, Hilda Bigg-Wither, Ethel Wiatt, Percy Grist, Alice K. Walker, A. Kathleen Morgan, John Ryan, Janie Gillespie, Henry Grant, D. Newill, Wilfred Wiatt. (The best extracts are printed on another page.)

No. III.—The Best Snap-shot of "A Game of Cricket."

WINNER OF EASTMAN'S TWO-GUINEA KODAK: H. L. WIMBUSH, The School, Rugby.

WINNER OF £1 IS. : WALLIS JONES, Dale Villa, Knebworth, Stevenage, Herts.

HONOURABLE MENTION: B. R. C. Tombs, Herbert Grapes, F. Overton, R. S. Oldham, J. Vert.

No. IV.—"My Favourite Character in Fiction." (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF £1 IS. : E. C. WILLOUGHBY, Courtfield, Charlton Kings, Cheltenham (*The Vicar of Wakefield*).

WINNER OF 10s. 6d. : H. S. W. EDWARDS, 30, Buckland Road, Upper Norwood (*D'Artagnan*).

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. W. Hurst (*Little Nell*), P. R. Whalley (*Colonel Newcome*), Ethel Harland (*Sydney Carton*).

No. V.—"My Favourite Character in Fiction." (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF £1 IS. : PHILIP A. CURLY, "Kilkenny," Willingdon Road, Eastbourne (*Mark Tapley*).

WINNER OF 10s. 6d. : STANLEY V. FIELDING, Royal Hospital, Dublin (*Captain Cuttle*).

HONOURABLE MENTION: Fred Lucas (*Sam Weller*), Harold Kershaw (*Little Dorrit*), James Anderson (*John Halifax*), J. Llewellyn Jenkins (*Leonard Outram*).

No. VI.—"My Favourite Character in Fiction." (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF £1 IS. : ARCHIBALD NEALE, Xaverian Lodge, Mayfield, Sussex (*Adam Bede*).

WINNER OF 10s. 6d. : GERALD BULLIVANT, Colebrook House, Winchester, Hants (*Sherlock Holmes*).

HONOURABLE MENTION: George P. Grainger (*D'Artagnan*), Florence Mann (*Sentimental Tommy*), Frederick Cox (*Sherlock Holmes*), William Lyne (*Amyas Leigh*).

No. VII.—"My Favourite Character in Fiction." (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF £1 IS. : NELLIE BESCOBY, "Fernleigh," Victoria Road, Romford, Essex, whose favourite character is *Derrick Vaughan* in Edna Lyall's novel of that name.

WINNER OF 10s. 6d. : GWENDOLEN BRADDELL, "Tremaine," Grove Park Gardens, Chiswick, W., whose favourite character is *Hilary Leigh*, the hero of "In the King's Name," by George Manville Fenn.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frederick Good (*D'Artagnan*), Arthur W. Morrison (*Louis de Rougemont*).

No. VIII.—Drawing of "A Master's Desk."

WINNER OF £1 IS. : F. HOLMES, Rose Terrace, Sherburn-in-Elmet, Yorks.

WINNER OF 10s. 6d. : ALLAN NEWTON SUTHERLAND, 21, Deemount Road, Aberdeen.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. B. Montgomerie, Albert S. James, Osborne J. Crabbs, F. Stanley, Leonard Norman Gardener, J. A. Flynn.

No. IX.—Best Map of China.

WINNER OF £1 IS. : EDGAR J. BENNET, 23, Springfield, Upper Clapton, N.E.

WINNER OF 10s. 6d. : EVELINE PEARSON, Tamerton House, Lee, E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Fred. H. Watt, William Faulks, Everest Windsor, A. H. Grigg, Evelyn D. Johnson, C. F. P. Blatchley, Jeanie Robertson, Amy E. Palmer, H. Shaw, O. C. Wileman, Nellie de Bruin, H. Merritt, C. Cheoney, J. C. F. Hood, W. Walker, H. H. Hutchinson, R. S. Bagnall, O. M. Malkin, A. J. Bamber, Donald E. Brown, H. D. Ashby, Thos. Walker, Victor R. Wiscote.

No. X.—Handwriting Competition.

WINNER OF £1 IS. : CHARLES CLARKSON, Church Road, Southgate Road, London, N.

WINNER OF 10s. 6d. : JOHN F. HARLOW, 40, Whitmore Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: William Leslie Hallworth, Eveline Wannell, Mary Anna Arney, Charles Harwood, Eric Mackintosh, Thomas B. Cox.

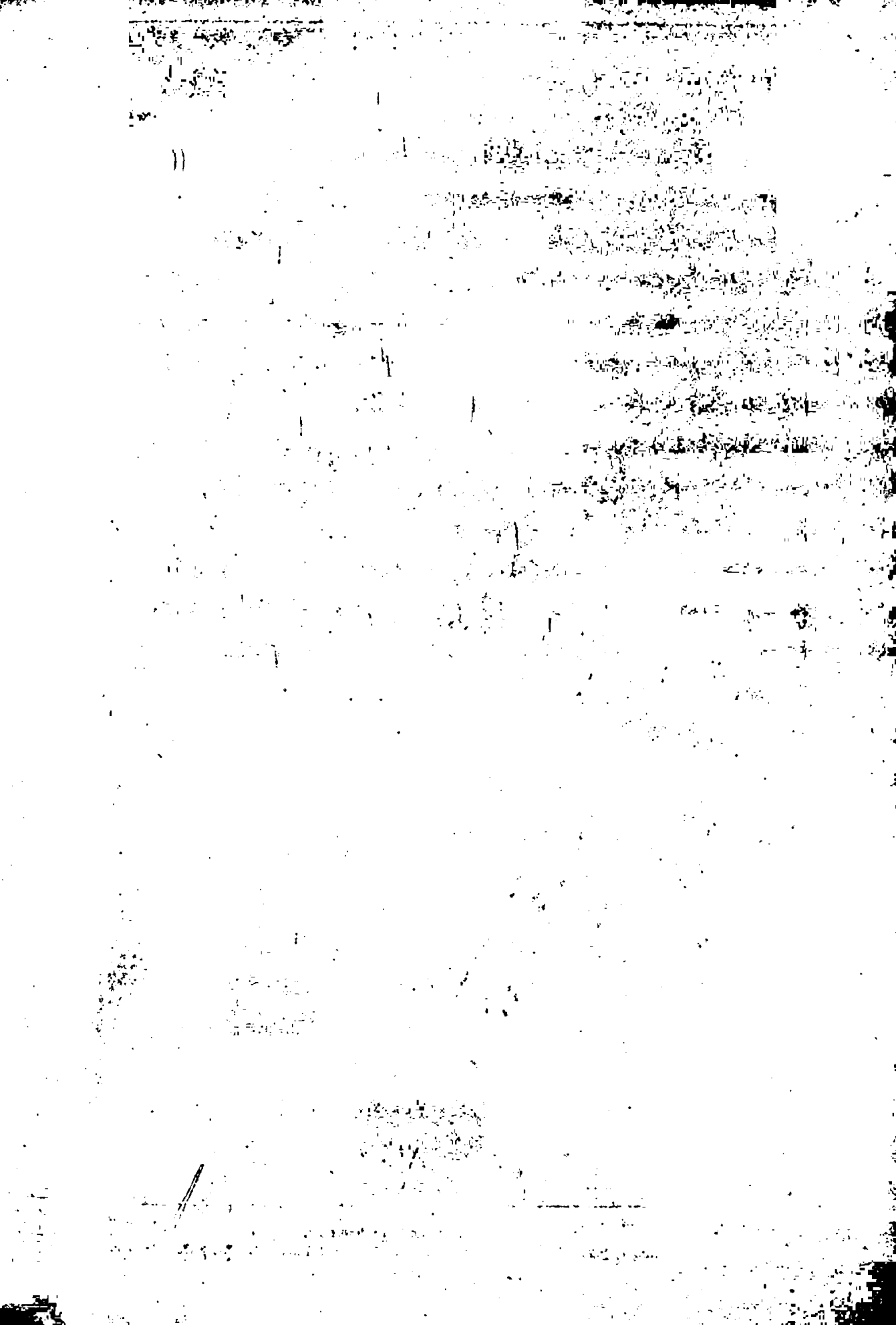
Result of Pipes and Faces Competition.

(Second Series.)

THE correct list of "callings" runs as follows: (1) Pressman, (2) Undertaker, (3) Shop Assistant, (4) Old Salt, (5) Soldier, (6) Editor, (7) Scientist, (8) Clergyman.

The prize of £5 has been awarded to: ALBERT BRETT, 15, George Street, Ramsgate, whose list most nearly agreed with the correct one.

HONOURABLE MENTION: P. Mallet, W. Morrison, C. W. Price.





Drawn for THE CAPTAIN

MR. MAX PEMBERTON.

by Walker Hodgson.

Author of "The Iron Pirate," "The Sea Wolves," "A Puritan's Wife" etc., etc., etc.

"The Iron Pirate"

AT TEA

A CHAT WITH

MAX PEMBERTON



BY KEBLE HOWARD.

"WHEN we first came here, you see, there were green fields on all sides. Now we live in a wilderness of streets."

Thus Mrs. Max Pemberton, who had found me wandering vainly up and down Aberdare Gardens, West Hampstead, and led me in safety to No. 1.

"There is no doubt," I observed, studying everything in the room as an interviewer should, "that you are difficult people to find."

Far from denying this, Mrs. Pemberton proceeded to explain that they were about to move to a less densely populated part of London. I missed the name of the new locality, for at that particular moment my subject himself appeared, looking as countrified as could be in

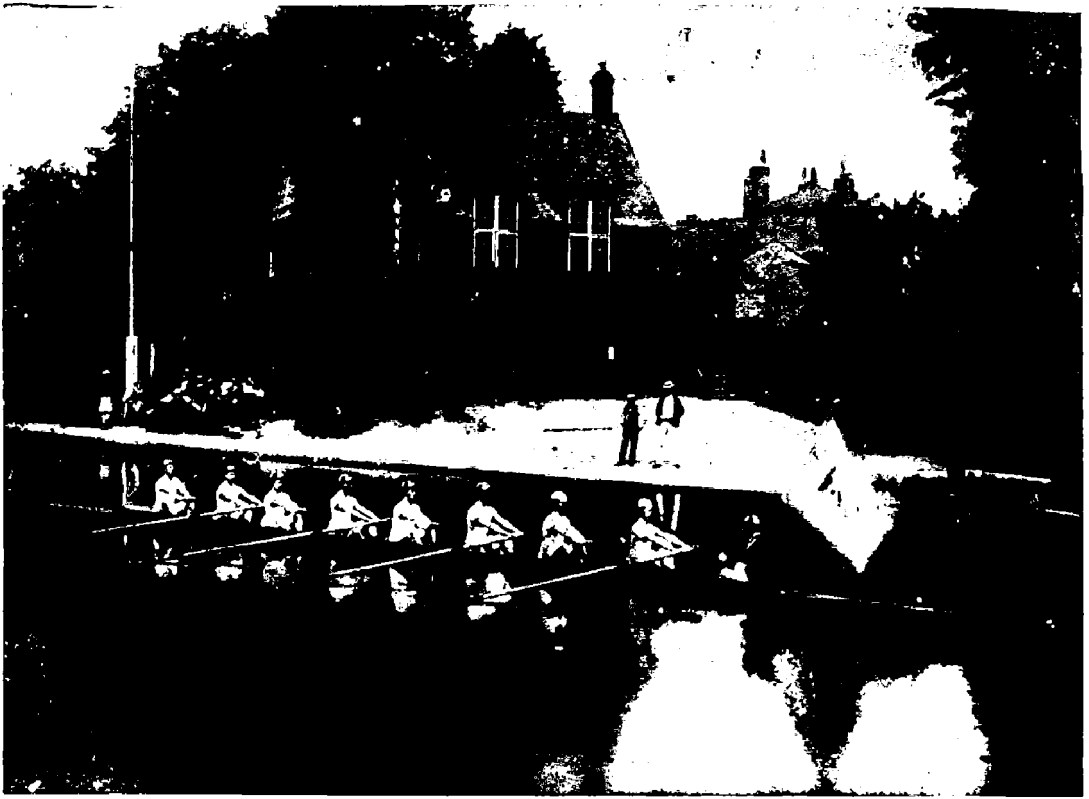
a grey cycling suit and plaid stockings. "Sorry to keep you," he began, shaking my hand and

looking round for the tea at the same time. "Don't you wait to pour out, dear; I'm an excellent hand at that. Sit down, won't you? Where's the tea? Oh, let me ring the bell. That's right. Now then — what lovely weather, eh?"

Whilst the celebrated author of the "Iron Pirate" is burning his fingers with the teapot and entangling his waistband with the buttered buns, it is interesting to note the steps in the ladder of fame that led Mr. Pemberton to the enviable position he now occupies. Although still quite a young man, he did



MR. PEMBERTON'S HOUSE AT HAMPSTEAD.



CAIUS FIRST BOAT, MAY, 1883.

(MR. PEMBERTON IS ROWING 5.)

not at once achieve a reputation as a brilliant writer. He found himself encumbered with that doubtful quantity, from the struggling journalist's point of view—a 'Varsity education. It was this that led him, just down from Cambridge, to turn his hand to Platonic essays and Aristotelian imaginings, when he should have been interviewing third-rate actors and writing love stories of the hyper-sickly sort. And so it was that the nine o'clock in the evening post came to be an hour imbued with the aches and pains of hope deferred, bringing with it the inevitable long envelopes neatly addressed in the author's own handwriting.

But at last the experienced friend with the kindly heart came along. "My boy," he said, "the public don't need educating, or, at any rate, they don't need you to educate 'em. They want to be amused. They want to be told things of less value than are contained in this trifle of yours on the 'Fallacious Notions of the Ancient Sophists with regard to Intellectual Virtue.' They like to read about 'Stout and Sandwiches; or, What London Eats for Lunch.' Try your hand at something *human*, and you'll get on."

So Mr. Pemberton sat down then and there, and turned out an article on Henley Regatta. This he forwarded to *Vanity Fair*, and a few

weeks afterwards he saw himself in print for the first time. Other work for the same journal followed, and our author was soon contributing regularly to this well-known weekly. Then came a five-thousand-word short story, which was sent to *Temple Bar*. But they didn't want it at *Temple Bar*, and Mr. Pemberton's pride received a check. He would have burnt the tale in disgust, but once again a kindly adviser was at hand, and, at the suggestion of his wife, he posted the story to *Chambers' Journal*.

It was printed, and from that time Mr. Pemberton determined to make his name on fiction. But few young authors can live by fiction alone, and he had to do a certain amount of what is known as "hack-work." His old friend, Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, had just at that time started a rival paper to *Tit-Bits*, which he called *Answers to Correspondents*, and it was our subject himself who, known as "Mr. Answers," went down into mines and up in balloons to the great delight of a safety-loving public.

In the intervals between risking his life for so much per column, Mr. Pemberton went on writing stories, but very, very few of these found their way into print. A beginner usually writes nineteen stories that are rejected for one that is accepted, but the young man from Cambridge

knew that he had it in him to succeed, and he stuck to it. Then the *Illustrated London News* was kind to him, and, finally, he was appointed as first editor of *Chums*, and made his name on the "Iron Pirate." After one year he left *Chums*, crossed the landing of the offices at La Belle Sauvage, sat down in the editorial chair of *Cassell's Magazine*, and there he is at the present moment. Energy, perseverance, and pluck had won the day.

And now just one word as to our writer's personality. In the halfpenny comic papers that boys left off buying in the month of March of this year, you invariably found an author depicted as a most scraggy individual, with rat-like hair, protruding teeth, dirty nails, and short trousers. Curious as it may seem, Mr. Pemberton is not at all like that. He is an excellent specimen of the healthy and athletic English gentleman—above middle height, well proportioned, fit and trim in wind and limb. With regard to his looks, I refer you to the various portraits of the writer that we reproduce, more particularly to the *Vanity Fair* cartoon, which shows up to great advantage his length of chin. I don't know exactly how much

that long chin has been worth to Mr. Pemberton; perhaps his banker might tell you.

"Now, look here," he was saying when I had completed these mental notes, "anything you want to ask, ask; fire away, and don't mind me. Of course, I don't know how you're going to treat this interview, but anything——"

"Pictures," I interrupted, "are what I want to get hold of first. Pictures representing you in all sorts of athletic costumes—rowing, cycling, golfing, riding, cricket, football—in fact, every kind of sport."

"Right," he replied, not at all disturbed by the exhaustive nature of my request; "they're all upstairs in my study; we'll go up now. Come along. Spring cleaning!" he shouted, bounding up the stairs, "outside and in. Must be done, I suppose. Now, then, here we are. This is my own den. These are all the originals of the illustrations of the 'Iron Pirate'; there's the original of the *Vanity Fair* cartoon; here are boating groups taken at Cambridge. Pick out what you want and I'll send 'em on to you. Eh! what's that?"

I pointed to the typewriter, and some manuscript that lay on the table.

"Oh, yes, that's the last page of my new novel. I'm frightfully busy just now. Dramatised two books—'Garden of Swords' and 'Kronstadt.' Queer thing about that, too; I wrote the 'Garden of Swords' some time after the other, and it will probably be on the boards first. You never know what's going to happen in

theatrical matters. The plot of 'Kronstadt' had to be altered a good deal, you know, to make a play of it. Everything turns on the theft of the fortress keys, and, of course, the audience must see them stolen. But we've fixed it up all right. Now we'll go down and finish our tea. Come along, and don't trip



A CARICATURE OF MAX PEMBERTON.

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"THEN TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND, AND TORE IT UP."

over that stair rod. Right you are. Sugar and milk?"

"To get back to the typewriter," I put in quickly, seizing the opportunity when the novelist was swallowing his favourite beverage. "Do you dictate your yarns?"

"G—no," he said, hastily putting down his cup. "I work very, very slowly. Never more than a thousand words a day, and that I do regularly. Wait for inspiration? Rot! When a man talks about waiting for inspiration it generally means that he's been idle for a fortnight, and feels he absolutely *must* do some work. Of course, I don't deny that a man can work better at some times than at others, but I do maintain that if you want to get anything done you must work regularly. I do my thousand words. Then my secretary copies it on the typewriter. Then I correct it. Then he copies it again. Then I probably tear it up, and re-write the whole thing. See?"

"You mean that you keep on polishing until you feel that it reads really well?"

"Precisely. More tea? Another bun? Cigarette? Here you are. After you. Thanks. Now I'll give you an illustration of what we've just been talking about. When I began to write 'Kronstadt,' I knocked off about twenty thousand words, and tore it up. Then I did ten thousand words, and tore it up. Then twenty-five thousand, and tore it up."

"You couldn't—...?"

"No, I couldn't get it to go. Suddenly it flashed upon me. *I'd been doing it in the first person, and it ought to be in the third.* Started again in the third person, and had no more trouble."

Mr. Pemberton paused to light his cigarette—having allowed seven matches to burn down to his fingers, and then thrown the ends away hastily—and I felt that I ought to ask a question.

"Are you going to give us another boys' book?"

"I might. Can't say. Curious thing about the 'Iron Pirate,' though. Before I wrote the yarn I got several eminent naval engineers to go through the plans. The ship I talked about was quite possible, you know, and I had the opinions of these gentlemen to back me up. Well, when the story appeared in book form, certain critics said the idea of such a ship was absurd. Never could and never would be made. I'm just informed that

a vessel with the same motive-power, and very similar in other respects, has been built in America. Shows, you know.

"About boys' books, though, the great thing is to keep your characters moving. Don't have 'em spouting long speeches and thinking about



MR. PEMBERTON'S STUDY.

No 2

"The Liberty of the Little Red Man."

Jog le Roi, the highwayman, started up in his bed ~~when~~ ^{when} the great bell of Notre Dame ~~was striking~~ ^{struck} midnight. Silently, and with a waiting man's curtesy, he counted the strokes, nodding his head at each one ~~thinking~~ ^{thinking} to himself that it would be five or six of the morning, time for him to be about. But when the clock went on ^{to} till the hour of twelve, an exclamation burst from his

lips. "Most-foolish," said he to himself, "I have not slept an hour. I might have known ~~that~~ ^{that} of the music ~~below~~ ^{below} Saint Paul, what-else do they have!"

No man ever to be deceived with the tricks of sleep: nor was Jog le Roi, ~~the notorious scoundrel of the highways about Paris, and one of the most successful robbers that~~ ^{the notorious scoundrel of the highways about Paris, and one of the most successful robbers that} otherwise the little Red Man, otherwise Jacques Cabot, ~~and~~ ^{and} exception to the rule. He ~~concluded~~ ^{concluded} that he had a personal grievance against the night for thus cheating him. He began to tell himself that he was thirsty—would do well to draw on his boots & venture out to a cabaret for a cup of wine. Then he remembered that he was not in the habit of leaving his sleep because a few cut-throats bawled beneath the windows of his garret. ^{Some strange} ~~Some strange~~ sound, some unusual owner of the night must have ~~troubled~~ ^{troubled} his ears while he slept; he said And for the first time for many a day he began to

(A sheet of Mr. Pemberton's original MS. from "The Queen of the Jesters.")

all sorts of things that make no difference to the story. Say you're writing about a stone-breaker: you mustn't let him sit down, even to take his lunch. Have another cigarette—eh? Smoke in the drawing-room? Certainly—cigarettes. Not pipes or cigars."

have you got the original manuscript? We should like to reproduce a page in facsimile."
"Not a line of it. Fact is, the man who sweeps up the printing offices came across my unfortunate MS., chucked it into his basket, or box, or hamper, or whatever he has, and, I suppose, burnt the whole lot. Not much value

"By the way, talking about the 'Iron Pirate,'

attaching to it, perhaps, but one likes to keep these little things. However, you'll have lots of illustrations. Those boating pictures, and——"

"You boated a lot, didn't you?"

"Fair amount. I was a kind of spare man for the Cambridge eight one year. Then I did a lot of college rowing—as you saw by those groups—and I went in for the Caius pairs. Scott and I ought to have won that. We were yards ahead of the other people; but, just as things looked flourishing, we ran smack into the bank. That settled it. We lost. Not the first pair-oared race that's been lost by bad steering. But our college boat was all right. We made lots of bumps."

"Keep it up still?"

"No; play golf now, and cycle. Not much good at golf yet, but just good enough to know that it's worth while improving. I suppose I've done something at all kinds of sports. When I was a youngster I could run like

a hare—and that reminds me." He chuckled to himself.

"If it's a yarn," I said, "come on."

"It happened when I was about ten. I was staying with an uncle of mine in Warwickshire, and a youth of my acquaintance instructed me in the distinctly gentle art of tickling trout. Well, one day we were both engaged in this fascinating occupation when he heard a puffing and grunting, and, looking up, saw quite a large farmer of the usual red-faced type lumbering towards us with fell intention and a thick stick. My companion was a good deal older than I was, but I could run faster. When we had led him some little distance I 'took to the plough,' as Kipling says, and the other chap stuck to the turf. The farmer, being a heavy man, preferred to keep to grass-land, and so devoted all his energies to capturing my friend.

"The chase was a stern one, and filled me—the sole spectator—with keen excitement. Presently, and at a most critical moment, the boy came to a kind of sand-pit. He clambered

over the edge, slipped down the side, and, just in time, crept behind a large board at the bottom. The farmer searched and searched, but in the end he never found him, and we both got off scot free."

"Hoorroosh! Did you ever run from the bulldogs at Cambridge?"

"Certainly not. What are you grinning at? I'm not to give myself away to every boy in the kingdom. Tell 'em I was always a friend to the proctors. But I knew one man who made a practice of giving the bulldogs a run for their money. He was a 'Varsity sprinter, and liked

to keep his wind in condition. One night I was studying quietly in my rooms, as a young man should, when the door burst open and my friend rushed in.

"Just done two and a-half miles!" he gasped. 'Bulldog's down there on the door-step!'

"I opened the window cautiously and looked out.

There was the unfortunate man, sitting on the door-step—hat gone, collar undone—the picture of misery. He talked to us for some time in most impolite language, and then we fixed him up with a sovereign and sent him away."

"Good again! But now I want a yarn about your own experiences with the proctors. Just a little one. Come on."

"Well, you must put it in this way. I was once one of a party taking dinner in a first-floor room overlooking the market-place. After dinner we crowded to the windows, and amused ourselves by peppering the passers-by through pea-shooters. Pea-shooters were all the rage at that time. Presently someone spotted the proctor and his little band coming our way. We put out the lights, filled our mouths with peas, and waited. Slowly they came along, until, just as they were under our windows, we let fly. Rattle! rattle! rattle! went the peas on the proctor's square and the bulldogs' hats. Whewsh! Another volley! The proctor looked



MR. PEMBERTON'S FARMHOUSE.

everywhere, but could see nothing. Whewsh! This time his jovial upturned face came in for it, and he got a pea in each eye, to say nothing of three down his throat.

"And then somebody laughed. In an instant the old boy twigged the game, and came bounding up the stairs. Some went one way, some another. I found myself, with four others, in a very small cupboard on the landing, the door of which opened outwards. We just managed to secure it inside when the old chap gained the landing.

"For a time he searched in vain. At last he heard the cupboard give a creak, as well it might, for we were jammed in like first-nighters crowding for the gallery. The proctor advanced towards the cupboard, but, before he could turn the handle, the latch gave, and we all shot out with a force that quite took the old gentleman off his legs, and nearly pitched us all over the banisters."

"What happened? Guinea all round?"

"No; that was the best part of it. We all got up and began to laugh, and in the end he went away laughing too and we never heard any more about the matter. Have another cigarette?"

"Thanks. Do you cycle?"

"Not much now, but as a boy I was great at the game. This may interest your readers. When I was about fifteen, I rode in a bicycle race against Alired Harmsworth. It was at

some sports down Richmond way, and the distance was ten miles. It seems strange enough, but we actually rode level the whole way, and *the finish was a dead heat!*"

"Great Scott!" I reached round for my hat.

"Well, now," said Mr. Pemberton, "what can I give you for an interview?"

"Don't!" I implored, mak-

ing for the door. "Remember my poor head."

"Got enough? Right you are. That your hat? Very well; mind the paint. This way—turn to the left—then left again—then right—and that'll bring you to Swiss Cottage. Good-bye; good-bye. Best of luck to THE CAPTAIN, and I'll send on the pictures. Straight on—turn to the left—then to—"

His voice died away on the breeze, but when I turned the corner he was still waving an arm with frantic energy. And that was my final impression of Max Pemberton.



EXTERIOR OF MAX PEMBERTON'S ROOMS, CAIUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.



THE TWO FAGS

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY



BY ALBERT LEE.

Author of "The Key of the Holy House," "The Inca's Ransom," etc.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—VIII.)

HARRY BALDWIN ("Snowdrop") and Tom Sinclair ("Sparrow") fag for Boardman, captain of Ellingham School. They are in "Ferguson's House." The most unpopular members of the house are two Sixth Form fellows—Toplady and Camberwell (otherwise "Blotch" and "Scrawly")—who, on account of their bullying propensities, are constantly at war with Snowdrop, Sparrow, and the other fags. Both are, in their way, good athletes. Scrawly wearing on his watch-chain a proof of his prowess in running—*i.e.*, a gold Maltese cross, won at the Barwood Athletic Meeting. Blotch is known to be very hard up, owing to betting losses. Now Boardman acts as "banker" to the Lower School fellows at Ferguson's, and keeps the considerable sums of money entrusted to his care in an iron-bound box, which stands in his room. One day he is summoned home by telegram. That night, just after Snowdrop and Sparrow (always intent on mischief) have quitted their own rooms and slipped into Boardman's "lordly bed," Blotch and Scrawly steal into Boardman's room, and approach the iron-bound box. The two fags get under the bed.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE MOONLIGHT.

THE moon by this time was shining into the room with such brilliancy that had we been in the bed Blotch must have seen us, for there was now no part of the place in darkness. He knelt down on one knee, and then looked round; we lay as still as death, scarcely breathing.

"There's someone in the bed," exclaimed Blotch, springing to his feet.

"What?" cried Scrawly. Next moment they were standing at the bedside.

"Nobody there," Scrawly observed, in a tone of relief.

"But somebody *has* been there," said Blotch irritably.

"Oh, no! unless some of those young 'uns have been up to a lark, or Boardman himself had a snooze this afternoon. Go ahead, and let's get this over."

We saw his legs going towards the door again, while Blotch went back to the box, and knelt down beside it.

Again the old silence fell on us, and we could even hear the brush of Blotch's clothes as he moved—the rub of the sleeve, for instance, against his coat, the rattle of the loose padlock when he felt about for it, since it lay in the shadow, the quick breathing of the frightened intruder, and, from the passage outside, the sounds of fellows who were asleep in their rooms, and snoring lustily.

"What a confounded time you are!" said Scrawly, in an angry whisper. "If you don't start soon I'm off, for I don't like the job. Go ahead, can't you?"

"All right," returned Blotch, in a tone of desperation.

And then we saw him put his hand into his pocket, and draw something out. There followed a jingle of metal and the rattle of the padlock as his hand went against it carelessly.

"Don't make such a row," said Scrawly. "You will tell the whole house what you are up to."

This last remark came sharply and angrily, for Blotch had let the keys fall on the floor with a noisy clatter, and the boards being bare in that place, the sound seemed to fill the room, even to us, much more to those who were

intent on some dishonest work. To Sparrow and me the whole thing was patent enough. Swernton, the bookmaker, had pressed Top-lady so hard that he had resolved to get the money which was in Boardman's box. He had evidently taken Scrawly into his confidence, and Scrawly, not having the ready money to advance, even supposing he had been willing to lend it, had probably suggested an attempt on the captain's store, and possibly, too, had helped to find some keys. They may have had genuine keys, borrowed under some pretext, or skeleton keys obtained from a locksmith in Barwood. At all events, the box was being tried, and, as I fully believed, Boardman had been got away so as to leave the coast clear.

Top-lady made no reply to his companion, but began to try one key after another, yet to no purpose. Time enough went by for him to have tried every key in the bunch, but either the

lock was too good or the keys did not fit. At all events, Blotch gave up the task, and, with an angry burst of temper, dashed the bunch to the floor. It flew across the carpet to a spot under the bed within a few inches of Sparrow's hand.

Soundlessly we got back against the wall beneath the bed's head.

"You ass!" said Scrawly, in a low hiss. "Pick up the keys and come away! I'll wash my hands of the whole concern now."

"I'm sorry, Camberwell," said Blotch, desperately; "but I think I'm mad."

"I think you are," the other responded; "but get the keys."

"I don't know where they went."

"Feel about, then. If you leave those keys we are found out as sure as we live, for some are yours and some are mine. Get them and come away. We'll think out some other plan."



THERE FOLLOVED A JINGLE OF METAL, AND THE RATTLE OF THE PADLOCK AS HIS HAND WENT AGAINST IT CARELESSLY.

The suggestion appeared to put fresh heart into Blotch, and, from our place of concealment, we could see him on his hands and knees, feeling about on the carpet in all directions.

"I can't find them."

"They went on the floor somewhere," responded Scrawly. "Don't bother about the parts that are carpeted. I heard them rattle on the boards. Try under those chairs."

"I have."

"Then try by the bureau," said Scrawly, coming farther into the room.

"I have been all round there."

"Have you felt under the bed?"

"No, but I will do."

Then Blotch suddenly sat up on his heels in a listening attitude, while Scrawly, who was now so far in the room that he stood at the foot of the bed, hurried back to the door.

"I thought I heard some footsteps," muttered Blotch.

"All serene," said Scrawly, after listening at the door a few moments. "I expect it was old Furg going to his room. Yes—it was. I heard his door slam."

That was easily done, for the noise went through the house, and seemed loud enough to wake all the sleepers. But a few moments later the sounds of snoring came through the open door, and the alarm passed.

The search was resumed, and this time in such close proximity to us that we thought discovery not merely imminent, but certain. When Toplady's hands were sprawling about on the floor at the foot of the bed great drops of perspiration came out on my forehead, and even rolled down to my eyebrows, and one drop fell on the back of my hand while I knelt with my palms flat on the floor, to support me in my uncomfortable position, and yet in readiness to scramble out, if need came or chance offered.

If only Scrawly had gone over to the window, or had knelt by the box for a while, we would have made a dash for it; but he stood at the door with a persistency which sickened us.

"Can't you find them?" he asked, presently.

"No."

"Then crawl under the bed, and feel about there, for I am confident the keys rattled on the bare boards."

This suggestion added to our fright. What if we were discovered? Scrawly was bound to be cruel. His thin lips were sufficient to show one that he had little mercy in his composition. He was one of those who could have put an animal to torture without flinching. We had seen proofs of it at one time and another. We had witnessed tokens of his unkindness to his fags, who, however, were too plucky to "blab" about it, or, quite as likely, were afraid to do so by reason of the threats he issued, and which he knew would be effectual.

As for Blotch, he was cruel in outbursts, as it were. At times his fits of rage were ungovernable, and then it was awful to fall into his hands. But on the whole he was not so absolutely and coldly cruel, so deliberately diabolical as Scrawly. But at his best, it would be bad enough to fall into his hands.

What Sparrow thought of all this I could not say at the time, for it was unsafe even to whisper. The only thing was to be in readiness to dash out and get to the door. Perhaps we could trip Scrawly by bundling between his legs; and I caught myself thinking of various dodges whereby we might destroy his equilibrium, and bring about his fall. There was one favourite method

with Sparrow when we were larking in the pupil-room. A sudden knock on the tendons at the back of the knee with the edge of one's hand, and down a fellow would go without any chance of recovering himself. If only I had that opportunity with Scrawly, I determined he should measure his length on the floor. Ere Blotch could crawl out from under the bed we could then be off into the darkness of the passage and safely locked in our rooms.

As luck had it, a cloud came over the moon just as Blotch began to crawl under the bed, and the place became so dark that so far as seeing was concerned we were safe enough from discovery. It all depended now on whether the bully would begin feeling about, and would chance in so doing to touch us. Now we could almost feel his heavy breathing—quick, short gasps of one who, on his own account, and by reason of his special trouble, was as full of fear as we were.

He began to sprawl about. I almost fancied I felt his hand brush against my fingers; but since he said nothing it must have been fancy, unless, not suspecting our presence, he took no thought for anything except the keys for which he was searching. But he drew off, and when the room grew light again he had his face away from us, and towards the foot of the bed.

Down went his hand on something, there was an exclamation of relief, and a metallic clink told us that Blotch had found what he had been so eagerly searching for.

He was in the act of crawling out from beneath the bed, and we were beginning to breathe freely again—indeed he was half risen to his feet—when Scrawly exclaimed:—

"There's someone coming down the passage! I'm off!"

Blotch scrambled to his feet and made for the door. What caused it, however, I do not know, but he had got half-way thither, when he slipped and fell heavily. At that same moment someone halted at the door and then came in.

CHAPTER X.

AN EXPLANATION.

"WHAT does this mean?" said the new comer and to our amazement, it was not the tutor, but Boardman. Just then the door went together, and we heard the latch of the lock catch. Gathering up our courage now, we peeped from beneath the bed, and saw the captain standing with his back to the door, while he was staring at Blotch, who was slowly getting to his feet.

"What does this mean?" he said again, "and who are you?"

By this time the other was standing upright, face to face with the captain, at whom he gazed in hopeless confusion. One might have thought that he would have been so desperate that he would have attempted to get away at all costs; but with the moon shining full into the room again, and lighting up Boardman's stalwart figure, probably the struggle appeared hopeless, even for one so desperate. There was no one in Ellingham who could beat Boardman at boxing, and surely with fists he would punish his opponent terribly. At every bout which he had had with Toplady the captain had come out the better, far and away; as for a tussle, Boardman had learnt wrestling from a Cornishman, and had some tricks which no one could withstand. Boardman, too, looked the very image of strength and fitness, a formidable one for the pluckiest to stand up to.

But I think Toplady was paralysed with fear—not fear of a personal encounter, but fear of all that would come of exposure. He knew well that whatever was the issue of a fight, or anything of that nature, Boardman would yet want to know what he wanted in his room, and who could say whether or not the whole truth would come out?

"Blotch is in a mortal funk," whispered Sparrow, who, now that our peril had gone, had recovered his usual spirits. "I hope old Boardman will give him a good drubbing."

There was a great deal in what Sparrow said about funking, for the board on which Toplady stood was loose, and it ran straight under the bed, so that I was crouching on one part of it myself, and felt it trembling. We ventured to crawl a little farther so as to peep out and see what was going on, and this was not attended with much risk of discovery because that side of the bed was in the shade.

Boardman, now standing with folded arms, had seen who it was that he had found in his room when Toplady shifted his position, so that there was no need to put the question again—"Who are you?" But he wanted an answer to the other—"What does this mean?" And he asked the question for the third time.

"I came to find a book, knowing you were away," was the hesitating response.

The captain looked at him searchingly, leaning forward a little, as if to see the other's face more plainly.

"Now, Toplady," he said, severely,

"that won't do. No one has any need to come to my room at this time of night to borrow a book. And if you came to borrow, why should you be so horribly frightened? Answer my question!—What are you in my room for?"

"I told you," said the other, his voice harsh, and the words coming with difficulty.

Boardman put out his hand with an angry gesture, and Blotch, thinking he meant to strike him, stepped back quickly, as if to avoid the blow. The other, however, with this wave of the hand, exclaimed impatiently:—

"Toplady, do not trifle with me. You are in my room, and, frankly speaking, I do not believe you came for a book. You have some other object, although I cannot imagine what it may be."

"I had no other object," said Blotch.

"But why come in at night?" asked the captain incredulously. "What book was it you wished to borrow?"

"'Terence,'" answered the other at random.

"'Terence'? Now I know you are trifling with me, for you borrowed my 'Terence' some time since, and have it yet."

Blotch



"WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?" HE SAID AGAIN, "AND WHO ARE YOU?"

seemed more confused than ever, and stood speechless. Finding that he did not reply, Boardman spoke again, and as it were on impulse, for I do not see what ground he had for suspicion.

"Toplady, who sent me that false telegram saying that my mother was ill?"

The question came so unexpectedly that it took Blotch by surprise. His legs trembled so, and there was so little fight in him, that he sat down on a chair close at hand, and faltered:—

"I do not know." There was, however, such a want of sincerity, and such a lack of decision in his words, that Boardman, quick-witted as he always was, detected this, and instantly followed up the answer sharply.

"Toplady, you *do* know, for you sent it yourself. What did you send it for? Tell me instantly, or I will go at once to Furguson, whether he is in bed or not, and tell him what I think."

"For God's sake, don't do that, Boardman!"

"Why not?" said the captain, mercilessly; for he was evidently savage at having been called away on a fool's errand, and especially now that he knew that his mother's health had been played off upon him for the carrying out of some scheme which he could not fathom. When he found that Blotch did not answer, he turned to the door.

"I am going to Furguson."

Blotch sprang to his feet instantly.

"Boardman, don't do that. I'll tell you everything if you won't betray me."

I have sometimes wondered whether Toplady was a coward or not, and especially did I wonder when he took this attitude. But knowing what I did, I could understand his position; could understand how he hoped to persuade the captain not to say anything. On the whole, Toplady was not quite the coward that bullies are generally supposed to be. He would play in a losing match with infinite pluck, and pull in a boat-race with indomitable energy, however badly things seemed to be going. He would stand up in a boxing bout, and never flinch, and would have faced, and often did face, overwhelming odds without turning a hair. He was a bully with it all, and a cruel one; but I could never understand his attitude, and what he now said to Boardman. He was taken unawares, had been at great tension, was desperate by reason of being pushed so hard by Swernton, had an awful fear lest his father should discover that he had been betting, and that our tutor should get at the truth. Possibly he knew Boardman's generous nature, and deemed it best to make a clean breast of it.

And that was what he did. He told the captain how he had been betting, how he had dropped more than a hundred pounds on the favourite in the Rodan races, that he had paid down thirty pounds to Swernton, but did not know where to find the other seventy, although the bookmaker had threatened to expose him to his father, or to the Head; that if he were exposed, or expelled, his aunt, who had made him her sole heir, would disinherit him in spite of explanations. Consequently he had thought of Boardman's box. He had seen a good deal of money in it when he had come to borrow the captain's "Terence," he added.

"Ha! now I remember," interrupted Boardman. "But go on."

Then Blotch finished his story, saying that he had got skeleton keys, and others, in order to open the box, and, to get Boardman away, he had got someone to send that telegram to him. But I must say this about Blotch, that, bad as he was, he did not betray Scrawly; did not even mention his name from first to last, and Sparrow whispered to me:—

"He's a beast all the same, but I like him a bit better for not peaching on Scrawly."

There was silence for a while after the story had been told.

"Are you sure you have not taken any of my money?" said the captain, presently.

"I have not opened the box. The keys would not fit."

"I suppose you would have taken it if they had?"

"Yes, Boardman," answered the other. "But for mercy's sake don't expose me! I'll do whatever you care to make me do if only you will keep it from the Head."

Boardman turned on him with such a look of scorn that the other recoiled as if he had been struck. Then Boardman went to the box, knelt beside it, took his keys from his pocket, and opened the box. What was in it we could not see, but we saw the captain lift the money bag, and hold it up as if he would assure himself that it had not been tampered with. He closed the box again, locked it, and rose to his feet.

"Toplady, listen to me. I shall keep this secret, since I do not want to have a hand in your ruin. But mark this: you must never speak to me again; and if the fellows choose to wonder why, that is your look-out, and you must answer their wonder as you can. Now go!"

Blotch rose to his feet, and went to the door. But his better nature asserted itself, and he turned to speak.

"Boardman, I will remember what you say, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart. I

am in an awful fix, and God knows where I shall find the money. Still, I shall not forget your generosity in not exposing me."

He said no more, for Boardman, who had been standing by the box, turned his back on Toplady, and looked out of the window without answering a word. Toplady saw the movement, and walked away, closing the door after him quietly.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MISSING MONEY.

WITH his elbows on the window-sill, and his chin resting on his clasped hands, Boardman continued to look out into the moonlit street. Now, thought we, was the time to get back to our rooms, for, in his present humour, we did not quite know how the captain would take it if he found that we had been present at the interview between himself and Blotch. He might be angry, or he might be indifferent, and, so far as we could judge from past experience, his temper just

now was an uncertain quantity, with the chances in favour of a downright drubbing; and that in our present garb—nothing but a night-shirt each—was hardly a thing to be desired.

"Let's slip out while he's there," whispered Sparrow, suiting the action to the words thus far that he crawled out on that side of the bed nearest to the door. But Boardman had shifted his position, and now, unknown to us, was standing so as to face the door, so that when our white-robed figures stood erect in the moonlight he caught sight of us.

"Hallo! Who are you?" he exclaimed; and he advanced towards us quickly. It was no use now trying to evade him, for he was sure to catch one of us before we got out of the



"HOLD HARD," SAID SPARROW, PLUCKILY. "LET US ALONE, AND WE'LL TELL YOU ALL WE KNOW."

room. Consequently there was nothing for it but to take all risks and hear what he had to say. We turned full round and faced him, waiting for our fate to be decided, but putting on as bold a front as possible.

"Sparrow! Snowdrop!" he exclaimed, "what in the world are you two youngsters doing here?" And he grabbed us both by our flimsy collars.

"Hold hard," said Sparrow, pluckily. "Let us alone, and we'll tell you all we know."

When the captain had taken his hands off, we told him all that Blotch had done; but when we got away and compared notes, we were not quite sure that we had said anything about Scrawly being implicated, or even so much as present. Before he let us go Boardman made

us solemnly promise not to whisper a word to anyone, high or low, not even to himself again, of all that we had seen and heard.

Then taking us once more by our collars he marched us off to our respective rooms, saw us into our beds, gave us a parting warning, and uttered a threat of consequences if we said anything, which was so ominous that we were not likely to utter a word, or drop the faintest hint.

"I'm going to give Toplady a chance, so see to it that you do not upset my plan," he said, as he turned away.

Two or three days went by, and, whenever Boardman was not near, we watched Toplady surreptitiously to see what he looked like. Much as we hated him for his bullying propensities, of which in our time we had painful experience, we could not help pitying him for having got into such a hole; and, what was more, we could not forget that he had stood true to Scrawly, and had not mentioned him as having anything to do with this scandalous affair. There is a good trait in the worst of characters, they say; or, if you like to put it so, there is honour among thieves. Granting that to be true, bad as we thought Blotch, he was not altogether graceless.

Our watchfulness led us to the conclusion that he was awfully miserable; and not only so, but we gathered from his sapping when he ought, in the ordinary course of events, to have been on the river or in the playing-fields, that he was smarting under heavy impositions in school, either for outbursts of temper, or absent-mindedness because of that everlasting nightmare in the shape of settling-day with Swernton.

But something happened which made us think worse things about Blotch than we had ever thought before. Boardman had told us to be in his room after four, one afternoon,

because he wanted us to go an errand for him into Barwood. When we got there, we found him sitting at his table with his writing-desk open before him. He had a pen-holder in his mouth, and, seeing us come in, he nodded to us to stand aside, and, so far as we could understand such English as one can speak with a pen-holder between one's lips, we understood that he was not ready for us just yet, and that we must wait.

"Shall we come back presently?" asked Sparrow.

"Stay where you are," said Boardman, peremptorily, and he went on with his search among his papers, which filled the desk to overflowing. Presently he found what he wanted, then wrote a note, which he told us to take to Meridian's shop on the Castle Hill. Before we could start on the journey, Tony Anderson came in to say that the tutor wanted to see the captain instantly, and Boardman got up from his seat promptly to see what he was wanted for. He hastily shut up his desk, and locked it, but dropped his keys on the floor.

"Never mind," he said, and off he went, leaving them where they were, but bidding us get about our business at once, so as to be back for Absence.

When we had done our errand, we turned into the school-yard just in time to answer to our names. We had loitered on the bridge watching the fellows coming off the river, and stayed till the last one had landed at the raft. Then away we

started pell-mell down the High Street, lest we should be late. Strangely enough, Boardman was missing. It was evident that our tutor had detained him, or that he had gone elsewhere, and was not present, therefore, to answer to his name. Of course, Ferguson would make that all right. But Blotch also was absent. He had been staying out that day



OUR WATCHFULNESS LED US TO THE CONCLUSION THAT
BLOTCH WAS AWFULLY MISERABLE.

on the plea that he was unwell, and, judging from his looks when we had seen him in chapel in the morning, he was not shamming, for he looked awfully haggard and pale. Knowing what we did, and of the approach of settling-day, we did not wonder at his looks, nor at his having chosen to stay out of school, and keeping to his room instead.

After calling over we went to Boardman's room to see if he was there, and give him the note we had brought from Meridan, but the room was still empty. We didn't go near his room again until after prayers. Then we saw Boardman sitting at his desk. He told us we could go to bed—"early," he added, with considerable emphasis.

The next day went by as usual until "after four." The following day was to be a whole holiday, and while we were in Boardman's room waiting for orders, Williams minor came in.

"What do you want, youngster?" said the captain cheerily.

"Please, Boardman, I want half a sov. because to-morrow's a whole."

"Oh, all right. Come in presently—half-an-hour, say. Or after prayers—just when you like. I'm busy."

"Very well. After prayers," said Williams minor. "But, I say, Boardman, don't you tell my Major, because I know he'll want to borrow it from me."

Boardman sat and talked for a few minutes about the tidying up of his book-shelves, which he wanted us to look to, and then, just as we were beginning to set about our task, he went to the box where he kept his valuables.

"I'll get out that chinck for young Williams. Do you want any, Snowdrop?"

"Yes, please; five bob."

"Oh, and me the same," chimed in Sparrow.

"Very well; but I'm afraid you youngsters get through your cash far too quickly. Still, that's your concern, not mine."

By this time he was on one knee unlocking the box; but when he threw back the lid he uttered a cry, half of astonishment and half of fear.

"Gone!" he exclaimed, bending over the chest.

"What?" said we in a breath, going to his side, and looking in. We saw the tissue paper parcels, and the little wraps of chamois leather, but something seemed to me to be short.

"The bank money! It can't be! I won't believe that Toplady has done me after all!"

His knees were on the floor, and he sat back on his heels gazing into the box. Now and again he moved this parcel and that; but one

thing was certain—that the bank money was gone.

"What puzzles me," he said, presently, still sitting there, "is how anyone got into the box. The lock went as usual, and I have had the keys in my pocket all the time."

"No," interposed Sparrow. "Don't you remember dropping your keys when you sent us to Meridan's shop yesterday?"

"Of course I do; I forgot that. But I found them where I dropped them, so that they could not have been touched."

The captain did not move, nor did he say another word, but sat with his arms folded. I thought he would never speak. Presently, however, he began to murmur something, as if to himself.

"I believed him when he told me his story, and expressed contrition; but putting things together, what can I think? He stayed out of school yesterday, and had ample time to get at my box. He's a scoundrel through and through, and I'll go and tell him what I think!"

He sprang to his feet after locking the box, and went away to Blotch's room. But when he got there Blotch was out, nor was he anywhere to be found.

"I don't like this at all," said Sparrow, uneasily. "Suppose Boardman is satisfied that Blotch did not take the money, it looks awkward for you and me, old chap. We saw him leave the keys on the floor, you know."

CHAPTER XII.

THE MALTESE CROSS.

BLOTCH had got leave of absence for that night and the following day, and meanwhile the mystery of the missing money was unexplained. Sparrow and I went to bed that night and the next wretched and anxious, because in a sense we were open to suspicion. It was the most miserable holiday we had ever spent, although the weather was glorious. The other fellows had rallied us for being so moody, and we tried to be cheerful; but it was all in vain, so that we sought our own rooms, where we could be as mopey as we chose, without anyone to take notice of us.

I was tossing about in my bed when Sparrow came in.

"What's up?" I asked, leaning on one elbow and staring at him.

"I am going to see Boardman, to ask him straight whether he thinks either of us took that money. Will you come with me?"

"I should think so!" I answered, jumping

out of bed, and getting into my trousers as quickly as possible.

We loitered for a time on the outside of Boardman's door, half afraid to go in, and not knowing what we should say when we stood in the captain's presence. At last, in a fit of desperation, I turned the handle, and pushed the door open. Then Sparrow and I went in together, shutting the door after us. Boardman was busy at his table; but the sound of our entrance aroused him, and he turned round and looked at us.

"Hallo! Out of your rooms at this time of night?" he asked, somewhat severely.

I began an answer of some sort, but bungled so much that Sparrow interposed.

"Please, Boardman, we're both awfully miserable——"

"Miserable!" interposed the captain. "What about?"

"Well—about that bank money. You know, it looks black against Snowdrop and me, because, so far as we know, we were the only ones in the room between your leaving it and coming back again."

Boardman looked at both of us, and must have seen by our pale and anxious faces how much in earnest we were. If he had had any doubts about us the look on his own face assured us that he had now dismissed them. But he had never suspected us.

"Come closer, both of you," said he, kindly. And when we got near enough he put his pen down on the table and looked at us again. Indeed, he put out his hands—one on Sparrow's shoulder and the other on mine—and spoke almost affectionately, as if the more to reassure us.

"Little chappies, I never had a thought about either of you. I should as soon have accused myself. Go back to your rooms, and don't worry any more. Why, Sparrow, you look as solemn as a judge. And, as for you, Snowdrop, you're whiter than ever."

"We couldn't help coming," said one of us. "It seemed so awful that you might think that we had been doing such a thing."

"But I didn't think so, and I won't. There, now, will that satisfy you?"

"Yes," we said in one breath, and mightily relieved.

"Oh, but I say, Boardman, are you *quite* sure the money is gone?" I asked, plucking up my old courage.

"As sure as I am that I am sitting at this table, and that you two youngsters are standing before me," was the captain's response.

"I can't believe it's gone," exclaimed Sparrow. "It must have got beneath some of the other things in the box."

"Well, then, you shall see again for yourselves," Boardman said, getting up from his chair and pulling out his keys. "Bring the candle, Snowdrop."

I picked up the candlestick from the table, and we went once more to the chest. When we had knelt one on either side of Boardman, he unlocked the padlock, and threw the box open.

"There now, Sparrow, where's the money-bag?"

"Not on the top, of course," said Sparrow, who was far from convinced that the bag had really gone.

"But I haven't touched the other things since you had your sardine tea," answered the captain, smilingly, for in spite of his worry he was amused at our incredulity. "I have only come to the box once since then when a youngster wanted some money. Still, I will look again to satisfy you."

I often smile when I think of the group which knelt about that box. Sparrow was leaning over so eagerly that Boardman had to ask him to get back so as to allow him room to prosecute the search. And as for myself, I, too, was leaning over, regardless of all the candle droppings, so anxious was I to see whether the bag had found its way beneath the other contents. Presently Boardman was so crowded that he had to sit up on his heels, and take us both by the collar, so as to "clear the gangway," as he put it, ordering us to keep our distance, and me to drop no more candle grease.

I half think he was hopeful that he had misplaced the money-bag, for he was prosecuting the search heart and soul. Package after package came out, and was placed on the floor, but when we reached the bottom of the chest we saw that our suggestion had come to nothing. It was beyond dispute that the money was gone. For a few moments we knelt before the box, and looked in without speaking a word; but suddenly Boardman exclaimed:—

"*What's that?*" And so saying he made a dive into the box, and took out something.

It was a solid gold Maltese cross.

Boardman turned it over in his hand, and, holding it up to the candle-light, examined it closely. The front was richly chased, and bore a familiar look to me.

"Scrawly's!" exclaimed Sparrow, impulsively.

"Nonsense!" said the captain, but by no means confidently.

"Look for the inscription at the back," Sparrow said, undauntedly. "It's Scrawly's, I tell you! There is no other Maltese cross like that in Ellingham, I know."



PACIAGE AFTER PACKAGE CAME OUT AND WAS PLACED ON THE FLOOR; BUT WHEN WE REACHED THE BOTTOM OF THE CHEST WE SAW THAT OUR SUGGESTION HAD COME TO NOTHING.

The captain turned it so as to look at the reverse, and read:—

"Barwood Athletic Club. M. Camberwell, 1st prize. Quarter-mile Flat Race."

"But how did it come here?" he asked, amazedly.

"How should it come but in this way, that Scrawly, knowing the money was in the box, saw your keys, and used them, got at the bank-bag, and dropped the cross into the box unknown to himself?" observed Sparrow, all alert and eager. But when Boardman looked incredulous, we told him of the cross having dropped off Scrawly's chain on the night of the penny readings, and of Scrawly having kept watch while Blotch was making his attempt on the box. The cross was never fastened very securely on to his chain.

"Then he has sought for the money, leaving his chum to bear all the consequences of suspicion," said the captain, presently. Without saying another word he rose to his feet, took the candle from my hand, and stalked out of the room. Sparrow and I followed silently, wondering what he was going to do, but he seemed to have forgotten us entirely. He turned down the passage with swift strides, making no attempt to lessen the sound of his footsteps, and did not halt until he came to Scrawly's room. He did not so much as knock for admission, but opened the door and walked in. We followed silently, but unknown to him, standing well out of the way, so as not to be seen.

Scrawly was sitting at his table, apparently engaged at his work for the next day, but when he turned and saw the captain, I thought he turned pale, and looked frightened. His thin lips parted, and his eyes opened wide.

"Camberwell, is this yours?" said Boardman, walking across the room, and holding out the Maltese cross for the other to see.

"Yes," said Scrawly. Had he been able to do so, he would have denied the ownership point blank, but there was the tell-tale inscription on the back.

"Then how came it locked up in my box?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Scrawly, leaping to his feet. The perspiration poured out on his forehead, his lips trembled, his self-possession, already small in spite of his great effort to command himself, was now completely gone, and his hand shook while he held the cross. "I must have dropped it somewhere," he said, after a while, more unnerved than ever, while Boardman stood before him sternly.

"You dropped it in my box, Camberwell, and unwittingly locked it up there to tell its story."

"I?" The word came out defiantly.

"Yes, you. What have you done with the bank money?"

"I know nothing of your bank money," he faltered. Then the defiant bearing returned. "Nothing. How dare you come here and say such things to me?"

"I dare do what I have a right to do, Camberwell," said Boardman quietly, but so decisively that the other knew that the captain would not be trifled with. "When I find someone's Maltese cross in my box, and a bag of money gone, I have sufficient intelligence to put two and two together. The cross was left behind by him who took the money. The cross is yours, and I conclude that you have the money in this room."

Scrawly had flung the cross upon the table as if it had stung him, and Boardman, taking it in his hand, placed it in his pocket.

"Do you deny having been at my box?" he asked quietly, looking Scrawly in the face.

"Yes."

"Absolutely?"

"Absolutely," was the answer.

But in spite of the denial the tone was not convincing, and Scrawly's face was sufficient to assure one that he lied.

"I hear what *you* say, Camberwell. All I have to say is, that if the money is not in my room by to-morrow, after breakfast, I will see the Head before chapel, show him the cross, and leave him to deal with the matter. So decide for yourself."

He spoke quietly. It was Boardman all over. When he was most severe his words came slowly, but one knew that he meant what he said, and that he would be as good as his word. He turned on his heel and stalked out of the room. We had divined what he was going to do, so had slipped into the passage, half hoping he would not see us, for we seemed to know that he would be angry if he knew we had been present at the interview. He did not see us, but passed on to his own room, and shut the door.

Next morning after chapel, when we went in to see what he wanted of us in the way of fagging, he pulled out his keys, unlocked the box, and told us to look in. The lost bag was leaning against the side as if it had never been taken away.

"Listen to me, both of you," said Boardman, while we gazed at the bag, and wondered how it had been returned. "Not one word about this to anyone. Do you hear?"

"Yes," we answered. He looked from one to the other, and saw that he could trust us. Then, locking up the box again, he rose from his knees, and crossed to his table.



"WELL!" SAID SPARROW, "THAT
BEATS EVERYTHING I EVER SAW."

"Sparrow, take this to Camberwell with my compliments," said he, pulling a gold Maltese cross out of his pocket. He slipped it into an envelope, which he fastened down and handed to my chum.

"Now mind, both of you—not a word to anyone."

"Please trust us, Boardman," said I.

"Yes, do," added Sparrow.

"I will," said the captain.

On the Saturday following, Blotch's money was due to Swernton, and we looked to see him in the very depths of misery. But when he showed up "after four," crossing the school-yard towards the playing fields, his face was jubilant. I do not think I had seen him as happy from the day I first knew him. And what was more, Boardman was his companion. They both gave us a friendly nod, and passed on.

"Well!" said Sparrow, after whistling, "that beats everything I ever saw."

We walked through the cloisters after the other two without a word, but when we passed into the playing-fields, where all the fellows were busy at cricket, Sparrow stopped suddenly.

"I'll tell you what I think, Snowdrop. I believe old Boardman has helped Toplady out of his mess by lending him the money."

There was something in that. It was what one would expect of the captain of the house.

As for Scrawly, he and Blotch broke off their friendship completely; not only so, Scrawly did not come back to Ellingham next term. What his motive was for taking the money we never knew, but take it he did, and give it back he did. As for Blotch, he was always a beast by nature, but he wasn't quite such a beast after this event as he was before. I believe Boardman gave him a talking to—in fact, I'm sure he did. Good old Boardman!

THE END.

Albert Lee

SOME RULES OF DRESS AT CHARTERHOUSE.

BY A CHARTERHOUSE BOY.

AT all public schools there are rules laid down by the boys, and these are usually kept quite as strictly as those which are made by the masters. Privileges are gained by length of time at school or skill in games, etc. At



From **CHARTERHOUSE.** photographs

Charterhouse every boy is obliged to wear a black coat and waistcoat and tie, so at the beginning or end of the "quarter," as the term is called, or when anybody goes out of bounds by train or any other way, he who has been a year at the school is allowed to wear a "sporting" coat and tie (*i.e.*, not the ordinary *black* clothes), and he is also allowed to carry a walking-stick, and at any time to wear a flower in his button-hole, and to keep his coat outside his collar, and affect "stick-ups," if he is in Upper School. Fellows in the Sixth Form may wear white ties on Sundays instead of black, and all fellows who are considered to be "men," or "bloods," as they are called, are

allowed to wear tail-coats on Sundays, and to wear black hat-ribbons instead of their house-colours. Another old custom is to wear your house-cap with the peak at the back instead of at the front, and if anyone disobeys this rule he is promptly told to "take it off," or not to "advertise," or swagger. At football, which is the real game at Charterhouse, the first XI. wear dark blue knickers, usually called "cuts," the second, third, and fourth XI.'s may wear white, and fellows who play for their house, or have been two years at the school, may wear grey "cuts," but those who have not been two years in their house wear grey "bags," buckling below the knee. Fellows who have not been a year in their house may not occupy



by J. P.

Stewart Brown.
CHARTERHOUSE.

a chair, and at supper only those who play for their house may sit down in their flannels.



SIXTH SERIES.

HONESTY.

WHAT tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-grey, and a' that ;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that—
Their tinsel show, and a' that—
The honest man, tho' ne'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

BURNS.

∴ ∴ ∴

Who is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true ;
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unfix, or wrench from giving all their due.

GEORGE HERBERT.

∴ ∴ ∴

“There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as an idle wind
Which I respect not.”

SHAKESPEARE.

∴ ∴ ∴

Man is his own star ; and that soul that can
Be honest is the only perfect man.

FLETCHER.

∴ ∴ ∴

Be thou lowely and honeste
To riche and pouere, in worde and dede,
And then thy name to worship shall sprede.

From “THE BOOK OF PRECEDENCE.”

∴ ∴ ∴

An honest man is still an unmoved rock,
Wash'd whiter, but not shaken with the shock ;
Whose heart conceives no sinister device ;
Fearless he plays with flames, and treads on ice.

DAVENPORT.

A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod ;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

POPE.

∴ ∴ ∴

All are not just because they do no wrong ;
But he who will not wrong me when he may,
He is the truly just. I praise not those
Who in their petty dealings pilfer not,
But him whose conscience spurns at secret fraud
When he might plunder and defy surprise.
His be the praise who, looking down with scorn,
On the false judgment of the partial herd,
Consults his own clear heart, and boldly dares
To *be*, not to be *thought*, an honest man.

∴ ∴ ∴

Then cherish faith and honesty,
Down to your burial clod,
And never for a moment stray,
Beyond the path of God.

GOSTICK.

∴ ∴ ∴

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

LONGFELLOW

∴ ∴ ∴

An honest soul is like a ship at sea,
That sleeps at anchor when the ocean's calm ;
But when she rages and the wind blows high,
He cuts his way with skill and majesty.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

∴ ∴ ∴

This above all : to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE HOLDER OF THE GRANGE



BY EDWARD TEBBUTT.

Illustrated by E. Ibbetson.



DERCHANCE Cornet Lovell may find it more to his liking," cried Heriot, rudely, as I entered the room. "For 'tis a fool's errand, to my thinking." Vandacre lifted his eyebrows, and turned to me with a scornful smile upon his lips.

"Cornet Lovell," said he, "this fool's errand, as our brave lieutenant terms it, is one upon which you will embark in two hours' time."

I saluted, and Heriot laughed in sneering fashion, as I clinked my spurs and tapped the sanded floor with the point of my scabbard. In two hours' time the darkness would have gathered, and night enterprises were ever to my liking.

"You will take twenty men," continued Vandacre, calmly, "and ere daybreak you will return with the Earl of Stanford as your prisoner of war."

I stared hard at my captain to see if it were a joke he played upon me, but his hard features were even sterner than usual, and the grim light which shone in his restless eyes told only too plainly that many a year of his life would he barter to be raised, sound and well again, from the bed whither we had carried him after our fatal ambush at Collingtree.

"In two hours' time we set forth," I replied; but, at the same time, I did not look at Heriot. Vandacre turned to him, however.

"We have still some soldiers in our ranks it would seem," he remarked.

"And some fools," retorted Heriot, in tones that made me long to choke the words down his throat again. Yet, after all, he was a sturdy fellow, this Heriot of ours, where actual warfare was concerned, though a mere child in those matters of strategy and skill upon which Vandacre and I prided ourselves as experts. And it would seem as though strategy were more than necessary on an errand such as this.

"Cornet Lovell," said Vandacre, in the same official tone he would have employed in ordering me to inspect the soldiers' kits, "your instructions are as follows: Some six miles from Northampton, on the road where lies the town of Towcester, is an estate known as Gobion Grange, owned by one Sir Jasper Tressilas. This Tressilas, who is reputed to be but poorly off, has so far held aloof from both King and Parliament. To-day, however, a villager has come here to me with a tale which throws quite a different aspect on the affair. He is, it appears, a groom in the employ of Sir Jasper, and has discovered that, far from being poverty-stricken, the baronet is possessed of immense wealth in the shape of plate and jewels, which he has hidden away in the Grange itself. The Royalist leaders would seem to have heard the same story, for Earl Stanford travels to Gobion to-night to beg assistance of this miserly Tressilas, leaving again ere daybreak. He is attended by one servant only, and methinks

you should have small difficulty in effecting his capture when he has reached the Grange. According to our informer there can be no opposition; the house is isolated, and if you cannot gain your end by diplomacy, force must be employed. That is all I can tell you—perhaps you had better see this villager yourself,” and Vandacre fell back on his pillow, gasping with sheer pain and exhaustion, Heriot bending over the bed to smooth the clothes as gently as his rough hand would permit.

I stepped quietly from the room and down the uneven staircase, the while pondering upon this strange, incomplete tale I had heard, and almost agreeing with our outspoken lieutenant that it was one which only a fool would credit.

The informer was awaiting us in the stable outside, a little rat-faced fellow, with shifty, restless eyes, and a close-cropped poll that scarce reached the level of my shoulder. From every point of view we taxed him, but he remained firm in his one assertion that Earl

Stanford was to visit Gobion Grange at ten o'clock that night. He had overheard the secret as Sir Jasper whispered it to his daughter Dorothy.

“And why do you betray your master?” inquired Heriot, sternly, as the fellow wriggled and twisted beneath his searching gaze.

“I am for the Parliament,” he stammered.

“Then God help the Parliament,” returned the lieutenant, “if it has many supporters such as you.”

“Look you here,” said I, anxious to prove my authority. “I am inclined to believe your story, and shall act upon it. In the meantime, you will be kept in close custody, and if you have carried false news, I'll swing you on yonder beam within an hour of my return. Do you understand?”

He made no reply, but shot a vindictive glance in my direction. In disgust Heriot and I turned away, leaving him to the tender mercies of Sergeant Praise-the-Lord Harper,



“AND WHY DO YOU BETRAY YOUR MASTER?” INQUIRED HERIOT, STERNLY, AS THE FELLOW WRIGGLED AND TWISTED BENEATH HIS SEARCHING GAZE.



"I DEMAND THE PERSON OF JOHN MONTEITH, EARL OF STANFORD."

whose actions at times were wont to belie the gentleness which his high-sounding name should have inspired within him.

I bade my men assemble at the Cross of Queen Eleanor, which lies some four furlongs beyond the foot of the hill upon which the town of Northampton stands. This I did to avert the suspicion which would certainly be aroused by the sight of twenty armed troopers clattering, in infantry fashion, down the hill at ten o'clock at night. For once Heriot approved of my action.

"Bring him back safe and sound," quoth he, "and the name of Lovell of Tregmorda shall ring through the land to-morrow."

Although it was some quarter of an hour in advance when I arrived at our rendezvous, my men were ready marshalled and eager to set out without further delay.

The night was black and windy; the half-naked trees swung and creaked on either hand

as we marched along the deserted high road, or turned into narrow lanes, which coiled and twisted through innumerable fields of ploughed land and pasture ground. The way seemed familiar enough to my men, but for my own part it was totally new, nor could I hope to retravel it alone, should occasion ever demand. And not a

solitary wayfarer did we meet from the moment we left the Cross to when, in a hoarse whisper, Corporal Spender told me that Gobion Grange was reached, and lay beyond the spinney, through which we crept as silently as the snapping twigs and rustling leaves would permit. The Grange was of greater size than I had imagined — long, low, and gabled—and lay gaunt and indistinct against the shifting sky, with never a light from roof to dungeon to give token of habitation within. The utter silence was eerie, uncanny, and for a moment the sudden cry of a night-jar filled us with a nameless dread.

Then, with a laugh and a whispered warning to my men to keep well in the blackness of the trees, I crawled over the stubble that lay between the Grange and spinney till the moat was reached—a

wide one and deep, with the drawbridge securely chained on the opposite bank. Here I halted, till, realising the futility of delay, I rejoined my impatient soldiers, repeating the orders I had already issued. In single file we passed from the spinney, and Trooper Scotney, a mere lad, even younger than I, slipped noiselessly into the moat, and with rapid strokes swam to the drawbridge chains, pulling himself up on the opposite bank. Of my soldiers' feelings I cannot speak, but for my own part my heart beat fast as I watched the ponderous bridge sink lower and lower in our direction. Suddenly, as it was nearly level, a chain severed with a snap, and, as the bridge fell, the concussion echoed among the walls around like thunder in the utter stillness which had enveloped us. Involuntarily we waited for the result; nor were we kept long in suspense, for almost the next instant a light flashed in an upper window and a voice rang loud into the night.

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"Clear the bridge!" it shouted, "or, by the Lord, we fire—be you friend or foe of Sir Jasper Tressilas!"

It was a challenge, and as such we accepted it. Drawing my sword, I rushed madly across the bridge, shouting to my troopers to follow.

"In the name of the Parliament!" I cried.

"Naught have we to do with either King or Parliament," came the reply; "and care as little for one as the other. What want you here?"

"I demand the person of John Monteith, Earl of Stanford," I answered, in tones that lacked none of their former boldness.

"We know no Earl of Stanford here," and plainly we caught the echo of a mocking laugh. "Why should you demand him of Sir Jasper Tressilas?"

As these words were spoken a ruddy flash blazed from a side turret, and a bullet hissed into our midst, striking, as luck would have it, the very lad who had breasted the moat only a moment or two before. Then, ere we could return the compliment, the light was quickly extinguished, the window fell to with a clang, and again the Grange was wrapped in the silence and darkness of the tomb. For a moment I stood nonplussed, till Spender pointed to a huge log which lay rotting by the side of the water.

"'Twill serve to smash open the door," said he.

I filed my men round the Grange, placing them some ten paces apart; then, with Spender and Trooper Lenzie, turned my attention to the log. It was high twelve feet in length, sodden and heavy, but we easily carried it across the grass, and with all our strength butted it against the great oak door. Dull and booming rang the echoes, and above them a sound I was none too pleased to hear—the cry of a frightened woman. Spender looked across at me, shaking his head in silence. We, of Vandacre's Horse, did not war against such as they. But yet we had a duty to perform, a stern one which could brook no sentiment, so again and again we battered the door with our ram, though firm and stout it stood. At length, however, the cracking, splintering timber, and snapping of metal hasps, told that our labour was meeting its reward, and with one final effort we crashed the log through the door, leaving it hanging loose and awry, with naught save scattered débris to bar our passage into the Grange. I stepped into the hall, Spender and Lenzie at my heels, and there halted with an involuntary cry of surprise. For on the stairway, holding a lamp to the darkness above and around, stood a

girl girt in armour, complete enough to turn all our one-and-twenty blades aside—the armour of a woman's beauty. Her dark curly head was flung back in defiance, a scornful smile lighted her eyes, and curved the proud line of her lips. And as we stood abashed before her, she curtsied deeply, mockingly.

"'Tis a proud day for England," she cried, with studied sarcasm, "when her soldiers have courage enough to break into an unprotected mansion."

The blood sprang to my cheek as I stepped forward a pace. "Mistress," I began.

But with a flash of anger, as sudden as the summer lightning, and as quickly spent, she turned on me ere I could speak yet further.

"Methinks they could not find a *man*," she said, "to lead an errand such as this."

"Mistress," I repeated, and this time my firmer tone courted no rebuff, "we seek one who is traitor to his name and his country; one whom we believe to be under this roof even now. And, with your permission, we would search for him."

As I gazed upon her, it struck me as incongruous that so young a maid as she should hold the Grange as its mistress, when Sir Jasper was a man well advanced in years. Then I recalled the words of our informer; his mention of the daughter Dorothy.

"If you would search the house," she said, gravely, "'tis not for me to say you nay. But you are an officer—maybe a gentleman according to your lights—and I would ask you for your word that your soldiers shall not molest us when they discover that their errand is in vain."

"I am a Lovell of Tregmorda," I replied, proudly. "Holding my word to be my bond, I pledge you that word that none shall be disturbed save the Earl of Stanford, whom we seek."

She smiled at the mention of the name, a smile sweet and serious, which will linger in my heart when all other memories are dead and gone.

"If you will but begin," she said, "the sooner we may bid you God-speed."

I stationed two troopers in the hall, taking two more into our party in case of treachery; and, 'neath the guidance of Mistress Dorothy, we searched the chambers below, discovering naught of suspicious aspect. Then we passed to the head of the wide oak staircase, where Dorothy paused, flinging open the door.

"'Tis my bedchamber," she said, with a glance that filled me with the shame of a whipped schoolboy. "I would have you search

it first, that I may retire—craving your permission to do so.”

I moved back a pace, as though I would have her enter.

“Trooper Lenzie,” I said, “you will remain outside this room, and at your peril allow no one to pass.”

My lady, however, must needs stamp her tiny foot in scornful anger.

“I prithce waste no compliments on me!”

As she closed the door, an old man, whose presence had hitherto escaped my notice, stepped forward with an air of respect.

“If your worship will permit me,” he said, “I will conduct you through the other apartments.”

With a strange feeling of loneliness and discontent I motioned him to my side, the troopers following close in our rear, whilst Lenzie remained where I had already stationed him.

From wing to wing we searched the house, tapping the walls and wainscoting with our swords, but, as I had expected, found only shivering servants, not one of whom, by the wildest stretch of imagination, could be suspected of being the haughty Earl of Stanford. For a moment I paused, undecided how to act. Force had been tried and found wanting; now something beyond must be summoned to our aid, for I little relished returning to the sneers of Heriot and the questions of Vandacre without, at least, an effort to gain the end I desired.

“I would see Sir Jasper Tressilas,” I said suddenly.

The old butler turned a trifle paler, stammering that Sir Jasper was away from home.

“’Tis a lie!” I cried fiercely, for now my anger was gaining the upper hand. “And listen to me. I have troops enough outside to raze this place to the ground, nor will I hesitate to do it unless I see your master in five

minutes from now. You may tell him so from me.”

I marched my men into the hall, then strode up the stairs again. As I reached the landing I found Lenzie awaiting me, a peculiar look of perplexity and fear on the bronze of his features.

“Listen!” he said.

We were immediately outside Mistress Dorothy’s bedchamber, and as I bent my head



“IF YOU WILL BUT BEGIN,” SHE SAID, “THE SOONER WE MAY BID YOU GOD-SPEED.”

she cried. “My room shall be searched with the rest, to show you that we harbour no traitors here!”

I stepped inside, glancing around in careless fashion.

“Twill serve,” I said, without looking in her direction.

“Have I your word,” she asked, “that none of you shall set foot in this room again?”

“You have my word,” I replied, gravely.

I could plainly distinguish the soft hissing sound of a woman's whisper and the hoarser note of a man making reply. Then, almost on the instant, it ceased, and a sharp metallic click bit into the silence which followed. Gently I turned the handle, but the door was fastened inside. So, without a second thought, I crashed my shoulder against it, sending it flying open. The room was empty, save for Dorothy, who stood by the chimney-piece with flushed cheeks, an angry light in her eyes. I stared at her, she at me; and for a moment neither spoke. Then she said:—

"The word of a Lovell of Tregmorda," and she laughed bitterly.

"To-night I am a soldier first," I cried, "with a soldier's duty to perform. I would have you retire downstairs that I may search this room, as I should have searched it earlier."

"And if I refuse?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"In either case I shall search it," I said.

I rapped the wall with the hilt of my sword; it sounded firm and solid enough. I stepped over to the chimney-piece, intending to serve that side in like manner. But even as I lifted my sword, the girl seized my arm with a pair of trembling hands.

"Not there!" she cried. "As a gentleman—I would beg you—not there!"

Her eyes were raised to mine; eyes that shone with a very world of pleading entreaty. Her lips trembled, and a tear-drop stole down her cheek. I could neither bear to look at her, nor turn my head aside.

"As a soldier of the Parliament—I must."

She did not move her hands, though her eyes seemed to glisten the more. "If I give



"'TIS THE KING!"

you my word—a word I have never lightly used—that he whom you seek is not there, then will you do as I ask?"

As I looked down at her she smiled through her tears, and for the first time—God grant it may be the last!—I cursed the profession of arms; nay, even the very rank I bore.

"Mistress," I said, gently, nor could I refrain from placing my hand on hers. "Gladly would I stake my very existence on that word you offer me. Yet I may not take it now. If only you could understand. But you are a woman——"

"Nay, then," she cried, as she pushed me back a pace. "You yourself shall be the judge."

She pressed some hidden spring, whose action seemed to slide half the wall aside, leaving a shadowed open space beyond. And

standing by my side she curtsied deep and low, but this time in truest reverence, with none of her former mockery. For outlined against the darkness stood two men, the one old and wrinkled, with skin the colour of parchment—Sir Jasper Tressilas, as I later learned. But the other—tall, lithe, of unmatched grace and dignity; a man with flowing locks and pointed chestnut beard, with a regal bearing that only one gentleman in all the land could possess.

"'Tis the King!" I whispered, and flinging my point to the ground, I bent my knee before him. Down in the hall below we could hear the measured tread of my troopers, as they paraded backwards and forwards before the shattered door; could hear the clang of Lenzie's scabbard as, following my example, he knelt on the boards outside. He was a loyal fellow, Lenzie, for all that he fought against the King.

"There was a time," said Charles, in the noblest voice I have ever heard in man, "when the Lovells of Tregmorda were among the Crown's most faithful servants."

No reply could I make for the very shame that oppressed me, but could only kneel, silent and abashed, a king before me, a queen among women by my side. Then, as I made no sign,

the King extended his hand. Fervently I pressed it to my lips; till the day I die the pride of that moment will be upon me.

"God save the King!" I cried, and Dorothy burst into a flood of silent tears. Even as I knelt, the wainscot slid to again, nor did I raise my head till the clicking spring told me I was alone with the girl whose word I had dared not take. I rose to my feet, and turning, would have left her, but, ere I could bid her stay, she seized my hand in hers, and kneeling, kissed it, even as I had kissed the King's. Sadly I drew it away, and she smiled as she saw the sorrow in my eyes.

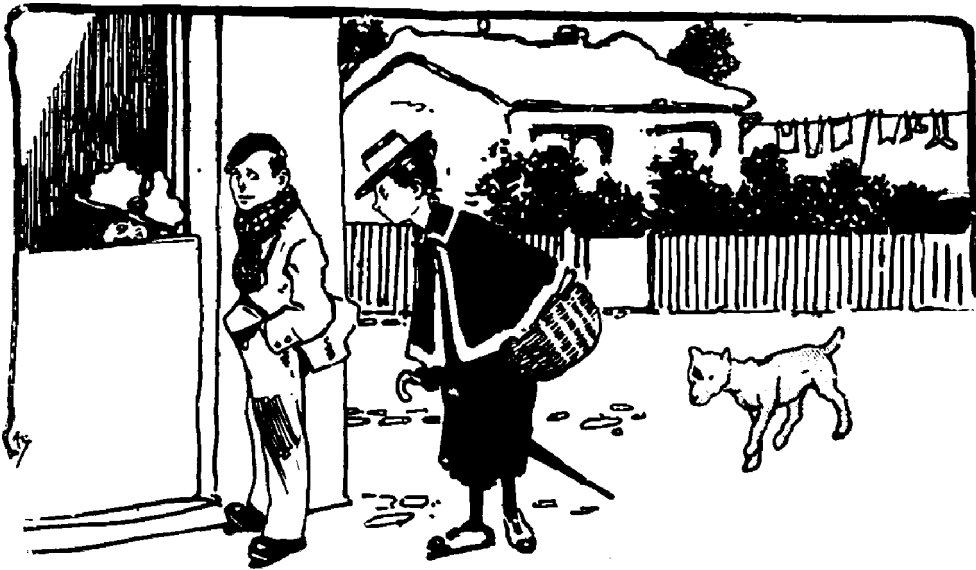
"See!" she said, pulling a heavy curtain aside. Black was the night outside, the blackness that is bred of the early dawn, but across the cloud edge ran a whitening silver streak, and a haze of light seemed to spread from the horizon of the east.

"'Tis the coming day," she said, "that breaks through the darkness of the night."

* * * * *

Heriot laughed when we returned, and I could see Vandacre's disappointment, though he said but little. For my own part, a light has come into my life that may only be shrouded by the wings of death.

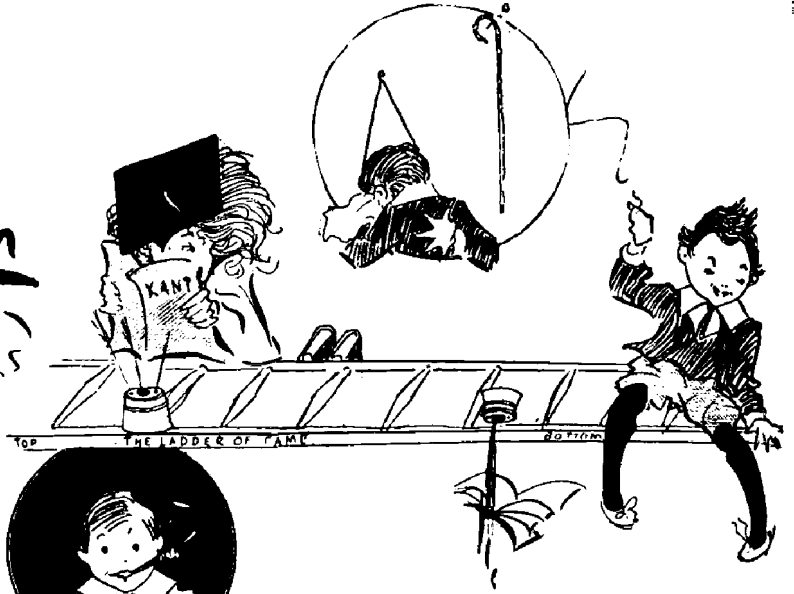
THE END.



KORT!

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE STERNER SEX.

(BY A COQUETTE.)



(1) "To begin, I can safely say I was much better looking than anyone I might chance to meet."

(2) "And then, as for lessons—well, I was always more studious if nothing else, and I never was thrashed."



(3) "I think the least said about their bravery the better,—"

(4) "Whilst their love of wrong-doing brings its own reward."

(5) "Then they take to shaving before they are out of frocks almost,"

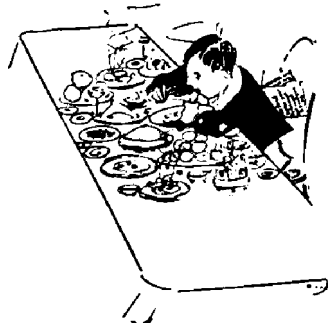
(6) "And go into such raptures over their first love-letter,"



(7) "That it causes them to spend most of their time before the glass,"



(8) "While their chivalry is marked by its absence when they meet a ghost."



(9) "But even my charms fade, before the prospect of a good tuck-in."

Drawn by HILDA COWAN.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE



BY FRED SWAINSON.

Pictures by Stewart Browne.

O properly understand this story from the start you must first grasp the difference between Woodbridge —“Wooder” we call him —and Ridley.

No two fellows are more unlike in St. Philibert's.

They are both in the Fourth, and if ever there is a form scrape, Wooder is always in the very thick of it, and Ridley nowhere near. Woodbridge is the untidiest beggar in the whole place—he doesn't even stick at odd boots, and you should take notice of his Sunday tile (it is a beauty!)—while Ridley's toggery couldn't be anything but spotless, and all the creases in their proper places. Wooder is always collecting mad. Sometimes it's stamps, sometimes it's coins, sometimes it's moths and eggs; last term, about which I'm writing, it was a miscellaneous jumble of snakes, worms, beetles, earwigs and other beastly crawlers. Understand, when Wooder is properly wound up on a craze he is a terror to every fellow who knows him. He gives himself no breather, and gives them no peace. He only puts in the regulation cricket and “footer,” and even cuts that to go collecting when there is a quarter chance of his doing it successfully, and coaxes other young asses to do his share of scouting for the Eleven and the Sixth at the nets. Now, Ridley is a horse of

another colour. He cares nothing for cricket or footer, and doesn't collect anything except a vast amount of superior “side” (which no one would have as a gift). He spends his time in the music room, strumming the piano, or when old Coulter, the music master, gives him permission, has an afternoon's sit down at the organ in the school chapel, where he'll drone and buzz for hours together. He is Coulter's pet, of course, and he gives him all the high and squeaky parts in the part songs, and he sings them out from the top of his head, like a girl. I suppose he must be a stunner in the music line, but we fellows don't understand it much. To us he seems a rather priggish fellow with a pretty girl's face, though I have known girls quite as good looking, half as cocky, and ten times jollier.

Now fancy! Two such unlike fellows actually shared the same room. Binns, the house master, showed himself jolly cute to pair them off so. There were no rows from their quarter, and no house scrapes, as there would have been if Wooder had shared with any other fellow. Ridley was a kind of cold water douche to him, and poor old Wooder couldn't raise a gallop even in a mild corridor rumpus.

Of all Wooder's crazes Ridley most abominated the earwig-cum-beetle-cum-lizard one. Wooder would come in just as the last bell was going, or even jolly late, wet through, mired

with yellow oozy clay over the boot-tops, and festoons of pond-weed clinging lovingly to him. He'd have a collection of pickle bottles hanging from his neck, chock full of squirming, wriggling brutes, all fighting for dear life, and a dozen or so of pill-boxes in his pockets holding rare caterpillars, or cockchafers, or something scarce. Of course, he'd been spending his evening poking about the ponds for specimens. Then he'd get out his "Waterton," or "Wood," or some other natural history book, and try and give the animals their proper Latin names. Ridley couldn't get on with his work for fear some of the things should escape and explore his trouser leg, and he jolly well made it a rule, before he got into bed, to see that Wooder had them covered up all right, and the bigger affairs, such as snakes, mice, etc., taken down into the boot room for the night. Wooder grumbled awfully about this, but Ridley said he must take his choice; either do that or he himself would speak to Binns about it.

Wooder said he would do it all the same, and he would, too. He is built that way. So Wooder, to save his collection, caved in, and did as Ridley wanted him.

One night Wooder had managed to capture a grass snake about a yard long, but when he went to stow it in the boot room, he found the place locked up. So he fastened it up in an old pillow-case he had collared, and, without

saying a word to Ridley, put it under his own bed. Ridley attended to the pickle bottles as usual, and then got into bed, and he and Wooder were soon fast asleep.

Of course, the snake got out, as anything would if Wooder had the tying of it up, and, after crawling about a bit, worked

its way somehow on to Ridley's bed. He was dreaming, most likely of Handel or Beet-

hoven, or Pader-

rewski, or some other musical johnny, when the snake crawled quietly over his pretty face. The cold, clammy feeling woke him up.

He put out his hand and clutched at the snake, which curled and squirmed round his wrist, and hissed in fine style. Ridley wasterified. Half crazy with fear, he shook off the snake, and sent it flying across the room. There was a crash of falling bottles — the pickle jars — and the spilt water slipped to the floor. The row awoke Wooder.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Ugh! ugh!" gasped Ridley.

"What?" "Ugh! Your filthy serpent has broken loose."

"I tied it up well too," said Wooder, only thinking of the snake. "I'll get up and catch the beggar."

He struck a match, and lit the candle. Ridley was sitting up in bed as white as his sheets.

"Hallo! You look pretty scared. Why,



HE'D BEEN SPENDING HIS EVENING POKING ABOUT THE PONDS FOR SPECIMENS.

it's only a grass snake; couldn't harm you if it wanted to."

"How did I know that?" shrieked Ridley, as angry as he was scared.

"You shouldn't be so jolly ignorant then. And don't make such a row, you booby. You'll have the whole house up here like a shot if you screech like that."

When Wooder caught sight of the beetles and leeches and things out of his broken jars crawling over the carpets, he called Ridley a whole string of fancy names in a whisper, which must have been no end comic. He picked them up, and put them in his wash-basin, and then started snake-hunting in his pyjamas. At last he collared it, squirming and wriggling like mad, and didn't it just make its presence felt! Ridley said there was a stench "fit to knock a horse down." (Grass snakes, so Wooder told me, give out a vile-smelling sweat when they're frightened.) Ridley insisted on Wooder fastening the snake up in his portmanteau for the night, and, before he lay down again, he assured Wooder that he'd pay him out for the evening's performance. Wooder whispered across to him not to be a bigger ass than he could help, and, in the middle of a chuckle, he dropped off to sleep.

Now, a day or two before the snake accident, Wooder had bought a rare curiosity—actually a three-legged guinea-pig. He noticed the animal in a rather low bird shop in one of the back streets, for Wooder is really awfully sharp in spotting odd things about birds, animals, etc. He asked the man what he wanted for it, and the man said: "One bob." Wooder paid the shilling, and when he had the pig in his possession *then* he pointed out to the man, who hadn't noticed it before, that it had only three legs. There was no stump remaining, as there would have been if the leg had been cut off, so the guinea-pig must have been born like that. The man said something about a little extra for the curiosity, but Wooder said something about his cheek for asking, and advised him to get a pair of gig-lamps to spot the next curiosity that came along.

Wooder fitted up a luncheon basket as a kind of cage till he had time to make a better one, and kept his animal in the boot room.

Old Binns doesn't allow any fellow to keep pets, as he thinks that sooner or later they are sure to be neglected; but Wooder thought the boot room a safe place, where old Binns



HE PICKED THEM UP AND PUT THEM IN HIS WASH-BASIN, AND THEN STARTED SNAKE-HUNTING IN HIS PYJAMAS.

wouldn't prowl once in a term. All Binns' house, *plus* Wooder's chums, came to see the curiosity, and all agreed that Wooder was very wide-awake indeed to spot it. This is the card he hung above the pig:—

CAVY, OR GUINEA-PIG

(Three-legged).

Lusus Naturæ.

DISCOVERED BY W. A. G. WOODBRIDGE, ESQ.

Woodbridge, Esq., as you see, has a style in doing things, eh?

Now three or four days after the snake hunt in the bedroom, the luncheon basket containing Wooder's three-legged guinea-pig disappeared out of the boot room, and, though search was made for it high and low, it could not be found. Wooder saw it safe and sound just after tea, but when he came in at evening bell it had vanished. He asked all the fellows about it, but all, to a man, said they knew nothing of the disappearance. Then the servants were tackled, but they said they knew nothing either. Bill, the knife-boy, said that no one had been in the house all the evening "except Mr. Ridley." Remembering what a wax Ridley had been in the other night, and how he had stormed and threatened to pay Wooder out for the snake business, Wooder was cocksure that Ridley had a hand in the affair, and the other fellows said it might be so.

Woodbridge, Esq., tackled Ridley right off.

"I say, Ridley, what have you done with my pig?"

"I?"

"Yes, you. Where is it?"

"I don't know."

"Do you know anything about it?"

Ridley said nothing.

"Yes or no!" snapped Wooder. "Do you know anything of it?"

"I won't say."

"Here's a bird that can sing and won't," said Wooder, furious; "but I'll make him howl, anyway. Out with it, Paddywhiskers, or I'll tan your hide properly!"

"I'll not say a word more about your

animal," said Ridley. "Not another word, bully, so there."

"Then you'll fight!"

"I'll stand up till I'm knocked down, anyhow."

"After tea, then, to-morrow, at the Wall."

Quite a crowd of the Fourth came to see the fun, but there really was not the fun we



"I'M NOT GOING TO FIGHT THAT BAG OF BONES, YOU CHAPS."
AND HE GOT INTO HIS COAT AGAIN.

expected. Wooder "peeled" and stood up, broad-chested and sturdy and strong, with good legs and strong arms, but Ridley, whew! When he pulled off his coat all the fellows smiled, but when he got out of his waistcoat they saw what a wisp of a fellow he was. He doubled up his sleeves, and, honour bright, his arms were as white as notepaper, and as thick, no thicker, than a pair of cricket stumps. And his guard! Vine kodaked it, and it is the weirdest guard you ever saw.

Wooder eyed him with much disfavour, and

looked at his own chums doubtfully. At last he said:—

"I'm not going to fight that bag of bones, you chaps. Might as well spar with a hat-stand," and he got into his coat again, and, with his cronies, went away gurgling.

Ridley smiled a faint, girlish smile and said, thoughtfully:—

"Then he won't fight, and I've had a walk-over." At this we nearly killed ourselves with laughing. It really was comical.

Before we went to bed we agreed that Ridley had to go to Coventry until he would own up about the guinea-pig, or say what he knew anyhow. So to Coventry he went, and I'm actually writing the bare truth when I say he enjoyed it. Enjoyed is the word. He worked at his books like one o'clock, and when he wasn't reading hard he was strumming and scraping for dear life in the music room. The masters beamed upon him, his name mounted steadily up the class lists, and old Coulter booked him for a pianoforte solo on Speech Day. Oh, he was in clover! At last, the week before the holidays, when the final lists came out, Ridley's name was top, and his remove into the Fifth was certain, and he one of the youngest fellows in

the Fourth, too! All through being sent to Coventry.

On the very last day of the term the guinea-pig mystery was solved. Listen to this: Wooder was sitting on the hall table, swinging a leg, his luggage piled up all around him, and he was whistling a cheerful tune, waiting for the cab to take him to the station. The housemaid came smiling up to him with the long-lost luncheon basket in her hand, and said "as-how Mr. Binns wished Mr. Woodbridge to take away the guinea-pig with him, and as how the boot room was for—boots."

Mr. Woodbridge whistled all the way to the station—long, drawn out whistles, and *very* thoughtful.

MY PROFESSION OF AUTHORSHIP.

We all have ambitions and hopes for ourselves; some of them we realise if we "live out the splendour of our own true lives"—as Ruskin puts it; others of them, the unworthy ones, fade away quite naturally as we grow old and wiser; others again, though striven and toiled after, ever elude our grasp, though the effort of striving after something higher than ourselves must necessarily strengthen and ennoble us.

It has always seemed to me that the profession of an author is one of the grandest that can fall to the lot of any man or woman. To have the gift of influencing thousands by our pen; to wield a power of sympathy far outreaching the bounds of our personal friends; to know that, by the writing of a *true* book—a book which must live because it finds an answering ring in human hearts—we have struck an harmonious chord on the lyre of Life which will echo in future ages, long after we ourselves are forgotten; this seems to me a life-work worthy of all a man's best energies.

The power in the hands of an author is infinite; his responsibilities are also infinite. "Greater than all recorded miracles," says Carlyle, "have been performed by pens." Alas! we must admit that these miracles are not always miracles of healing. We must admit that the pen is often degraded by being made the weapon of spite, of jealousy, of grovelling sensualism, of despicable

time-service—of all, in short, that goes to mar human life. Such misuse, such waste of opportunities, does exist. Perhaps it is allowed to exist as a sort of ghastly object-lesson to us of "how *not* to do it." At any rate, we have the comforting reflection that though some wretched stragglers on the outskirts of the great army of writers do disgrace their vocation, yet there are others of that army whose names will go down the endless ages as watchwords of all that is best in human nature, as monuments of what can be achieved by the brains and the talents which God gives His creatures, as standing protests against the faithless slanders of the cynic and the pessimist, who tell us that God's world is a world of moral ugliness, evil motives, and puny-minded men.

Before a young author there lies a career of magnificent opportunities for doing good. It rests with him to decide whether he will use the talents God has given him for good or for evil. It rests with him to decide if he will "live out the splendour of his own true life," or deliberately throw aside his opportunities and join the ranks of the cynical dilettante, or of the imperturbable "nothing-darian." He has to make his choice. But if he will, he can accomplish untold good: he can live the life commanded by the Crucified—the life of magnificent ministry.

DAISY KILROY.

"WHAT I WANTED TO BE."

Mr. HIRAM MAXIM



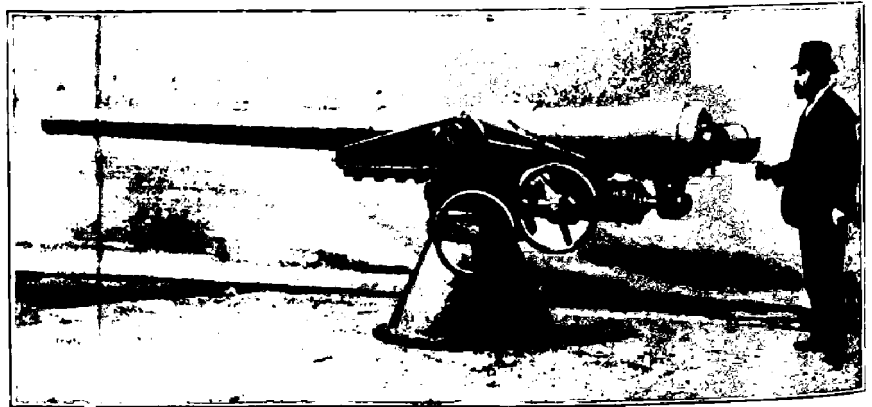
From a

MR. HIRAM MAXIM IN HIS LABORATORY.

photograph.

MR. HIRAM MAXIM, one of the most versatile inventors of the century, was born in the State of Maine in the year 1840, of parents from amongst the oldest families in the United States, although his earlier ancestors in this country were French Huguenots, who resided about the locality of Canterbury. As a youth he attended such schools as they had in that part of the States in those days, until he was about fourteen years of age, when he was apprenticed to a carriage builder, although he had previously received some rudimentary insight into mechanical handicrafts and the use of tools at his father's works, which consisted of a wood-working factory and mill. From the very beginning of his career, young Maxim was characterised as a keen observer, serious student, and industrious worker, whilst at an early age, as his letter shows, he displayed a decidedly inventive aptitude and bent for scientific pursuits and studies, which virtues, in a measure, he had probably inherited from his father's side.

Mr. Maxim was about forty years of age when he first visited Europe and England with a view of investigating everything of an electrical nature on this side of the Atlantic. Since 1883 he has practically made his home over here. About the date referred to, he turned his attention to inventing an automatic machine gun, which should load and fire itself. As now familiar to most readers, the application of his genius in this direction



A MAXIM-NORDENFELT 45-POUNDER IMPROVED BREECH-LOADER.

culminated in the production of a unique and terribly efficient rapid-firing weapon—the "Maxim Gun." Mr. Maxim has made many things, but this is the invention by which he is best known.

To our letter asking him "What he wanted to be" when he was a boy, Mr. Maxim replied as follows:—

18, Queen's Gate Place, London, S.W.
July 18th, 1899.

To the Editor of THE CAPTAIN.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter is received.

When I was about twelve years of age I obtained a book on astronomy, and was much interested in astronomical observations as they related to navigation, and I made up my mind to be a sea captain. I had heard that sea captains received the enormous salary of one hundred dollars a month. This I looked upon as a fabulous amount.

As we lived a long distance from the sea, the only thing I could do was to build a boat for myself and sail it on the fresh-water lake. My next move was to make some wooden nautical instruments. With the assistance of my sister I succeeded in demonstrating with my own instruments that we were living in 45 degs. north latitude. I was very anxious to travel far enough so that I could make another observation, but this was out of the question.

I then wanted to become a sculptor and an artist, and, for a time, I spent all my leisure in drawing.

At nineteen years of

age I had grown to be a large and strongly-built boy, and I became very much excited over the account which appeared in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated* in regard to the prize-fight between Heenan and Sayers.

As I was more active and much stronger than the other boys, it occurred to me that, after all, I would not be an artist, but a prize-fighter, as

Nature seemed to have cut me out for that career.

However, this was a short-lived fancy; a few words with a wise Englishman were quite sufficient to dissipate this boyish illusion.

After the prize-fighting epoch of my life all romance seems to have ceased, and I settled down to hard work in a very unromantic profession.

I think you can say to the boys that what success I have made in life as an engineer is due to persistent application to my work. Nothing ever happened that was more gratifying to me than when I took my wife to the State of Maine, where I was born and where I served my first apprenticeship, and introduced her to my old master. My old master told her in my presence that I was not only the best workman that he ever had, but that I never lost any time, and could do more work in a day than any other man he ever saw. Moreover he said that my conduct was perfect and my deportment better than that of any other apprentice he had ever had.



From a photograph.

A LIGHT MAXIM GUN, MADE FOR THE GERMAN EMPEROR FOR CAVALRY USE. WEIGHT, INCLUDING TRIPOD-MOUNTING, 30 LBS

*Yours truly
Samuel S. Maxim
S.M.*



BY L. G. MOBERLY.

When JAMESON, one of the "dons," asked me to go to his home for the holidays, I was jolly glad.

We call the masters at our school "dons"; Jameson's a junior one. We all like him awfully. You should just see him at cricket. He hits all over the place; none of the field can get near him. He is an awfully good "up" at football, too. Jameson is good all round at games.

You see, my people are in India, and it's awfully hard to manage for the holidays for me. I thought it would be rare sport to be with Jameson all the holidays, so when he asked me I said:—

"Oh, thank you, sir! I'd like that most awfully!"

So he said: "I'm afraid I shall only be at home myself the last part of the time. I've lots of visits to pay. But I don't think you will find it dull; my sister is a very good sort."

"Your sister, sir?" I kind of stammered.

You see, you could have knocked me down with a feather when he said his sister was a good sort. None of the fellows at school thought much of sisters; they said girls were stupid and no good. I haven't got a sister of my own. I didn't know, but the other fellows said girls were kill-sports, and no go.

When I said: "Your sister, sir?" to Jameson, he gave me ever such a queer grin, as if he saw what I was thinking of, and he said:—

"Yes, my sister, Drake. She's a splendidly good sort, and she'll give you ever such a jolly holiday."

So I said "Thank you, sir," again, but I didn't believe him a bit.

When the matron was packing my box for the holidays she said to me:—

"Now, Drake, do try to arrive tidy at Mr. Jameson's, and keep your clothes nice while you are there; and do remember to wash your hands sometimes."

Of course, I forgot all about her saying I was to arrive tidy at the Jamesons'. It's no fun in a train if you can't have your head out of the window all the way. So my collar got rumpled, and my tie twisted round, and I expect my face was black; my coat was thick with dust, but I didn't care. It's stupid and like a girl to be always thinking if you're tidy—the other fellows say that.

Jameson's father had a rectory right up on some jolly moors. Old Mr. Jameson and his wife and their daughter lived up there together. When I got out at the station there was only one porter and a girl on the platform. The girl came up to me directly.

"You must be Tom Drake, I'm sure," she said; "I'm Hetty Jameson."

I stood first on one foot and then on the other; I don't know why I did. When I looked at her I remembered about my rumpled collar, and I got very hot; I can't think why.

"Well, we'll just get your things, and start. The pony doesn't like standing," she said.

So we got my things and then went out of the station. There was a dogcart outside, and a jolly little beast of a pony fidgetting like anything, with a chap holding his head.

Miss Jameson got up in the cart, and so did I; the porter put the things in behind. Then she took the reins.

"Are you going to drive?" I said. I was jolly surprised, don't you know, when I saw her take the reins.

"Oh, some girls can drive, you know," she said. "Girls can do most things if they set their minds to it."

"Oh!" I said; and I thought of how all the fellows declared girls couldn't do anything. So I just looked at this girl; she sat up very straight and tall, and she'd got a jolly sort of pinky colour in her face from the wind, and there were little curls in her hair, and they blew out round her face.

After I'd looked at her a bit, I said: "I suppose you can't play cricket?"

"Yes, I can," she said. "I used to play a lot once, when the squire's boys were at home. Now I've no one to play with."

"Could you bowl to me?" I asked—and I felt a bit grand asking her—because I know the other fellows think it's awfully kind to ask a *girl* to play cricket with you.

Well, she just looked down at me, and something twinkled in her eyes.

"Oh, yes, I'll bowl to you," she said.

And, do you know, it was very funny, but I felt all hot again, just like I did when I remembered about my collar being rumpled. But she said very quickly, and smiling:—

"We'll have very good times, Tom—you and I. I can show you where to get some awfully good butterflies, and we'll go fishing in a perfectly delicious little stream. Oh, we'll do plenty of jolly things."

Then I looked at her again, and I thought of the other fellows, and wondered a bit.

When we got to the Rectory she said to me:—
"You'd like to go and change your collar and get tidy a bit before tea, wouldn't you? You'll see father and mother at tea time."

Do you know, I was just going to say "Bother!"—as if she had been our matron at school—only she put her hand on my shoulder, and said:—

"Hurry up, old man, won't you?" And I only said "I'll be as quick as I can." And I went and changed my collar and brushed my coat. I expect the other fellows would have laughed if they could have seen me.

Next day she took me to the stables and the kitchen garden, and we tucked in gooseberries, and we both had a good time.

I told her about school.

I can't think how I came to.

The other fellows said girls were no fun to talk to, and didn't understand things.

Hetty understood.

The fellows said girls were shocked if you told them about—well—about larks and things like that.

Hetty wasn't shocked. She laughed like anything when I told her about some things—not *bad* things, you know, only fun about the masters and that.

Then all at once I remembered about

her being Jameson's sister, so I said:—

"Oh, I say, you won't tell Jame—— I mean Mr. Jameson, will you?"

And she got quite pink, and said: "I'm not a sneak, any way."

I'm eleven, Hetty's seventeen. But, do you know, she likes what boys like, just as if she was a boy! She said she loved climbing trees, only her stupid old skirt was too long, and she told me if I came in the spring she'd show me where all the best birds' eggs were.



"YOU MUST BE TOM DRAKE, I'M SURE," SHE SAID; "I'M HETTY JAMESON."

"Only mind," she said; "you'll have to promise first never to take more than one egg from a nest. I'm not going to have the mother birds made miserable."

My goodness! didn't we just go after butterflies! I got more jolly specimens that summer all through Hetty than I ever had before.

One day she said to me:—

"You want me to bowl to you, don't you, Tom?" There was just that same twinkle in her eyes as came there when I first said about her bowling to me.

I didn't feel so grand about it then as I did before.

I felt different about girls, somehow.

When she began to bowl to me, she sent me straight out first ball. There!

And the fellows said girls were asses at cricket!

Do you know, I began to think the fellows didn't know everything.

When it was hot in the afternoon, Hetty and I used to lie under a great tree, looking up into the sky through the leaves. We had books, but usually we talked. I used to think before

that girls' talk was all rot. The fellows said girls talked about nothing except clothes.

Hetty didn't talk about clothes.

Once I said to her:—

"Girls like pretty frocks, don't they?"

"Of course they do," she said; "and so they ought!"

"Why?" I said; and I turned over on my face, and put my chin on my hands, so that I could see her face.

I liked Hetty's face—it was jolly, and her eyes were always shiny, and she looked at you sort of straight.

"Why?" she said; "why, because girls ought to like to look pretty and tidy, and the very best they can—and boys too"—and she grinned at me.

"Boys too? Oh, I say—why?"

"Because every man who's half a man likes to be well set up, and to look his best. You've got an untidy, messy sort of mind if you go about in untidy, messy sort of clothes. It means you've got no proper pride or self-respect. I don't think much of dirty, untidy boys."

Neither did I after that. I tell you, Hetty and I had some good talks.

One day she asked me what I should be when I was a man.

"Oh, a soldier like father," I said.

She looked at me for quite a long time without speaking. Then she said:—

"I believe you'll make a good soldier."

I was jolly pleased.

She went on:—

"Only it means lots more than wearing uniform and fighting, and all that. I'll tell you what, Tom, it means self-control as well as courage; and

it means guarding the weak, and thinking about other people—oh, and lots of things. To be a good soldier you must be a good man."

We didn't say anything for a good time after that. I just lay and looked at the beech leaves waving up and down. Then she put her hand on my arm.

"Tom," she said, "will you do something for me?"

"Yes—what?" I said, and I jumped up. I thought she meant me to do something that minute.

But she pulled me down again.



WHEN SHE BEGAN TO BOWL, SHE SENT ME STRAIGHT OUT FIRST BALL.

"Promise me," she said, "that you'll try never to do anything you'd be ashamed to tell me about. We're chums, aren't we, Tom?"

I liked when she said we were chums.

"I can promise that," I said. "I don't want to do things I'd be ashamed to tell you. I like telling you things. You're more like a boy than a girl, you know."

Then I thought again what the fellows would say if they heard me, and I said to Hetty:—

"The other fellows think girls are no good.

They say it's no good talking to girls."

"Do they?" Hetty laughed. "I think the other fellows are rather geese sometimes, don't you, Tom?"

Well, you know, I really did.

What I meant to tell you about, only there was such a lot to say first, was about something that happened to Hetty and me.

One morning we went on the moors to spend the whole day. We took lunch and our butterfly nets, and we were going to be out all day. It was as fine as fine when we started, and we got ever so hot climbing up the moor, and we sat in the shade under a great tor to eat

our lunch. Then we caught some butterflies, and after that it was so hot that we sat under the tor again, and we both went to sleep.

All at once I woke with a great jump, hearing a step. So did Hetty.

I looked up, and there was a man standing just in front of us.

He was a beastly-looking customer, and no mistake.

His face was grimy, and he scowled at us and

squinted horribly. His hair was cut very queer and short, and he had the rummiest clothes, all covered with great arrows.

Hetty got quite white.

"Oh, Tom," she whispered, "it's a convict escaped from the big prison, and such a villain he looks!" She was close to me, and I felt her shiver.

I was jolly frightened myself, but I didn't want to make it worse for her, so I said:—

"Never mind, Hetty! P'raps he's all right."

And all the time the man stood scowling at us, only just a few yards off.

He came closer and leered at us.

"Now then, my little master, and you, miss, it won't do for to have you going about saying you've seen me. I mean to get clear off. Least said, soonest mended, and dead men tell no tales, and ——" He came quite close, and put his dirty great hand on Hetty.

She got awfully white, but she looked straight at him, and she didn't scream or call out even.

She was plucky, I can tell you.

My heart went thumping like anything, but I couldn't stand

that chap touching Hetty. So I knocked his hand off Hetty's shoulder, and we both got up and I said:—

"What do you want?"

I wasn't going to let him see I was afraid. I looked right at him, and he looked at me, and I remembered about Hetty saying soldiers must guard the weak, and I wished I was a man.

"What do I want, eh? Why, I want to get



WE RAN DOWN THE MOOR AS FAST AS WE COULD.

clear away, and to get you two out of my way, lest you should blab."

Then he came near to Hetty again, so I just flew at him and grabbed his arm, and I said:—

"Don't you touch her—don't you touch her."

He looked surprised at first, then angry.

"We aren't going to blab," I said, very quickly, for, you see, I thought he was going to hurt Hetty. "Look here! If you leave us alone, we'll promise not to say we saw you. There!"

He laughed.

It made me feel queer to hear him laugh; and Hetty said very softly:—

"Oh, Tom!"

I stood in front of her, and looked at the man, and he looked at me.

"Darn me, if you ain't a plucky little fellow!" he said; "you're young to be takin' care of ladies, too. Now look here, my lad, I'll tell you what. I won't hurt you and the lady"—he leered at Hetty, and didn't I wish I was big enough to knock him down?—"but you've got to do something for me. I'll stay and look after the lady"—and he winked, the brute—"and you run down to the field yonder, and fetch me the clothes off that scarecrow. See?"

"Yes, I see," I said, and I looked at Hetty, and then at that brute; "but I'm not going down there unless the lady comes too."

You see I couldn't leave Hetty alone with him—now could I?

"You want me to kill you both then, I suppose?" he said, and Hetty said:—

"Oh, Tom, dear, go. I shall be all right."

My goodness, I never thought about how plucky a girl could be before!

But I shook my head.

"No," I said, "the lady and I will go together; and if you kill us, how are you going to get those clothes off the scarecrow? You can't go down there yourself—some one might see you."

He thought a minute, then he said:—

"And if I let you two go, how do I know as you'll come back and not go blabbing to somebody first?"

"Because I've told you I will come back," I said; "and when a gentleman makes a promise he usually keeps it."

Now I'll tell you what, it was jolly queer, but I didn't feel frightened any more, and I looked that chap square in the face, and he laughed—a funny sort of laugh.

"Darn me, you're a plucky couple of young uns, and what you say is true! I can't go after the boggart myself. Well," he went

on, "if I let you both go you'll swear to me not to blab, and you'll bring me back the clothes?"

"We'll not blab, and I'll bring you back the clothes. Come on, Hetty!"

So I took her hand, and we left the butterfly nets and ran down the moor as fast as we could. When we got to the field Hetty helped me take the clothes off the scarecrow. My goodness, you should just have seen what beastly old rags they were, and she bundled them up for me, and said:—

"Now, let's go back quick, Tom."

So I said:—

"You're not coming back—you wait here for me."

And she just smiled, only there were big tears in her eyes.

"No, I shan't wait here for you, Tom. I'm not going to let you go back to that brute alone. Is it likely? You are a plucky fellow," and all at once she stooped and kissed me.

And, do you know, it was jolly queer; a great lump came in my throat, and I thought I was going to cry too.

So I said, awfully quickly: "Come on; let's go back and get it done."

And we climbed up the moor again, and the man was waiting for us under the tor.

He jumped up as sharp as he could when he saw us, and snatched the bundle away.

"You're as good as your word, then," he said. "Now, remember your promise, and get out as fast as you can."

Hetty and I didn't want him to tell us that. We ran and ran, I can promise you. When we were out of breath we sat down to rest.

"Oh!" Hetty whispered, "but it was awful, Tom. I thought he would have killed us! You *are* plucky, old man!"

"I don't see how a fellow could be anything else!" I said. "It was you that were plucky. Why, I thought girls always screamed, or cried, or fainted, or something, when things happened."

"Did you?" And Hetty laughed out loud. "What dreadfully funny things you do think about girls! We are not quite idiotic, you know. But I *was* frightened!"

Then I saw that she was still white and all trembly. But she soon got all right, and we walked home and never said a word to anybody. I don't know whether we ought to have promised the man not to tell. Perhaps we oughtn't, only I couldn't let him hurt Hetty, and there didn't seem anything to do but promise. And there the adventure ended.

When I went away, Hetty came with me to the station.

"Good-bye, dear old chum," she said; "we've had a good time, haven't we?"

"Ripping!" I said.

I was hanging out of the carriage window, talking to her. "I say, you know," I said, "when Jameson said you were a good sort I didn't believe him. I didn't think a girl could be a good sort. Now——"

"Now?" she said, and there came that jolly twinkle into her eyes.

"Now I think girls can be as good a sort as boys, and a jolly sight better, too! Those fellows talked an awful lot of rot about girls."

"Don't you think those fellows are—sometimes—rather duffers—about *some* things?" she said.

And, do you know, I really think they are.



"GOOD-BYE, DEAR OLD CHUM."



THE ROYALS GAVE A GLORIOUS BRITISH CHEER, AND THE SCARLET THUNDERBOLT LAUNCHED ITSELF ON THE FOE. (See page 616.)



SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—XIV.)

It is the period of the great Peninsular War, and Will Mortimer is gazetted cornet in the 1st Royal Dragoons. He is rigged out with a uniform, and with all possible speed accompanies his uncle, Captain Dick Datchett, of the 10th Hussars, to Spain. Heavy weather overtakes them, they are journeying across country to join the English army, and they seek shelter in some out-buildings of a farm. Here they are discovered by some French cavalry, commanded by the Chef d'escadron Zaminski; a hand-to-hand fight ensues, and eventually Will and the captain cut their way through to the English lines. Will rides up to his regiment, but hardly has he been introduced to his brother officers, when a shell enters the chest of his horse and explodes. Will miraculously escapes being blown to bits, and for many weary months lies in the hospital. On his recovery he rejoins the army, and shortly afterwards detects a Spanish officer, Zuazo di Gamba Basta del Zadora, in the act of stealing Wellington's despatches. The Spaniard rides off with them, and Will follows him, but, when he has almost overtaken the thief, is captured by a band of brigands. Disarmed and bound, he is standing in their midst, when his old enemy, the Chef d'escadron Zaminski, rides up and recognises him. The brigands unwillingly release their captive, whom Zaminski takes over as a prisoner of war, Cornet Mortimer having to accompany the French in their retreat. Wellington catches up the enemy, and in the engagement that ensues Cornet Mortimer falls from his horse, a victim to the blade of a chasseur officer.

CHAPTER XV.

HOW WILL MORTIMER RETURNED TO THE HOME OF HIS ANCESTORS FOR A TIME.

SQUIRE MORTIMER tapped his top-boots impatiently with his whip, and called out "Patty!" for the third time.

He was standing at the foot of the staircase, and through the hall door he could see Martin holding his own stout roadster, and a white cob, which rejoiced in the name of "Sunbeam," and which was accoutred with the huge padded

atrocities that did duty in those days for a lady's side-saddle.

Every morning since Will's first letter from Spain, unless it rained heavily, father and daughter had ridden down to meet the coach.

Sometimes they were rewarded by a letter, bearing all manner of strange inscriptions, and *visés*, like a passport that has gone the "grand tour." Sometimes it was the gazette, with news of a fresh engagement, and lists of dead and wounded, to be scanned with terrible standings-still of the heart, and deep sighs of relief at the end of it; and once, nearly a year before, an account of a tremendous victory, with something in another column that made the squire cry, "Oh, my God!" and stoop over the pommel like a man who has had a seizure.

"*Royal Dragoons: Cornet Mortimer, dangerously wounded; one trumpeter wounded.*" Truly a terrible announcement for one's dear old governor to read when it happens to apply to one's self!

The squire had not been the same man for the next three months—until a long-delayed missive arrived from Dick Datchett, giving good news of the sufferer.

Then, a few scrawled lines came at intervals, painfully written by Will himself, and dated from various quarters among the Pyrenees and in the south of France, and then a long blank, which the public prints did not fill up, and folks in the village shook their heads.

"The squire 'e do be but sadly," said the wiseacres at the "Peacock," and one, Job Winder, the clockmaker across the green, observed sentimentally, that "'e had always said, 'e had, that Muster Wull would come to no good a'ankerin' arter they sogers, an' they might mark his words, but th' squire would die of a broken 'art afore the corn were ripe for cuttin'!"

Whereupon Silas Bracken, who was coming in at the moment, went straight over to Job Winder, and took him into the stable-yard by the hair of his head, without a word, and the tap-room carried its pipes and its mugs with it to see the fun.



PATTY CAME TRIPPING DOWN THE GREAT OAK STAIRCASE.

The justices subsequently fined Silas one guinea, which "they *do* say as the squire hisself paid out'n his own 'porket,' though, mind you, I don't say it was so, only they do say so, they do."

"Patty!" cried the squire for the fourth time, "if you don't come at once I shall go without you." But Patty came tripping down the great oak stairs even as he spoke, and it was not possible to be out of humour with such a dainty little fairy, so the squire just kissed her on the last step but one, and in another minute she was in the saddle.

"Ye must put best leg foremost, squire," said old Martin; "yander goos the horn." And off they went at a brisk canter, the bandy-legged groom shading his eyes to watch them, with a smile on his wrinkled face.

It was a fresh April morning; the ruts were full of the last night's showers, and already the hedgerows gave promise of early leaf.

Giant masses of white cumuli rolled above the

woods, and their shadows chased one another along the sloping fields.

"I can hear it, father," cried Patty, her pretty brown hair flying about her ears as the wind fluttered the red riding-coat, faced with blue—the colours of the Royals, by the way, which Mistress Patty had affected of late—and pressing their horses into a hand gallop they reached the "Peacock" as the coach came in sight.

The same knot of people had taken up their post as usual—perhaps one or two of those who had been there when our story opened were missing, and Sexton John might have told you where to find them—but there was the same welcome for the squire, and "Amersham Joe" still handled his ribbons as deftly as of yore, and brought his team to a stand under the projecting signboard.

Toby, the guard, had a budget of letters for the squire, and a London paper, but Will's bold fist was missing from the superscriptions, and the squire sighed.

"Nothing, Patty," said he, sadly; "and, as for the news sheet, since the war has ended, it can tell us no news."

And then, the coach having changed horses, "Amersham Joe" squared his elbow to the lord of the manor and drove on; the villagers, who had learned to look for signs of the times in the squire's face, whispered among themselves, and departed.

Mr. Mortimer placed the letters in his pocket as they crossed the green at a walking pace, and mechanically opening the *Evening Post*, glanced at the curious narrow columns of small print which conveyed the world's intelligence to our ancestors in those good old times.

The first intimation Patty had that anything unusual had happened was a sudden reddening of Mr. Mortimer's neck, and the next, a great shout that made the parson look over his garden hedge and wonder whether the French were coming.

"Gad's life, Patty!" shouted the squire, waving the paper. "The boy's in England—listen to this—'Yesterday morning H.R.H. the Duke of York passed in review, at Richmond, the Royal Dragoons who recently landed at Dover on their return from the Continent, after an absence of four years and eleven months. The regiment—Oh, hang the regiment, where is it? Here we are!—'First Dragoons; Cornet William Mortimer to be lieutenant, *vice* the Hon. Marmaduke Fitznumbskull, who resigns his commission.' Patty, you rogue, don't you understand?—the lad's promoted, and we shall have him here."

"Sooner than you expected, dear father," cried a well-known voice behind them, and Will himself rode between them, passing his arm round Patty's waist and holding out an eager hand to the squire.

He had come gingerly across the short grass, having spied them as they turned on to the green, and behind him rode Dick Datchett, pressing his sabre to his side lest it should jingle and so spoil the tableau.

Do you want to hear how Parson Robin came

running out of the garden without his wig, and Mistress Mary, blushing like the rose-buds, followed him, more sedately, but with a very full heart?

How Will, in the King's Red Coat—patched and stained with hard service, but doubly dear on that account—jumped down from Ladybird's back and took both her tiny hands in his great gauntlets, and said—nothing, but looked a great deal that would have choked him had he tried to speak it?

How, somehow, word went round that "Muster Wull was back from the wars," and the village lined up on the bridge to cheer him, and Will had to shake hands with half a hundred of them?

How Silas Bracken and Sim Marrow, and all the men and maids about the hall ran into the avenue, and Mrs. Mortimer—perhaps the most interested of them all—drew her boy into the little morning-room without a word and closed the door

Home again—is there anything like it in the whole world?—and so much to tell them!

How his Vittoria wound had taken months to heal, and Wellington himself had come to see him, having heard how he had recovered the stolen paper and preserved it from the French.

The paper, by the way, was nothing less than an exact "state" of the allied army and a detail of its final advance, with every route marked out—an invaluable prize for King Joseph and his generals.

How intensely cold it was among the Pyrenees, and how the Royals started for France in the snow.

It took many an hour and many an evening to tell it all, and of the brave Zaminski, whom Mrs. Mortimer thanked in her mother's heart; of the infamous Zadora, and the long march that brought the regiment to Calais and Will to the end of his story.

But what happy hours they were! Poor Dick Datchett, with all his silver lace, was nothing if he were not out of it altogether—though he did not mind, and listened as though it were all new; smoking the cigars, which were about all we ever gained by that great war except glory.

And the candles spluttered on the hospitable mahogany, and everyone had a bright face, and, as the captain intercepted sundry little glances passing between Mary Robin and the gallant dragoon, he smiled knowingly and winked at Patty in the chimney corner, who raised a pink finger and looked very important, as the possessor of a great secret ought to look—in tales.

And then, after a few swift weeks, it all came to an end, and Will's leave expiring, away he went to join the headquarters of the Royals at Bristol.

Nothing would do, if you please, but that the ladies of Mortimer Hall must go to Bath, to take the waters, and they also took Mary Robin with them; and as Bath and Bristol are not very far

apart, Lieutenant Mortimer was constantly in the bosom of his family, and his broad-shouldered image found as constant a resting-place in the bosom of pretty Mary.

When the regiment went on to Exeter the Mortimers returned home, and Christmas was a dull business without the King's Red Coat, but, with the promise of a long leave in May, they had to make the best of it, counting the days, without any heed to a stout little man in a green little Mediterranean island, who was going to make the year 1815 the most eventful in our history.

CHAPTER XVI.

OFF TO THE FRONT.

"ONLY nine days more, and then heigh ho for—Mortimer Hall!" thought Will one April evening, when the lights were beginning to glimmer in the old cathedral city.

To be perfectly candid, that little pause was filled in in his own mind by Mary's face as he had last seen it, framed by the window of the travelling carriage; and he was sitting in his room, dreaming, when he saw the dragoon at the gate spring forward a pace, and point towards the colonel's quarters, and a man on horseback dash up to them and hurriedly dismount.

There was nothing very unusual in the advent of a messenger, but something in the sentry's bearing, and a commotion at the door of the guard-room, made Will get out of his chair and look into the barrack-yard.

The colonel's orderly ran as hard as his long legs would carry him to the major's quarters, and the major bolted across the square, hatless, and with his jacket flying open.

"What on earth is up?" said Will, clapping on his forage cap and springing downstairs, but as he reached the door he got his answer in a wild yell that startled the barracks.

"THE ROUTE, THE ROUTE, huzza!" shouted a score of voices, and they all took it up—from the windows—at the gate—the guard turned out and cheered madly, quite oblivious of discipline, until the whole place was in a huge uproar of excited men, and the street outside a mass of wondering townfolk.

There was no doubt about it, for, as Will joined the knot of officers at the colonel's door, Major Purvis cried: "Well, Mortimer, my boy, we're off again. They can't do without us!"

"But where to, major?"

"To Canterbury, *en route* for Belgium, and as soon as we can move. That rascal Bonaparte is on the wing again!" and the major hurried away.

Mounted orderlies rode on the spur to Truro and Taunton, where the remainder of the Royals were lying; and that April 21st was an eventful night—aye, and a sad one—to the wives and little ones who would be left behind.

Will had only two ideas on the subject; first, the electric thrill of active service, and then the

thought that the march to Canterbury would take him past the hall; and it was so late before he closed his eyes that he hardly seemed to have slept five minutes when the blue-coated trumpeter sounded the "revallay" under his window.

Three days later they filed out of the gate, headed by the curious band of music which twiddled on its clarionets, and pom-pommed on its horns, as was the manner of bands at that period; and away they went, by dell and down, through that rural England in whose defence so many of those gallant redcoats were about to give up their lives.

* * * * *

Silas Bracken saw them first, as he leaned on his gun at the edge of the wood on the hill.

He was looking into the west, where the high road came over the opposite ridge of the valley, and there he spied a scarlet serpent winding towards him, wreathed in clouds of dust, and heralded by the quaint strains of music borne forward on the wind.

The gamekeeper started, and peered under his hand; he could tell a bird by its flight a mile off.

"Horse sogers!" said Silas Bracken, excitedly. "An' I'll lay a guinea to a gunflint they be Muster Wull's rigment!"

He waited five impatient minutes until they had reached the strip of common at Gallow's End, where the gibbet stood, and then ran as hard as he could to the hall, bursting into the library without ceremony.

"Quick, sir! The dragoons! Muster Wull's dragoons!" cried Silas Bracken.

* * *

They came on, four abreast, the band in blue, with scarlet horse-tails in their helmets, the rest in heavy marching order, their red cloaks rolled over the holster pipes, the valises bulging with the rough-and-ready kit of those days.

The long, straight swords dangled against the

blue saddle-cloths, and the clean-shaven faces of the men looked fit and a little grim as they glanced to right and left of them at the peaceful country which many of them would never see again.

"There he is!" cried the squire, who, with Mrs. Mortimer and Patty, and all their followers, had run to the lodge-gate in a rather undignified herd of men, women and dogs.

"Why, Will, my lad, this is a great surprise," said the squire, striding out to meet his son, his open face glowing with pride; "you never sent us word that you were changing quarters!"

"It's not quite that, father," replied Will, an uncomfortable pang disturbing his heroism as he looked at them all standing there at the entrance to the familiar avenue; "we are going to the front!"

* * * * *

For one short hour the village green was covered with long lines of black horses, and knots of dragoons; some quaffing from huge mugs of home-brew, which the squire had ordered mine host of the "Peacock" to supply; others talking with the villagers, and some few loitering apart from the rest.

These were the married men, and they were thinking.

As for the Mortimers, I doubt whether Zaminskis lancers charging up the avenue could have produced more consternation than the suddenness of it all.

But the squire set a brave example, and the military spectacle had its effect—while it lasted—the officers forming a gay group round Mrs. Mortimer and Patty, and Mary Robin, and keeping up a mighty flow of conversation on every topic but the one on hand.

Then the colonel hoisted his turnip

watch out of his fob, like a mariner weighing anchor, and nodded to a trumpeter; the troopers sprang to their horses at the warning, and swung into the saddle; the officers shook hands with the lingering pressure of men who may be doing so



SILAS BRACKEN SAW THEM FIRST, AS HE LEANED ON HIS GUN AT THE EDGE OF THE WOOD.



"IT'S NOT QUITE THAT, FATHER," REPLIED WILL, AN UNCOMFORTABLE PANG DISTURBING HIS HEROISM; "WE ARE GOING TO THE FRONT!"

for the last time, and Will disappeared for a few moments into a whirl of family lamentation and frantic clingings.

Mrs. Mortimer, being a wise woman, fainted just at that instant when Will was despairing of escape from her embrace, and before they brought her round the scarlet serpent was winding its way along the road, and the fine old tune of "Britons, strike home!" came rising and falling on the gusty wind until the woods swallowed it up, and they were gone.

CHAPTER XVII.

A LONG MARCH AND A WET NIGHT.

IN the library at Mortimer Hall, among the numerous documents that have reference to that stirring period, there is a fragment of an unfinished letter.

It is dated June 16th, 1815, and was apparently never posted:—

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER (it runs), I am scrawling this on my sabretache while the regiment is saddling in hot haste. Boney has crossed the frontier, and we are ordered to advance. The Duke is in Brussels, or was yesterday, and we are moving on Enghien.

All our officers think there is going to be a big fight, and—

There the fragment ends, the paper bearing

signs of having been crumpled up and thrust into the aforesaid sabretache, probably when the advance sounded.

They were quite right. There *was* going to be a big fight—the greatest of modern times.

At four o'clock in the morning the trumpets of the Royals turned them out of their cantonments around Ninove, and when three days' rations of biscuit had been served round away they went through Grammont, where they united with the two other regiments of their brigade, the Scots Greys and the Inniskilling Dragoons.

All through that hot June day the Union Brigade marched, changing its direction several times, until, about dusk, after a long fifty miles, they came to the position at Quatre Bras, where a fierce conflict had been raging. Quiet had settled down again, but the corn was full of dead men, and groups of Highlanders and infantry were cooking their suppers in the cuirasses of the slain.

Linking their horses in column, officers and men bivouacked beside them, and whisper went round of the

stubborn stand we had made against Marshal Ney, of the gallant Gordons who had so terribly avenged their colonel's fall; how the Prince of Orange caused our 69th to lose a colour, and brave Picton led us on in square.

Weary though he was from a day in the saddle, Will had no sleep that night, and in the grey of the morning a patrol of the 10th Hussars passed by the brigade, and Dick Datchett made inquiry for Mr. Mortimer.

"We're off along the Namur road, Will, to see what has become of the Prussians," he said. "Glad you fellows have come up. I'm nothing if I'm not spoiling for a fight, and we're going to have one."

Will, standing by Ladybird's head, watched the hussars file off into the sunrise, their jackets dangling as they broke into a trot, and then he had time to look around him at the carnage of yesterday.

Everywhere the green corn was trampled as though a tempest had swept over it. The tempest had been of men and horses, and iron hoofs, and they were piled up in little heaps where our grape-shot had whistled into them.

A red-coated corporal lay on his face a dozen paces off, and Will went over to him.

By the number on his pewter buttons he saw he had belonged to the 44th, and a sword-thrust had sent him to sleep for ever.

"Some of us will go to our last muster, sir, before many hours," said a quiet voice beside him, and Will saw that Sergeant Rider was standing there, looking down at the dead man with the habitual smile no longer visible on his brown face.

"What, are you getting sentimental, Rider?" said Will.

"No, sir," said the sergeant, gravely; "but I was thinking of Polly and the boy, over there at Canterbury. I've found myself thinking a deal about them lately, sir."

Will hardly knew what reply to make, and was straightway beginning to picture them all at home, when the trumpets sounded, and put an end to every consideration but the purely regimental one of girth, and saddle, and feed, and the hasty inspection which precluded our retreat on to the position in front of Mont St. Jean.

A leaden sky, covered with heavy clouds; a sultry day, with not a breath of air stirring.

A few white farmsteads, with red roofs here and there, among the cornfields, looking whiter by reason of the atmospheric conditions of approaching storm.

Through the cornfields, a broad, paved *chaussée*, undulating towards Brussels away to northward, and on the road, and in the fields on either hand, regiments and brigades in full march.

Everything was orderly—no haste, and no confusion; our mounted troops lingering to protect the rear, and filing off in their turn behind the battalions.

Then from the tall rye about the hamlet at the cross roads—the hamlet of Quatre Bras—squadrons of the enemy's horse, menacing our rear guard, and riding out as if to give battle.

Will's squadron was faced about, and skirmished with them during the whole day, and more than once they formed up in mass as if about to charge us.

They were so close at times that one could distinctly mark the differences in their uniforms, and even distinguish their faces as they brandished sword and lance, and shouted, "*Vive l'empereur!*"

One regiment of lancers, dressed in green, with crimson plastrons, and bearskin crests on their brass helmets, attracted Will's notice in particular.

They were led by an energetic officer, who was with difficulty restrained by a cavalry general from launching his men at the Royals, and, as he shook his sabre at our fellows in impotent wrath, Will leaned forward in his stirrups, and recognised an old acquaintance.

"I am certain it is the Chef d'escadron Zaminski!" he said aloud.

At the moment he gave utterance to his thought a loud boom rent the air, followed by the sharp crackle of carbine firing.

Some guns of our horse artillery had unlimbered at a little distance as the 10th Hussars lined a hedgerow, and as they poured in a few rounds to check the enemy, the concussion brought down the heavy rain-clouds upon us.

Like a deluge came the torrent, soaking the

ploughed fields, hissing among the standing crops, turning the road into a running stream in a moment, and changing the whole feature of the retreat.

Everybody was drenched to the skin, and the horses sank, in some cases, hock-deep in the wet ground.

Our columns crowded on to the paved *chaussée*, and active interference from the enemy's cavalry was no longer to be dreaded.

As for the green lancers, the driving rain seemed to swallow them up, and the face of the landscape grew grey and misty; the Royals went about and plodded stolidly on their way, and presently Will found himself passing a blue-roofed farm on his left, and ascending a steep



"I AM CERTAIN IT IS THE CHEF D'ESCADRON ZAMINSKI!" WILL SAID ALOUD.

rise on whose crest all the infantry seemed to have concentrated.

The poor wretches had no great-coats, and were doomed to shiver out the coming night in dire discomfort on that position which in a few hours they were to water with their blood!

Behind the ridge, in a hollow not far from a substantial farm, the Union Brigade bivouacked where they stood; there was a little firing, it is true, but they were undisturbed, and the rain poured steadily down upon them all night—that weary vigil which has become so historic—the night before Waterloo.

The hiss of the tempest on the clay soil, the pitiless patter in the pools which the surcharged ground could not soak up, the plodding of patrols and reliefs as they went their dismal ways along the ridge that overlooked the valley where the French lay—all this Will realised to the full as, muffled in his cloak, he steadied himself by Ladybird's stirrup and dozed at intervals.

Once his captain, who was lying beside him on a truss of straw, raised his head and spoke:—

"Mortimer!" said he. "That man Shakespeare was right about 'Glory' and the 'widening circles into nothing gone,' only the water's gone right up my back and I'm sitting in a puddle." Then he went to sleep again, and was killed like a hero next day.

At last the dawn broke, and it was Sunday morning. The rain dwindled to a drizzle, and finally ceased, and men rose painfully and looked at one another.

Weary and bedraggled, shivering and unshaven, mud-stained from head to heel, it was a picture of dire discomfort, and in the hollow where the Royals had lain the horses were fetlock deep in liquid ooze.

Pallid wreaths of blue smoke began to curl up from the bivouacs of square and squadron, battalion and battery, and the dull popping of muskets as men fired off their damp charges, mingled with the hum of thousands of voices all along our line.

A few cattle were slaughtered near the farm of Mont St. Jean, and the Royals were lucky, as they got some fresh meat which was duddled over the miserable fires, and a dram of spirit served round; but there was an indefinable something in the air which made them forget their wretchedness—a feeling of approaching conflict.

Will walked up the ridge with his captain to have a look at the enemy, and they found themselves on a bank that overhung the road.

The 28th were munching their ration biscuit there, and flapping their arms to get warm.

"By gad, gentlemen, what a night we've had!" said a lieutenant. "You fellows had your cloaks, but our great-coats have all gone into store and we haven't a dry stitch in the battalion."

He pointed to a farm below them—the blue-roofed building the Royals had passed the evening before—and told them it was La Haye Sainte, and that the green Germans had been barricading it all night.

Along a scattered hedge, and round a sandpit in front of the sunken road, the 95th Rifles were busy in their dark uniforms, and beyond them lay the valley, and the French.

They could see them, stretching in a sombre line to right and left, among the corn and rye, and patches of plough-land. They, too, were busy as bees in a hive, and groups of mounted officers rode here and there, reconnoitring us through their glasses.

They did not linger long, though the scene was one of immense interest, for a red-faced gentleman in a drab overcoat, none too new, rode up to the ridge beside them, and after a brief glance at the enemy, looked pointedly at the two dragoons and said, rather curtly:—

"I was under the impression that *my* division was to occupy this ground."

"Picton!" whispered the lieutenant of the 28th. "He's in a shocking bad humour at our retiring yesterday."

They did not know that the general was concealing a roundshot wound received at Quatre Bras, in order to retain his command for the battle he saw was approaching.

Will and his captain got back to the regiment very little wiser than when they set out; they had seen nothing but confusion and trodden grain; troops of horse artillery struggling to get into position, and sinking deep in the soft ground, to the despair of the gunners; lifeguardsmen of Somerset's brigade groping for potatoes and bringing them back in their helmets, and a huge medley of officers, sergeants, bätmen with led horses, rain-washed adjutants, and irate colonels, all getting in each other's way, and trying their hardest to get our sixty-seven odd thousand men into something like order.

A burst of cheering rolled along our position as Wellington rode down the line, followed by a large staff, and soon after the sound of drums came from the enemy.

Napoleon's army was advancing from its bivouac to take up its position, and the fields were gay with marching troops, the sun glinting on their bayonets and cuirasses, as sixty-one thousand of them poured forth through the wet crops.

When they were ranged they formed a huge bow, from Papelotte on our left to the Nivelles road beyond Hougomont; lancers on each flank, a grim front of infantry, and behind, the heavy cavalry and the Imperial Guard.

Will, down in the miry hollow, knew nothing of this movement, for the ridge in front of them hid the battle ground, and was, moreover, crowned with Highlanders and linesmen, but a little later a waft of music came to his ears as the French bands struck up and Napoleon galloped along his line, with a loose rein, on his grey mare, "Marie."

Then came a pause, our cavalry dismounted, and Will, looking at his watch, saw that it was after eleven.

They would be in church at home, he thought, and Parson Robin's voice rising and falling with that dignified monotony which wooed the small boys to slumber, and the beadle would be on the alert with his wand to rouse them, and Mary would be sitting in the corner of the parson's pew, and through the open doors the drowsy hum of bees, with the coo of pigeons, and a scent of flowers.

Will found himself clearing his throat suddenly, and glaring up at the backs of Picton's division on the ridge before him as though they had done him an injury.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WITH THE ROYALS AT WATERLOO.

"THERE it goes!" said the old soldiers, and away in the direction of Hougomont a gun boomed forth its sullen challenge, followed by the sharp crackle of musketry.

The French left had begun the battle, and

it rolled towards the Royals as their artillery poured a heavy fire on our line.

Our fellows turned their heads to the right.

There was smoke curling away beyond the King's German Legion battalions, across the *chaussée* there, and the thunder increased; but that was all.

Indeed, that was all that they saw or heard for a long time, until the round shot began to fall into their own ranks.

Uxbridge, in a gorgeous scarlet hussar jacket and brown bushy, jingled restlessly from one cavalry brigade to another—now with Somerset's Heavies, now talking to Sir William Ponsonby, who commanded the Unions, again riding off towards Papelotte to see that all was well with Vivian and Vandeleur, whose light horse were posted in that direction.

There was almost a monotony in it to those in the sheltered dip, and Will felt a longing to be on the ridge again, where he could see what was going forward.

"Those fellows up there are getting all the fun," he said to his captain.

"I don't know," replied Windsor drily. "There's a bit of genuine humour coming our way—ugh!" and he shuddered.

It was a twelve-pound ball, and, as he spoke, it caught the head of an Inniskilling's horse, carried it off, and crumpled the rider into a limp mass.

The pair collapsed into the mud and lay there; one could see the bright yellow saddlecloth quite a long way.

After that half-a-dozen balls dropped into their own squadron, and two troopers were carried back to the farmhouse behind them, where the doctors were waiting.

Men do not count by time under circumstances like those; a minute is often an hour, an hour passes like a flash, and Will's next mental landmark was the terrific crash of seventy-four brass guns beyond that irritating ridge.

It was Ney's great battery, collected on a crest of rising ground beyond the sandpit, and which opened a murderous fire upon our centre.

Napoleon's *first* attack had failed; this was the prelude to his *second*, an advance of his right wing against Wellington's left, supported by heavy cavalry.

D'Erlon's corps formed up in column, with Bachelu in support, and up the hill they came when the great battery ceased.

Hundreds of brass drums beat the *pas de charge*, the eagles were waved in the air, and the four divisions that formed D'Erlon's command quickened their pace, a determined mass of square shakos and dark blue coats, with the gleam of steel drawing nearer and nearer.

Behind them, squadrons of cavalry—sombre cuirassiers and green light horsemen—watched their opportunity, as Donzelot flung himself against La Haye Sainte and Kempt; the division of the absent Alix tried to penetrate between the latter and Sir Dennis Pack; Marcognet took the centre, and Durutte rushed upon Papelotte.

Preceded by a cloud of skirmishers, the storm burst upon our position, and Bylandt's Dutch Belgians bolted back across the road and up the bank.

The 28th and 42nd wanted to fire into the runaways, and rumour says they did; but, forming up manfully, we blazed down on the yelling columns.

Whinyate's rockets whizzed mercilessly down the slope, canister and grape went shrieking among the French battalions, and, after a tough tussle at the bank top, Picton ordered a charge in line.

Will and his brother officers saw the ridge surging with men, and then almost denuded as the "Fighting Fifth" sprang down into the hollow road.

There was a moment of intense anxiety; the conflict had passed from their view, and when the red-coats clambered back again there were terrible gaps.

But the balls were falling thick and fast among the Unions, and order was given to them to move to the left.

Leading their horses they advanced, and then took ground to the right by the flank march of threes, and fronted under the crest itself, where they halted for a few minutes.

There were dead men under their feet, and the air was full of gunpowder and the stench of trodden grass, but they had short time to notice those things, for the Earl of Uxbridge galloped over from the other side of the *chaussée*, and the trumpets rang out "Mount!"

"Deploy into line!" cried Sir William Ponsonby, and a quick movement went through the squadrons. The Royals were on the right, the Inniskillings in the centre, and the left was taken by the Scots Greys.

Ponsonby dropped his cloak, and, dismounting to recover it, the actual order was given by Captain De Lacy Evans, who waved his cap towards the valley.

The trumpets sounded the charge, the eager horses bounded forward, the Royals gave a glorious British cheer, the Inniskillings their Irish howl, a low moan of rapture broke from the Greys, and the scarlet thunderbolt launched itself on the foe.

The shattered infantry opened to let them pass, and Will found himself dashing through the 28th, brandishing his long sword, and yelling like a fiend.

How far he went, or how that long sword came to be red, and his gauntlet, too, he could not tell; all was but a vague, incoherent memory of cut and thrust, of Ladybird sliding down the gravel pit among a heap of corpses; of the clever mare extricating herself, and flying along the *chaussée* towards the enemy's position, and a squadron of green lancers darting across the road to intercept us.

He leaped a brass gun somewhere; he saw a colour, broidered with names of victories, but somehow Kennedy Clark reached it before him, and he found himself riding beside some life-guardsmen, and again those green lancers came about him.

He had lost his head completely, and if the "rally" sounded he did not hear it, but rode straight at the colonel of the lancers, meaning to kill him if he could.



"HA, DID I NOT TELL YOU THE VULTURES WOULD PICK THE BONES OF ZAMINSKI?" HE WHISPERED, AND THEN—
"TELL ME, WE ARE BEATEN, IS IT NOT SO?" AND WILL BOWED HIS HEAD SILENTLY.

And then two blades met with a shower of sparks: the colonel gave a hoarse cry and dropped his point, and to Will's bewilderment exclaimed: "Pass, my boy—the Colonel Zaminski does not kill old friends!"

He was gone in a moment, leaving Will sobered as by a sudden shock, and with the revulsion came a desire to get back through the carnage, and up on to the ridge once more, which was a difficulty.

Some of the Greys went yelling by for the now silent battery, and Sergeant Rider, bleeding from a deep gash on the brow, rode up, helmetless and panting.

"This way, sir!" he cried; "we'll cut through them!" And without a word Will followed him at full gallop up the slope again.

But what a slope it was after that avalanche of iron hoofs!

Men and boys, aye, and there were women too, lay in every attitude of agony, dead and dying.

Ladybird trod on mangled humanity at every stride, and there were groups of the enemy to avoid.

Will saw the same lieutenant of the "Slashers" with whom he had spoken in the morning being hustled off a prisoner by some cuirassiers, but he

could do nothing to help him, as the green lancers had surrounded Sergeant Rider, and he spurred in to his aid.

A swoop of our blue and yellow 12th Light carried lancers and sergeant away into a dip of the field, and Will, thinking that the man was rescued, continued his way. Alas! he could have done little had he lingered, for Rider went down with eight lance-thrusts in him, and there was bitter sorrow in store for "Polly and the boy."

* * * * *

A motley crowd of stragglers, increasing as the dragoons came in by twos and threes, crowned the ridge above the Ohain road.

Men were binding up their wounds, and some glared open-mouthed as if still in combat.

A sergeant of the Greys was exhibiting an eagle of the 45th of the line, which he had taken single-handed, and Corporal Styles, of the Royals, was riding down to their old position with another one, which Kennedy Clark and he had brought out of the fray.

Will, lingering with the rest, saw a herd of two thousand prisoners going to the rear—the harvest of the charge—but there was a fearful fascination in looking down at the ground they had ridden over, sown so thickly with the King's

Red Coats and the coarse blue jackets of the enemy.

Picton lay dead there—struck on the temple in the act of shouting “Hurrah!” Windsor never returned to answer the roll-call—their adjutant, Shepley, was dead, and young Magniac, whose body, like that of the Greys’ colonel, was never found—Foster, and Sykes, and nearly 190 more of the Royals alone—while the wild Irishmen had contributed 217 to that ghastly company among the trampled torn.

Will turned sadly away, and went to the regiment, which was mustering in the old spot, and there he learned more fully the losses they had sustained.*

Gradually the remnants of the brigade were collected, and Colonel Muter, of the Inniskilling Dragoons, took command, Ponsonby having fallen a victim to his restive nag; and, later on, Clifton, of the Royals, under whom Will had served in the Peninsular, took the little handful over and brought them out of action.

They were still under fire, for the French guns resumed their cannonade, but the subsequent attacks were delivered against our right centre for the most part; mighty rushes of cavalry in which the Union Brigade had no rôle to play.

They were moved over to the other side of the *chaussée* later in the afternoon, and became spectators, for it was the turn of our light horse, and right gallantly did they wield their curved sabres.

Will saw the 10th go by, but although he tried hard he could not distinguish Captain Datchett.

They told him afterwards how that gentleman had disported himself, particularly in a charge against some of the Old Guard when Major Howard fell, and Captain Dick’s blood was roused by the manner of his murder.

And all day long the French fought with a valour never surpassed, and Napoleon made no particular effort to help them, but saw his favourite regiments torn to pieces with strange apathy, and sent down more regiments to share the same fate, and waited for Grouchy, and snarled at Ney, and then talked about dying at the head of his Guard, but thought better of it, and behaved altogether as one might expect of a man with cancer in his stomach—and other complications.

But instead of Grouchy came Blucher—he was a long time about it, but no matter, he came—and the Emperor had to weaken his battle to check him; the grand Old Guard made a final effort, and was mown down by our guns by sections, our guards showed their teeth, and the flank march of the 52nd put the finishing touch to it all.

“The whole line will advance!” cried the Iron Duke, and, with the sinking of the sun, the great Napoleon’s empire, built on bayonets, vanished into space.

“Drink some more of this—it will pull you round until my servant fetches a surgeon,” and Will pressed his canteen to the lips of the man

who lay against a dead horse, and was bleeding internally.

Will had been searching in vain for Sergeant Rider—it was not surprising that he passed him by, for a gun wheel had gone over his face, and the plunderers had already stripped him of his jacket—when he came upon a striking figure, stretched at full length, with his face turned on our now abandoned ridge, and his sword still grasped in his hand.

“Stand back, and let me die in peace,” said the prostrate man. “I have yet strength to defend myself,” and then, seeing who it was, he smiled wearily as Will knelt beside him.

“Ha, did I not tell you the vultures would pick the bones of Zaminski?” he whispered, and then, with a sudden accession of strength—“Tell me, we are beaten, is it not so?”

Will bowed his head silently.

“And Napoleon—the army—what of them?”

“They are all gone,” said Will.

“*Mon Dieu*, is it possible? And I shall be dead in five minutes,” groaned the whilom chef d’escadron. “Listen, my friend. You shall see a brave man die. I am a colonel now, as you will observe; the Emperor gave me the 4th Lancers—I have commanded them *ten days*—chut! They do not desert me—I can count forty in a circle round this place. There is Miquart yonder—you remember Miquart in that affair with young De Fleurac—bah! that carrion deserted the Emperor—he is not here.”

“But, colonel, you are wounded; can I not—”

“No, although many thanks. I am thrust through the spine,” interrupted the lancer. “Don’t let those rascals take my cross, and this sword—ha, that story was never finished, and there is not time now!” A sad, wistful look crept over his face as he disengaged his hand for the last time.

It was an Austrian sabre, with a coat of arms, and the name *Könighumpfen* engraved upon it, and it had a history.

“Take it, and think sometimes of an old enemy who was perhaps also a friend, eh?” and, suddenly opening his eyes unnaturally wide, he seemed to grope with both hands for the last band of the sunset fading away beyond La Haye Sainte, and, falling back, Colonel Zaminski died as he had lived, by the sword!

It is Christmas, and, what is better, it is Christmas at Mortimer Hall.

The fires are roaring half-way up the chimneys, and the candles are all alight, and, what is best of all, they are all there round the long table, and it does not matter a straw if the park is two feet deep in snow, for no one is going out to-night.

The parson won’t, unless there is a sick call, and there really isn’t an ailing soul in the entire parish; the doctor won’t—he will be busy enough to-morrow—and meantime the steaming punch is exactly to his liking.

As for Dick Datchett and Will—did I tell you he is Captain Mortimer now, having got poor

* The Royals are believed to have mustered 428 on the morning of Waterloo; their actual loss was 196, five officers killed, and nine wounded.

Windsor's troop?—they have been out all day, and are perfectly happy where they are, with Mary Robin, and Patty, and Mrs. Dick Datchett, who is very sweet and amiable, in spite of the fact that she brought her husband £30,000 on their wedding day just a month ago.

Mrs. Mortimer is a little greyer now, with the anxiety of having a soldier-son, but the squire—well, he is still the squire, hale and kindly as ever, and he whispers to Hopkinson, who goes out, and presently returns, followed by a long procession of servants, headed by Silas Bracken in a new pair of gaiters.

The mummers will be up from the village presently, in spite of the snow, and there will be dancing in the hall, but meanwhile there are loyal toasts to be drunk according to immemorial custom—"Long live the King, and confusion to his enemies"—"The Constitution"—"The Royal Dragoons"—and all the rest of it, and one more, which eclipses all the others, as the squire gives it out with a moistening eye.

"To the King's Red Coat, my friends, and all who wear it—to all who *have* worn it, and all who *will* wear it in the future—and, if you please, we'll have it with a *three times three!*"



"TO THE KING'S RED COAT, MY FRIENDS, AND ALL WHO WEAR IT—TO ALL WHO *have* WORN IT, AND ALL WHO *will* WEAR IT IN THE FUTURE."

THE END.

St. Parny



WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL.

No. 5.—Farming.

THE stage farmer is a very delightful sort of person. He rolls about the boards in a good-humoured devil-may-care sort of way, and speaks his mind freely and openly to everyone. Like the village blacksmith, "he looks the whole world in the face." There is no guile in him. He is always bluff and jovial. He quaffs great draughts of "foaming ale" from huge flagons and sups off prime joints of the roast beef of Old England. In the intervals of business he probably dances a hornpipe on the village green, makes love to the dairymaid, or saves the fair heroine from the awful predicament in which the bold bad villain has placed her.

Such is the farmer as he is on the stage and in yellow-back novels, and as, no doubt, he ought to be in real life. As a boy this was the sort of farmer I revelled in. But the shattering of many pleasant illusions is one of the penalties of growing old, and the first farmer I ever gazed upon in the flesh was a very different sort of creature.

Instead of the honest, open countenance—the kind of John Bull type portrayed by Tenniel—I had expected, I met with a poor, shrivelled-up looking individual, who had very bad manners and none of the geniality and good humour I felt I had a right to expect.

My first farmer was one of my first great disappointments, one of my first realisations of the unkindness of things. But boys nowadays, I believe, have no illusions about anything, so I can hardly expect that any of my readers will fully understand my bitterness of soul on the subject.

Farmers, of course, are just ordinary kind of people, with a somewhat extraordinary capacity for swearing at the birds and the weather. They are imbued with the spirit of commercialism just



STUDENTS BARKING TIMBER.

as much as most other people are nowadays. Very few of them, if any, recognise how poetic their calling is, and they regard the sunsets, the

Articles have already appeared in this series on the Civil Service, Engineering, and City Employments. Back numbers can be obtained from the Publisher, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

fleecy clouds, the yellow waving corn, purely from a financial aspect.

If you are a poet, then, or an artist, you had better not think of becoming a farmer, unless, I should add, you are also a millionaire.

If you mean to make a living at farming you must be practical to your finger tips. You must be well informed on all subjects connected with agriculture. You must know something of chemistry, biology, geology, mathematics, and physics. You must be alive and energetic, and ready to work at all hours of the day and night. The real cause of agricultural depression is the lack of education in the men who have taken it up. The fool of the family, who is considered unfit even to become

those who wish to become farmers, land-agents, and surveyors. There are various agricultural colleges which grant diplomas, and university colleges where special courses in agriculture may be taken; and the recent agitation in Oxford for a special degree in agriculture shows the importance which is now attached to qualifications in this subject.

The very best plan for a boy who wishes to become a farmer, either in England or the Colonies, is to go through a course of training at one of the agricultural colleges. Here he may obtain a thorough practical and theoretical knowledge of his work, and, if farming be really his vocation, at the end of the two years he will be amply fitted to start "on his own."

Of course the agricultural colleges mean rather heavy expenses. The fees, for instance, at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, are from £140 to £170 per annum for resident students, and £80 for out-students. At the Agricultural College at Downton, near Salisbury, the fees are from £150 to £167 per annum, without laundry.

Clever boys without means, can, however, largely reduce these charges by obtaining some of the scholarships offered by the various colleges and county councils.

Then again, it is possible to undergo a course at some of the university colleges, such as those at Nottingham and Leeds, for considerably less than the sums named.

The fees at the University

Colleges are very moderate, and it is possible for a student, who is careful, to do the whole thing for £70 per annum.

A third way of becoming a farmer is by a course of apprenticeship to an agriculturist. This method is only to be recommended when a youth is persevering and energetic enough to give his spare time to the theoretical side of his work, with a view of obtaining a diploma from one of the examining bodies. Besides, apprenticeship involves a premium, ranging from £100 to £250, and unless the apprentice is unusually clever it often ends in his being no better off at the end than at the commencement of his course.

At the head of all agricultural colleges is



SHOEING HORSES.

a curate, is packed off to a farm, either in England or the Colonies, where he is allowed to run wild, and pick up any stray crumbs of information about agricultural matters that he can. Occasionally the fool turns out a surprise to his friends and relatives by becoming a prosperous landowner and farmer, for dear kind Mother Nature often discovers unsuspected powers in those whom wise men have hastily dubbed asses. But frequently it happens that the farmer proves incompetent because he has neglected, through laziness or lack of opportunity, to learn the first principles of his business.

A special course of study in agriculture and its branches is now recognised as essential for all

the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, incorporated by Royal Charter for the purpose of granting diplomas and certificates. The course of instruction—practical and theoretical—given, affords an excellent training for an intending agriculturist. Special courses are designed for the following classes:—

- (1) Land owners—instruction for landed proprietors in the duties devolving upon them as owners of property.
- (2) Land agents and surveyors.
- (3) Farmers and occupiers of land.
- (4) Administrators and inspectors.
- (5) Professors, lecturers, and teachers of agriculture.
- (6) Intending colonists.

The Royal Agricultural College is a fine building, with every accommodation for the comfort and well-being of students, who can spend a most delightful two years there. New students are admitted three times a year at the beginning of term without entrance examination. The ordinary course occupies two years, of three terms each, and that for the diplomas two years and one term. The college diploma, which admits those holding it to the position of graduate, under the title of Member of Royal Agricultural College (M.R.A.C.), is a valuable aid to obtaining appointments both at home and abroad.

The course of instruction is at once scientific and practical, and the teaching comprises classroom instruction, farm and dairy classes, botanic garden classes, laboratory practice, veterinary practice, experiments, excursions, etc. The following is the course of instruction as given in the prospectus:—

Sessions 1 and 2.—Practical agriculture (soils, manures, implements, labour, buildings, etc.), chemistry (mineral), book-keeping, mensuration, physics (hydrostatics, etc.), geology, or botany, or zoology, veterinary anatomy and physiology, drawing (plan).

Sessions 3 and 4.—Practical agriculture (tillage, crops, dairying, etc.), chemistry (organic), book-keeping, land surveying, physics (steam engine, meteorology, etc.), geology, or botany, or zoology, veterinary pathology, drawing (farm buildings, cottages, etc.).

Sessions 5 and 6.—Practical agriculture (live stock, pastures, dairying, etc.), chemistry (agricultural), bacteriology, book-keeping, levelling and engineering, mechanics, geology, or botany, or zoology, veterinary therapeutics, etc.

Alternating Subjects.—Building, in the spring session, each year; estate management, with the elements of forestry, in the summer session; agricultural law in the winter session; each subject being divided into two sections, and only completed in two years.

Further particulars may be obtained by writing to the Secretary, Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester. The methods followed at the Agricultural College, at Downton, near Salisbury, and other agricultural colleges are very similar.

For those whose adventurous spirit leads them to desire to go out and settle in the Colonies, I cannot do better than recommend a course at the Colonial College, Hollesley Bay, Suffolk. This college provides the intending colonist with suitable training, with advice as to his future career, and, as far as possible, with an introduction to it. The Colonial College is just an ideal place from a residential and educational point of view. The estate contains about 1,330 acres of excellent pasture, arable, heath, and woods. Every part of a farmer's work is practically taught by competent instructors. The visitor to the college may see the students at work—ploughing, harrowing, rolling, drilling, hoeing, making butter, milk, and

cheese, feeding the horses and cattle, and cutting the hay and corn.

The fee for pupils under seventeen years of age is £90 per annum, or £30 per term; for those over that age and under twenty, £108 per annum, or £36 per term; and for senior students, £126 per annum, or £42 per term; laundry, £2 per term.

The student at the Agricultural College can have a rattling

good time—plenty of boating, riding, driving, and athletics of all kinds. The work is varied, and the whole course is designed to “make a man” of any student who may go through it. In connection with the college, a magazine, entitled *Colonia*, is run, and this contains articles by old and present students. The April number



SURVEYING CLASS.

contains a very interesting article on colonial prospects, written by a man who evidently understands his subject.

Everywhere in the Colonies agricultural matters are improving. In Canada there lie untold millions of fertile acres only waiting for hands to till them and to reap an abundant harvest; only men are wanted—men of intelligence, with some technical knowledge and a little money.

Australia is slowly but surely regaining her feet. In New South Wales there is quite a rush for farms. In Victoria there are excellent openings for farmers, dairy farmers, and fruit growers with a little capital. The same applies to New Zealand.

Visitors to the Rhodesian Court at the Greater Britain Exhibition this year at Earl's Court, will require no further evidence of Rhodesian prosperity. During May an agricultural show was held at Buluwayo, when large prizes, the total value of which amounted to nearly £800, were offered for cattle, sheep, goats, horses, donkeys, pigs, poultry, farm products, etc.

Energy and enterprise combined with knowledge of his work will ensure success to any Englishman who elects to go out to the Colonies as a farmer.

There is an ample field. Men are wanted, and now, when we are all imbued with ideas of imperialism, and realising as never before that the strength and greatness of our country lie in our Colonies—now is the time to bring the lesson home.

And for those who make up their minds to settle in the Colonies and carry on the pursuit of agriculture there can be no better training than a course at the Colonial College, Hollesley Bay. Full particulars, prospectus, terms, etc., can be obtained from the resident director, Robert Johnson, Esq., to whose courtesy I am indebted for much of the information in this article, and for the use of the photographs which accompany it.

A. E. MANNING FOSTER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. B. C. U.—It is rather difficult to give you advice from what you tell me. If you are sure your tastes lie towards engineering, I should certainly advise you to apply for an apprenticeship in the North Staffordshire Railway Goods Works. A premium would probably be required, but some small wage would be given from the commencement. You can easily, however, find out all about this by applying to the secretary of the company.

D. E. S.—From what you tell me, I should think you would have a very good chance in competing for an engineering scholarship. The first thing that you must do is to become enrolled as a student of the Institute of Civil Engineers, which you can do by being articled to a firm of engineers, or by taking an engineering course at a university or technical school. You are then eligible to compete for the Whitworth Scholarships to the value

of £125, each tenable for three years. Full particulars can be obtained from the Whitworth Prospectus, by applying to the Secretary, Science and Art Department, South Kensington, S.W.

U. S.—A borough surveyor and engineer are by no means the same thing. Your work in a town surveyor's office will not be of much service to you in the matter of engineering. Your first course is to become enrolled as a student of the Institute of Civil Engineers, which you can do by being articled to a firm of engineers, or by taking an engineering course at some technical school. If you seriously contemplate taking up the subject, I should advise you to communicate with a good "coach," with a view to working up the necessary subjects.

E. F. J.—I should certainly advise you to go to a "coach" in Edinburgh. There must be many good ones in your city, and it is also more satisfactory to have aural instruction than tuition by correspondence. If you will forward me your name and address with stamped envelope, I will send you the name of a reliable "coach" in Edinburgh, who has seen many pupils through similar examinations.

F. W. D.—It is, I fancy, usual for a printer's reader to apprentice himself, that he may learn the work thoroughly, but you could obtain this information at any good newspaper office in Bristol. The necessities of the post are a thorough knowledge of type-setting, a good knowledge of grammar and spelling and, last (but by no means least), excellent eyesight. The salaries of proof-readers vary in different firms, but from £2 to £3 a week is, I should think, a good average salary for this work.

Quex.—Engineering does not seem to be the right thing for you. You will probably do far better in one of the learned professions where your knowledge and taste for classics would come in useful. If I were you, I should take the "bull by the horns" and tell your father straightforwardly all about it. Never mind if he is angry at first; if you show him that you have "grit" in you and that you are determined to follow up a certain course, he will probably come round in the end. I am afraid that you are too old now for the army—that is to say, too old to enter it in the ordinary way, through Sandhurst or Woolwich. Personally, I should think the law might be more in your line. Why not make up your mind to become a solicitor or barrister? At any rate, it is high time that you fixed definitely upon something, and I shall hope to hear, at no distant date, that you have done this.

S. E.—(1) The earliest age for entering at Woolwich is sixteen, and the latest eighteen, years. A candidate of sixteen must be at least 5ft. 4ins. in height, and measure 33ins. round the chest. (2) Application for admission must be made to the commanding officer. (3) The length of the course of instruction at Woolwich is two years. The fees for the sons of officers range from £20 to £80 per annum, and are regulated according to the position held by the father. In addition to the above fee, the sum of £35 has to be paid towards covering the expenses of uniform, books, etc. If a youth has also to be sent to an army "coach," the above expenses will be at least £200 per annum.

Richard.—The course that your son must pursue, to become a mining engineer, is exactly the same in its initial stages as that for other branches of the engineering profession. I should advise your sending him to some good college where he can take an engineering course when he leaves school. In the meantime he might safely spend some of his time in an engineering workshop. If I can be of any further assistance to you in the matter I shall be pleased.

C. T. C.—I should advise your consulting a good "coach."

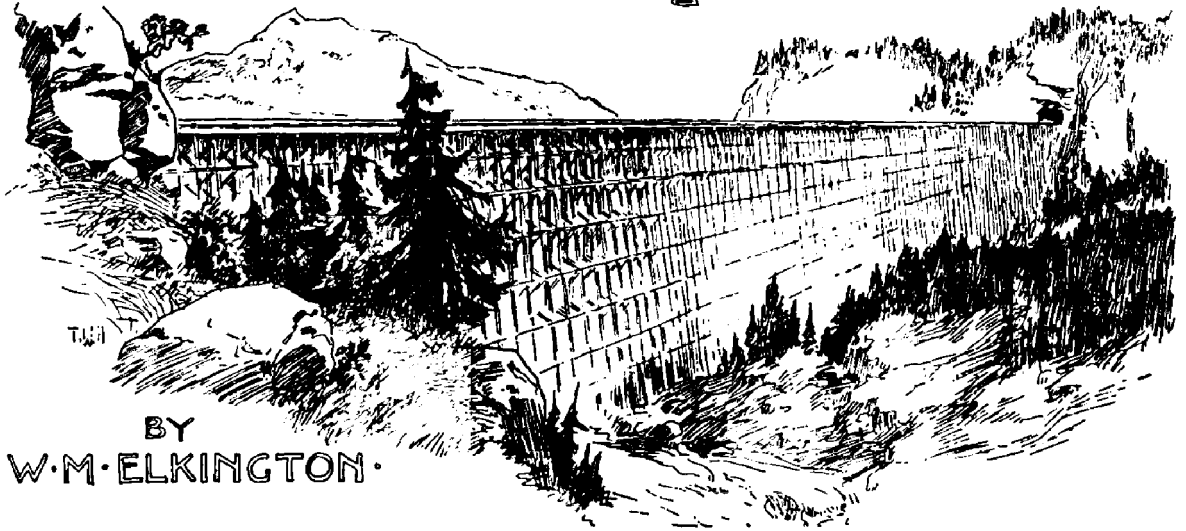
W. H. V. and W. B. C.—Full particulars about the Whitworth Scholarship and Exhibition may be obtained by applying to the secretary of the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, W. The scholarships are open to competition to any of Her Majesty's subjects under twenty-six years of age on May 1st.

(**H. W. J., L. K., and W. G. M.** will find replies to their letters in the Old Fag's Answers to Correspondents.)

A. E. M. F.

TRAPPED ON THE TREESTLE.

A TALE OF THE
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.



BY
W·M·ELKINGTON·

ROUND by the northern shore of Lake Superior, where the Canadian Pacific Railway insinuates itself through the heart of a promiscuous upheaval of nature second only in point of magnitude to the Rocky Mountains, one of the chief difficulties of the engineers lay in the construction of bridges to span the chasms that yawned between each rocky tunnel. Occasionally the use of iron was requisitioned where a particularly deep or eccentric gorge barred the way, but in the majority of instances the abundance of heavy timber and the native skill of the engineers were the means of conquering some of the most untamable tracts in that vast lone region, through the medium of apparently flimsy, yet withal substantial, trestle bridges.

Green River is one of the little bush stations that are dotted along the line at regular intervals, apparently for the sole purpose of providing oases in the wilderness of desolation, since no passenger ever gets down there but to stretch his legs and take a look into the little window of the telegraph office, and no freight appears ever to have been collected or left upon the strip of boarding that serves for a platform. The river foams beneath a modern iron bridge that serves to impart a touch of civilisation to the place, and rumbles a constant accompaniment to the ticking of the telegraph instrument, the while the lazy operator, and

the still less preoccupied railway agent, lounge about their little domain.

I arrived at Green River one fiery afternoon in September, when the fierce sun of the Canadian Indian summer poured down its rays upon the surrounding rocks, and scorched the scattered bunches of herbage that sprang up by the side of the track to the colour of the yellow earth that lay parched between the metals. I had walked along from Fish Lake, the station ten miles east, with a camera and sketch book, taking views and notes of some of the boldest and most picturesque features of the country, and I intended to board the west-bound train at Green River, and ride on to Jack Fish Bay, from which place I hoped to coast along the north shore to Port Arthur, at the extreme north-western point on the lake.

The operator and station agent were whiling away the time fishing for trout in a quiet pool below the bridge, and the appearance of a tourist, armed with the modern paraphernalia of his race, seemed to impress them with considerable astonishment, since it was apparent that no train had passed during the last six hours, that no wagon or horse could ever penetrate the bush and rockland in any direction, and the idea of a person walking on such a day was too foolish to entertain for one moment.

I therefore briefly introduced myself, and explained the situation, adding that I intended boarding the train at that place, and asking when it might be expected and how many hours late it was. The men were doubtful that I was not some spirit descended from the mysterious blue, until I produced the inevitable "open sesame" to Canadian hearts—a plug of black tobacco—upon which the operator commenced to laugh heartily, and the agent to pull his moustache, and to glance over my outfit with evident interest in the cut and style of my clothes.

"Stranger," he began, presently, "you'll get no train from here to-day. The west-bound's four hours late at North Bay, and making up time to Winnipeg; so they've cut out all stops to Maple Point, and that's another twelve miles west; so as you've managed to get here in some kecurious way, I guess you'd better hustle along to the Point before she comes through."

"Oh, that's all nonsense!" I exclaimed. "I don't mind walking ten miles along the track from Fish Lake, but when it comes to another twelve it's time to draw the line. Besides, I should never get to the Point in time to catch her. No; you must telegraph her to stop. I'm due at Jack Fish to-night whatever happens, so just come along and ring them up down the line."

At this the operator commenced to laugh again.

"Stop her at Green River when she's making

up time!" he exclaimed in disgust. "See here, stranger, it's more than the whole job's worth! We'd have Van Horne* and the whole crowd down on us if we played any of them monkey tricks!"

In vain I pleaded to be allowed to consult the officials down the line. My agent for the wilderness evidently stood in some awe of these authorities, for he stoutly and earnestly reiterated that his job, his belongings, and even his life, would not be worth the purchase did he but attempt to stop the west-bound when making up time.

"No!" he exclaimed, emphatically. "It won't do, mister! You'll either get to the Point by the same kecurious way as you arrived, or else you'll camp right here for tomorrow's train. Wait a bit, though," as an idea suddenly struck him, "what d'ye say to run the velocipede along? You've got a couple of hours before she's due,

and you'd keep ahead of her, and do it comfortable!"

The very thing! With the velocipede I could run quietly up the line to the Point, take in the whole of the scenery, stop now and again for a snap-shot, and still have lots of time to board the train when she arrived. I expressed my thanks for the offer, and the agent, having leisurely coiled up his primitive fishing line, accompanied me to the freight shed and displayed the mount.

In appearance the velocipede resembled a clumsy and strongly-built ordinary bicycle. The large wheel, over which the rider sat,



THE OPERATOR AND STATION AGENT WERE FISHING FOR TROUT IN A QUIET POOL BELOW THE BRIDGE.

* Sir William Van Horne, President of the C.P.R.

and to which the motive power was applied, was only a trifle less cumbersome than the bogey wheel of a locomotive, while from beneath the saddle a stay stretched to a set of two tiny wheels that ran upon the opposite line of metal and maintained the balance of the contrivance. It was just within the power of a man to lift this machine bodily upon the rails; but once there it became an indispensable if not an ornamental article in traversing the vast stretches of Canadian railway.

I was anxious to get off, in order that I might not be compelled to race ahead of the approaching train; and so, with hasty thanks and adieux to the agent and operator, who had not yet overcome their astonishment at my first appearance, I gave the machine a push and leapt into the saddle. Away we went at a good pace along the metals, that rang and clanked at our approach, and echoed away in the distance.

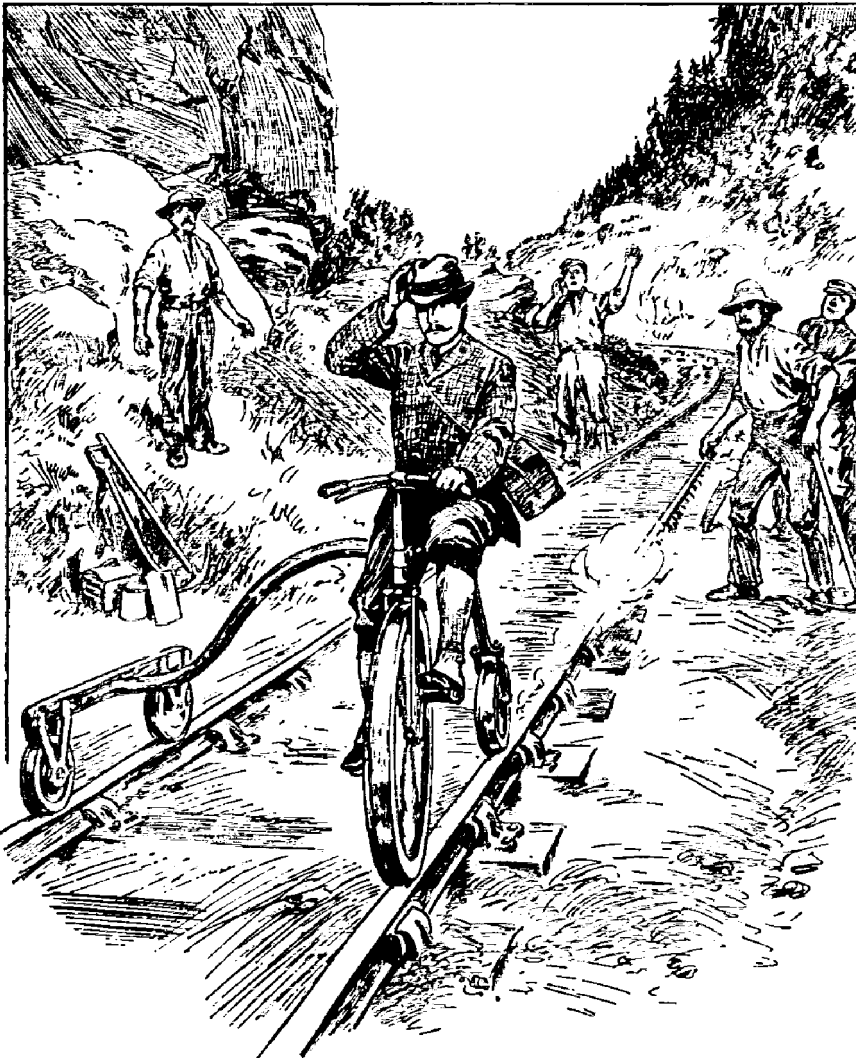
Over skeleton trestles, beneath which rocks and tops of trees were barely discernible; through short and rough-hewn tunnels, from the sides of which water poured in numberless cascades. Then clank, clank, clank along a level stretch that seemed scooped out of the dense pine bush, only to roar into another black hole and emerge upon a rocky shore with towering walls of copper-hued rock on one hand and a stretch of silvery fresh water on the other. More tunnels and more gorges round the shore of the bay, and then once more into the dense dark bush.

It was a most inspiring experience. There was something exciting, something enthralling, and withal something beautiful in that ride. On several occasions I applied the brake to take a snap-shot of some particularly striking view, and many times I felt inclined to throw the machine off the rails in order to reproduce the charming

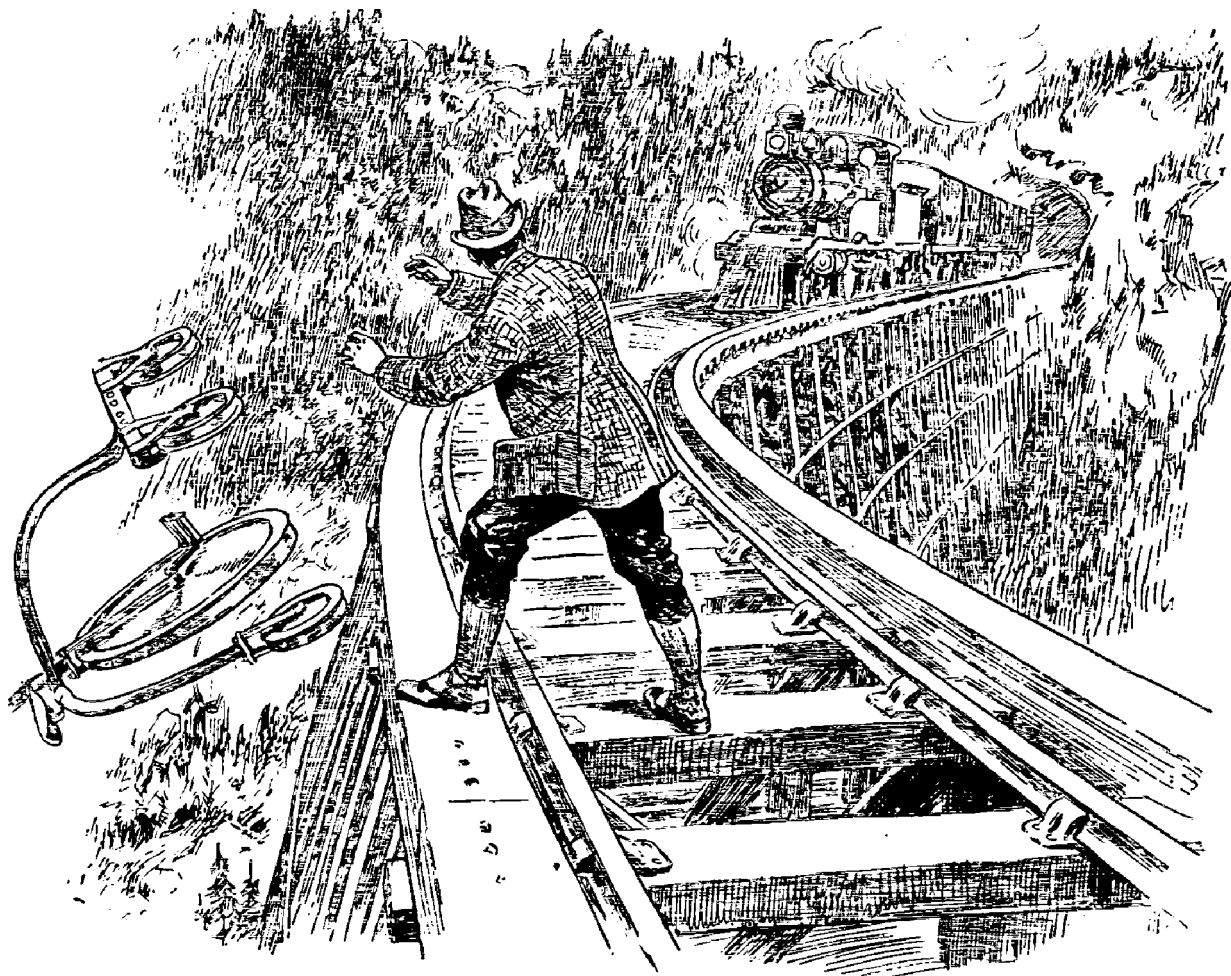
effects of lake and rock and bush. But Maple Point loomed ahead in my mind, and the approaching train served to stimulate my efforts in making up for the time I had lost.

By this time I calculated I had covered half the distance, and had still three-quarters of an hour before the train was expected at the Point, so that the remaining six miles could be comfortably overcome without any undue exertion. There was, however, a probability that the train, in its efforts to make up time, might manage to pick up a few minutes over and above the prescribed limits; and, lest such a contingency should leave me in the lurch, I decided to do a little scorching during the next few miles, and reserve my spare time, if any, for a few views of the district near the Point, the fame of which had reached me.

Accordingly I exerted myself to the utmost, and, in response, the velocipede clanked along as gamely as its curious construction would allow. Once I came upon a gang of section men replacing a decayed tie, but



I WAS SAILING DOWN THE GRADE AT TOP SPEED, AND PASSED THEM LIKE A FLASH, NOT EVEN CATCHING THE PURPORT OF THEIR SHOUTS.



I EXERTED MY STRENGTH TO THE UTMOST, AND THE CUMBERSOME MACHINE PITCHED OVER THE BRIDGE AND CRASHED AMONG THE ROCKS BENEATH.

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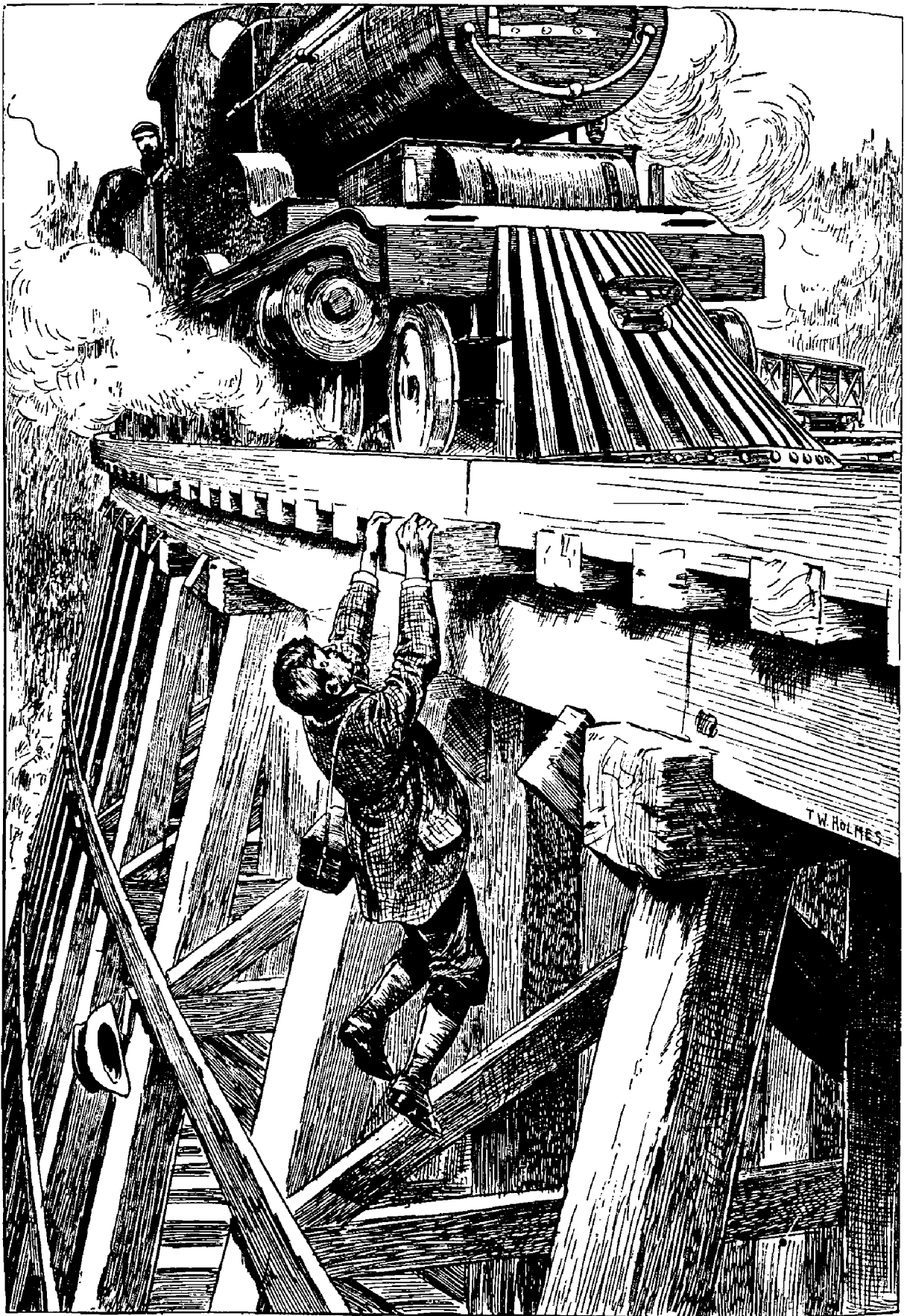
On we rushed into another region of rock and gorge, through more tunnels, and across more trestles. Roaring torrents poured beneath, and tall, ungainly pines lolled on the projecting rocks, as though they would momentarily topple and crash upon the track beneath. Suddenly, above the rattle of the machine, a strange sound reached my ears—a low rumbling, gradually yet surely increasing in volume. I glanced back, but a rocky projection shut out the view. Another moment and I was in a tunnel.

Still the rumbling increased. I realised in a moment that it must be the west-bound train, and making up time with a vengeance; for here she was half-an-hour before she was expected, and, presumably, catching me up hand over hand, whilst I had already three miles to cover to reach the Point. Still, I determined I would make a race for it, and away sailed the

velocipede with an increased volume of clanking that almost drowned for a moment the unwelcome rumbling echoes among the trees.

But it suddenly dawned upon me that my efforts were futile. To race against time is one matter, but to race in front of a Canadian Pacific express, with a relentless cow-catcher, is another, and, as the noise of her approach increased each instant, I decided to put on one more spurt, then unrail, and let her pass, and follow after as quickly as possible, hoping to catch her at the Point before she left.

Ahead of me yawned a deep gorge, thickly covered with bush, and spanned by one of the longest and highest trestles on the line; the full distance being considerably more than three hundred yards. On the far side the line ran abruptly into the black mouth of a tunnel, and, once through that, I would immediately unrail and let the express pass. I glanced round as we took the trestle; but, though the heavy rumbling gave token of the



WOULD THOSE CARS NEVER PASS? I TRIED TO COUNT THEM, AND STOPPED WITH CHILLED BLOOD AS I GLANCED BELOW, AND THOUGHT OF THE TERRIBLE FALL THAT AWAITED ME

near approach of the train, no sign of it was yet visible.

Again I spurted; and then a cold sweat broke out upon me. I applied the brake with all my might as a puff of smoke appeared in front, and the black head and massive lamp of a locomotive emerged from the tunnel on the far side of the trestle! It was too late! How thoughtless had I been in ignoring the possibility of danger from that quarter, and how easily had I been misled by those echoes that came from the trees and rocks, and whose originality I had only guessed at! It was not the west-bound train at all, but a heavy line of freight cars, laden with wheat from the Manitoban cornfields! I had already covered one-third part of the bridge, and the lumbering train was creeping steadily along, whistling shrilly, and applying her brakes as she discovered my plight. With a spring I dismounted, and stood by the side of my machine upon the narrow sleepers of the bridge. To go back was impossible. The train would be upon me immediately. To leave the machine and endeavour to save myself was equally as bad a policy, for the ironwork of the machine, becoming jammed in the wheels of the locomotive, might cause a disaster, fatal not only to the train, but to the bridge, and then—!

Through the sleepers of the trestle yawned the dark gulf and forest of tree-tops beneath. It was no use. The velocipede must go over immediately, for already the powerful snorting engine was rumbling along the bridge within a hundred yards, and advancing rapidly. Planting my feet firmly upon two of the ties, I exerted my strength to the utmost, and, with a preliminary topple, the cumbersome machine pitched over the bridge and crashed among the trees and rocks beneath. Then for myself! The sleepers projected a foot or more on each side of the metals. That was my chance! I stooped and clutched hold of one of the longest. Then I swung myself over, and hung suspended by the fingers as the lumbering, shrieking locomotive roared over the spot.

How the bridge swayed and shook! And would she never pass? Clank! clank! With a

rattle and roar the cars rolled overhead, while my plight grew rapidly worse, for I realised that I could not sustain myself in such a trying position for any length of time. My fingers were growing stiff and painful, and the sharp edges of the sleeper cut deep into them.

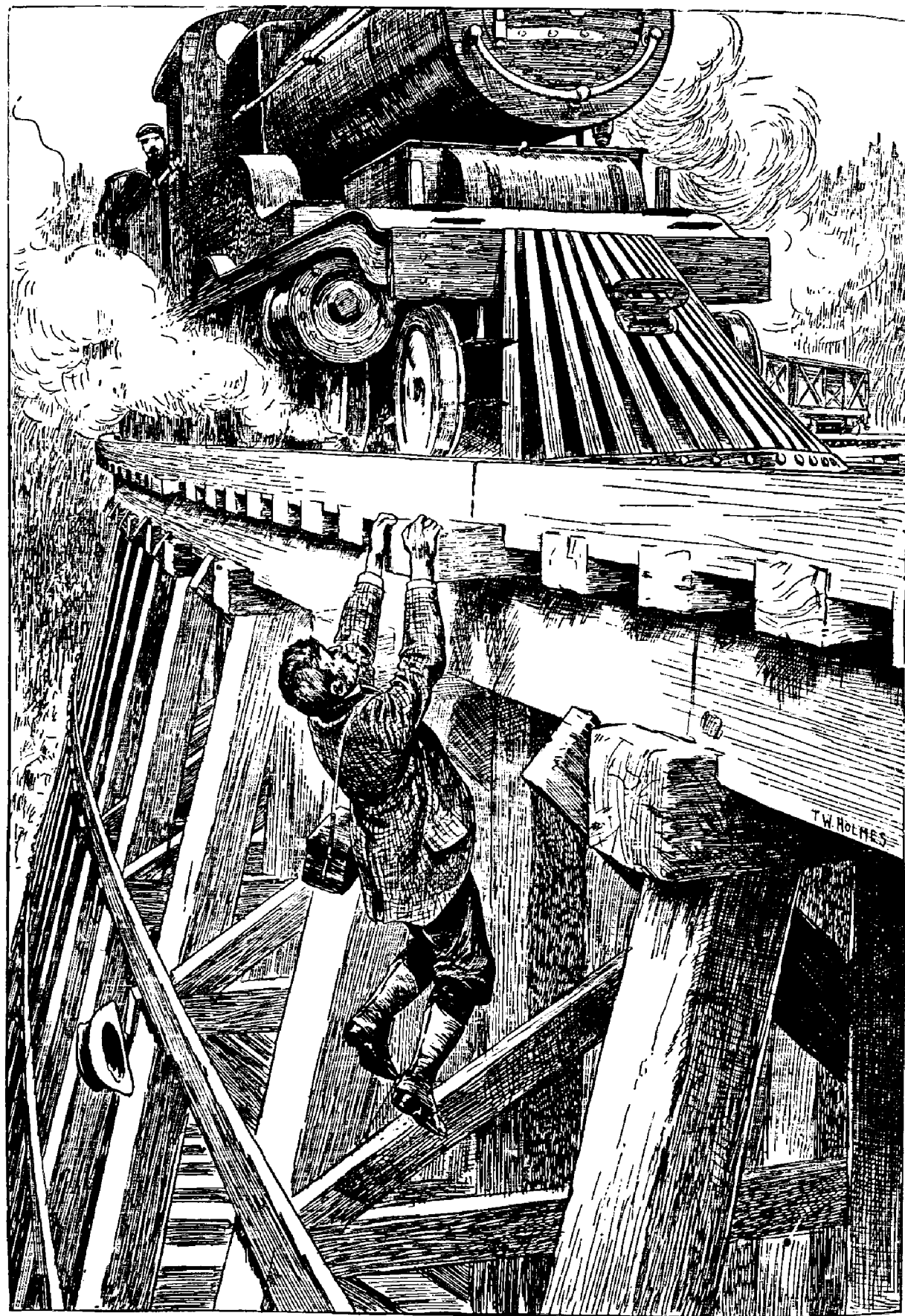
Would those cars never pass? I tried to count them, and stopped with chilled blood as I glanced below, and thought of the terrible fall that awaited me. Then, with a final clank-clank, the last car dragged slowly past, and I was saved.

Saved! With my numbed fingers gradually slipping from their hold, and my mind in a whirl, and giddy from protracted suspension at such a vast height! In vain I tried to swing myself upon the sleepers again; in vain I tried to obtain a firmer grip of my refuge, and pull myself once more upon the bridge. Every movement I made only hastened the end, and served to relax the hold I still possessed.

The noise of the train had faded from my ears. A strange roaring, rushing sound oppressed me, and I seemed to feel the jagged branches of the trees that would tear me as I fell. Then came a strange cry; the bridge again seemed to sway, and as my fingers slipped—slipped from the sharp edges of the sleeper—a strong hand grasped the collar of my coat, and a babel of voices swelled the confusion as I felt myself hauled up into safety.

It was the brakemen of the freight train, which had come to a stop not many yards away, who came at such an opportune moment to rescue me from that terrific fall. I only know that if my friend the agent at Green River had been a trifle more explicit in demonstrating that the freight train was due at that time, and shunted at the river to allow the express to pass, the company would have been the richer by a velocipede, and I—well, since I managed to push on, and reached the Point some six hours ahead of the west-bound train, which had suffered from heated axle as a result of its efforts in making up time, and as I thereby secured material for some of the finest studies of Canadian lake and mountain scenery, I have little cause to cavil.





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DARK LUCK

BY G. HAWLEY

Illustrated by the Author.

PART II.

THE first half of this story appeared last month. Captain Griggs, of the *Number One*, is a mean-minded, bullying, cowardly skipper; his crew are an utterly cowed, tame lot of men. One day, in mid-ocean, Griggs espies a big clipper ablaze, and, gloating over the salvage money he may win, puts off in his boats to her assistance. The clipper proves to be the *Attila*. The only living being aboard is her skipper, Captain Tobutt, who explains that his crew (a wild set of rascals) have fired, plundered, and deserted the vessel, he himself only saving his life by hiding in the bowsprit. Captain Griggs is just congratulating himself on the salvage he will draw, when a loud shout arouses the two captains from their drinking bout in the cabin. They rush on deck to find that the *mutineers are returning*. In all haste Griggs, Tobutt, and the *Number One's* crew get into the boat and row back to the brig. The mutineers get aboard the *Attila*, and a chase begins, the little brig flying for her life with the mutineers in hot pursuit.



HE distance increased, the little brig showing a quick handiness in turning that just balanced the greater speed of the long clipper. She was round and sailing

full on the other tack while the big ship was yet heaving in the wind's eye.

Captain Tobutt replaced his revolver in his hip-pocket.

"Now," said he to Captain Griggs, who was blank with horror at the scene he found himself an actor in, "don't you worry; take it quietly, and I'll see you through this all right. First, there's your crew—a fatted, idle crowd, that want

screwing up and making men of. I'll see you safe out of this, and you will thank Providence you fell in with Captain Tobutt."

The speaker faced the crew with such a turbulent and threatening air that each man, as his eyes fell on him, ducked his head and fumbled with the coils on the belaying-pins.

"Fore tack!" he roared; "sweat it home! Hi! you, there! Is that the way to coil down a rope? Do you want me to paste you with the tail end of it, or don't you? Shake out the maintop-g'ant sail. Jump aloft, you holy sinners. *Jump*, I tell you. Stand by the lifts!"

At that the tame crew sprang from rope to rope and from top to top, with a grin on their lank cheeks, for very joy of doing the will of a reckless man.

The brig now leant over under all plain sail, and, as she turned to windward, she felt all the weight of the breeze. Every now and again the lee scuppers shot a gush or two of water on the dry decks. The breeze was freshening.

"Heigh!" cried Captain Tobutt, scanning every sail in quick succession. "Here's the breeze coming. We'll set up the foretop-gallant-mast and spread all the kites. Just look at my lot!"

He cocked his eye, and nodded with unbounded approval at the clipper, which was now full on the other tack, every sail set to a hand's breadth.

"That's my training!" he cried to the brig's crew. "You are going through the same sweet mill, and then you'll be men—men, I tell you, from the hair of your head down to the ends of your ten pink toes. Now, then, cast adrift that spar. Hands aloft to strike the flag-pole!"

The brig had a flag-staff set in the place of the foretop-gallant-mast. That spar, a new one, was lying on deck all ready fitted for the rigging. It had been Captain Griggs's intention to have set it up when the crew had discharged the cargo at Calcutta, for the brig's crew and captain were the last people in the world to handle a big spar like this when the ship was under weigh and in a strong breeze.

Captain Tobutt was certainly mad, thought every man in the crew, as the order fell on their ears. They eyed the spar, then the clipper under their lee; and then stared open-mouthed at Captain Tobutt, who, dark-faced and humorous as fate, stormed at them from the poop. But there was no escape; so they dejectedly abandoned all hope of life—making their peace thereby—and, having cast away by anticipation that questionable luxury, found themselves, with a breathless kind of delight, juggling with sudden death.

At last it was ready to go aloft. The tackles were manned, and, just as it was ready to swing out, Captain Griggs jumped to his feet in horror. "There'll be an accident," he cried. "Something will carry away if you try to run it up!"

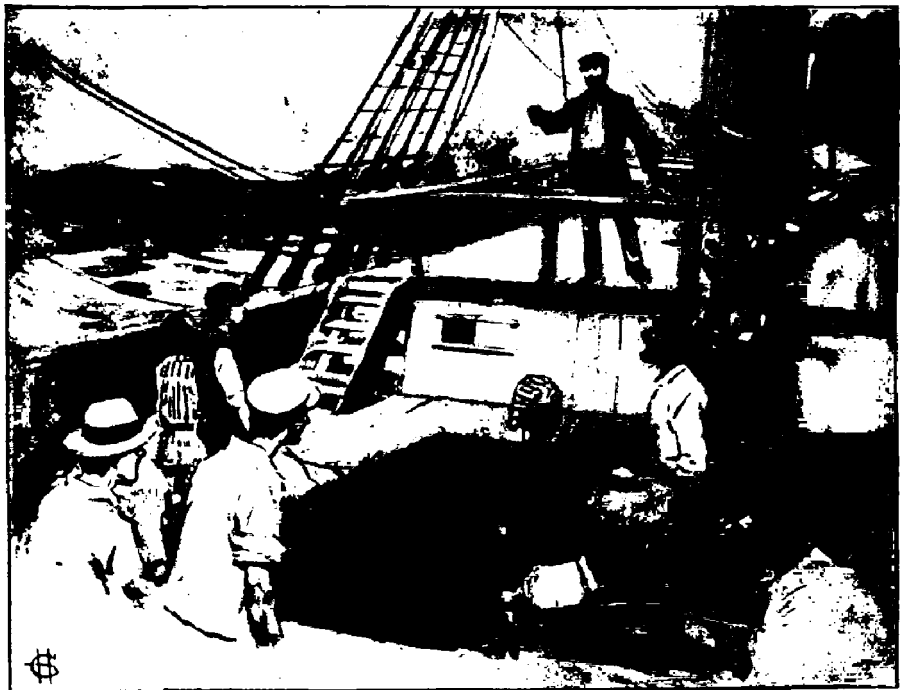
"Not a bit, cap.; not a bit," cheerfully responded Captain Tobutt. "I know the trick—look out all! here's the *Attila* again; hands stand by to 'bout ship!"

The long length of the clipper had again told in the race. She was drawing close in and edging to get to windward of the brig. Down went the latter's helm, and her crew, under the lash of Captain Tobutt's tongue, jumped about the deck as if every other plank were red hot.

She filled on the fresh tack, and had even put a good distance between herself and her pursuer, while the latter was still bowing up and down

in the wind like a fine-mannered lady curtseying. When at last the *Attila* had every sail once more full and drawing, the faces on her decks were hardly discernible, though at the moment of tacking they were nearer than at the first time, and so rapidly had the brig been put about under Captain Tobutt's orders that any pistol work was entirely out of the question. The brig's crew were already improving.

The wind fell a trifle lighter, which was another point in the favour of the *Number One*; yet it was no lady's breeze either. On the instant Captain Tobutt seized his chance to run the spar aloft. With short, sharp words he flung the crew aloft, brought them down again; sent them



"JUMP ALOFT, YOU LAZY SINNERS! JUMP, I TELL YOU!" ROARED CAPTAIN TOBUTT.

on a long trail across the deck heaving at the fall of the tackles, scattering them at the gust of his breath like wind-blown smuts high in the rigging—heartening this man, and reviling that man with prodigious oaths, until the only thought and the only hope in each man's heart was in the surging aloft of the spar.

It rose up at last, and showed its naked length to the sky. At the sight of this daring feat accomplished, the pride of work came to the tame crew, and when they returned to deck they looked Captain Tobutt between the eyes, and he nodded grimly back at them.

"Now, you sea-gutter footpads," he cried, "up with the muslin."

The top-gallant yard, with the sail bent on,



CAPTAIN GRIGGS CRAWLED ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES—FOR THE SHIP WAS ON A STEEP SLOPE—AND MADE HIS WAY TO THE WEATHER SIDE.

was presently in position. After that, up went the fore-royal, and both sails were sheeted home. Then the main royal sail was unfurled and set.

Under the immense leverage of these high sails (the wind having freshened again) the *Number One* heeled over with a prodigious drumming and twanging of straining ropes, until the water rushed in her lee scuppers like a mill sluice.

At this Captain Griggs, crawling on his hands and knees—for the ship was on a steep slope—made his way to the weather side, and cast a terrified glance at the top-gallant mast; it was

bending like a whip. In a high, shaken voice, he screamed to Captain Tobutt:—

“It’s going! She’ll never stand it. You’ll lose my new sails as well. Take ’em in, take ’em in at once!” The latter order was shouted to his crew, but they, having thrown dice with death and won, grinned amiably from the vantage points of the belaying-pins, where they hung on stiffly, like mechanical figures; but they did not move a hand or foot.

Captain Tobutt, who was looking over the quarter-rail marking the dizzy rush of foam past the bends, turned to him and roared: “No; you keep ’em up. Wait a minute till we get up extra back stays. Got rope below? Good! Isn’t she ramping along? Guess you never got anything like this speed out of her before, my son. Not going to again? O yes, you will; you’ll remember this pace, and go the rest of your days bursting through the seas like a young blood. But just you pray for no more wind than this till night-fall, and there will be half-a-dozen miles ’tween them and us.”

All these remarks were shouted down to Captain Griggs, as he crept back again to the companion hatch; he went sideways, like a crab, his eyes fixed on the buckling masts.

Presently the new rope was hoisted on deck, and the lengths measured in the most reckless fashion.

At each swish of the knives through the clean manilla Captain Griggs shuddered as if the steel had been cutting off one of his limbs. Ruin was beginning to loom ahead.

The monsoon was now roaring lustily through the rigging, and the brig, hard pressed under every square foot of sail that could be packed upon her bending masts, broke through the seas with a panting thud. Two men, bare to the belt, sweated at the wheel. The wind, for all its strength, was reeking hot. Not a cloud broke the evenness of the sky, which had now turned an iron-grey blue. Against this sombre colour the

white pyramid of the *Attila's* sails stood out dazzlingly white. What before had been tremulous, slow-running swells, were now changed into heavy, swift-running billows, crested with hissing tops of foam.

No more could be done on the *Number One*. Every sail she could stagger under was up and pulling. Her decks sloped like the roof of a house. Every man hung on with a firm grip, swinging to the deep roll of the ship, and every eye was on Captain Tobutt, while he travelled between the ever-increasing slope of the brig's masts and the clipper.

Captain Griggs hung over the top of the cabin hatch, his hands clutching the ledging on either side, while his long legs dangled in the opening. His chin was thrust forward the better to see the whipping masts and the sagging lee rigging. Occasionally a deep groan of commiseration for himself escaped his lips. Fleeing for his life and ship; in the hands of the maddest captain who ever crossed the seas; his rope and canvas wasted like water; his ship straining; every bolt and tree-nail working loose; she would want dry-docking for a month to make her seaworthy again.

"Dry docking," he thought, with bitter anguish; "would she ever get near a dock of any kind again?" At present they were running back to the waters of the southern seas. But the cruellest blow of all was yet to fall on him.

For some time Captain Tobutt had been hanging from the main rigging without speaking. All was going well; the brig settled no further down, and the clipper, if she gained at all, gained very slowly. So he jumped in board, and slid down to Captain Griggs, and cried:—

"We're holding our own, sir. Now for breakfast, and then we'll feed the crew and temper 'em up a bit."

However, it was Captain Tobutt who took breakfast; his companion had no heart or appetite for eating.

He sat in the slope of the cabin, vacant eyed and drooping mouthed; every now and again he gave a nervous strained attention to the sounds on deck.

Something must break soon. No ship could withstand the enormous pressure of sail for long, and live. The very beams overhead and at his back creaked and moved. Twenty times he crawled on deck, and as often the hearty roystering voice of Captain Tobutt brought him down again.

"Feed, man, feed! If we sink we'll baulk the devil of one more luxury; though to be plain with you, captain, I'd a sight rather I were feeding in my own ship, for the sake of the grub. But your liquor isn't bad, and that's the truth. So one

more bumper to fasten down the breakfast. And now," said he, "let the hands have theirs, for there is some eye-skinning work in front of them if the breeze freshens."

Captain Griggs is now many years older, and has retired from the sea. But he has only a single tenement, and for that he pays rent. The vision of a whole row and his Monday morning collections for himself has long been forgotten. Yet the memory of this particular breakfast of his crew still rises vividly before him, and affects him like a physical sickness.

It was Captain Tobutt who gave the order, and the mean best of the brig's cabin went to the galley, and at the finish three whole bottles of rum followed by way of a "caulker," as the *Attila's* captain termed it.

Till this last item came up the cabin stairs Captain Griggs had sat in his old place a very image of abject despair and impotency. But at the sight of the liquor he started up, galvanised by fear and greed, and crawled to Captain Tobutt, who had resumed his old station.

"Captain," wailed he, "did you say that they were to have rum too?"

"I did that; and I wish that this brig weren't so deep in the water—what are you talking about? Shout! I can't hear you in this wind."

Captain Griggs crawled a little nearer and shouted slowly in a horror-stricken voice:—

"They'll—get—drunk! Do—you—hear—me?"

At this Captain Tobutt hung back by both arms over the water, and scornfully looked between the shrouds at his questioner. Then he shouted back deliberately:—

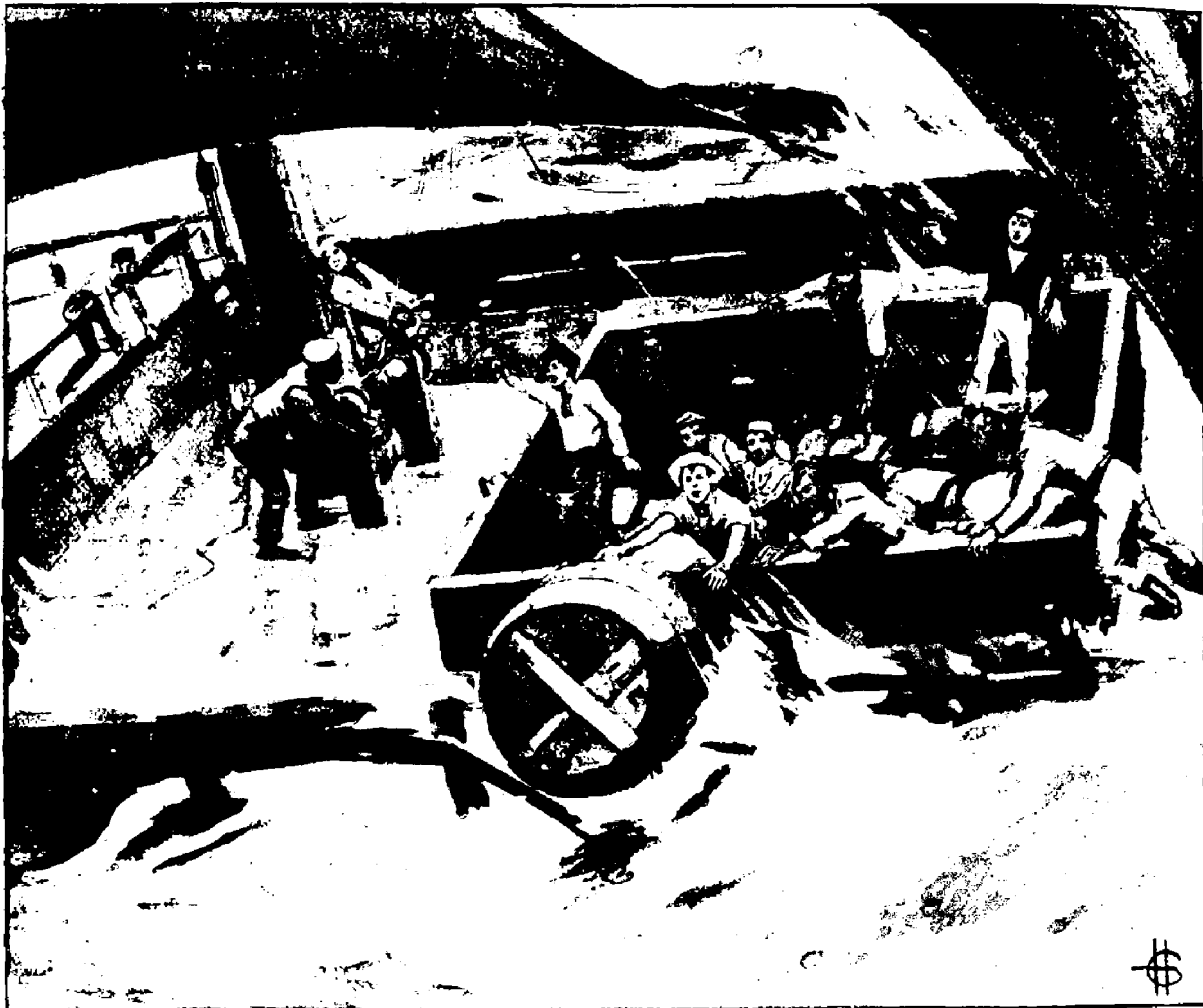
"*And—the—sooner—the—better. Do you expect a sober crew to chuck cargo out when the ship's hanging by her eyelids on the sea-top?*"

He saw Captain Griggs's face turning to a grey yellow, while his mouth formed the words: "What for?"

Captain Tobutt made a quick grimace, curled his moustache with his free hand, and nodded astern. The clipper had gained all she had lost.

Captain Griggs slid back from this discomforting sight; but as he turned his eyes fell on far worse. His crew had mixed the rum and were grinning at him over their pannikins—his crew, the crew who at his casual word had slunk to and fro like whipped dogs; slunk, never faster. That was but ten hours ago. Yet now, at the word of a stranger, they jumped to and fro with many a call and chorus, briskly, as became men who loved work.

And riotous, revolutionary work it soon was. At hazard of their lives they opened the main hatch and tumbled barrels and cases over the combing. Once over that, the things went plunging down



THE CARGO WENT PLUNGING DOWN THE SLANT DECK, AND BURST THROUGH THE BULWARKS.

the slant deck, and burst through the bulwarks as if they were matchwood.

The top cargo was Captain Griggs' own venture, and was stowed there for safety. As each package and bale saw the light of day and vanished in the hissing lee, he groaned and wrung his hands. His lips shaped inarticulate threats; utter a sound he could not, for his mouth was dry with fear. Were those jeering, shouting, reckless men his crew? What man among them had even dared to smile at him? There was one of them, as the packages balanced on the combing before taking the fatal plunge, kept waving his hand to him and crying, "Say ta-ta," and when it lurched overboard, the rest of the wreckers chorused, "By-bye, daddy's little pet!" and then turned on him with a ribald cheer.

After an hour's work of destruction Captain Tobutt slapped him on the back with a resounding thwack.

"Cheer up, old man!" he gaily cried. "We'll

save you yet. We're holding our own now we've lightened her a few tons."

But just on the instant, as the last tarpaulin on the hatches was wedged down, the monsoon freshened with a frightful gust, and laid the *Number One* on her beam ends. For the space of time in which a man might draw a deep breath and face the horror of coming death, she lay down with the water washing her lee deck to the masts. Then Captain Tobutt's voice rang out, calling order after order, like a succession of explosions. The crew fought their way to the belaying pins that were now above them. One man slipped, slid down the deck, was a black dot whirling past in the hissing lee, was caught by the back wave on the quarter, and flung upon the poop without halting, and, as if his escape had been the routine of his work, he clambered to his station without a cry.

The sheets were just hissing round the pins when there came a sharp crackle of breaking wood, and

the foretop-gallant-mast, with all its sails, fell from their height, and swung a tangled mass of wreckage on the lee.

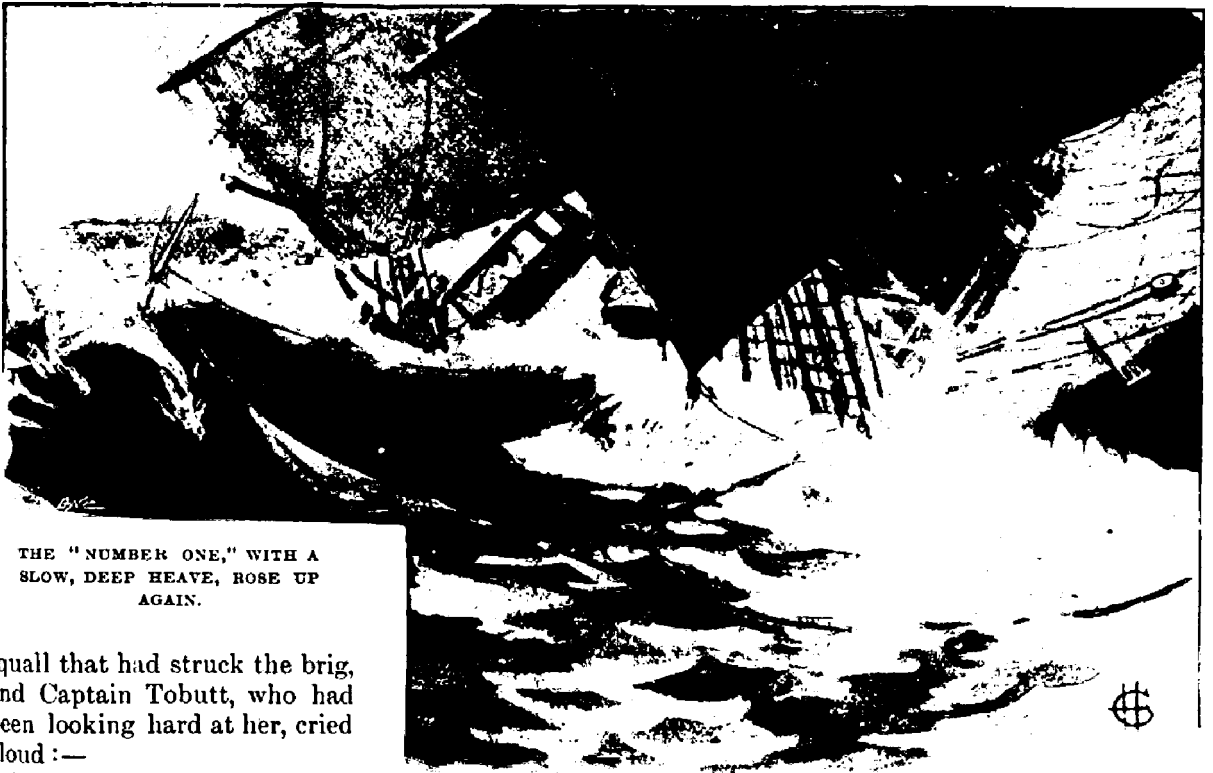
The *Number One*, with a slow, deep heave, rose up again. Captain Tobutt squinted amiably at the supine form of Captain Griggs, and cried: "That saved us, but only from the frying-pan into the fire. Here come the *Attila* and sudden death!"

The clipper now gained on them, as the brig was standing still. She was lying over at a deep angle, and driving immense volumes of spray over her bows, and as high as the foretop, her lower canvas showing dark brown with the water it was soaking in. But presently she ran into the same

consuming energy, he set the brig's crew to cut away their wreckage.

Through the two minutes of swift accidents Captain Griggs had not stirred from his seat. The beam-ending of the brig, the man overboard, the breaking mast, and the greater mishap to the clipper, had passed before him as if it were all a dream. But when the last rope that held the wreckage to the ship had been hacked in twain, and the huddle of sails and spars began to drift astern, he sprang to his feet and cast a miserable, supplicating look at Captain Tobutt.

"Can't we save the sails?" he implored. "They are brand new ones, and I've paid for them; and the rope, too! You wouldn't rob an old man!"



THE "NUMBER ONE," WITH A SLOW, DEEP HEAVE, ROSE UP AGAIN.

squall that had struck the brig, and Captain Tobutt, who had been looking hard at her, cried aloud:—

"Luff, luff, you fools!"

But as the helmsmen at the brig's wheel began hurriedly to put her in the wind, he turned on them, crying:—

"Not you! Steady! O Lord, there goes my sticks!"

It was the *Attila* that had caused his cry. The squall had struck her, and the white pyramid of sail was shuffling like a falling house of cards. She fell off the wind, showing the whole length of her broadside to the brig. The maintop-gallant-mast had gone with all its sails, and nothing above the spanker was left standing on the mizzen-mast.

For a moment Captain Tobutt shook his fist impotently at the disfigured ship. Then, with

For answer Captain Tobutt pointed astern. The clipper had already cleared away the wreckage, and men were busy furling head sails to balance the loss aft.

As the new sails of the *Number One* whirled astern, and were lost in the smother of foam in the wake, Captain Griggs dropped his head with a groan, and gave up all hope.

The wind had by this time risen to a whole gale. But the reduced sail and lighter hold of the brig told strongly in her favour. She swung to the seas fairly easily, yet there was a frightful sidling rush in her charge at them. She lay even nearer the wind than before, while the clipper, on

the contrary, could not hold up so closely, owing to the loss of the after canvas. Yet under the new conditions—the stronger wind and the heavier seas—she was sailing three feet to the brig's one. On the other hand, she had dropped fully a mile astern while she trimmed her feathers.

Captain Tobutt now began to tack the *Number One* every half-hour. The clipper took longer tacks—immense, sweeping lines, which took her hull down and nearly out of sight in the distant seas. But each time she returned, and rushed across the brig's track, she was nearer than before.

The wind had now risen to a wild gale, and the seas flew in torrents over the weather-bow of the *Number One*. The crew, sheltering under the bulwarks, ate their dinner between the calls of duty. Their fare was cabin beef and ham, and more good rum. They ate through the afternoon, for the *Attila* had drawn uncomfortably close, and Captain Tobutt was not the man to rob a crew of a gallant feed when the morrow was at hazard. As for Captain Griggs, he was now utterly collapsed and inert; his crew had to lash him to the poop rail.

The afternoon wore to early dusk, and through murk of sea and sky the hunter and the hunted flew from horizon to horizon, leaving dim white tracks in their wakes, that loomed like dusty roads in a hilly country at nightfall. The *Attila* was now desperately near, and as she crossed the brig's track and went suddenly about, the thunder of her shaking canvas was audible from end to end of the *Number One*.

Captain Tobutt, mounted in his old station, eyed her with a sardonic smile. Three more tacks and the brig would be under the clipper's iron stern.

"Helm a lee!" he roared. The *Number One* shot up in the wind, emptied the water from her deck, and forged ahead on the other tack in a smother of foam. Round, too, swept the *Attila*, hardly a ship's length astern. She was making short tacks; the quarry was within striking distance. Even above the thunder of the gale, and even from leeward, a rolling yell of triumph floated up to the brig. At this, Captain Tobutt craned out and marked all the heads in the clipper's long waist; and marked, too, all the clenched fists that were shook at him. He waved his cap, and, swift as an echo, waved back a challenging cry.

He still kept his place, and at the end of the next ten minutes he called out to the sweating men at the wheel:—

"Last tack but one—helm a lee!"

Up went the brig in the wind. Up, too, came the clipper, true as a shadow. This time they were so close that even, dark as the day had

fallen, the men at the clipper's foretack could be distinctly seen as they swigged it home with passionate haste.

Then soon, as she forged ahead and chose her station preparatory to swooping down on the brig, a long, rolling chorus broke out:—

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in his grave,
But his soul goes marching on.

Upon hearing that, Captain Tobutt called out briskly, and as a man simply answering a chance remark:—

"Larb-board—helm a-lee, and all die game!"

But as the brig shook her sails in the wind her crew, with the tail of their eyes on the clipper, saw a wonder beginning to happen. The *Attila* was falling off the wind and veering away, and that, too, when the brig was fluttering like a little bird beneath the hawk. She still fell away from the wind, a tumultuous shouting rising from her decks. Two heavy seas burst over her in quick succession and rolled away to leeward littered with her boats and deck fittings. Then she rose upright, and, with the wind on her quarter went swinging across the seas and away from the *Number One*.

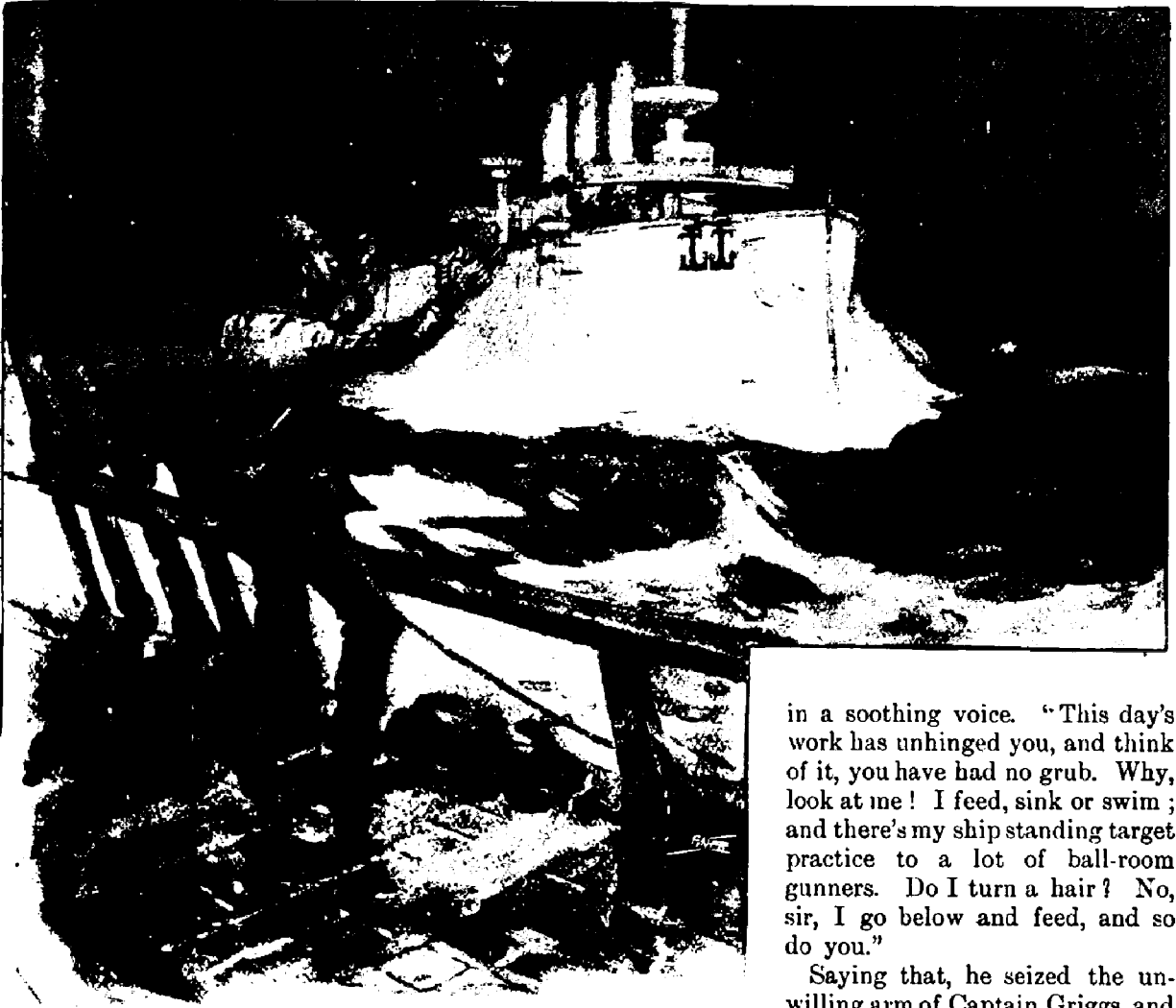
It was a daring piece of seamanship, accurately and swiftly done. It was a performance to be beheld with bated breath till success or failure crowned or marred it.

For the first time since his arrival on board, Captain Tobutt's face wore an expression of blank amazement. What had happened? What sudden miracle had bent the iron resolution of his "daisy man"? Nothing in the sails of the clipper had gone wrong, and there were no shoals or rocks within a thousand leagues. Utterly confounded, he was fain at last to turn and ask the solution to the problem from even Captain Griggs.

But that navigator had disappeared. Presently, however, he rushed up from the cabin with the red ensign trailing behind him. Flying to the signal halyards, he ran up the colour half-mast high and union downwards. That done, he incontinently flew to the lee side, and shouted and waved his arms like an ancient seer possessed.

Captain Tobutt and every one of the brig's crew, helmsman as well, flew to his side, and saw, rushing out from the dusk, a long, grey hull, huge, but indistinct as a shadow. Three great funnels poured out a coiling volume of smoke, which trailed in her wake, blotting out all behind her. It was the British cruiser *Terrible*.

Down she came, slicing the seas in twain, and passed within a biscuit's toss of the brig's stern. A sharp hail came from her as she passed on unhalting.



IT WAS THE BRITISH CRUISER "TERRIBLE."

"They tried to run us down!" yelled Captain Griggs. "Hang 'em, blow 'em out of the water!"

Even while he spoke she was past and gone, her narrow, round stern growing less and less like the last carriage of an express train. Presently, a flash of fire ripped the dusk, and the sullen boom of a gun rolled up. Again the flash came, but this time the report had a metallic ring in it.

"That's it!" cried Captain Griggs, "sink the blackguards—sink 'em!"

"The fools!" roared Captain Tobutt, "they're firing solid shot, and they'll knock holes in my ship!"

"Holes!" yelled Captain Griggs, glaring at him through the dusk. "Let 'em knock lumps out—sink her! blow her up, you black-livered pirate, you!"

He came nearer, shaking his fist in the astonished face of his listener.

"There, there, old man!" cried Captain Tobutt

in a soothing voice. "This day's work has unhinged you, and think of it, you have had no grub. Why, look at me! I feed, sink or swim; and there's my ship standing target practice to a lot of ball-room gunners. Do I turn a hair? No, sir, I go below and feed, and so do you."

Saying that, he seized the unwilling arm of Captain Griggs, and took him below, calling out as he went for the crew to lay the brig to and hoist signal lights for the

cruiser to find them when she returned with the *Attila*. Escape from the swift heels of the *Terrible* was an impossibility.

He fed royally, pressing food and drink upon his host with prodigal hospitality. Captain Griggs, at the boisterous commands of his guest, drained bumper after bumper, till, what between fear and the excitement of the day, his roystering guest loomed before his eyes bigger and bigger, until he seemed to fill the cabin with a dark cloud, in the centre of which glared a red face and two glittering eyes. Captain Griggs, like the Arabian fisherman, had let loose a genie to devour himself.

At last Captain Tobutt rose and emptied his last glass, and sentimentally seized his host's hand.

"Old man," said he, impressively, "we'll forget any ill words that came between us, as I know you're just thankful as can be to me for saving



CAPTAIN TOBUTT TURNED LEISURELY TO HIS HOST. "I'LL NOT FORGET THIS, SIR. CAPTAIN TOBUTT'S NOT THAT KIND OF MAN. BUT IT'S PRETTY ROUGH ON YOU THE WAY THIS OLD IRON FORT TURNED UP, FOR SHE'LL SCOOP ALL THE SALVAGE. . . . STILL, I'VE SAVED YOUR SHIP, AND SHAKEN UP YOUR CREW A BIT. SO JUST YOU KEEP 'EM TIGHT IN HAND."

your ship; there's not a man afloat as could have handled her as I did this day. And you'll remember it, sir, and tell your kids how Cap'n Tobutt saved your ship and life; maybe your missus will teach 'em to drop in a prayer or two for me when they're tucked in bed."

At this picture of domestic bliss he again shook his host's hands. Hard upon that a hail came from the deck, and they went above.

It was now quite dark, and the wind rapidly falling to a whole-sail breeze. To leeward the darkness was broken by a line of bright lights, which shone like a row of street lamps in a sleeping city. The roar of steam blowing off shook the air. Close in, and on the brig's quarter, a man-o'-war's boat danced heavily on the black water. A lamp on board her shone on the wet faces and oilskins of her crew. A voice called for the captain of the *Attila*.

"Right!" cried Captain Tobutt, in the tone of an officer answering a subordinate. "Have you got her?"

"Yes; we're waiting. Make haste!"

Captain Tobutt turned leisurely to his host.

"I'll not forget this, sir. Cap'n Tobutt's not that kind of man. But it's pretty rough on you the way this old iron fort turned up, for she'll scoop all the salvage—which I'm sorry for. However, it's the fortune of war, and that's the pity of it. Still, you see, I've saved your ship. And there's your crew, too, I've shaken up a bit. So just you keep 'em tight in hand—tight and heavy, so to

speak—and they'll just rip this ship 'cross the oceans like a tornado."

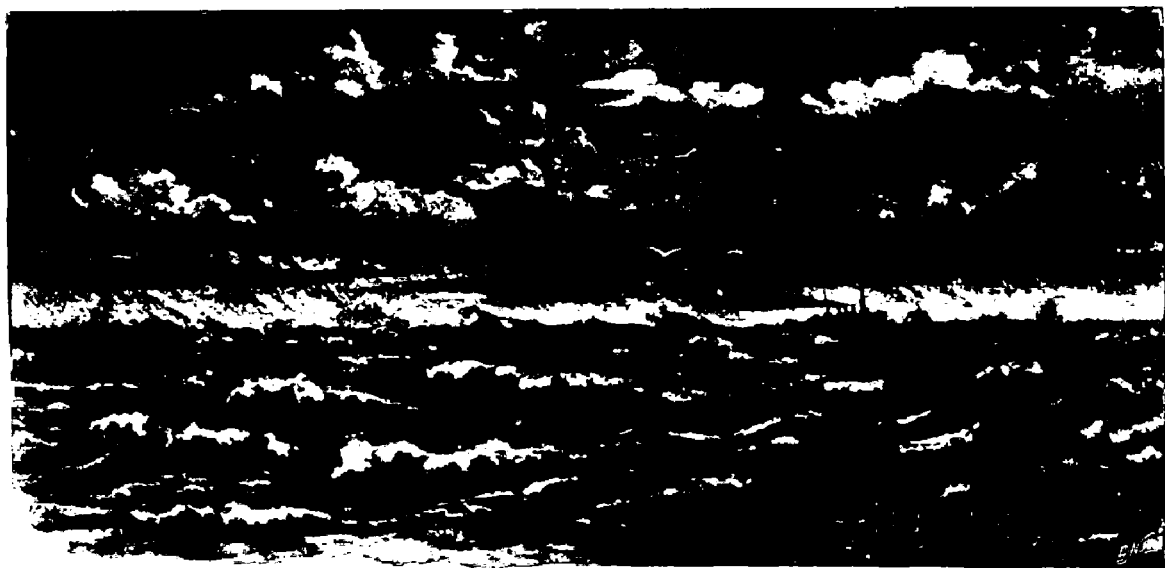
With that he again wrung his hand, sprang on the rail, and jumped into the tossing boat.

A red port fire was burning to help his descent, yet, even without the flavour of sulphur, Captain Griggs blinked as if a nameless spirit had been and gone. When he opened his eyes again all was darkness. Nothing told of his visitor but the tossing lamp on the black sea, and that, too, was soon lost to sight.

Nothing told of his visitor? In the grey, wan dawn of the morrow Captain Griggs looked from his poop and beheld a wrecked and tattered vessel. A third of her cargo was gone to deep sea soundings, and she leaked like a sieve. Not a trace could be seen of the clipper, not a far-trail of smoke hinted of the great cruiser. But for his ship and crew they seemed imaginations of a dream.

Truly, indeed, had the vanished captain spoken when he said that he had shaken the crew up. Never in the history of seas and ships had such a democratic brig gone a-sailing. The *Number One's* crew changed watches when inclination moved them, and from no other cause. The words of the ringleader, who, of all people, was the cook, summed up the situation with terse brevity:—

"The navigation we leaves to you, old hoss; we'll look after the grub, and in 'tween times do a little sail trimmin'."





Some Advantages of a Stamp Collection.

THE subject of Stamp Collecting is receiving more attention to-day than was afforded to it ten or twenty years ago. Views on the question of its utility in all phases of life have changed. It is a scientific pastime of national and universal interest.

The advantages accruing from an intimate knowledge of philately are manifold. Numberless students of the subject, old and young, can testify to the personal pleasure and profit derived from a longer or shorter connection with their stamp album. But it is, perhaps, to the younger collector that the advantages especially appeal as serving to develop latent energies, fitting for increased usefulness when entering upon professional or business life.

If we accept the testimony of many experienced schoolmasters, those boys who have learned the pleasure and profit to be derived from the stamp album excel in their studies, exhibiting greater interest in otherwise uninteresting subjects, adaptation to quick perception, habits of inquiry, and especially painstaking methods of performing school or other duties, however trivial.

The difference between what one might term the old and new methods of collecting is worth noting. Speaking of British collectors a New England stamp collector recently remarked that "English collectors were philatelists—they *study* their stamps." And here lies the variation of the present system of stamp collecting from that practised in earlier days. The promiscuous collector who accumulates varieties as they come across his path without regard to design or other peculiarity will not derive the same instruction

from collecting as the collector who studies and classifies his stamps according to individual taste. It is the latter method from which may be said is derived the highest utility of the pastime which gives it sound educational properties.

To state that philately teaches history, geography, and other sciences is correct, if we are earnest in collecting and seek these advantages in our progress. Geography is somewhat of a dry study, but with the stamp album a fresh interest is aroused in the subject, a system of *inquiry* is instituted, and the stamp collector soon finds himself entering almost unconsciously into the geographical positions of countries little known, their inhabitants, natural history, products, and other details which by the beautiful designs of present-day issues are portrayed to the eye at every reference to the pages of the stamp album.

Thus far we have advocated some of the *influences* of stamp collecting. A closer acquaintance with the album will be found to convey insight in the modern arts. Engraving, including stereotypy, electrotypy, the differences between the processes of engraving and lithography, colour printing, duplicating by steel processes, and all the attendant branches of postage stamp production are brought before the stamp collector. Paper making, the differences between laid, wove, and other varieties are also learned, and in many ways, too numerous for further explanation here, the stamp collector, in the exercise of his propensities, is on the royal road to knowledge.

Next month I shall say something about some striking stamps with portraits.

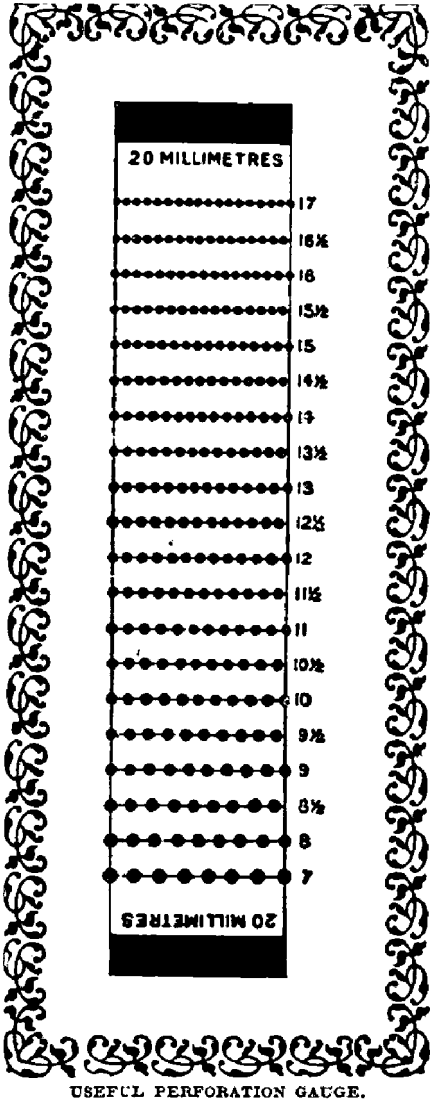
COUNTING PERFORATIONS.

One of the difficulties which have to be tackled by young stamp collectors, and, in fact, all beginners, is counting perforations. The operation appears to cause considerable bewilderment, chiefly because of misunderstanding as to the manner in which the terms "perf. 12," "perf. 14," etc., are obtained.

One thing should be borne in mind at the start. The perforations of any given specimen are not

counted by the number of holes on either the top, base, or sides of a stamp, but by the number of holes in a space of 20 millimetres, or its equivalent, 2 centimetres. The useful perforation gauge given herewith is divided off into this space. To find the perforation of any stamp, machine perforated, lay it on the gauge so that one of its sides is brought into contact with the rows of black dots, then move the stamp up or down until the

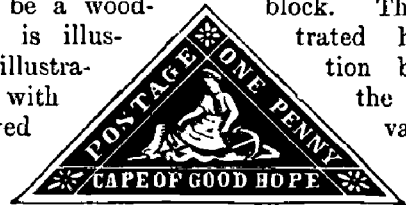
holes on the stamp exactly fit one of the rows of dots. When the correct line has been found, a reference to the number at the end will give the perforation. To illustrate: Take a current 1d. Great Britain stamp, such as can be purchased at any post office. The number of holes on either the right-hand or left-hand sides will be found to number 16, and on either the top or base 13. The perforation of the stamp is neither 16 nor 13, but if the stamp be laid on



the gauge either of its sides will be found to exactly fit the row of dots marked "14," i.e., there are exactly 14 complete holes in the space of 20 millimetres. The perforation is therefore 14. The same rule applies to all stamps perforated with what is termed machine perforation.

THE "WOODBLOCK" CAPE STAMPS.

The difference between the ordinary engraved and the so-called "woodblock" stamps of the Cape of Good Hope is not apparently plain to the beginner, who, if we judge by our own experiences when at school, hankers after a "triangular" Cape for his collection, and hopes it may turn out to be a woodblock. The latter variety is illustrated herewith. If the illustration be compared with the common engraved variety the



CAPE OF GOOD HOPE "WOODBLOCK."

difference will be plain. The woodblock is roughly printed, and shows less detail than the engraved variety. They were prepared by a local firm of engravers in the colony to supply a temporary exhaustion of the stock of the 1d. and 4d. engraved stamps. Their respective value is as follows:—

	Engraved.	Woodblock.
1d. red, used - - -	2s. 6d.	80s.
4d. blue, used - - -	1s.	40s.

SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

Ceylon.—Some important changes have been taking place in this, the land of "spicy breezes."

Two new stamps, very pretty and striking, have been added to the permanent series—one of 6c. (illustrated) and another of 75c. The large 2r. 50c. stamp has also been printed in new colours, for provisional use, as 1r. 50c. and 2r. 25c. values. The following are the colours:—



CEYLON.

- 6c., pink and black.
- 75c., slate and brown.
- 1r. 50c., slate, surcharged in black.
- 2r. 25c., yellow, surcharged in black.

I have just received authentic news that the 8c., 28c., and 1r. 12c., and 2r. 50c. are to be withdrawn from use. The 4c. value, at present in use, is to have a new suit of



CEYLON.

clothes, and the 6c. (which I see is an addition to the "permanent" series!) will probably be the future colour only instead of black. A is in pre- (12c.) for perial post-
Crete.—a new stamp country. in the de- trated have



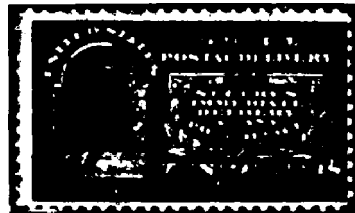
CRETE.
10 paras (brown)

ulation, and, considering the history of Crete, should be very interesting some day. The stamps were first issued in blue and green respectively, but the colours have just been changed to 10 paras, brown, and 20 paras, rose.

Cuba.—A "special delivery" stamp has become necessary for Cuba. Pending the preparation of a permanent stamp, which, by the way, is to show



CRETE.
20 paras (rose).



CUBAN.

Caroline Islands and other colonial possessions to Germany. Fernando Poo is about the last colony she retains, and it is rumoured that this may be sacrificed in the near future. A new series of stamps in the accompanying design has just been supplied to the colony. There are in all twenty values, ranging from 1 mil de peso—a small fraction of our British penny—to 2 pesos (about 8s.).

Tasmania.—Following the example of New Zealand, this colony is presently issuing a series of stamps to advertise the beauties of local scenery. Stamp collectors will be eager to obtain the new stamps which will shortly be ready. The designs chosen for the values from ½d. to 6d. are as follows:—



FERNANDO POO.

½d., green; *Lake Marion, Du Cane Range.*
 1d., red; *Mountain Lake, Huon Road.*
 2d., lilac; *Cataract Gorge, Launceston.*
 2½d., dark blue; *St. Columba Falls.*
 3d., claret; *Lake St. Clair.*
 4d., orange; *Russell Falls.*
 5d., light blue; *Mount Gould.*
 6d., violet lake; *Dilston Falls.*

Stamps for illustration and description kindly lent by Messrs. Whitfield King & Co., of Ipswich.

OUR MONTHLY PACKET OF NEW ISSUES.

The September packet contains twenty-two distinct varieties, including the following: Cuba on U.S.A., 10c.; India, 3 pies, carmine; Ceylon, 6c., rose and black; Straits, four cents on 5c. rose; Duttia, ½ anna, new type; Japan, war stamps, set of four; Canada, ½c. and 3c., with maple leaves in the four corners; ditto, ½c., 1c., and 2c., with numerals in the lower corners; Crete, 10 and 20 paras, in the new colours; Uruguay, 5 milsimos, new type; Uganda, 1 anna; Virgin Islands, ½d.; Hayti, 1c., new issue; ditto, unpaid, 2c., etc. This packet is prepared specially for readers of THE CAPTAIN, and can only be obtained from the office. The price of it is 2s. 6d., (postage 1d.) which should be remitted by postal order.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Puer—I would strongly advise you to retain your present album until you can afford a much larger size, which will likely become a permanent one. If your stamps are properly hinged you should be able to mount and remount them without damage, but not if you have used paste.

F. L. G.—Certainly, there is a great deal to be learned from a stamp collection, but many lose the opportunities through not studying their stamps. There is plenty of room for those who, like yourself, collect steadily for educational advantages. When you get the chance, don't fail to speak of the pleasure it affords you.

Tuition.—I believe there are schools where philately is an adjunct to the school course. You ask if it is a science? Perhaps a minor science is the best term. The first album was the "Lallier," of Parisian production. An original collection in such an album should be worth a great deal to-day. The highest price paid for a stamp is about £1,000 for a "Post-office" Mauritius. A pair of the same stamps recently sold for £1,800.

H. S. H.—The stamp is a forgery, or it would be valuable—say, worth about £8. No. 2 is genuine, but not the scarce variety.

Hunter.—If you can get the collection you speak of you should be in possession of some good stamps. Any collection formed in the 'sixties is valuable. If your relative has no interest in stamps she will, no doubt, meet your importunity. The first issue of West Australia comprises three varieties—1d., black; 4d., blue; and 6d., brown; the rarest is the latter. Exchanging is good, but be careful what return you get for your own specimens.

Alice.—Glad you are one of the innumerable army of lady collectors. The best album for your collection to be transferred to at its present stage would be the "Imperial." Price is 18s. for the two volumes. Part I., British Empire only; and Part II., Foreign Countries.

Several replies are held over until next month.—Ed.

HOW SPARKES MUSTERED HIS TEAM.



An Indian Cricket Experience.

BY H. HERVEY.

SKETCHES BY G. SOPER.

It was during 1878-80, when troops were being concentrated on our North-West Frontier, that what are termed "rest camps" sprang up like mushrooms along the chief lines of railway, the energies of whose officials were strained to their last limit, creating a general "waking up" of all grades, that the incident I am about to narrate occurred.

I was in Government service, and, though I had nothing officially to do with the railway, my work took me along it; and on this occasion I was on my first tour of a new range, to which I had just been posted.

As I approached it, the station of Jimmancherla presented a lively appearance. An extensive rest camp stood on an elevation to the right, the lines of tents glistening in the

evening sun, relieved here and there by little red splashes, as the soldiers moved about the canvas town. Behind the station buildings stood my own tents, and as I proceeded towards them the familiar but unexpected sound of ball against bat struck on my ear. On turning a corner I beheld an Englishman—a long, lanky individual—standing before a net, and slogging a succession of balls, *flung* at him by some natives at the further wicket, while more natives flew after the balls which the batsman disposed of in all directions. True, the "bowling" was not scientific, they were flings, but swift and straight; for if there is anything a native excels in it is "shying" accurately.

I looked on for a while, but had turned

my back on him before the solitary batsman "spotted" me.

"Hi, mister!" he cried.

I presumed I was the "Mister" he referred to.

"Halloa!" I replied.

"Those yours?" indicating my tents.

"Yes."

"Your name Hervey?"

"Yes. How do you know?"

"Your servants told me. But, look here!—have you replaced old Groves?"

All this "jaw" with fifty paces between us!

"Yes," I shouted.

I had just relieved Groves, one of our seniors, whose cricketing days had long since passed.

"Can you play cricket?"

"Yes!"—whereupon he immediately came to me.

"Look here, I'm Sparkes of the railway; sort of all-round man; assistant to old Maggs, the agent and manager; up here to look after things during this rumpus; been an awful grind; but we've a little breathing time now. Old Maggs seldom stirs from his office chair; he won't be up here for a month, so I'm going to have some fun."

He spoke in a series of jerks; he was jerky altogether—a spare, loose-limbed young fellow, with stooping shoulders. The face, though not handsome, was good-humoured, and the eye twinkled merrily; a gentleman, doubtless, but a rough diamond.

"Glad to know you," I said.

"Look here; how long are you staying?"

"A week, at least."

"And you're really a cricketer?"

"Honour bright!" I replied, laughing.

"Eureka!" he shouted, tossing up his cap.

"Look here; we'll have a match now you've come."

I stared. Under existing circumstances, and in this out-of-the-way place, the idea of a match seemed a wild one; indeed, the fact of his net practice struck me as an incongruity, and I told him so.

"Nonsense! I've got the 'kit,' and lots of fellers to fag."

"Yes, but how can you get up a match? How about your twenty-two?"

"There are already seven of us, including you."

"Seven of who?"

"Us—Englishmen."

"Where?"

"Here, on the railway."

"Shouldn't have thought the place could produce them. You must have found it difficult."

"Rather!" he laughed. "Did a lot of chopping and changing—putting duffers in place of players."

"None cut up rough?"

"Only one—the shunting engine driver, O'Leary, who I know is a good bowler—he refused to play. I called him an ass, whereupon he became cheeky; so I suspended him."

"And the seven are to play a native eleven?"

"No. Look here—see those tents?" pointing to the rest camp. "They don't leave for another three days."

"Well?"

"Let's play them."

"Oh, I see; Railway, with me incorporated, *versus* the Army?"

"Hang it! no. We'll do better—make it national."

"How?"

"They are two lots—Scotch and Welsh."

"Well?"



"AND YOU'RE REALLY A CRICKETER?"

"Well, all our fellers are English. Let's go and challenge an eleven of Scotchmen or a team of Taffies for to-morrow."

This seemed feasible, and I began to "catch on." "But we've only seven," I remarked.

"Hang it! Yes. But look here; I dare say we shall rout out another four between this and ten to-morrow; if not, we'll take natives. Come along!"

After swallowing a cup of tea, we proceeded to the rest camp.

"Look here; who's your boss, and where is he?" asked Sparkes of a soldier.

"Captain Blair, sir; 'e's by them scales, sir."

As we approached the scales the officer, evidently having finished his business, was walking away, when—"Hi! Mister! Look here!" shouted Sparkes.

Captain Blair wheeled round, and returned to us.

"I am Sparkes of the railway; Mr. Hervey—friend of mine. Your name is Blair?"

"It is," replied the militario, pleasantly. "What can I do for you?"

"Do you play cricket?" asked Sparkes.

"Cricket!" echoed Blair, wonderingly. "Yes, when I can get it."

"Well, look here; let's have a match to-morrow; commence at ten."

"A match! Where?"

"Here; there's a fine pitch behind the goods shed. English *versus* Scotch, you know. I'll provide the English, and the kit. What say you?"

Captain Blair, after the first shock of surprise, readily cottoned to the idea, but expressed doubts of getting together a Scottish team. "They're a draft from home," explained he; "and I was sent down to bring them up to the front, their officer having died on the voyage. But I'll see. Woolley!"

A sergeant doubled up.

"Any cricketers among the men?" asked Blair.

"*Cricketers*, sir!" repeated the astonished sergeant.

"Yes, we want to have a match to-morrow. These gentlemen wish to play us."

"I dessay, sir."

"Well, assemble those off duty, and we'll see."

Rapidly the report spread, and soon a crowd of about a hundred soldiers gathered at a respectful distance.

"We want eleven cricketers," said the officer, addressing the men. "Stand forward, players!"

Nearly every man moved in our direction.

"Now," continued Blair, "it's English *versus* Scotch. Scotchmen stand forward!"

One man obeyed the mandate.

"Oh, hang it all!" exclaimed Sparkes in amazement. "Only one Scotchman in the lot!"

Blair laughed. "I'm not surprised," said he; and further investigation elicited the astounding fact that of his entire command only five men proved to be Scotch; the rest were English and Irish!

"That stumps us!" said Sparkes moodily. "No fun having a scratch affair."

"Tell you what," suggested Blair; "play the Welsh, and I'll umpire for you."

Acting on the proposal, we invaded the Anglesea Fusilier camp; and Blair, introducing us to the officer, made known the subject in hand. Mr. Morgan, a lieutenant, was agreeable, and assembled his men. The result, however, was the same; almost every man professed a knowledge of cricket, but only three were Welshmen, the residue being English!

"Well, I'm blest!" exclaimed Sparkes.

"Have it Civil *versus* Military," proposed Blair.

"We could," assented Sparkes, "but there's always more fun when there's a spice of originality in the classification—nationality, Married *versus* Single, Old *versus* Young, Beauties against Beasts, don't you know?"

"Look here," said Morgan, laughing, "if you *will* have a clan affair of it, let it be Railway *versus* John Smiths. No doubt Captain Blair and I can muster eleven cricketing John Smiths between us."

"Hurrah!" cried Sparkes. "Splendid! Trot them out."

"Smiths to the front!" exclaimed Morgan.

A score of men stepped clear.

"Can you play?"

A chorus of "Yessirs."

"Well, *John Smiths stand forward!*"

Seven responded.

"There you are," said Morgan. "You will get the remainder from the Highlanders. Let's go and see."

We went, and the deficiency was easily made up. Both officers agreed to be on the pitch at the hour appointed; and, wishing them good-night, Sparkes and I returned to my camp—he to be my guest at dinner.

"Now," said I, as, after the meal, we ensconced ourselves in easy-chairs, "how about completing our side?"

"Come over to the station after our smoke and we'll try."

"Are you hopeful of getting them?"

"No, worse luck! Look here, we shall show up small if we go in short-handed."

"Yes; then what's to be done?"

"I'll board the down mail, and see if I can't

rout out some of the passengers. Hanged if I don't!"

"What to do?" I asked, mystified.

"Get out, play for us, and go on to-morrow night," he replied, laconically.

I gazed at him in silent astonishment. Here was a "crank" for you. Fancy rousing up the passengers of a night train and inviting them to alight at a wayside station to play cricket!

"When is the train due?" I asked, on recovering speech.

"Ten-thirty. It's just ten now; let's go over to the station."

We went.

"Halloa, Watts!" cried Sparkes to the station-master, as we emerged on to the platform, which was illuminated more brilliantly

than usual. "What's all this? Expecting the Viceroy?"

"No, sir," laughed Watts, touching his hat; "it's the new oil."

"Oh, ah! Look here, Dawson," addressing the loco. foreman, who stood by, "that beggar come to his senses yet?"

"No, sir; I asked 'im afore I come acrost."

"More fool he. But, look here; we want four yet, and we must find them. Who drives the mail?"

"Stagg, sir. Young Plackett's stoker; and, now I think on it, both is cricketers. Pity we can't stop 'em."

"Hang it all, I mean to stop them! Look here! where's that chap who takes up the special goods to-morrow night—that foreigner?"



"WELL, JOHN SMITHS STAND FORWARD!"

'Bonifacio, sir? 'E's asleep in the runnin' shed; 'is mate, too.'

"Come along!" cried Sparkes, eagerly. "Point them out!"

We trooped across to the running shed, and Dawson indicated Bonifacio and his fireman, who, stretched on their beds, were snoring in concert. "Hi! Pst! Wake up!" vociferated Sparkes, shaking the sleepers. "Look here! Would you fellers like a tip?"

"Yes, sir," they replied, only half awake.

"Well, here you are!" flinging them a currency note. "Get into your clothes, and prepare to take on the mail. Sharp! she'll be here in a jiffy. I want Stagg and Plackett to play to-morrow; you fellers are duffers. Don't be afraid, Dawson—I'm answerable."

"Well, sir," remarked Dawson, "it ain't my place to say no to your yes. I only 'ope as Mr. Tredethlin nor Mr. Maggs don't get no wind o't."

"Oh, hang them! I'm responsible. I must get four men. Who are the guards of the down mail, Watts?"

"Cope, sir; with James."

"Do they play?"

"James does, sir."

"How about replacing him?"

"Guard Green's asleep in the station, sir; he goes down with the special goods to-morrow."

"Oh, we'll send him in James's place. Come along!" and we all rushed back to the station, for time pressed. Green, mollified with a *douceur*, immediately dressed, and took his stand where the forward brake-van would draw up. Sparkes, Bonifacio, and his mate, took post at the extremity of the platform, so as to jump on to the in-coming locomotive. Trains in India had not then been fitted with automatic brakes; so they crawled into stations. Nor did they hurry themselves in starting. Moreover, all trains used to be "mixed"; that is, composed of goods and passenger vehicles.

We were now sure of ten "white" players; and I tried to persuade Sparkes to take a native for the eleventh. No, he was obstinate.

"We must board the mail," said he, "and see if we can't find one chap a cricketer, and willing to help us. I will negotiate the first half of the train; you do the tail end—do you see?"

"Yes, but we want only one; supposing we both succeed?"

"Then we'll squint them over, and the less promising feller we'll bundle back into his carriage."

I accordingly posted myself abreast of the booking office. In due course the mail lum-

bered in. Sparkes and his men sprang on to the locomotive, and as the mid brake van passed me someone jumped in; it was Green, to relieve James. Now came my time for action. The train halted, but—halloa! all my half were goods wagons. I ran to the rear—I reached the end brake; not a single passen—Yes! there was one behind the guard's van, and, as I came up breathless, Watts retreated from the window.

"Any passengers, Mr. Watts?" I inquired.

"One, sir."

I looked in, and saw an elderly European seated on the lounge, smoking.

"Excuse me, sir," I commenced. "Are you a cricketer?"

"I am, sir."

"Fond—enthusiastic about it?"

"Yes."

"Well, will you help us? We have a match on to-morrow. Railway against an eleven of soldiers; all John Smiths. We are one man short. Will you alight and play on our side? Mr. Sparkes, the railway officer here, will see that you suffer no inconvenience through breaking your journey."

"With pleasure! Will you ask the station



"EXCUSE ME, SIR," I COMMENCED, "ARE YOU A CRICKETER?"



"YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU TOOK THEM OFF THE MAIL?" EXCLAIMED MR. MAGGS IN A TONE OF ASTONISHMENT.

master to send porters to remove my things?"

Having instructed Watts, who was standing by, I rushed away in search of Sparkes, and at length found him palavering with a passenger. "Well, have you succeeded?" I asked, touching his elbow.

"No! have you?"

"Yes."

"Hurrah!" he ejaculated, dropping off the foot-board as the train started. "Let's go to him."

We went, and ran against Watts. "Where's the feller?" asked Sparkes excitedly.

"I sent him over to the officers' bungalow, sir. He said he was tired, and desires to be left undisturbed."

"Quite right. See he's made comfortable, Watts, and send to me for anything he requires. Good-night!"

Blair and Morgan, with their John Smiths, were punctually on the ground, and Sparkes' team had assembled; all but the obliging

passenger. We tossed; the Smiths won; two came to bat; the officers issued forth to umpire, and the "Railway" spread out to field.

"Well, where is your passenger?" shouted Sparkes to me.

"Here he comes!" I replied, seeing a man emerge from the officers' bungalow, a view of which I, as long stop, commanded, Sparkes being behind the further wicket. "Come along, sir!" I bawled to the stranger. "We are waiting for you!"

He did not hurry himself; the goods shed screened him from the others, and when he cleared the angle of that building, he halted, placed his arms akimbo, and coolly surveyed the scene. There was a silence; I expected Sparkes to apostrophise the laggard. He did no such thing. There ensued a general movement towards the stranger; they all sneaked rather than walked up to him, Sparkes among them. I followed suit, and joined the semicircle that now stood sheepishly before that one commanding figure.

"Who's that chap?" I whispered to Sparkes.

"Old Maggs."

Whew! the agent and manager of that particular company!—the supreme chief of every railway man there. No wonder they all looked "limp."

"So," commenced the great man, at length breaking the silence, "this is how you amuse yourself, Mr. Sparkes, when I entrust you with special duty!"

"Look here, Mr. Maggs, there's no harm in cricket. Better for the men than to be loafing about the bazaars."

"How did you collect your team, sir? I am certain, even at headquarters, I could not lay my hand on eleven players all at one time."

"I had to dodge about a bit," said Sparkes.

"So I should think. One man wired me a long complaint that you suspended him because he could not join in with your 'dodging.'"

"O'Leary, I bet. Look here, I suspended him for 'cheek.'"

"Pardonable 'cheek,' under the circumstances. But come, tell me how you managed to get up your eleven."

"Well, barring myself and Mr. Hervey, I had nine men to get."

"Well?"

"Well, Watts, Dawson, the inspector, and

two fitters from the sheds made seven. No one else worth a rap was available."

"Yes; and the remaining four?"

"I dodged them in."

"How?"

"Well, the fellers on your engine are players, so I nabbed them."

"You mean to tell me you took them off the mail?" exclaimed Mr. Maggs in a tone of astonishment.

"Aye!" chuckled Sparkes recklessly.

"And left the engine to take care of itself?"

"No, I put two chaps in their places; those of a special 'goods' going up to-night; the men I detained can take her on all right."

"Humph! Then the remaining two?"

"James, the mail under guard, plays, so I sent a chap named Green in his stead."

"Well, and the eleventh?"

"You are the eleventh, Mr. Maggs; you are the only feller we could find in the whole blessed train; and I'm jolly glad we did!"

"I see. Now you've got yourself into a mess, Mr. Sparkes. What do men do when they get into a mess?"

"Get out of it, I suppose."

"Yes, but it's a difficult job at times. However, I'm going to help you out of this one."

"You are! Oh, I say, look here! None of your larks!"

"The task before you," continued Mr. Maggs, disregarding the interruption, "and in which I will aid you, is the task of beating the soldiers. If we win, all right; but if we lose, woe betide the lot of you! Give me the gloves; I'll wicket keep."

* * * * *

"How was it no one got wind of your coming, Mr. Maggs?" asked Sparkes, as we, with Blair and Morgan, were seated at dinner, the guests of the great man.

"Aha! I stole a march on you, you see, just to catch you at some of your confounded pranks. That O'Leary's wire made me smell a rat, so I just telegraphed to Watts that I was coming up by the mail, strictly enjoining him not to say a word to a soul about it, and to put no stumbling block in *your* way, young man. However, as we won the match, I am not going to make a fuss beyond repeating my injunctions, viz.: Don't dodge about in that way again!"

FAMOUS SWIMS OF MODERN TIMES



BY GUY CADOGAN ROTHERY.

Sketches by H. S. Greig.

ENGLISHMEN may well be proud of their prowess in—as well as on—the sea, for swimming has ever been a favourite art with a goodly majority of the nation. It is pleasant, too, to record that men of learning have vied in this way with mere men of action.

That gallant soldier, able statesman, and writer of the sixteenth century, Sir Thomas Challoner, was a “dab” at swimming. Having joined the service of the Emperor Charles V., he was present at the siege of Algiers, and nearly lost his life in a great storm. His ship was wrecked at night while riding at anchor, and the worthy Sir Thomas had to battle with fierce waves for hours. He had almost given way to despair, when his head struck against a cable, which he seized with his teeth and was ultimately hauled on board.

Lord Byron was another man of letters who loved swimming. Being at Constantinople, he decided to prove that the story of Leander crossing the Dardanelles from Sestos to Abydos in order to visit his sweetheart was quite possible. He performed the swim on May 3rd, 1830, without much difficulty, in 1hr. 5mins., the distance, including the beating out of the direct course by currents, being computed at four miles. The water was cold and the stream running strong. On another occasion Byron and a Mr. Scott, being challenged by an Italian while at Venice, swam from the Lido down the Grand Canal. Scott got out at the Rialto, after having been four hours in the water, while Byron swam on to Santa Chiara, and emerged

after a go-as-you-please swim lasting 4hrs. 20mins. The Italian gave up long before he reached the Grand Canal.

In 1827, Dr. Bedale swam against Matthew Vipond, from Liverpool to Runcorn—a distance of twenty-four miles. The doctor accomplished the feat in 4hrs., beating Vipond by a few minutes. The same year, a Captain Smith swam across the Lake of Geneva from Morges to Amphio and back without stopping, a distance altogether of fifteen miles.

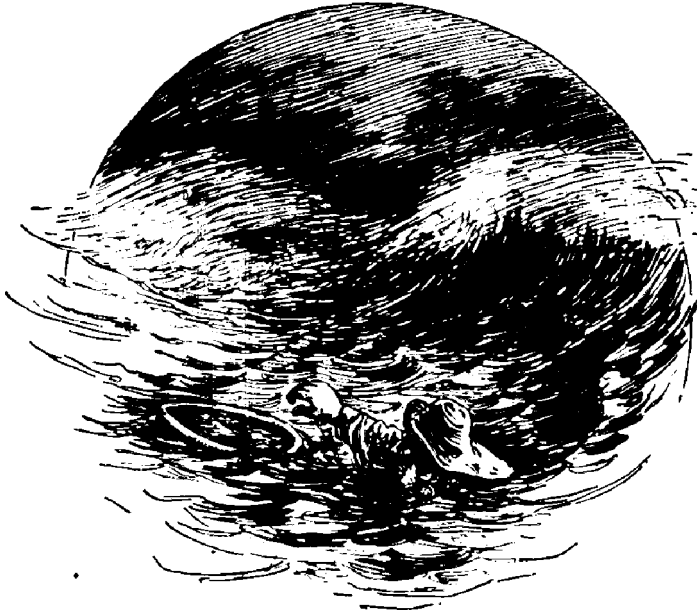
A grand performance was that of Samuel Bruck, an old fisherman of our south-east coast. One night in October, 1835, a ship in distress threw up signals. The life-boat was manned and launched to go to her assistance, but she was capsized in the fierce storm, and the whole crew left at the mercy of the waves. Bruck, though impeded by heavy clothes, struck out bravely, and after a little time he collided with a horse-collar, which had been employed as a boat-fender; clutching it, he put his neck through it, but the collar was very heavy and uncomfortable, so he determined to let it go. Before doing so, however, he drew his knife, opened the blade with his teeth, and cut away his waterproof cape, petticoat, frock and trousers: he dared not endeavour to remove his cloth trousers, fearing they would cling to his legs and drag him down. This done he abandoned the horse-collar and swam towards what he considered to be the land direction. It was almost pitch dark, the moon being constantly obscured by furiously driving clouds. He nearly gave up in despair,

especially when he passed over the Corton Sands, which he recognised by the terrible roar of waters and the blinding surf which nearly suffocated him. Still he persevered; and towards the early morning was picked up by a passing vessel. Of course the storm had considerably abated its violence, but it was estimated that this plucky fellow had been in the cold, stormy waters of an October night for at least seven and a-half hours, and had probably swum over fifteen miles. All honour to such splendid sea-lions; it is to them that many a wretched sailor owes his rescue from perilous straits and imminent death. Samuel Bruck wore the medals of the Royal Humane Society and Life-boat Society for saving life.

We now come to the greatest of modern swimmers, Captain Matthew Webb, of Channel fame.

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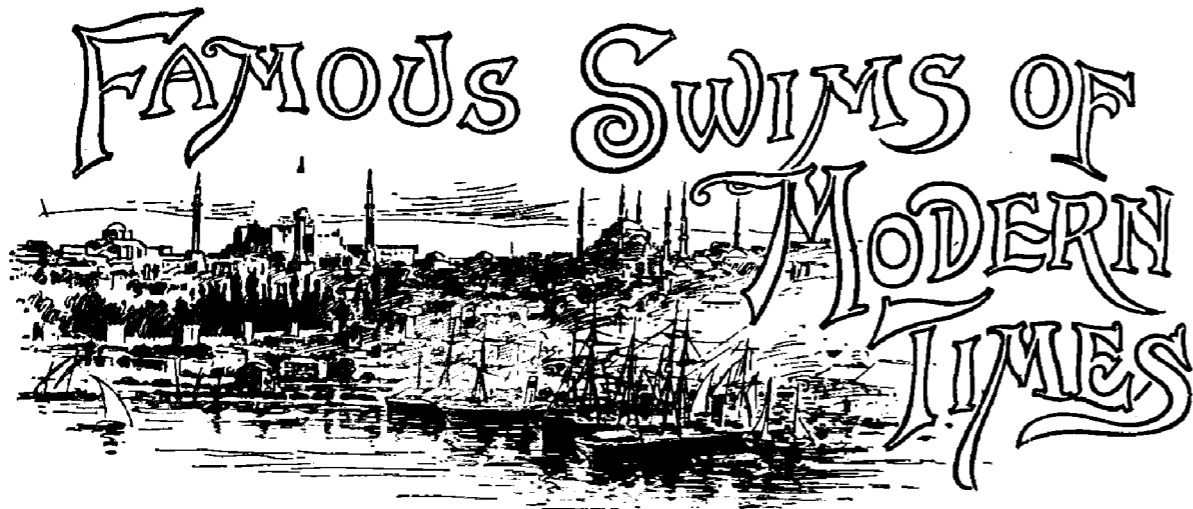
small yachts accompanied them out of the harbour for a short distance. At 2.40 Webb had some strong Kentish ale. All this time they had been feeling the force of the S.W. stream; it then ceased, and for about an hour he swam calmly on, when the N.E. stream began to be felt. More ale was given to him about 3.40. Baker, the young diver, had had a short swim with the captain, who seemed quite fresh and strong. Beef tea was given him at five, the dose being repeated, with the addition of a little ale, half-an-hour later. They were joined by a fishing boat from Dover, containing Mr. J. G. Chambers, who took a dip in and a swim with Webb, subsequently returning to the English coast to report progress. The lugger and row-boat were constantly surrounded by



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by porpoises in the water, birds and fish enjoying the race as much as the onlookers. At 6.50 Webb took some more ale, still keeping at twenty strokes to the minute. At 8.16 beef tea and ale were administered. He was in good spirits, and took his first rest, floating on his back for a short time. For three quarters of an hour the drifting seaweed annoyed him greatly, but worse was to come, for one of those horrid bags

of jelly—a starch fish—stung the swimmer's shoulder, and so sharp was the pain that he was obliged to take some brandy to stop sickness. At 9.50 p.m. he had some more beef tea, and half-an-hour later he called out to those in the boat to look at the rising moon, showing clearly that he had his full wits about him. Soon after a second starch fish stung him; cod liver oil and ale were given, and he slowed his stroke to nineteen. At 11.45 the mail boat, the *Maid of Kent*, passed them, the passengers and crew crowded to the side and gave the swimmer most hearty cheers. The S.W. stream, which had been felt ever since 11 p.m., no longer impeded his way. He kept up his spirits, his brain was clear, and he often talked with those in the boat. Dawn began at three, and soon after the N.E. stream



BY GUY CADOGAN ROTHERY.

Sketches by H. S. Greig.

ENGLISHMEN may well be proud of their prowess in—as well as on—the sea, for swimming has ever been a favourite art with a goodly majority of the nation. It is pleasant, too, to record that men of learning have vied in this way with mere men of action.

That gallant soldier, able statesman, and writer of the sixteenth century, Sir Thomas Challoner, was a “dab” at swimming. Having joined the service of the Emperor Charles V., he was present at the siege of Algiers, and nearly lost his life in a great storm. His ship was wrecked at night while riding at anchor, and the worthy Sir Thomas had to battle with fierce waves for hours. He had almost given way to despair, when his head struck against a cable, which he seized with his teeth and was ultimately hauled on board.

Lord Byron was another man of letters who loved swimming. Being at Constantinople, he decided to prove that the story of Leander crossing the Dardanelles from Sestos to Abydos in order to visit his sweetheart was quite possible. He performed the swim on May 3rd, 1830, without much difficulty, in 1hr. 5mins., the distance, including the beating out of the direct course by currents, being computed at four miles. The water was cold and the stream running strong. On another occasion Byron and a Mr. Scott, being challenged by an Italian while at Venice, swam from the Lido down the Grand Canal. Scott got out at the Rialto, after having been four hours in the water, while Byron swam on to Santa Chiara, and emerged

after a go-as-you-please swim lasting 4hrs. 20mins. The Italian gave up long before he reached the Grand Canal.

In 1827, Dr. Bedale swam against Matthew Vipond, from Liverpool to Runcorn—a distance of twenty-four miles. The doctor accomplished the feat in 4hrs., beating Vipond by a few minutes. The same year, a Captain Smith swam across the Lake of Geneva from Morges to Amphio and back without stopping, a distance altogether of fifteen miles.

A grand performance was that of Samuel Bruck, an old fisherman of our south-east coast. One night in October, 1835, a ship in distress threw up signals. The life-boat was manned and launched to go to her assistance, but she was capsized in the fierce storm, and the whole crew left at the mercy of the waves. Bruck, though impeded by heavy clothes, struck out bravely, and after a little time he collided with a horse-collar, which had been employed as a boat-fender; clutching it, he put his neck through it, but the collar was very heavy and uncomfortable, so he determined to let it go. Before doing so, however, he drew his knife, opened the blade with his teeth, and cut away his waterproof cape, petticoat, frock and trousers; he dared not endeavour to remove his cloth trousers, fearing they would cling to his legs and drag him down. This done he abandoned the horse-collar and swam towards what he considered to be the land direction. It was almost pitch dark, the moon being constantly obscured by furiously driving clouds. He nearly gave up in despair,

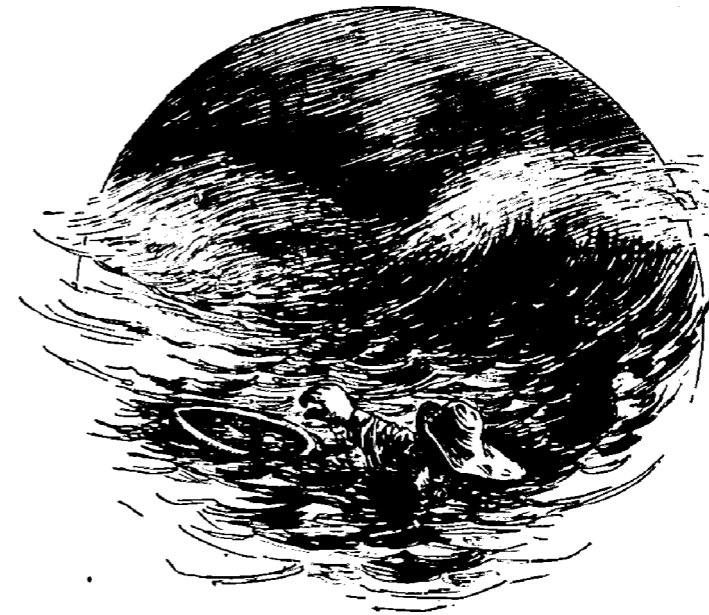
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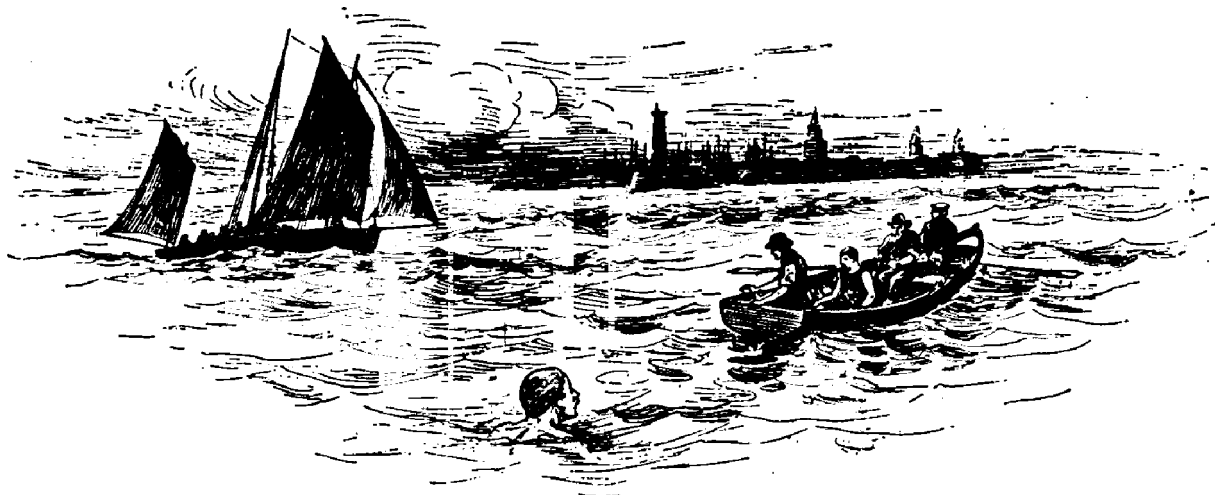
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FOR AN HOUR WEBB BATTLED AGAINST THE TIDE, MAKING NO HEADWAY.

came to their relief ; but the very slight southerly air suddenly became a stiff W.S.W. breeze, giving great anxiety to the referees and those with them. Webb made no complaint. The tide setting seaward kept down the rising wavelets, and about four he asked for coffee. Half-an-hour later he asked how far he had to go, and, taking some coffee and brandy, said he was "all right." But what with tide and sea he seemed to be a bit weaker when he called for more refreshment, so the rowing boats went to his weather side, trying their best to keep off the rising sea. The work was tiring the swimmer, and he complained bitterly. It seemed hard to abandon a task when so near its completion. However, his pluck and perseverance succeeded, though for an hour he battled against the tide, making no headway. At 7.30 brandy was given, and then Baker took a spin by his side. At about eight, the tide having slackened, he was able to advance instead of drifting to the eastward of Calais ; his stroke became quicker—about twenty-two—but shorter. At 9.20 Captain Dove, of the *Maid of Kent*, rowed out to them from Calais in his gig, which he placed so as to effectually protect Webb from the waves. The S.W. stream and tide again gave much trouble ; his stroke got up to twenty-six, though hurried and short. At about 10.20 soundings were made with an oar. His task was nearly completed, and the brave man's spirits revived considerably. A few more strokes, and Webb stood up in rather less than five feet of water, having successfully swum the Channel in spite of all obstacles. He had been no less than *22hrs. 44mins. 55secs.* in the water without once touching artificial support, having swum rather over *thirty-nine and a-half miles*. Needless to say, the reception he met with was of the most cordial description. He was helped into a trap,

and driven to the "Hotel de Paris," where he went to bed immediately. His pulse was 72 ; he had a three hours' sleep, woke up and had some grub. At 10 p.m. he again went to bed, and slept for twelve hours. And no wonder, considering the fatigues he had been through. The next morning he returned to Dover, where the greatest excitement prevailed as to his success and safety.

Captain Webb after this performed many feats of endurance. In May, 1879, he entered into a six-days' contest at the Lambeth Baths, with the following result : Webb swam 74 miles (17 on first day, 7 on last), being in the water 68hrs. 38mins. 13secs., and out of water 10hrs. 15mins. 46secs. G. Fearn swam 62 miles (15—1), and was in the water 46hrs. 36mins. 16secs., and out 29hrs. 23mins. 44secs. ; Beckwith swam 42 miles (6—1), was in the water 31hrs. 34mins. 58secs., and out 43hrs. 16mins. 26secs.

Then, in 1880, Webb remained in the whale tank at the Westminster Aquarium for sixty consecutive hours, he being allowed half-an-hour out of water every twenty-four hours. While in the water he was fed with beef tea, coffee, fat beef-steak passed through a sausage machine and mixed with bread and yolk of egg. The water was kept up to a temperature of 80degs. Fahr., and several tons of salt were dissolved in the tank to make the water more buoyant. Of course, this was less a swimming feat than a display of power of being able to float and remain in the water a number of hours. Other attempts, more or less successful, were made by Webb and Miss Beckwith to remain in ordinary sea water at a long stretch. In 1883 Webb went to America, where he accepted several challenges, once remaining 128½hrs., minus 94mins., in the water. Then the unfortunate idea occurred to him to swim the rapids below

the Niagara Falls, and eclipse all performances on record. The attempt to cross the terrible whirlpool was made on July 25th, 1883. He began successfully, having been rowed out about 500yds. above the old suspension bridge, when he jumped in at 4 p.m. He swam through the rapids, although his progress was very slow, having to battle against the force of water, and entered the whirlpool. He disappeared; was seen to throw up his arms, struggle, and then he was gone, and was never seen alive again. His body was picked up far down the river some days later.

In August, 1884, Lord Hamilton and Mr. Cecil Baring swam across the Niagara, below the cataract, but also lower down than the spot chosen by the unfortunate Webb. The swim was successful, although they had to battle against a terrible current. Mr. Baring injured his knee against a rock, and had to be picked up by a boat, being unable to land.

Two more swims deserve particular notice. The longest record scored by a lady was performed by Miss Agnes Beckwith, who swam a little over twenty miles, in the Thames, in 6hrs. 25mins., without support or refreshment, on July 17th, 1870. On September 3rd, 1884, Mr. Horace Davenport, a well-known amateur champion swimmer, swam from Southsea to Ryde and back. The sea was very choppy, and grave doubts were entertained as to his success. However, at twenty-five minutes to nine o'clock he dived off the South Parade Pier. The waves dashed into the swimmer's face, causing him much trouble. He reached Ryde soon after eleven, and here took some refreshment, without touching the bottom or the gunwale of the boat. This over, the return journey was commenced, and was accomplished with greater comfort, reaching Southsea Pier at 2 p.m. Mr. Davenport swam with the overhand stroke, and declared he was not greatly fatigued.



MISS AGNES BECKWITH ON HER TWENTY MILES' SWIM IN THE THAMES.

HOW THE

HEADMASTER

SIGNED THE

MAGNA CARTA.



BY W. M. WILCOX.

Sketches by T. W. Henry.

It was after dinner, and I had retired to the quiet and seclusion of my study, thoroughly wearied out with my day in school. I lit my

pipe and threw myself with a sigh of relief into my comfortable arm-chair, which was drawn up in front of a blazing fire. As I watched the spirals of blue smoke slowly floating ceilingwards, I began to ruminate—as was often my wont—on the various complex problems presented to me daily by the genus Boy. I had been very much worried lately by the conduct of one of my pupils—a lad of sixteen, named Parker. He was the most incomprehensible youth I ever had to deal with. Though

never guilty of any gross wrong-doing, he was the ringleader and moving spirit in every piece of mischief afloat. In addition he had a deep-

rooted antipathy to study of every kind, and was constantly being reported to me by one or other of my masters for his consistent idleness. Only that morning I had been obliged to administer to him a severe chastisement—the third within a week—for a direct violation of one of my strictest rules. It may have been my fancy, but on this occasion, when he had received his punishment, I thought I detected a look on his face which seemed to say:—

“It is your turn now, but



“STAND UP!” HE SAID SUDDENLY, IN A STERN VOICE.

wait!—mine is coming!” As I pondered on this and many other things connected with the boy, I was astonished to see my study door open, and Parker himself appear. I was about to ask him what he meant by intruding on my privacy without even so much as knocking, when my attention was arrested by the extraordinary appearance and bearing of the boy. He was wearing the full academicals of a Master of Arts and carried in his right hand a long, thin, ominous-looking cane. When he turned towards me after carefully locking my study door, I noticed that he was very pale, but his face wore a look of stern determination I had never seen there before. He had in his right eye an eye-glass, which, strangely enough, seemed to enhance, and not detract from, his dignity. As I gazed, the remembrance of his look that morning flashed upon me, and a most unaccountable terror seized me. I essayed to speak, but the power to do so had apparently left me. I could only gaze and gaze in speechless fear.

“Stand up!” he said suddenly in a stern voice, and—to my own amazement and disgust—I obeyed him as meekly as a lamb. He threw himself with a haughty gesture into the chair which stood at my table, and laid the cane down on a heap of exercises I had been correcting.

“Now, Bagshawe!” he began, dropping his glass, re-adjusting it firmly, and fixing me through it with a severe stare, “I want you to explain to me why it is I am continually having complaints made about you by the other boys? Not a day passes but you are reported to me

for some piece of misconduct or other. Last week—so I am told—you had the impertinence to place Smith mi—a boy old enough to be your grandson—upon the form; while only yesterday—though I can hardly bring myself to believe this—you actually had the audacity to tell Jenkins to sit up! Now, sir, what have you to say for yourself?”

Long before he had finished this speech I was trembling in every limb, and now I found myself absolutely powerless to do anything but whine out in a faint voice:—

“I am very sorry, Parker, if——”

“Parker!” he blazed forth, “I would have you remember that you are addressing Frederick Parker, Esq., and when you address Frederick Parker, Esq., you address him as *Sir!*”

“Very well, sir!” I stammered out, feeling—I know not why—that he was master and I was there to offer him implicit obedience.

“You are,” he went on, “a Master of Arts—your prospectus says so, and I suppose we must reluctantly believe it. You are also a scholar of your college and you took a double-first; I have this from the same *reliable* source. And yet, sir, all your learning, all your classic lore has not taught you the golden principle that school rules are made to be broken. You actually have the ingratitude to object—I re-

peat, sir, to object—when we boys, to whom you owe your very existence, transgress one of the petty laws which you, in your arrogance, have set down for our guidance. Now, look here, Bagshawe, you will either promise to allow us, in future, to use our own discretion with regard to these rules, or”—here he paused as if to give more weight to



“I HAVE HERE A LIST OF REGULATIONS, WHICH I HAVE DRAWN UP, AND WITH WHICH YOU WILL HAVE THE GOODNESS TO COMPLY.”

the words that followed—"or you will take a public flogging in lieu of notice, and I'll find a head master who *will!*"

I became more and more alarmed as he proceeded, especially at the hint of "a public flogging," but still the whole idea was so preposterous, that I felt I must expostulate mildly, though I marvelled at my own temerity.

"But Park—sir," I began meekly, "I don't quite see how an establishment like this is to be carried on if we abolish——"

"Abolish!" he interrupted in tones of thunder, "who said a word about abolishing anything? Have your rotten rules by all means, but don't expect *us* to keep them. Not another word," as I was about to try another feeble remonstrance; "from this time forth, consider your rules broken, or by the Lord Harry it'll be the worse for you!"

I shuddered as the abandoned youth gave vent to this awful oath, but that terrible feeling of absolute powerlessness held me in its degrading toils, and I could only murmur in broken tones that it should be as he wished.

"But this is comparatively a small matter," he presently resumed. "Before we proceed to the real business of the evening"—here he glanced with a sinister look at the cane, and I felt my hair rapidly rising—"I have a far more serious complaint to make. Are you aware, sir, that on all sides you are spoken of as the most incorrigibly industrious master in the place? I am told on good authority, that you invariably do the whole of your construe *without a crib*, that you have never been

known to fudge a sum, that a false quantity is with you an unknown quantity; and—as if this catalogue were not large enough—that you have so little regard for the happiness and welfare of the boys that you actually make them use three books—two on Latin and one on Greek—*which you have written yourself!* Now, I put it to you plainly—

how is a school to flourish if a master in your position sets such an example?"

My feelings were brought to such a pitch of terror, both by his words and the tone in which they were uttered, that I began to regard myself as one of the greatest criminals unhung, and I found myself cudgelling what few brains I still possessed for some answer to the terrible accusations he had brought against me. As I stood there, I realised in some measure the sensations of the small boy who finds himself face to

face with that awful judge, the "Head," to answer for his many delinquencies.

"You have not a word to say for yourself," continued Parker after a pause. He flashed a triumphant look at me, and slowly drew from his pocket a document, which he proceeded to unfold.

"I have here," he said, "a list of regulations, which I, in conjunction with the rest of my comrades, have drawn up, and with which you will have the goodness to comply. I will read them through, and you will then append your signature, as a token that you accept them unconditionally, and will see that they are strictly enforced."

No words of mine can convey any idea of



"SIGN!" HE THUNDERED, GRASPING THE CANE.

the awe-inspiring look which accompanied these words—a look which seemed to give me a foretaste of unknown horrors to come.

He began to read, dwelling with unctuous satisfaction on the various items of this preposterous document :—

I, Josiah Bagshawe, hereafter only head master by courtesy, solemnly promise to obey the following regulations, which I recognise as being far more conducive to the welfare of this school than those previously in vogue :—

First.—No boy is to be reprimanded for transgressing any of the so-called school rules, it being universally acknowledged that the said rules are much more ornamental than useful.

Secondly.—No work is to be done, under any conditions whatever, between meals.

Thirdly.—No boy is to be kept in without his own consent. Should a master want an imposition done, he must do it himself.

Fourthly.—As it is necessary to have a few tame masters about the place, in order to satisfy the unnatural whims of certain over-scrupulous parents, the said masters must keep out of the way of the boys as much as possible. A master transgressing this rule will do so at his own peril.

Fifthly.—The tuck-shop is henceforth to be carried on according to the strict lines of political economy, namely, on a basis of unlimited "tick," and tobacco in all its forms is to be added to the list of articles already sold there.

Sixthly and lastly.—Each boy is entitled to his own view upon any question that may arise, and such views are to be unconditionally complied with.

(Signed) _____

Here he paused and regarded me with a steady look. It seemed to my distorted imagination that he had grown to twice his ordinary size, while I had become proportionably smaller.

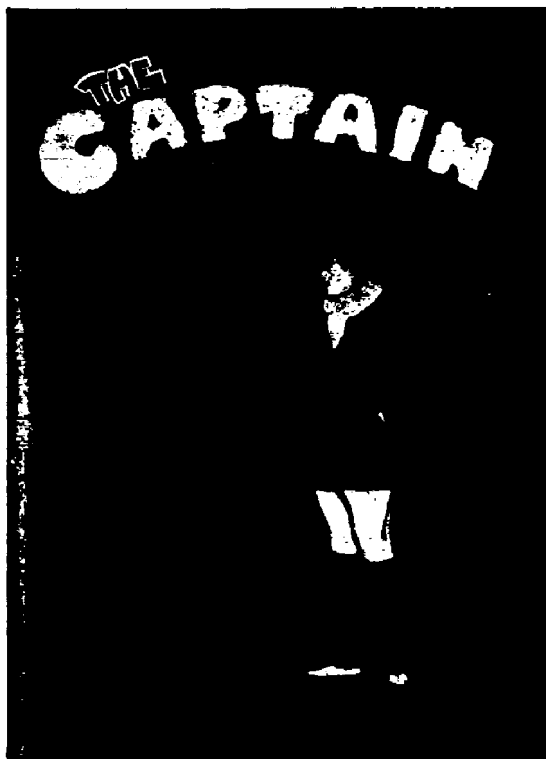
He dipped a pen in the ink and offered it to me without removing his eyes from my face.

"Sign!" he said. I hesitated, clinging with a rashness that surprised me to the last tattered remnants of my self-respect.

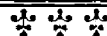
"Sign!" he thundered, grasping the cane, and his eyes appeared literally to flash forth streams of fire. In the extremity of my terror I gave no thought to what I was doing, but seized the pen in trembling fingers and—signed!

Of what happened afterwards I have only the dimmest recollection. I remember beholding, as it were in a mist, a sea of grinning faces around me, which I vaguely recognised as the faces of my pupils. I hazily recall a jumble of voices, commanding me to "*bend down*," while in the midst loomed the tall form of Parker, brandishing the cane aloft. I have a shadowy idea that I fell on my knees and begged for mercy, bidding them think of my poor wife and my defenceless little ones, and then—I believe I fainted. At any rate, when I found myself conscious once more of outside impressions, I was lying back in my arm-chair, with the perspiration thick on my face. I glanced fearfully round—the room was empty, the fire out, and the lamp expiring.

Though Parker never knew it, that dream had amply avenged him, for I felt that it would be an impossibility ever to recover *in toto* my self-respect.



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I WONDER how many readers of THE CAPTAIN desire to become pressmen. There is a certain glamour about the calling which lingers on



ONE DAY WE ARE "FLUSH," THE NEXT "STONY BROKE."

from the days when every newspaper man was regarded as an out-and-out Bohemian and vagabond. Bohemianism, it is said, is dead; but certain traces of it may still be seen in the ranks of the Press. We are, for the most part, a happy-go-lucky set, careless of the future, making the best of the present. One day we are "flush," the next day "stony-broke," and yet we go on muddling through life just the same, year in and year out. Not very ambitious, perhaps; but still with our moments of inspiration. Certainly we find it hard to alter our lives, and, "once a journalist always a journalist," is as true now as ever it was.

The life has a charm that is all its own. There is for the "free-lance," or unattached journalist at any rate, plenty of variety of work, and constant change of scene.

If he works for an evening paper his day pans out somewhat in this fashion: At nine or ten in the morning, according to the custom of his paper, the reporter glides into the office, deposits himself on a chair, lights a cigarette, and discusses with his colleagues the news in the morning papers, whilst the news-editor, or chief reporter, brandishing a large pair of scissors the while, pores through a pile of papers in search of ideas. The reporter may

help him or he may not. If he is a salaried man on the regular staff of the paper he takes things pretty easily, and allows the news-editor to find work for him. But if, on the other hand, he is on the outside staff and working merely by space or lineage, he is most eager to offer suggestions.

At length, when the papers have been stabbed and slashed until they are in tatters, and the correspondence has been sifted, the news-editor sighs, then groans, and cries out in strident tones:—

"Someone give me a cigarette."

Every liner in the room will respond with alacrity if he can. The salaried men produce their cases more slowly. Then there is a bustle. The news-editor, who must know which man is best suited for each "job," distributes his orders.

"Jones, you do this! Brown, you see if there is anything in that affair! Robinson, go to Whitechapel and look after that murder!" And so on. Hats are donned, directions are scanned, and then comes a general exodus.

Robinson takes 'bus to Whitechapel. Not quite sure of street; asks policeman, who advises:—

"Second on left, then to right, third again on right; then ask again."



"SOMEONE GIVE ME A CIGARETTE."

Nothing daunted, Robinson goes on through the maze of slums, and at length finds himself standing in front of the home of the tragedy.

If he can get in all will be well. If not, so much inspiration will be lost, and pure imagination will have to supply the splashes of blood, the overturned furniture, and the other usual murder accessories.

Tap! tap! he knocks at the door.

He is being observed by scores of people, mostly women, from surrounding windows and doorways. The policeman standing close by regards him suspiciously for a moment, then smiles a contemptuous smile. The door is opened by a slatternly, greasy woman in semi-déshabille. Robinson is not dismayed. He doffs his hat ostentatiously, a sad, sympathetic smile plays around his mouth, and in softly persuasive tones he says:—

"Morning, madam! Terrible affair, indeed! We were all quite shocked."

The lady's mouth looks severe. There is an ominous glitter in her eye, and with enthusiasm - quelling asperity she asks:—

"Wot's yer nime, an' wot d'yer want?"

"Well, you know, of course, I'd just like to see——"

But the door has been banged in his face. The police have given instructions that no information is to be given to callers. Robinson speaks to the man in the next doorway. A crowd of natives gather round him. They were simply dying to tell a newspaper man all they knew.

The one who knew the victim most intimately is interviewed. Robinson asks leading questions of all. Then he raids the surgery of the doctor who testified to death. He won't speak—police won't allow him. Then Robinson proceeds to the police station. It is surprising how innocent they are there. Scarcely knew a murder had been committed. "Any clues?"

"Oh, yes; they're all right." Then to the nearest telephone call office, and in a few minutes his paper has got the salient features of the case. A 'bus to Fleet Street, Robinson dashes into the office, and writes up at a feverish rate all he has learned and a lot more besides.

Half-an-hour's struggle, and at length is produced a column of ghastly details and a sketch of the murdered person, written as familiarly as if Robinson had known him all his life.

That may finish his day's active work, or something else may have to be done—some new item, a police court, perhaps, a landlord and tenant dispute, a School Board scandal, or a County Council misdemeanour.

That is the life of the pressman, full of rush and hurry and turmoil. The man who is paid by space at the rate of 1d. or 2d. a line, may, if he is given some good "job," and if he can make the most of it, earn anything from 10s. to £3 a day. But there is always the chance that next day he may not make a single red cent. It is very disappointing, too, when a man has been on a job all day long and subsequently written up a column or so about

it, to have his work cut down by the news editor's ruthless blue pencil to a few lines or, perhaps, not used at all.

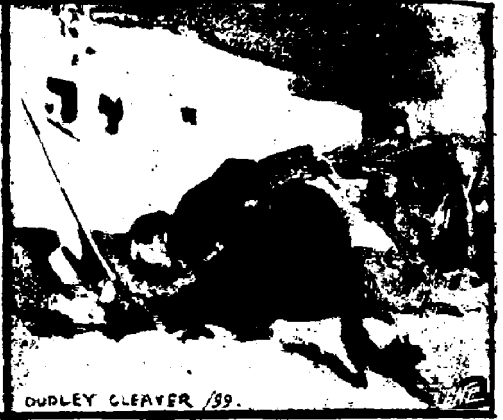
Such are the chances of warfare. But the life has its compensations, and the greatest of these is the obtainment of a piece of exclusive news. There are many joys in life, many pleasures that make the pulses beat fast and the heart throb, but there is nothing that I know equal to the joy of being in possession of exclusive information. It is the pressman's greatest consolation and ambition—his *summum bonum*.



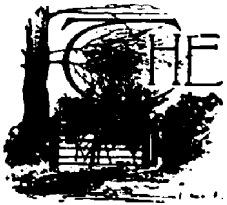
"WOT'S YER NIME, AN' WOT D'YER WANT?"

WORTHY *of the* NAME

by
HERBERT · DUDLEY · LAMPEN



Illustrated by Dudley Cleaver.



FELLOWS said that Roundle would go to pot without a Dawson. However that may be, the Dawsons of Market Dawson had invariably been sent to Roundle.

No sooner did one strapping Dawson depart for Woolwich or Sandhurst than a tiny Dawson took his place. For instance, the late captain of the school, who beat the record for the mile by two (some said three) seconds was a Dawson, not of the main stem, 'tis true, but still—a Dawson, and even yet the achievements at the high jump of his cousin, Curly Dawson, who became school captain in the 'sixties, were the standard of measurement for all future competitors.

Certain regiments in the army welcomed Dawsons as regularly as Roundle bid them a regretful good-bye. The Dawsons were soldiers, except when a stray Dawson entered the navy. There was old Captain Thomas Dawson, who had a bullet through his thigh at Waterloo, while charging with the 10th Hussars; and his cousin, Ralph Dawson, who shared in the glorious victory of Trafalgar; and the son of old Captain Thomas, William Dawson, who served against the rebels in Canada, and in his turn sent his son from Roundle to the Crimea. The younger Dawson first drew blood while storming the heights of Alma, and only escaped the 180 cannon of the Russians for a bullet to end his brave career before the walls of Lucknow. Like his father and his grandfather, he was a very gallant gentleman. His little son, if he inherited little else from his father, owed to him a fearless heart. In due course he went to Roundle, and subsequently fought at Isandula,

on January 22nd, 1879, and, whilst serving under General Colley, was severely wounded in the disaster of Laing's Vale. He died unmarried, and a cousin, the Curly Dawson of high-jump fame, succeeded to the impoverished estate.

A new boy called Dawson had arrived at Roundle, and was being plied with the usual questions.

"Who's your father?" demanded Cressus.

"How much tin have you brought?" asked Hartley.

"We shall soon know," said Cressus. "Here's Buckley coming."

It was the custom at Roundle to levy a contribution in support of the games. The regular subscription was charged in the bill, but it was considered insufficient, and contributions were invited.

The first night's preparation was devoted to this. One of the monitors went round soliciting donations, and woe betide the boy who offered less than half-a-crown.

Hartley and Cressus employed the interval until the monitor reached the lower end of the schoolroom in squeezing the new boy. He was slight at the best, but one must pass the time somehow.

Before the new boy left home, his mother had said to him: "William, you are almost a man now, and father left you as my adviser and protector, and I think I may tell you something."

"Go ahead, mother."

"It has only been by a great effort and because your father couldn't bear the idea of your going elsewhere that we are affording to send you to Roundle."

After a pause she continued :—

“So if you do not have as much money as other boys you won't mind, Willie?”

“Of course not. I know you would give me more if you could.”

Then his mother produced a little knitted purse with half-a-crown in it, and blushed, and kissed him, and said she was ashamed to give

money was spent. Nothing remained out of it for the cab from Roundle Station to the school.

“All the young gents take a cab, sir,” said the porter.

“How much will that be?”

“How much, sir? I daresay you won't grumble at half-a-crown, sir.”

The cabby did not even thank him for that last half-crown. He thought a new boy worth three shillings at least, and his fare entered Roundle with empty pockets.

No wonder his heart beat fast, and his cheeks were pale as he watched the monitor with the book and pencil draw nearer, and heard the half-crowns jingling on one another.

Once he had a wild thought of borrowing from Crœsus, of selling his play-box to someone, of—

“Half-a-sov. ? That's the style. I wish all you kids would back up the old school like that,” said Buckley.

He passed on from Crœsus to the new boy.

“How much for you? You're a new boy, aren't you? There's such a beastly lot of you kids. What's your name?”

“Dawson,” said the new boy, his eye very bright.

“What! of Market Dawson?”

“Yes.”

“Any relation of good old Dawson of the mile?”

“Yes,” with a gasp.

“And to Curly Dawson of the high jump?”

“Yes. He's—”

“You ought to be a good sort, young 'un,” said the monitor, smiling approvingly. “Let's see. I want a fag. Consider yourself

booked. Now, how much, young Dawson?”

“Nothing.”

“Speak up, young 'un—I can't hear.”

“Nothing.”

“Blow you, Crœsus! Stop jawing, can't you? I can't hear what this kid says. Now, young Dawson?”



“SO IF YOU DO NOT HAVE AS MUCH MONEY AS OTHER BOYS YOU WON'T MIND, WILLIE?”

him so little, but she had no more, and there were bills owing, and she would try and send him five shillings soon.

“I don't want any more. I won't take any more,” replied William vehemently.

After his tickets were paid for, and the cab across London, and the porters, his travelling

"Nothing"

Buckley lowered his account-book and stared. Then he smiled.

"You don't understand. Of course you don't. You're a new kid. Well, all the fellows contribute something extra to the Sports and Games Fund. You'd like to give something, I know. How much shall I score you down for?"

"Nothing."

Buckley frowned.

"If you go on like that, young 'un," said he; "you'll have a rough time of it. We aren't used to meanness in a Dawson."

The monitor's words were prophetic. Dawson had a hot time of it. Cræsus, Hartley & Co. took Buckley's hint and gave him a roasting time of it. The school promptly disbelieved his claim to be a genuine Dawson. Even the First Form kids despised him, for had not they planked down their half-crowns?

Not a word in his letters home, however, disclosed his misery. He wrote of games, the match against Hob-brough, and the goals scored by Bulstrode, as if he were absorbed in these things, and his mother smiled. She only wrote and begged him not to spend so much of his spare time in letters to her, and to be sure and say when the half-crown was spent.

Cræsus was his chief tormentor.

"Why are you such a greedy pig?" he asked, twisting Dawson's arm. "Why don't you share your things, eh—eh? How do you enjoy that? and that? eh, my boy?"

"He's got loads of tuck in his box," said Otley.

"Bring it up," bade Cræsus.

They held him fast, robbed him of his key, and opened the box. True enough, there were the three pots of jam and the cake, which Dawson would gladly have shared.

"It would serve him right if we eat it," said Grubb.

"Share it out, you fellows," commanded Cræsus.

They made Dawson swallow his portion, lest they might be charged with stealing his tuck.

One afternoon Dawson rebelled.

"Come here, young Dawson."

"I sha'n't."

Cræsus caught him outside the Third-Form door, swung him over, and knelt on him.

"My leg!" ejaculated Dawson.

"Your leg! Who cares for your leg, you greedy—sneaking—piggish—little—*cad!*"

He added a kick to the five digs with his fist, and walked away, feeling he had performed a public duty.

"Heard the news?" remarked Hartley at tea. "Dawson's broken his leg. Rawson found him outside the Third-Form door."

Cræsus coloured, and continued to read his letter.

"I say, you chaps, my pater's coming tomorrow. I shall get a whole, and a sov. too. Oh, I say!" and the colour in his cheeks became scarlet.

Colonel De Lancey arrived about ten o'clock next day. Fellows envied Cræsus when, through the class-room windows, they saw him walking beside the tall, fine-looking officer.

"As I wrote to you, Jack, my object in coming is really to visit Dawson's boy. I promised him I would."

"Why, father? He's an awful little prig."

"He must be different from his father, then."

"None of the chaps like him. He's so jolly mean."

"Of course, they are not well off. Dawson cannot give his son much pocket-money."

"Won't you come first and see the new pavilion?"



"YOUR LEG! WHO CARES FOR YOUR LEG, YOU GREEDY
—SNEAKING—PIGGISH—LITTLE—*cad!*"

"Duty first, Jack. Run and tell Dawson. He can come with us."

"No, he can't. He's in the hospital, and they won't let you see him without a permit."

"I think the doctor's letter will effect that."

"Well, I can't come. We're forbidden. Fever's about."

"Why? Has Dawson's boy caught the fever?"

"Oh, no!" replied Cræsus. "But—that is—it's not in the school; it's only in Glover's Hamlet by the river."

"Come along, then," said the colonel.

Half-way Cræsus stopped.

"I quite forgot, father. I've an impot for old Maltby I must finish."

"Old Maltby must wait," replied the colonel.

"You don't know what an awful beast he is," said Cræsus, following reluctantly.

"I thought you were my father!" exclaimed Dawson, when the colonel entered the sick ward.

"We are about the same height," replied the colonel. "Don't try and move. I promised your father to come and see you as soon as I landed."

"How is he?"

"Better. Here's news for you. I think he'll get his V.C. He saved my life."

Dawson's eyes shone.

"We were out together, and the Dervishes made a sudden attack on our reconnoitring

party, and—well, I was unhorsed, and should have been killed, but your father rode back and brought me off at great risk to himself. He was speared in three places. He is sure of his

V.C. Oh, here's Jack! You know Jack, don't you?"

"Rather!" replied Cræsus.

"How did you come here? How did you break your leg?"

"I fell."

"You footer players go at it harder now than we did in the old days."

"I didn't break it at footer. It's nearly all right."

"Jack must bring you some grapes. We mustn't forget a book or two for your friend, Jack, eh?"

"No," said Cræsus slowly.

"I must not forget that," said the colonel, slipping a sovereign into Dawson's hand.

"Thanks awfully," said Dawson.

"Now, I must call on Dr. Blount. I

am an Old Boy, and your father is another Old Boy, and when one Old Boy is saved by another Old Boy, and he a Dawson, there ought to be a half-holiday, I think."

There was a half-holiday, too. The soft September breeze carried to Dawson's bed the sound of tumultuous cheering in the school-room. Some of the fellows raced across the field and cheered again under the-hospital windows.

Just when footer was commencing, Cræsus arrived with a basket of purple grapes, a bag of



"YOUR FATHER RODE BACK AND BROUGHT ME OFF AT GREAT RISK TO HIMSELF."

tarts, two bottles of ginger beer, and a couple of Henty's latest.

"I smuggled the tarts and the pop in," he explained. "Oh! I say, Dawson, I'm an awful cad. Please forgive me. I didn't know your people were so jolly hard up. Father says you're of the right stuff. I told him, and he's been telling the fellows about your pater, and

the Head said that they were proud to have another Dawson in the school, and—why, old chap, your pillow's quite wet. Let me turn it for you, and then we'll have a good old swig at the pop."

"Thanks awfully, old chap. And I wish you'd change this, and give Buckley half. I'd rather he had it. I would really."

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

The highest age limit is twenty-five.

CONDITIONS.—The Coupon on Page II. of advertisements must be fastened or stuck on every competition submitted. If this rule is disregarded the competition will be disqualified.

The name and address of every competitor must be clearly written at the top of first page of competition.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like (providing you come within the age limits), and have as many tries as you like for each prize, but each "try" must have a coupon attached to it.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Address thus:—Competition No. —, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by September 16th.

No. 1.—**£1 1s. 0d.** FOR READERS OF ALL AGES. Of the following twelve names of girls say *which six* (in order of merit) you consider the best: Alice, Beatrice, Christine, Dorothy, Edith, Fannie, Gertrude, Hilda, Irene, Jessie, Katie, Lilian.

No. 2.—**£1 1s. 0d.** for the most correct list of the fourteen English cricketers you would choose to send across the ocean to represent England *v.* Australia. This comp., like the one above, will decide itself—by votes. Age limit: Twenty-five.

No. 3.—**£1 1s. 0d.** for the best poetical extract on "Duty." Age limit: Twenty.

No. 4.—**£1 1s. 0d.** for the best set of four drawings representing the OLD FAG at the ages of five, twenty-five, forty-five, and sixty-five. Age limit: Nineteen.

No. 5.—**£1 1s. 0d.** for best amateur photograph. Any subject you like. Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 6.—**£1 1s. 0d.** for the most correct answers to the following original conundrums. Use a good map of Great Britain. Age limit: Sixteen.

- 1.—In what river would a modern Moses be most likely to be found?
- 2.—Name the best place for lighting a bonfire.
- 3.—And the best place for cremating a nigger at.
- 4.—Where would niggers be likely to play "pool"?
- 5.—Where would you expect to find sensible trees?
- 6.—Name the river dear to brewers.
- 7.—Where would you expect to find a girl given to making faces?
- 8.—Name a place suggestive of pneumonia.
- 9.—The inhabitants of what town are famous for contrivances of sorts?
- 10.—What town prefers ham?
- 11.—Name the place jealous of its fisheries.
- 12.—And the town suggestive of mirth.
- 13.—The name of what town suggests a sporting Spanish grandee?
- 14.—Name the beacon whereon you would find some writing materials.
- 15.—Where could you find a freak, or prodigy, who swallows lights?
- 16.—Name a place famous for onions.
- 17.—What town is most frequently in the neighbourhood of the infernal regions?
- 18.—Name a good river for towing.
- 19.—On what hills do weak mortals perform apparent impossibilities?
- 20.—Name the most inviting town.

No. 7.—**£1 1s. 0d.** for the neatest coloured map of Ireland. Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 8.—**£1 1s. 0d.** for the best letter (not exceeding two hundred words) supposed to be written by a lion in the Zoo. Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 9.—**£1 1s. 0d.** for the best essay (not exceeding four hundred words) on "What I want to be when I'm a man." Age limit: Twelve.

No. 10.—**£1 1s. 0d.** for the best written copy of the piece of poetry which you will find on the OLD FAG's first page. Age limit: Ten.

[The Editor reserves to himself the right to award Consolation Prizes to deserving competitors, age being taken into consideration.]



"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

THIS being the end of our first volume, I have thought it well to clear off all the magazines from my table. Under these circumstances you could hardly expect me to devote a great deal of space to individual journals, but I have tried to notice each according to its merits. For a moment, then, I breathe, but I don't expect to be clear for very long. Nor do I want to be; so send in the mags. and take your chance with the rest.

As a result of our reviews I am glad to observe that a number of schools, determining not to be left out in the cold, have started magazines. This is a wise step to take. Every school of any size should keep a chronicle of its doings in class-room and playing-field for the benefit of present and future scholars.

Alperton Hall Magazine (April) is conducted quite on the right lines—in fact, the lines that I have always advocated. Here are school notes in abundance, and the aim of the editor is to make his magazine a record of school events.

The Askean (June) does not possess a particularly pleasing cover. It is a cover that might look well on the stalls, but that is not what is wanted for a private publication. An enlarged edition of it would make a good soap-poster; but a school magazine need not be *all* soap. The inside is more tasteful, however, and we congratulate the journal on its resuscitation.

The Blue (June) is as neat and dignified as ever. The details of the "Cricket Camp," to be formed in August, make me envy the yellow-stocking heroes.

The Blundellian (June) devotes a column to a "Review of Reviews." Without making any acknowledgment to Mr. Stead for the loan of the title, the editor proceeds to jump on some of his con-

temporaries in a way that leads me to tremble for his safety.

The Boltonian (May) is in excellent taste, and the wood-block illustrations brighten its pages considerably. His Worship the Mayor, whose first claim to fame is that he was educated at Bolton Grammar School, comes out with a very genial expression. Just the sort of gentleman, I should fancy, to tap for an extra half-holiday.

The Eastbournian (June) celebrates its 150th number. I have seen several numbers, and all are good.

The Elizabethan (May) records the victory of the school football team over Charterhouse on the Godalming ground. The game was keenly contested, and I heartily congratulate the Westminster boys. The obituary column reminds Elizabethans of the deaths of Sir John Mowbray and Lord Esher, both of whom owed a great deal of their future success to early training at Westminster.

The Erasman (May) has secured an article from the pen of Mr. H. A. Harmsworth on the subject of modern journalism. It is a most instructive article, and we venture to abstract the following paragraphs:—

The journalist of to-day is essentially an all-round man. He must be able to treat the most worn-out threadbare subjects in a lively, vivacious, and attractive fashion, almost deceiving the reader into believing that it is the matter and not the manner that is fresh and up to date.

There is another essential of journalism which I ought to refer to. The new age is the age of youth. I don't say so from any want of respect to older men, but in journalism particularly what is so necessary is the energy, the go, the sparkling daring and originality of young men as opposed to the staidler, more solid, and shrewd caution exhibited by most men in or past their prime. It is essential to have both kinds of men, of course, as a sort of balance to each other, but young blood on a paper is as the mainspring to a watch.

The Exonian (March) contains this paragraph in its editorial:—

We cannot close without mentioning our joy at the recovery

of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who, we believe, is a Devonshire man; and at the same time we express a hope that some kind donor will supply us with some of his books, the lack of which at present is very noticeable.

That is a very nice sentiment. But why not buy Mr. Kipling's books? Happy thought!

Glasgow High School Magazine (May-June) is cheap and—not very nice. Here we have advertisements all through, bad paper, and a hideous cover for the sake of saving, perhaps, two-pence per copy. That sort of thing is not worthy of Glasgow.

The Great Yarmouth Grammar School Chronicle (April) is very well edited. Congratulations to H. F. S. Collier, who broke the school record for the half-mile and the hundred yards, doing the latter in 102.5secs.

The Halleyburian (June) is almost an ideal chronicle of the doings of a great school. I should like to see, however, some attempt at a monthly summing up, and some critical school notes. A little temperate criticism is very wholesome for all of us.

High School Journal (May-June) comes to us from Pittsburg, and is a characteristic over-the-water production, containing a mass of literary and other goods. The staff consists of an editor-in-chief, a literary editor, a school news editor, an athletic editor, an *alumni* editor, an exchange editor, a staff artist, several business managers, and finally—here is a plum for you—a “commercial hustler.” And they all want eight pages each! But the commercial hustler gets no less than eleven.

The Ipswich Magazine (May) contains some excellent photographs of the school buildings. The editorial is well written, and the contents of the journal are satisfactory.

The Lowell (March) is the journal of the Lowell High School, San Francisco, and is another monster magazine of monumental marvels. Really, the lavish production of these American school magazines is astonishing. We congratulate the art editor on his pictures.

The Hurst Johnian (July) reaches its 413th number. I believe this is, saving one, the oldest school magazine in existence. THE CAPTAIN respectfully salutes his aged relation.

The Mill Hill Magazine (June) is in excellent taste, and the illustrations are good. Glad to hear that the tuck-shop has been reopened.

N. E. C. S. Magazine (Easter Term) is

conducted by members of the North Eastern County School, and very well conducted too. The following paragraph is interesting:—

After a series of reverses in house matches, Durham have once again won the final house match for football, having overcome in turn Northumberland and York. This is the sixth time the shield has been held by them, whereas Northumberland have had the distinction of gaining this honour in eleven matches, and York in eight.

Normal Chimes (Souvenir Number) is the magazine of the Ottawa Normal School for teachers, and can boast of a poem on every page. I have read them all, and find three excellent, seven very good, and one fair. *Au revoir, ladies!*

The Oratory School Magazine (July) gives lavish publication to many serious thoughts. “Oxford Impressions” is well written, and the tone of the journal as a whole is refreshing.

The Oswestrian (June) contains a clever editorial, and a pile of interesting school letters.

Owen's School Magazine (May) gives Mr. C. E. Jackson an opportunity of telling us how he passed “Smalls.” The account is a good one.

The Portmuthian (April) goes in for an artistic cover. A good deal of space is wasted by the “Tale of Snuffle's Brother,” who seems to have been a dull little boy. The school news is well done.

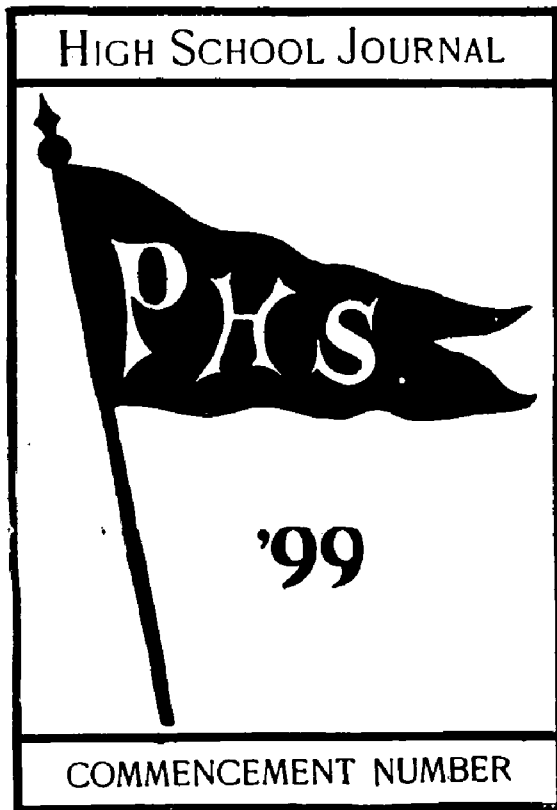
The Review (June) replies to my little joke about the advertisements. The editor says that if he left out the advertisements and charged threepence per copy instead of twopence, it wouldn't pull down the circulation, but he keeps in the ads. as affording “evidence of the practical business-like manner in which this paper is managed.” But, sir, what if the omission of the ads. sent the circulation up?

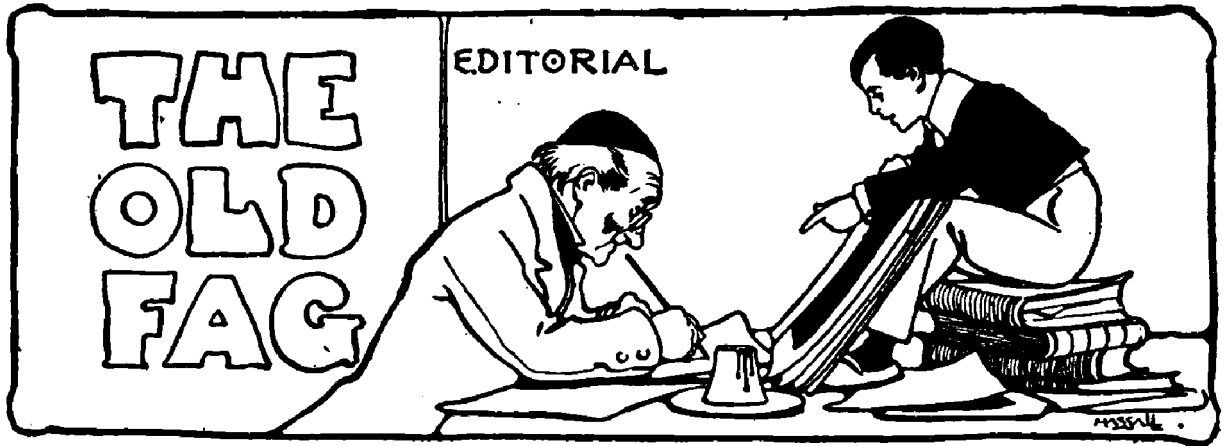
The Salopian (June) is losing the valuable services of D. Coke, the alternate editor, who is leaving at the end of the term. I thank Mr. Coke for his kind little note, and congratulate him on a very strong finish.

The Sedberghian (June) is very solid and very useful. The alphabetical school list is a monument of energy.

Sexey's School Magazine (Midsummer) rather annoys me by its copper-plate headings. I much prefer good, black print. Mr. Lockyer's article on wireless telegraphy is interesting.

The Shastonian (April) strikes a new note in its optimistic editorial. The journal is bright throughout, but the “Ghost of Greyleigh” seems out of place.





Look here, I'm not going to lecture anybody to-month. (If you say "to-day," why not "to-week" and "to-month"?) I am nearing the end of my labours. Just these few pages, and I shall be looking out trains in my Bradshaw. I intended to yarn away at a great length about what I intend to publish in Vol. II. (which begins next month), but it's too hot. ("Boy, bring me a quart of lemon squash, and put a pound of ice in it!") All I can say is that Vol. II. of *THE CAPTAIN* will be filled with what my experience has taught me—i.e., what the majority of readers want. We cater for regiments—not individuals—"More ice, boy!"—and so people who have written in asking for this, that, and the other will please understand that, as this magazine contains only something-over-a-hundred instead of something-over-a-thousand pages, it is impossible to accede to every request. ("Now then, boy, where's—that—ice?")

As you might say, we are a new ship which has completed her maiden voyage and is taking in cargo preparatory to weighing anchor for the second time. ("Has that boy gone to Iceland for that ice?") Said cargo consists of literary and pictorial goods—new serial stories, a new series of stories, new articles, new everything almost. ("Very well, boy, take a week's notice!") Although a magazine seems an easy thing to run together, you have no idea what a lot of time it takes to make everything fit into its proper place. Then authors and artists are very often late with their work, and pages have to be "left open" for them—and the worry is immense. ("Yes, I said a pound of ice!") Very often, at the last moment, whole tales have to be held over—"Ah! here's the ice! Excuse me, please!")

To the Small Boy.

If you've had enough of sun,
 If you've had enough of shine,
 If you're tired of building castles on the sand;
 If, like stag at Monan's Rill,
 You have drunk your little fill,
 Of paddle, nigger minstrels, and the band
 If you feel, O youthful urchin,
 You have had enough of searchin'
 For that crab which even dodges grown-up men;
 Quit the sad, seductive wave,
 Find a quiet, secluded cave,
 And go in for our Comp.—AGE LIMIT, TEN!

A word about our competitions. For the "Age limit, twenty-five," anybody from the age of one up to twenty-five may enter. To enter for "age limit, twenty-five," does not mean that it is limited to people exactly twenty-five years old. Of course, most of you understand this, but I have had a letter or two of inquiry on the subject. In the other competitions, anybody may go in of the stated age limit, or under it. On more than one occasion, I may add, a boy of fifteen has carried off an "age limit, twenty," competition.

Eques is keen on joining the Lifeguards. If he procures *Cassell's Magazine* for January, 1897, he will find a paper entitled "A Day in the Life of a Lifeguardsman," officially sanctioned by Lord Dundonald, correct in all its details, and written by the author of the "King's Red Coat." He will get the whole thing there, with every item. As to his particular queries: They take men from 5ft. 10ins., with varying chest measurement, but not less, I believe, than 36ins. There is no

entrance fee or letter required ; a man enlists for 1s. 5d. a day, with certain stoppages ; *but*—and it is a big one—I don't advise it as a career, unless he means to work through to a commission and has the money to take one up when it comes along. Let him join a local volunteer corps for a couple of years, and then, if he still feels soldiering his *métier*—*eh bien !*

I have received a letter from a remarkable young lady. This is the letter :—

MY DEAR OLD FAG,—I am a girl. THE CAPTAIN is the only boys' paper I know that does not run girls down, and with all my heart I thank you for not treating us with contempt, as most editors do. As I said before, I am a girl, but for all that, I prefer boys' books, sports, and companionship to those of my fair sisters. I play cricket and footer, can ride and drive anything in the shape of a horse, and have before now tried a cow and a pig. I can shoot a little, and jump 4ft. 9ins., and run a mile in 4mins. 39secs. I hope you won't think me a tomboy, but as we live in the Fens, and rarely see anyone, it really doesn't matter.

I am thirteen and a-half years of age, and stand 5ft. 6½ins. in my stockings, and weigh 9st. 4lbs. in bathing costume. Dad says I shall end in Barnum's. I wish I could stitch that top button on your waistcoat, but I am afraid if my respected parent could get a word in she would say: "For goodness sake, don't let Freddy try; she'd stitch all round it!" For although I can rear chickens, pigs, and rabbits, I am no good at lessons or sewing. I have a governess; I like her, but hate lessons. I am very fond of reading, and like the "King's Red Coat" awfully; I love jolly men like Dick Datchett; I like "The Two Fags" very much, too; Boardman is just my sort of fellow—don't you like him?

I hope you won't think me a cracked sort of girl, and will not be too proud to receive my hearty congratulations; when the boys come home we will give three-times-three for THE CAPTAIN.

Now and then you see statements to the effect that our physique, as a nation, is decreasing. This, at any rate, cannot be said of those boys who take plenty of exercise. Our very able contemporary, *Nature*—which makes a special study of such matters—asserts that it has been noticed of recent years how very much the height and weight and general physical measurements of public school-boys have improved. A correspondent of our contemporary has made a scientific study of between fourteen thousand and fifteen thousand boys, and this assertion is the cheering result of his investigations. The school-boy of 1899 is a much bigger fellow than the school-boy of 1849 was.

A correspondent wants to know all about pilots. Here are answers, by an experienced sailor, to his questions : (1) Yes, pilots are a very respectable class of men. (2) The money a pilot makes is usually very good ; it varies in different ports. For instance, some of the Thames and Mersey pilots make a very large income, whilst those in a small port, like Blyth (Northumberland), of course, have not the tonnage under their control. (3) Most of the pilots I have known have been captains of steamers, and have passed a special exam. with reference to the port and part of the coast under which they are allowed to have the control of vessels. (4) If you really think a life on the briny would be to your liking, you should get apprenticed on a good square-rigged ship, and if you are smart you ought to have your chief officer's ticket by the time you are twenty-two, and your captain's (or master's ticket, to use the correct term) a year or two later ; and then, if you didn't care to stay at sea, you could put your name down on the books for a pilot's job at some port you would be familiar with. (5) No, I don't think the medical exam. would trouble you if you are ordinarily healthy and robust. (6) No, I shouldn't like to advise you to become a sailor (for a pilot is a sailor, remember), for the simple reason that the life at sea is a hard one, but, at the same time, a very interesting one. Some like it, and many hate it. (7) Before you can be a pilot you must be a sailor, as I have stated.

Postulates and Propositions.

(With apologies to Uncle Euclid.)

Any two meals at a boarding-house are together less than two square meals.

On the same bill and on the same side of it there shall not be two charges for the same thing.

If there are two boarders on the same floor, and the amount of side of one be equal to the amount of side of the other, each to each, and the wrangle between one boarder and the landlady be equal to the wrangle between the landlady and the other, then shall the weekly bills of the two boarders be equal also, each to each ; for if not, let one bill be the greater, then the other bill is less than it might have been, which is absurd.

A. L. CRESSWELL.

A number of complaints have reached me relating to THE CAPTAIN cover, which, it appears, *comes off*, if subjected to rough usage. I have spoken to our binder, and he says it is all a matter of glue. In future a better quality of glue

will be used, and the cover won't come off. But I think school librarians would find it worth their while to order our reading-case, price 1s. 3d.

NOTICE.

VOLUME ONE (April—September, 1899) of THE CAPTAIN is now ready, handsomely bound, with gilt edges, price 6s. You can have cases for binding your copies for 1s. 6d.

A reader in the north of England objects to punctuation, and writes as follows:—

DEAR OLD FAG comma

Look here comma you ancient old feller comma I want you to have a competition about fish full-stop See note of interrogation Why not have something about whales comma as they are so big comma aint they note of interrogation Rather note of exclamation

Say you have a Comp asking how many umbrella ribs you can make out of one whale's bones semicolon that would be interesting comma instructive comma and useful stop

I never could abear putting in my stops dash hope you won't mind full stop I am not a very educated gentleman comma being in a mill full stop

Yours truly comma

AGE LIMIT 20 full stop

Here is a communication from a far-away reader:—

Box 1199, St. Thomas,
Ontario, Canada.

DEAR O. F.,—Since your magazine started I have had copies of it regularly. The English boarding or public school-boy's life is to me an ideal one, and I often feel sorry I missed it. The American boy goes to school from 9 a.m. till 12, and from 1.30 to 4; Saturday is always a holiday. Canada has one of the very best of school systems. The boys go to school until they are sixteen; of course, numbers of them go to college to study for a profession, but the majority stop at sixteen and go to business, leaving all the healthful games behind as "child's play," as they are now "men of the world." Neither Canadian nor American boys spend as much time in sports as English boys, although the Yankees blow very hard about their proficiency. It is more a question of money here as to who wins the games, and I don't like that. . . . In your magazine you invited correspondence and promised advice. I am going to lay my case before you. I want a Scotch stag-hound—pup, I prefer, but any age is better than none; if possible, about six months old. I know of no addresses of kennels or persons who keep dogs. I could hardly ask you to act as my lawyer and buy me one. There are, possibly, stores in London where they are sold, but I would prefer buying from a private person who would vouch

for the pedigree. Maybe, some of my fellow-readers could give me the address of some. If you could get at them through your magazine I will, of course, be responsible for any charge, if reasonable. Hoping you can help me,—Yours sincerely,

HARRY H. MARSALES.

The Captain.—Dit is een Engelsch maandblad „for boys and old boys,” voornamelijk echter voor boys. 't Begint met een schets van Henty „When I was a boy”; dan vertelt a very old boy van schoolgaan zeventig jaren geleden, en C. B. Try over hoe men zich trainen moet voor sport. Vermakelijk zijn verder de antwoorden die bekende mannen gaven op de vraag van den uitgever wat hunne illusie was in jongens-jaren. Phil. May zegt b.v.b: mijn eerste kinderlijke wensch was een circusclown te wezen; mijn tweede Hamlet te spelen! Stanley had zendeling willen worden; Grossmith „een Prins van Wales,” Pinero omnibus-conducteur; Arthur Arnold een M. P. enz! Ook in zijn overige bijdragen is dit sporttijdschrift voortreffelijk voor zijn jonge lezers geschikt.—From *De Hollandsche Revue*.

Sons of the Brave chronicles the doings of the members of the Duke of York's Royal Military School, and does it very well. The March number is brimming over with patriotism in all directions, and the youngest soldier-poet in the land lets his readers have it in this kind of way:—

We went to the Adelphi and we marched along the Strand,
The people all pricked up their ears at the music of the band,
At first they vaguely wondered "What regiment comes this way?"
But they knew us when they saw us, for we could hear them say:—
"They're our sturdy Dukie Boys from Chelsea!
That's where they learn to march and play so well, see?"
"Strite, they do us proud!" "The Gawds can't play so loud,"
So we knocked 'em in the Strand—we boys from Chelsea.

Every Londoner knows the "Dukie boys from Chelsea," and every Londoner loves to see them swing along behind the band.

Football Captains of public schools are hereby requested to send along their portraits for publication in this magazine.

The name of the Edinburgh Academy captain, whose portrait appeared in our July number, is "F. Anderson." Mr. Anderson left the Academy at the end of last term.

It is very pleasant to me to feel that, as I sit down to write these lines every month, I am really penning a letter to a host of friends the world over—friends I have never seen, and probably never shall see, little and big, growing-up and grown-up, wise and (in some cases, I fear) otherwise. But no matter. I said in No. 1 that I hoped we should all be friends together, and the postman is the only person who objects to the extensiveness of our friendship. In barely half a year **THE CAPTAIN** has made hundreds of thousands of chums, whom, he intends, shall be his chums for always. **THE CAPTAIN** came into the world with a purpose, and I think he has achieved something of that purpose. He has succeeded—if I may, without undue self-complimentation, judge effects by the letters which lie before me—given a goodly number a lift up the Path of Life, which is a stiff path to climb. He has helped many a young fellow to decide on the career he will adopt, and he has filled many an hour which (if I may say so) might have been spent less profitably than in the perusal of a clean magazine. Out of doors, he has instructed his readers in the gentle art of batting, while indoors he has endeavoured to convert the chaos of the average stamp album into order most complete. He has given you little song and sermon-snatches from the poets, and glimpses into the lives of men who have fought for, and won, fame, often against odds, always hardly.

He has, at any rate, done his best, and he feels that, like his readers, he has earned a spell of rest. That worthy man, the assistant editor, has been away, and has come back as brown as a berry. To-night, an ancient portmanteau will be packed, and a ticket for the seaside will be bought. His first volume completed, the last words written, nobody will hail the boundless blue with more youthful enthusiasm than, ladies and gentlemen, your obedient servant,

THE OLD FAG.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. A. K. and **E. J. K.**—(1) "Greyhouse" begins again in October. (2) "C. R. F." stands for "Charles Bertram Fry." (3) Have handed the rest of your letter to him.

"One of the Eleven."—Thanks; I hope you, too, will have pleasant holidays. Have handed the other part of your letter to Mr. Manning Foster.

J. J. Farjeon.—(1) The coupon which you must send with the September competitions must be taken out of the September number. (2) For business purposes your handwriting is decidedly in need of improvement. I believe the Civil Service "coaches," whose advertisements you will find in **THE CAPTAIN**, all publish special copy books for pupils to work from at home. You might write to them for further particulars.

Thomas Walker.—You are a rude boy, but I forgive you because you say what you mean. In this number you will see there is a Comp. for boys of fifteen. Of course, you can go in for all the Comps. above fifteen. Now sit down and do one.

J. McK.—Sketch hardly good enough for **THE CAPTAIN**, thanks.

H. Mather.—The postage on **THE CAPTAIN** is 3d.

Celt.—For photos of athletes write to Hawkins & Co., Brighton.

P. McCormick.—I think you are too old for most Navy examinations, but you can obtain particulars of naval clerkships, and other posts, by writing to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Cannon Row, London, S.W. If you have got an offer to join your brother in America, with the idea of becoming an electrical engineer, and you are certain that you could live there and become qualified for work of that sort, I should advise you to go, but don't go until your brother has informed you fully what your prospects would be. But I should advise you to consult your present employers, and get some information as to what your salary is likely to be raised to in time in the event of your staying on with them.

Drawings of Schools.—G. R. H. Thornton's drawing in this comp. was of Cheltenham College, not Clifton, as stated in **THE CAPTAIN**.

A. H. Patten.—Thanks. Already have matter in hand.

D. N. (WINCHESTER).—There is no reason at all why you should not enter for "Age Limit 20" comp. Not infrequently a fellow of your age sends in a better comp. than a number of twenty-yearers.

"One of my Readers" (SOUTHAMPTON).—Of course you can take Holy Orders without going to Oxford or Cambridge. The usual way is to enter a theological college, or attend lectures at King's College, London. Non-University clergymen are called "Literates." The nearest theological college to you is Chichester. Write to the Principal for particulars. To study at King's College, London, you would have to obtain a scholastic post in London. In any case, you would have to earn your living at the same time, and you would find it very hard to do both.

H. W. J.—With regard to your question, short sightedness would not disqualify you, provided your general health is good, and you have no physical defects.

Well-Wisher.—We'll have 'em all in time. Patience, friend. If you don't like one tale, you know, there are plenty of others. I have read your letter very carefully. You are the sort of correspondent I appreciate.

Wet-bob.—Wait till next March.

Gladys M. S.—"Dear Gladys,—So many thanks for your little letter. The author of 'Greyhouse' is going to write us some more stories about that grand old school. I am, dear Gladys, ever yours, the O. F."

Oswald Fisher.—You will observe, Oswald, that there is a comp. this month for little boys of ten and under.

Mary (HASTINGS).—The man is looking at *himself*.

John Folkard.—Yes, a very good idea. Have made a note of it.

F. C. Bawden (CANADA).—I really do not see how I can extend the time limit for you, but will think it over. Sorry the accident to the *Paris* delayed your June copy.

F. D. L. (MALVERN).—I have sent all my autographs of cricketers to a Bazaar, where they fetched a shilling each, I hear. Regret I cannot oblige you with any.

Lewel.—(1) The 1824 farthing, if in good condition, should be worth about 5s. If battered, about 5d. (2) I enjoyed your poetry.

X. Y. Z.—Don't bother about your measurements or your diet. I'll think about the chart you suggest.

J. W. S. sends the following reply that was given to the question "What is the equator?" "The equator," replied a small boy, "is a menagerie lion running round the earth and through Africa."—"J. W. S." also sends a lengthy criticism of **THE CAPTAIN**, which the O. F. has taken well to heart.)

Jack (PLYMOUTH).—"Shake!"—I like you.

Unemployed (GLASGOW).—(1) Get a well-educated friend to advise you. Read as much as possible. Study easy French and Latin books, and make yourself proficient in subjects like book-keeping and shorthand, which will be useful to you in your business career. (2) Whatever you like best. A course of Dickens is good. When you are thoroughly well read in an author you can always talk about him with authority, and this, socially, is a useful accomplishment. (3) Better glue will be used for our cover in future.

R. Edwards.—I have an article in hand dealing humorously with the disadvantages and drawbacks of stage life. It will appear when I can find a corner for it.

F. W.—(1) Don't disregard "the polish of nowadays." One can be perfectly frank and outspoken, and yet express

oneself in a gentlemanly manner. (2) For the list of scholarships you require consult the "Public School Year Book." Any bookseller will get it for you.

Arlesey.—I can't make your friends contribute to your little magazine if they don't want to. To take a number of copies get a mimeograph from a stationer. Directions for use will be supplied with it.

Tom Finch.—We shall have an article on "How to Bind Books" this winter.

"A Private" (EDINBURGH ACADEMY).—Many thanks for sending me the name of your Captain. You will see that I have mentioned it in the editorial.

E. J. Seale.—Don't see much in the anecdote.

M. Pritchard.—All right. Serial stories will never run over one volume into another. Thanks for your birthday congratulations sent on spec. Curiously enough, my birthday fell that week.

W. G. M.—I should certainly advise your going to an engineering college if you can manage it. With regard to your difficulties about mathematics and physical science, I should recommend your applying to some good "coach," who will be able to tell you which are the best books for you to read, and also give you much useful information about the engineering course.

"Leynian."—A page article on Mr. C. B. Fry's career appeared in *Tit-Bits* quite recently. Send 1d. to the publisher if you want to read it.

A. M.—Where?

Thomas Walker again.—(1) I have heard of impediments such as yours being lessened by speaking as slowly and distinctly as possible. Never gabble. That is all I can tell you. (2) Tales by the authors you mention will appear in Vol. II.

Boatswain.—You cannot do better than write to the editor of *Photographic News*, 9, Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, London, who will be pleased to supply you with the information you require.

"White Knight," D. Lindsay, and about fifty others.—As soon as I can spare the space I will start "Chess."

Max Henriel (PITTSBURG).—Sorry haven't room to give you a detailed explanation of the Game of Cricket. Ask your bookseller to get you a book on the subject. There are heaps.

Leonard Smith.—If you will send a stamped envelope I can give you the address you want.

A. T. Splinters and many others.—A thousand thanks for your kind letters.

F. E. B.—Post-card received.

W. Gooding.—All in good time, dear sir.

J. T. Miller.—I do not know of any way of curing knock knees. I believe it is possible to alter the shape of the legs while a child is very young—in fact, I have seen the legs

of little bow-legged children in iron splints—but I do not think a fellow of your age can alter the shape of his legs. I may mention that bicycling will make you more knock-kneed than you are now. There are hundreds of thousands of people who would not be knock-kneed if there was any remedy for it.

Med. Student.—If you would say what sort of "mono-mania" you suffer from, I might be able to give you some advice. Probably your complaint is "nerves," for which exercise and fresh air are the best cures.

C. L.—In reply to your queries *re* pony polo, the secretary of the Ranelagh Club has kindly sent the following: (1) Four players on each side. (2) Spurs are usually worn, and here there is no rule against their use. (3) The London clubs are Ranelagh, Hurlingham, Crystal Palace, and Eden Park. (4) The price for trained ponies is very high, and is continually rising, the highest price reached as yet being £750.

O. F. S. F.—The book you mention, "Professions for Boys," is sold by Messrs. Denny, of Booksellers' Row, London, at 2s. 6d., less 25 per cent. discount.

K. Fletcher.—There is a good book by W. J. Gordon called "Our Country's Butterflies and Moths." Price 6s. It is published by Day & Son, 44, Berners Street, London, W.

C. Rowson.—Messrs. Denny, of Booksellers' Row, London, publish a very good book by Archibald Sinclair, price 1s. on "Swimming." You can get it from them at their usual 25 per cent. discount.

A. A. P. (CAPE TOWN).—Glad THE CAPTAIN has "caught on," at the Cape. You might send your copies on to President Kruger when you have finished with them.

Aristophanes.—Very pleased to hear from you. Yes, I think THE CAPTAIN is knocking out the bad class of literature you refer to. After all, I don't think any decent boy reads the rags you mention.

L. K.—The percentage of clerks who rise to staff appointments is necessarily somewhat small, but it is quite possible, by the display of exceptional ability, to go very far indeed. With regard to your question about the time and place of examination, you can obtain all particulars of these by writing to the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon Row, Westminster, S.W.

A. B. P.—The fact that you perspire so freely shows that you have a very healthy skin—at least, it does in most people. If you think it is a sign of ill-health, go and see a doctor about it. It is important that you should wear wool or flannel underclothing which will absorb the perspiration. "Jaeger" underclothing is by far the best for athletes.

B. G. S. (BEDFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL).—Hints on rowing will appear in course of time. Can't publish hints on everything all at once, you know. That competition in your house is a jolly good idea.

O. F.



EXIT VOL. I.



Results of July Competitions.

No. I.—Best Poetical Extract on the Subject of "Honesty."

WINNER OF £1 IS. : HERBERT S. FLEMING, Moorlands, Bingley, Yorks.

✓WINNER OF 10S. 6d. : J. RYAN, 15, Ovoca Road, Dublin.

HONOURABLE MENTION : W. W. Pearson, R. F. Walker, G. V. Chilvers, A. B. Goode, H. Wyndham Browne, J. G. Blair, W. Nicholls, F. A. Taylor, Evelyn Webb, M. Linton, Dorothy Webb, May Corke, Jeanie Gillespie, M. Smythe, Winifred Braithwaite, F. Sykes, Maude Humphries, A. Lingford, J. Terry, E. Jones, C. H. Cooke, Stephen Holmes, Allan Dewar, R. Trebethan, G. H. C. Manning, L. Gostling, G. Greaves, Rosamund Bland, T. Philipson, Percy Brill, Henry Grant, S. F. Brooks, Arthur Dickens, E. Fearenside, W. G. L. Barrett.

No. II.—Prettiest Sister.

WINNER OF GOLD BROOCH : EDWARD LANGDALE SMITH, Holton Rectory, Oxford.

HONOURABLE MENTION : T. H. Roberts, S. Brown Ernest M. Meredith, D. J. Sarton, J. D. Sturrock, Robert Lawrence, J. E. Needham, G. L. Bailey, E. T. Hinks, Ernest Jacoby Charles, S. Purcell, H. T. Crichton, Alec Thomas, Eric F. Burnett, Jasper Henson, M. Trevor, Edward Waterman, J. Frank Webb, Geo. E. Lloyd, Harold Bird, J. Gardener Blair, Robert A. Wolstenholme.

The portrait of the prize-winner's sister (Miss Avice Alureda Langdale Smith), will be published in the October number, together with some other portraits of pretty sisters.

No. III.—Best-Looking Brother

WINNER OF SOLID SILVER ENGLISH LEVER WATCH : MISS T. H. DURRANS, 1, Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION : Lilly Thomas, Sissie Brown, Edith A. Court, Florence Elsie Smith, Dorothy M. Falkner, Grace Barber, Marjory Charlton, May Agnew, Maud Pease, Mary King, Muriel Colles, and Mabel Hoon.

No. IV.—Best Suggestion for a Competition.

WINNER OF £1 IS. : G. H. HOWELL-JOHN, 12, Alpha Street, Coedpenmaen Road, Pontypridd, Glamorganshire.

WINNER OF 10S. 6d. : BERTRAM BUXTON, 59, Wellington Street, New Whittington, Chesterfield.

HONOURABLE MENTION : J. B. Atkins, R. K. Brown, G. J. L. Stoney, R. Buchanan, T. H. Forrest, C. Drayton, G. Nicholls, John Garrido, H. Ransley, W. Bridge.

[A large number of useful suggestions were sent, of which the Editor hopes to avail himself in due course. Several of the suggested competitions are announced this month.]

No. V.—Best Photo of School Tuck-Shop.

WINNER OF £2 2S. : ARTHUR OWEN WARREN, St. Catherine's, Christchurch Road, Winchester. (Winchester College tuck-shop.)

WINNER OF £1 IS. : A. SOUTHERN, 210, Foster Hill Road, Bedford. (Bedford Grammar School tuck-shop.)

HONOURABLE MENTION : H. S. Fox, Haileybury ; E. V. Davy, Bancroft's School.

No. VI.—Best Water-Colour Drawing or Sketch of a Rose.

This has been a very difficult competition to decide, a great number being sent, and many of these from the same copy. The first prize of £1 is. has been divided ; the two

successful competitors having made excellent drawings from Nature. WALTER PETRIE, St. John's Road, Tunbridge Wells ; ELSIE SHARP WATERS, "Eastbury," Watford, Herts.

WINNER OF 10S. 6d., (second prize) : HAROLD LAYTON ROBINSON, East View Terrace, Otley, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION (in order of merit) : C. B. Canning, Raymond L. W. Bush, Daisy B. Porter, F. Baron, Daisy Jocelyn, R. Forster, Henry McPherson, W. H. Marston, Harold Whitaker, Dorothea Wie, Nellie Ward, D. Newill, Archibald Pollock, Dorothy Wieland, Sybil Haines, A. Paul, Andrew McHuraith, Gerald Leake, W. Vaughan, W. James, Mabel Hay, A. Barnes, Marjorie Wolstenholme.

No. VII.—For Best Humorous Poem on School Life.

WINNER OF £1 IS. : B. FORSYTH, The College, Winchester.

WINNER OF 10S. 6d. : A. L. CRESSWELL, 29, Campbell Road, Brighton.

HONOURABLE MENTION : H. W. Goldfrap, J. McGinlay, C. H. Maxwell, John Ashby, M. G. B. Reece, Elsie McCallum.

No. VIII.—Handwriting Competition. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF £1 IS. : T. H. DE COURKE, 67, King Street, Maidstone, Kent.

WINNER OF 10S. 6d. : DOROTHY CAROLINE WHITMORE, 42, Ovington Square, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION : G. Rutherford, W. W. Thompson, A. Evelyn Bryde, Thos. W. Watkin, W. G. Mitchell, Mabel C. Kirby, R. S. Turton, J. H. Forrester, G. Nicholls, W. Millar, T. F. Brook, Lionel Knight, Henry H. Hutchison, T. McCormack, Ida F. Kenworthy, M. C. Sithipory, A. Brown, Mabel Falkner, Percival Faulkner, Idoneu L. Gower, H. F. Herd, F. E. Welch, H. C. Hawtrej, Annie A. Smith, J. C. Butcher.

No. IX.—Handwriting Competition. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF £1 IS. : FRANK T. TURNER, 51, Plashet Lane (?). (Please send full address.)

WINNER OF 10S. 6d. : EVELYN GURREY, West View, Warlingham, Surrey.

HONOURABLE MENTION : Frank Ward, W. P. Clough, A. Bryne, Gwendolen Braddell, A. E. Birmingham, Marjorie Dallass, David A. Brown, Chas. Patterson, E. A. Hughes, Gordon Neale, Vincent Edwards, F. G. Bristow, Percy C. Southwell, W. F. Saunders, Reggie Faulkner, Lizzie De Bruin, R. C. Young, H. C. Skingley, Bessie Savill, F. Howard, E. Rabbets, C. Scover, J. A. Rose, M. Sheridan, D. L. G. Williams, Cadet L. Tottenham, D. M. Reader.

No. X.—Handwriting Competition (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF £1 IS. : CHARLES C. NORBURY, The Academy, Wakefield.

WINNER OF 10S. 6d. : CHARLES BRIGGS, The Academy, Wakefield.

HONOURABLE MENTION : Dorothy A. Lord, R. Crichton, James Hamilton, Lionel J. Haire, W. Udall, S. Jenkins, M. W. Cuthbert, James Cane, R. Fry, Lewis Condy, Baillie Grohman, H. Stewart Smith.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS".

No. 1.—Vol. I.

APRIL, 1899.

6^d

CONTRIBUTIONS

BY

SANDOW.

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ASCOTT R. HOPE.

R. S. WARREN BELL.

D. H. PARRY.

RENÉ BULL.

H. D. LOWRY.

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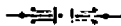
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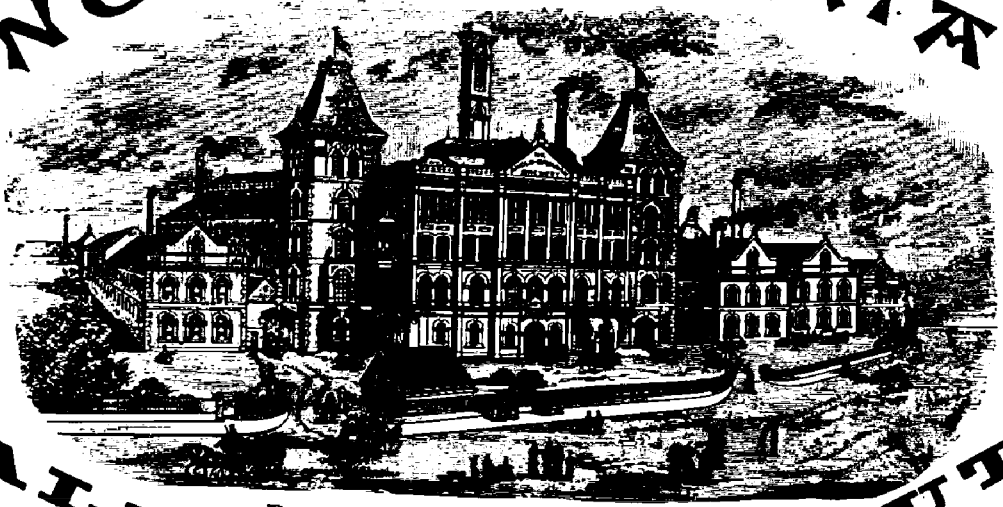


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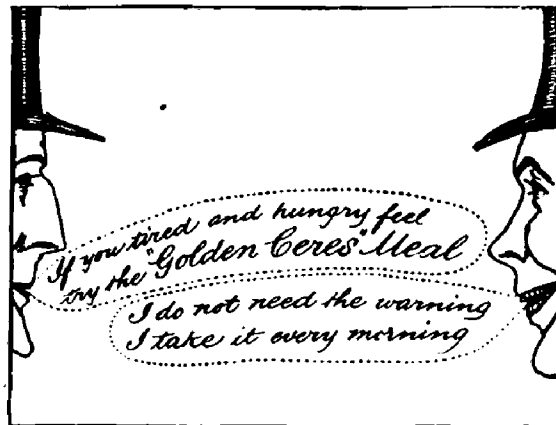
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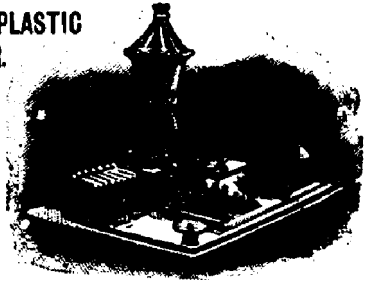
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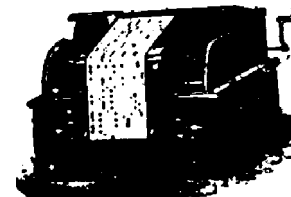
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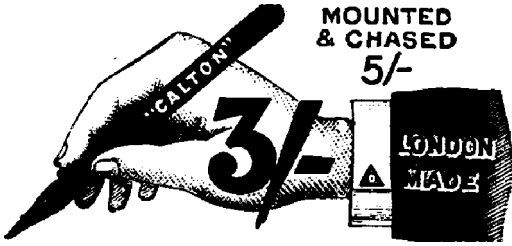
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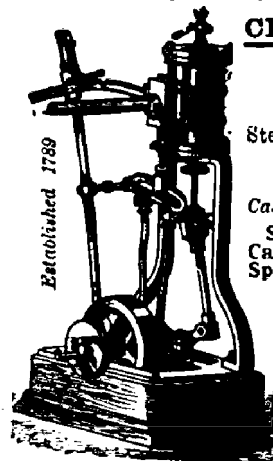
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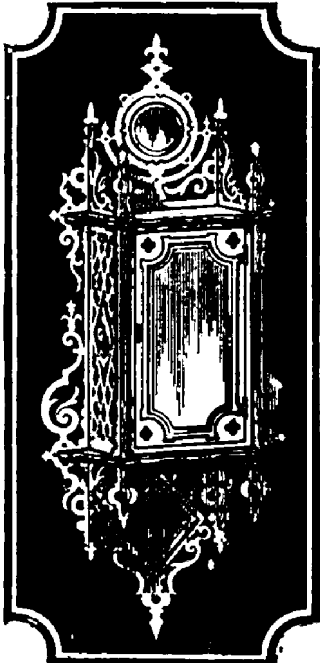
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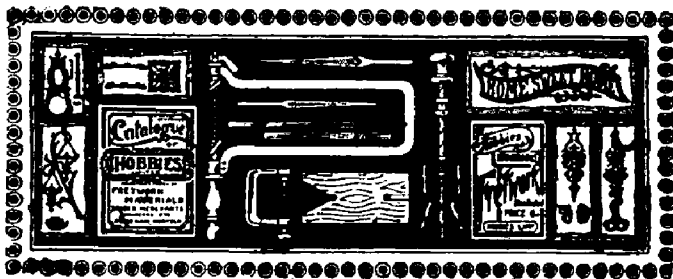
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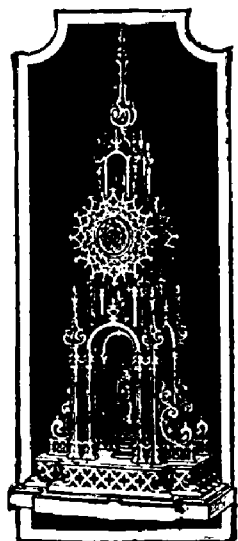
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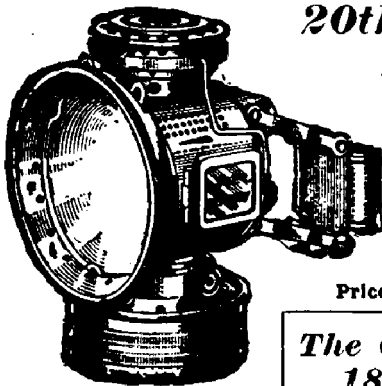
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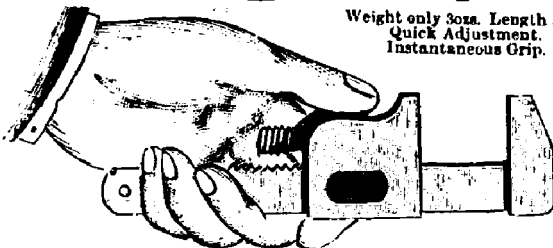
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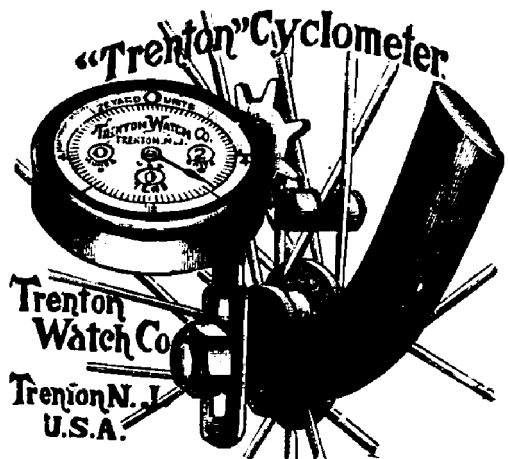


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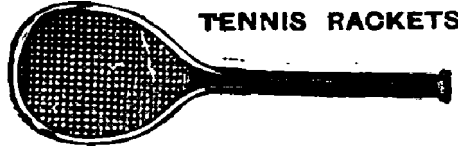
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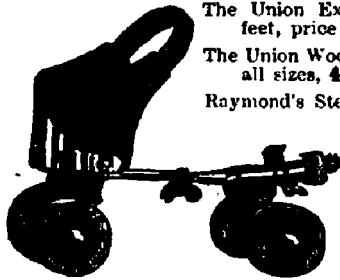
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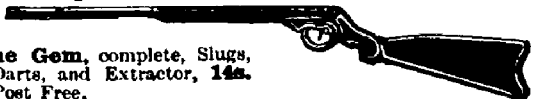
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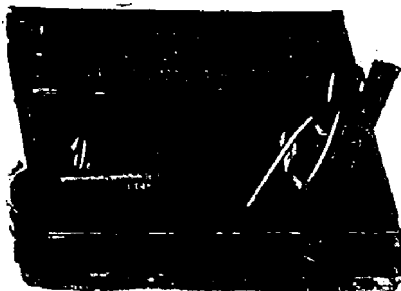
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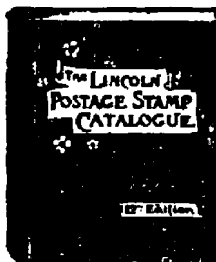
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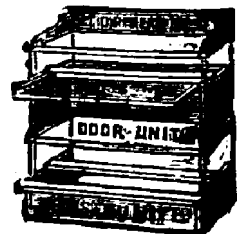
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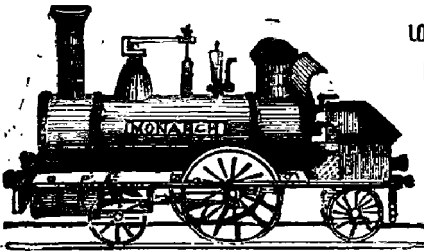
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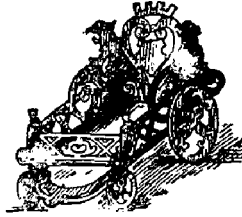
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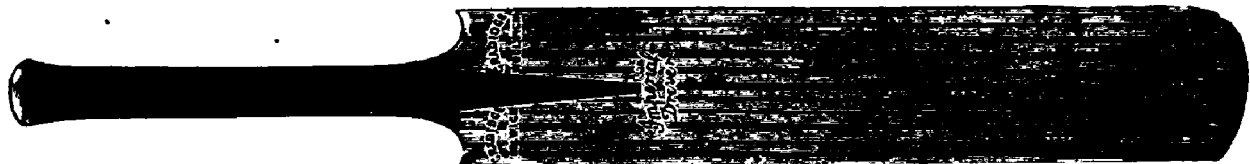
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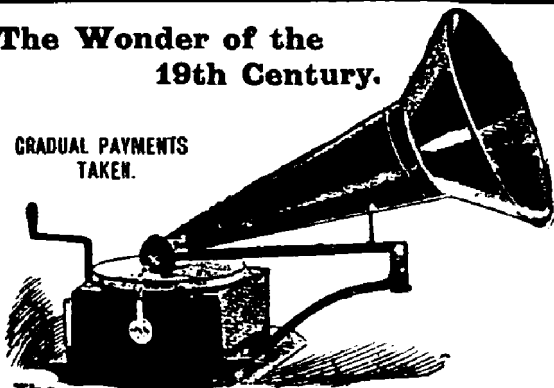
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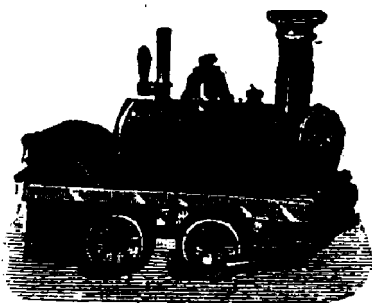
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The March Number maintains the extraordinary standard set by preceding numbers. It is impossible to say more.

Besides another large instalment of THE ADVENTURES OF LOUIS DE ROUGEMONT (as told by himself), there appears the first part of Mr. Robert L. Jefferson's remarkable narrative, MY CYCLE RIDE TO KHIVA, illustrated by a series of intensely interesting snap-shots taken by the author himself—in many cases under circumstances of extreme difficulty and danger. In the same number the following also appear:—

THE OYSTER PARKS OF ARCACHON.

A day with the red-breeched fish-wives of Arcachon, and a glimpse of the most remunerative kind of "farming" in the world.

ROCK-CLIMBING IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Two well-known mountaineers relate some of their personal experiences, and illustrate their remarks with a set of beautiful and impressive photographs.

ACROSS EUROPE WITHOUT A PASSPORT.

A warning to prospective travellers. Showing the result of journeying in Eastern Europe without these indispensable documents. The author tells of his amusing adventures, and his expedients to escape detection.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CHINESE EMPEROR.

The photographs are the only really authentic portraits of the Chinese Emperor ever published—in fact, they are the only prints extant. To expose them for sale in China would be a sure way of losing one's head.

LOST IN THE BUSH.

The terrible sufferings of two Australian pioneers who got lost in the vast Bush; with details of their wanderings, devices for maintaining life, and their ultimate escape.

SHORT STORIES.

A splendid collection this month. 1. MY LAST TIGER HUNT. (With a photo of the tiger's head showing the missing fang which saved the author's life.) 2. A THRILLING TWO MINUTES, by Capt. B. de Sales La Terriere. (A graphic story of the Soudan Campaign of 1885.) 3. MY ESCAPE FROM THE CAMBODIAN REBELS, by Lionel Declé. 4. CHASED BY A FURIOUS OSTRICH. (A lady's remarkable adventure.)

THE MOTOR-CAB SCHOOL.

An account of the remarkable school in Paris, where the motor-car drivers are taught how to drive with safety through the "dummy"-thronged streets. With photographs specially taken by our own artist.

SONNY, THE WATER-BABY.

All about a remarkable baby and his still more remarkable keeper. Interviewed by a Colonial gentleman travelling in the Western States of America. A revelation to ordinary mothers.

A NIGHT IN A FLOOD WITH A MADMAN.

A terrible experience in the great cane-brakes of the Lower Mississippi. The author stayed behind in a flooded house at duty's call, and had to battle for dear life with his maniacal companion.

HOW I DISCOVERED THE GREAT DEVIL-FISH.

The Rev. Dr. Harvey, the well-known scientist of St. John's, Newfoundland, relates in a graphic and thrilling narrative how he found the very largest on record of these frightful marine monsters. Dr. Harvey's discovery on this fascinating subject has marked an epoch in the history of science. See for yourself the uncanny photograph of the monster's head and arms.

MY MYSTERIOUS PROTECTOR.

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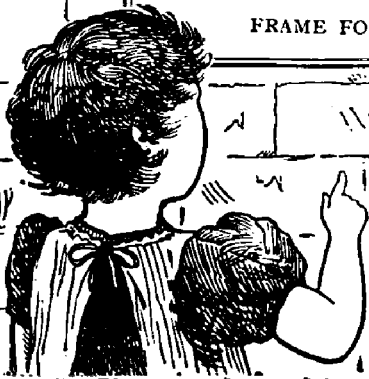
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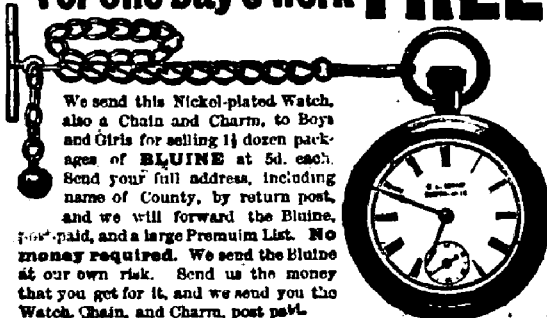
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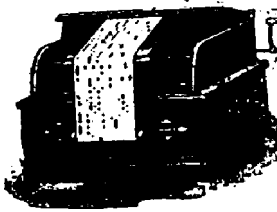


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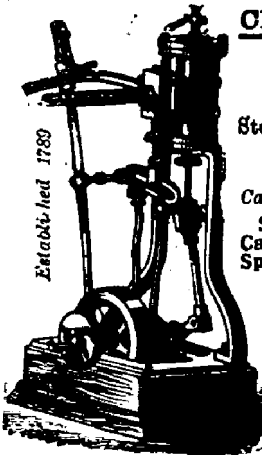
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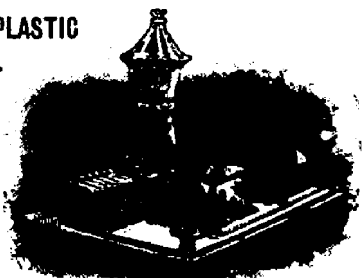
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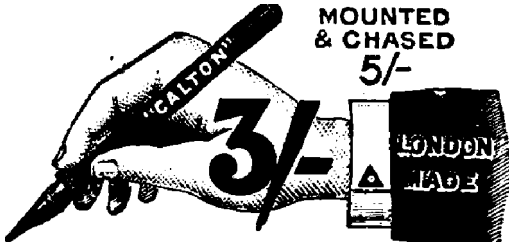
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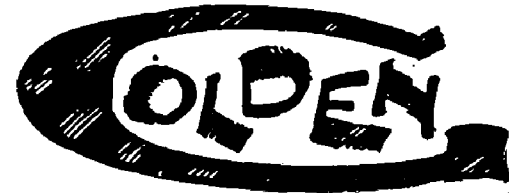
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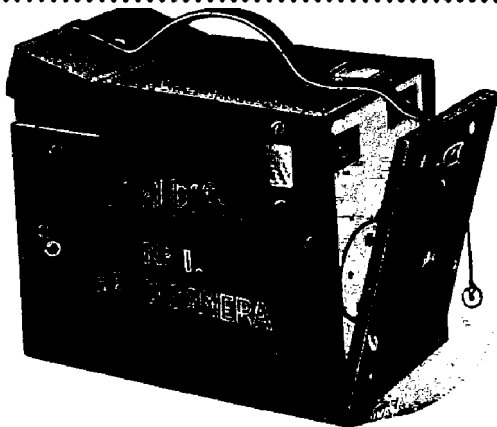
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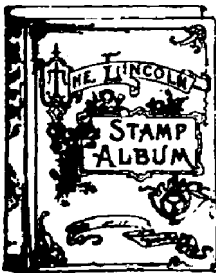
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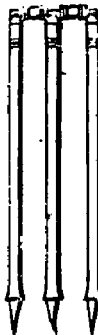
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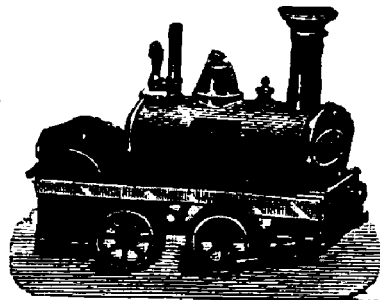
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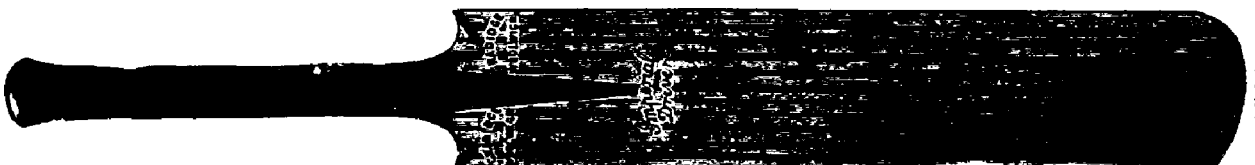
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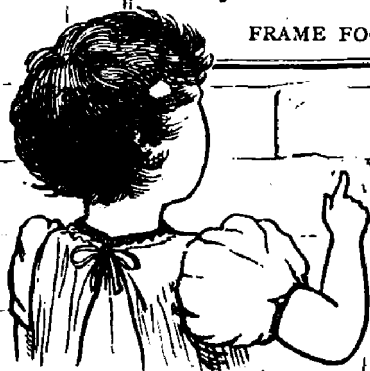
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No. 3.—Vol. I.

JUNE, 1899.

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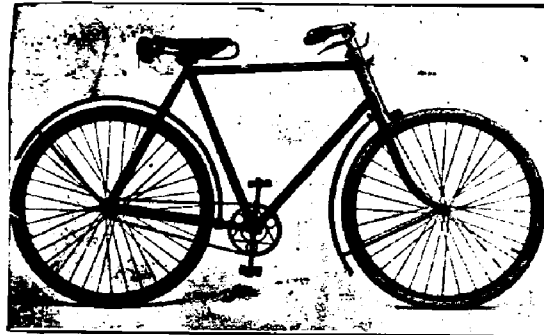
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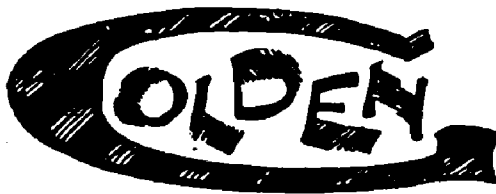
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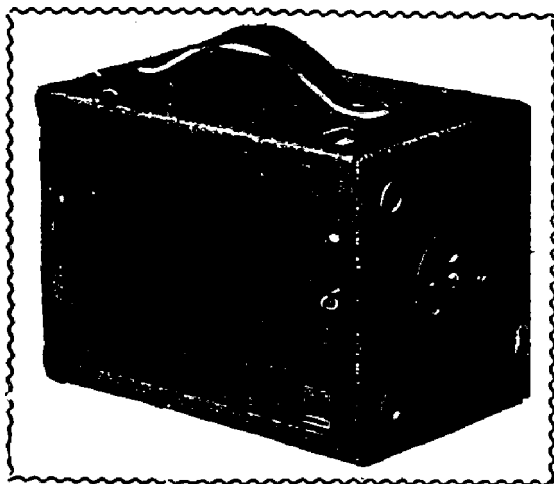
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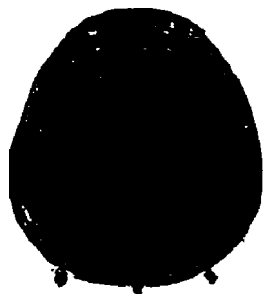
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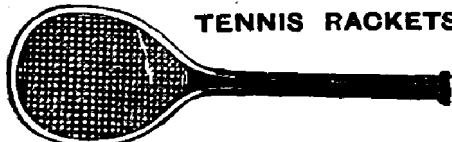
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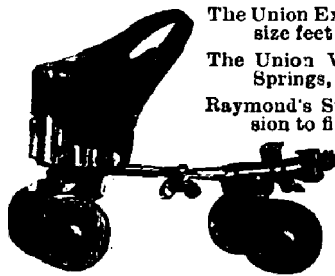
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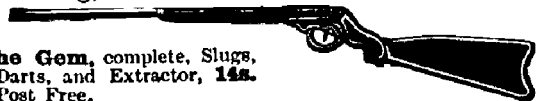
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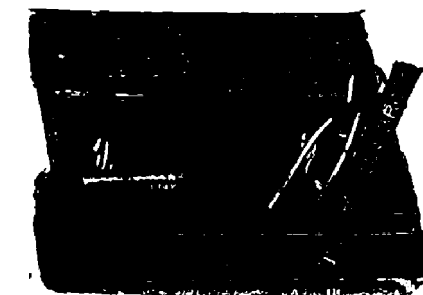
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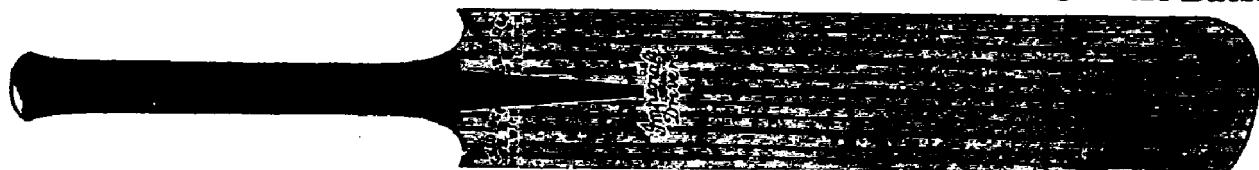
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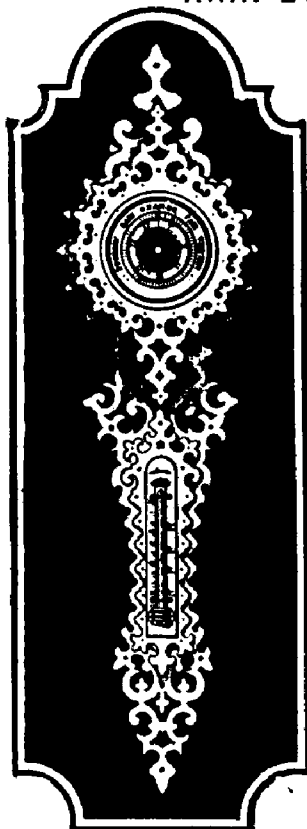
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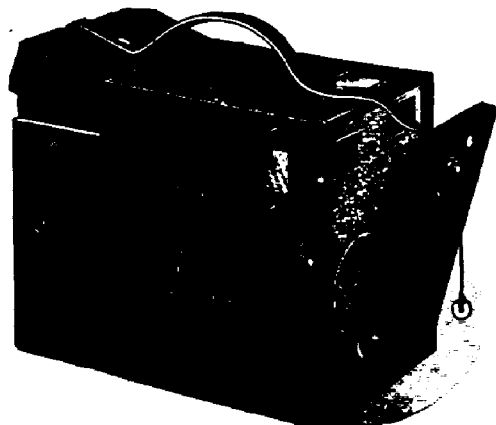
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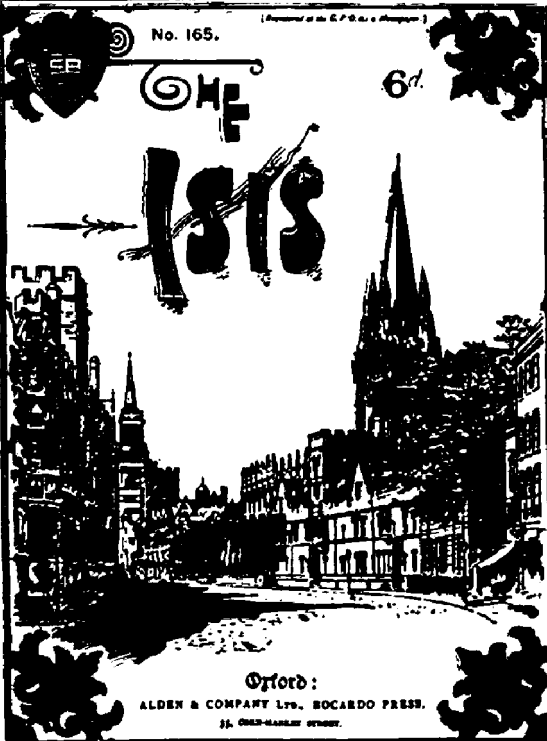
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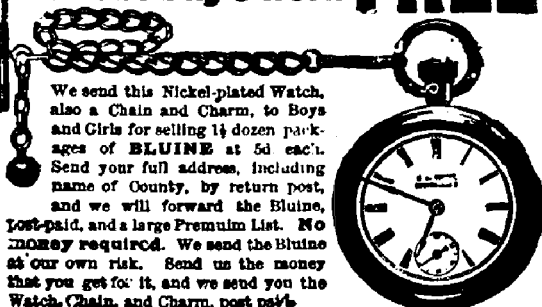
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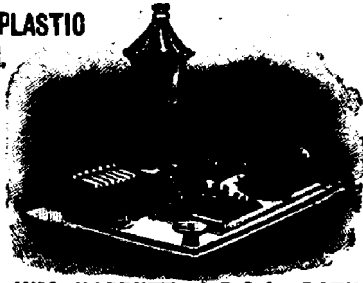
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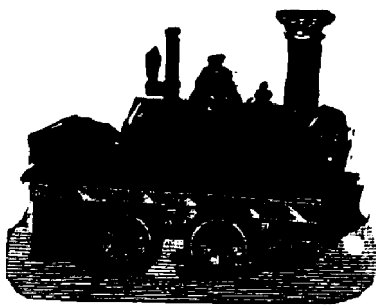
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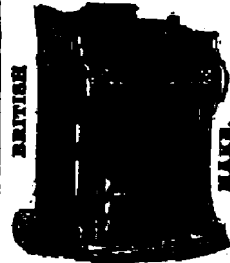


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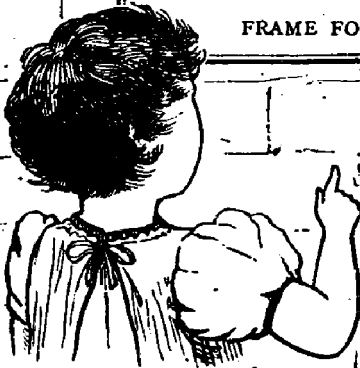


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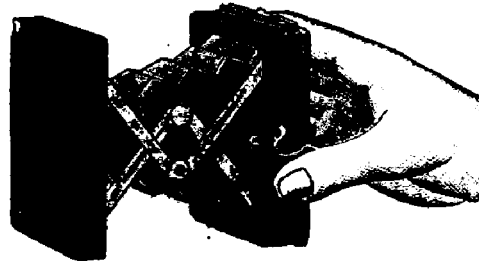
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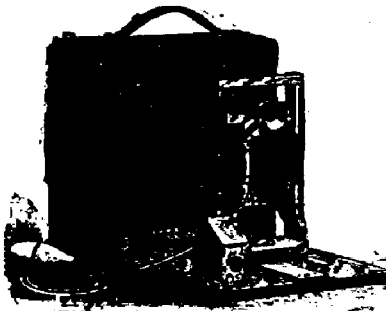
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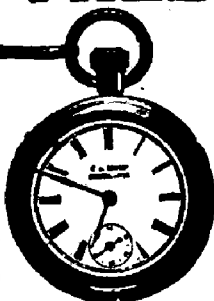


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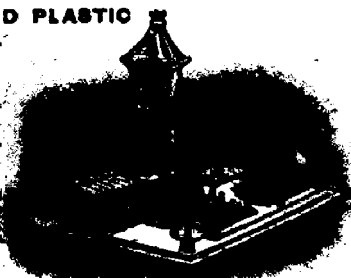
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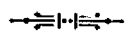
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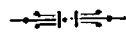
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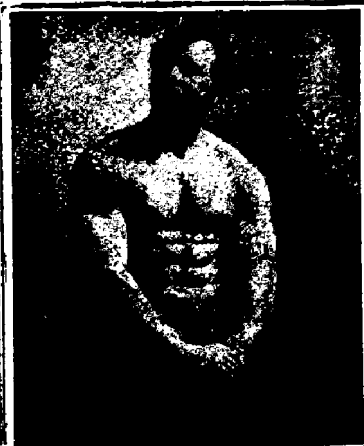
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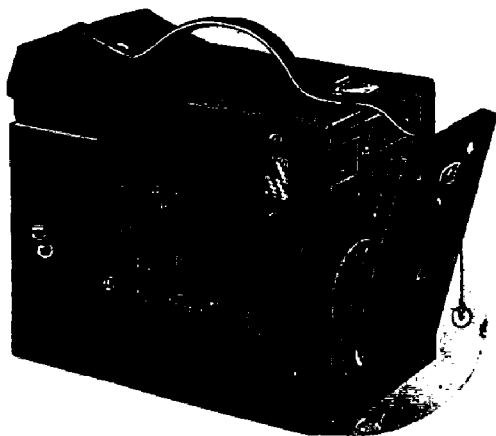
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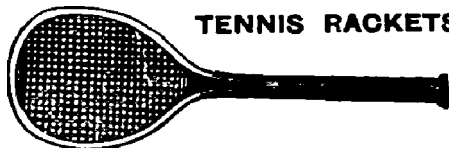
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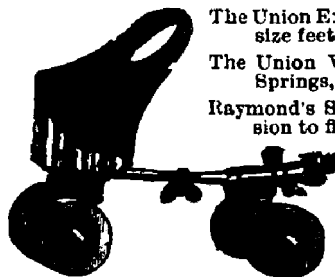
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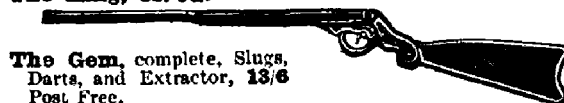


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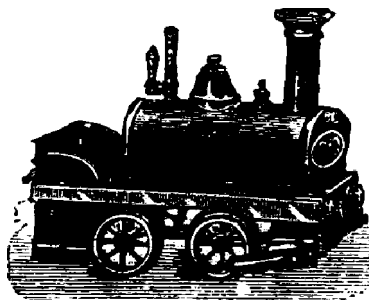
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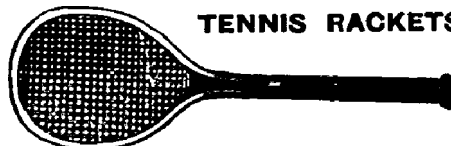
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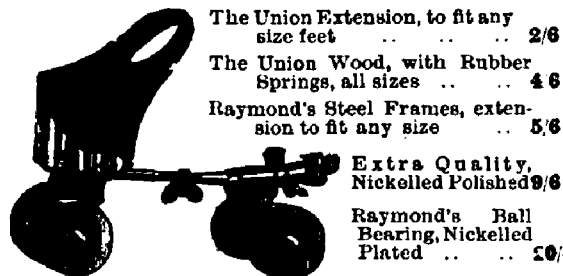
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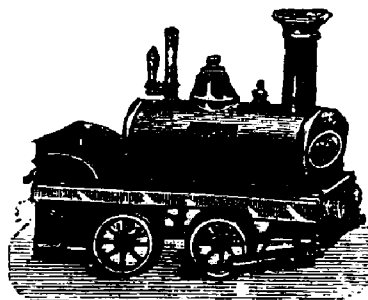
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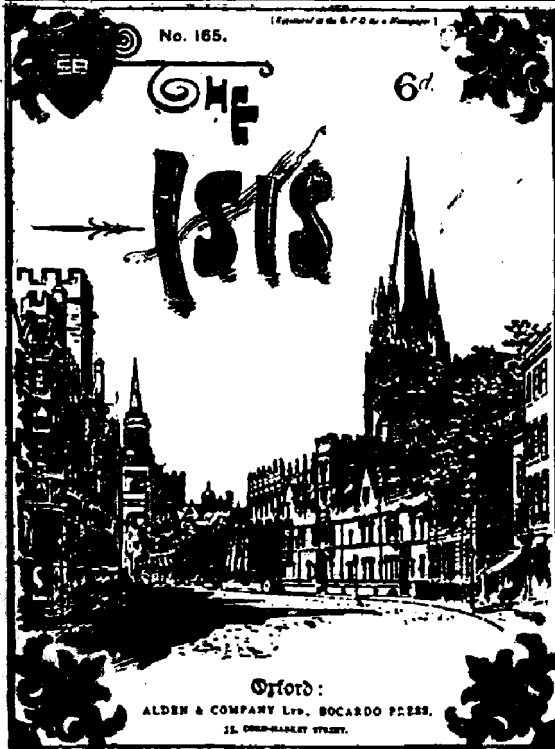
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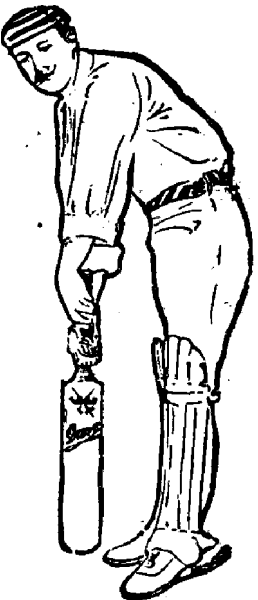
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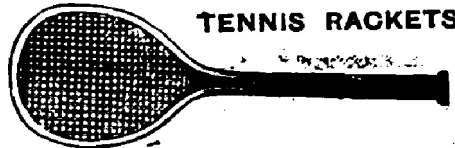
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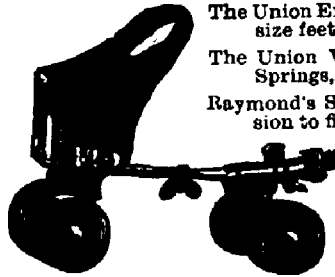
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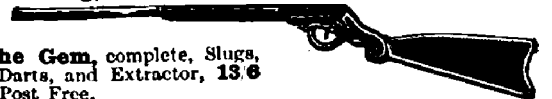
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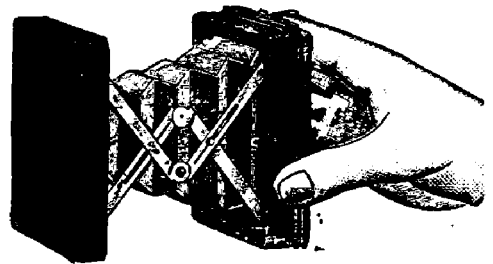
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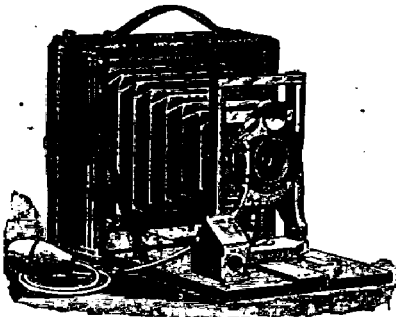
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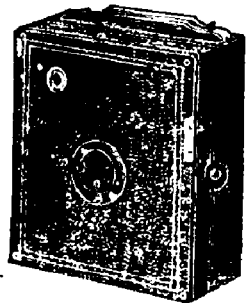
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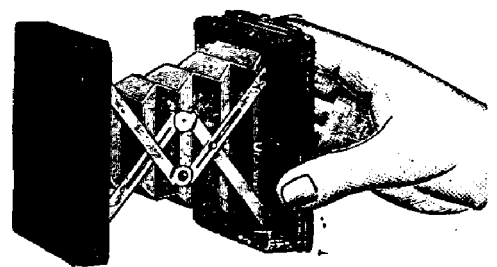
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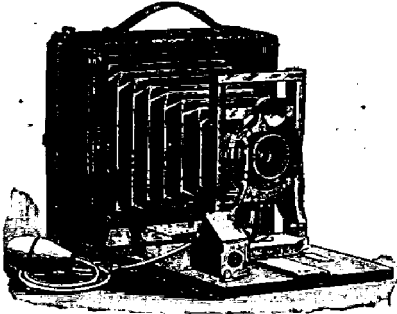
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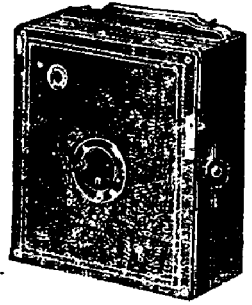


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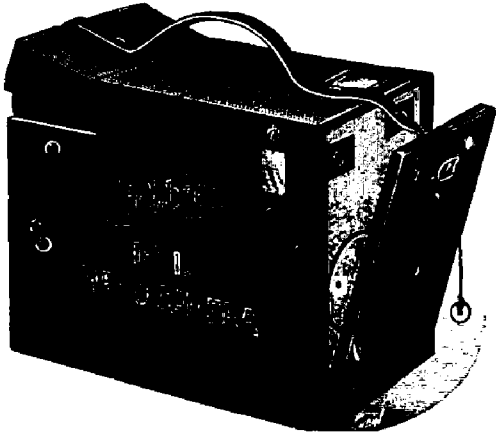
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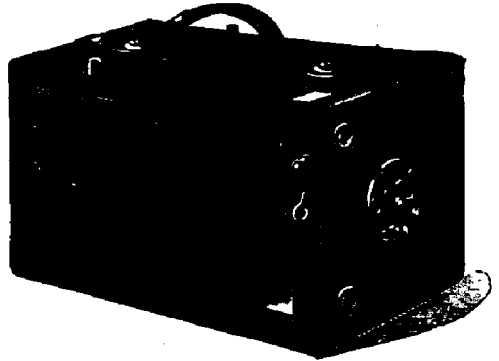
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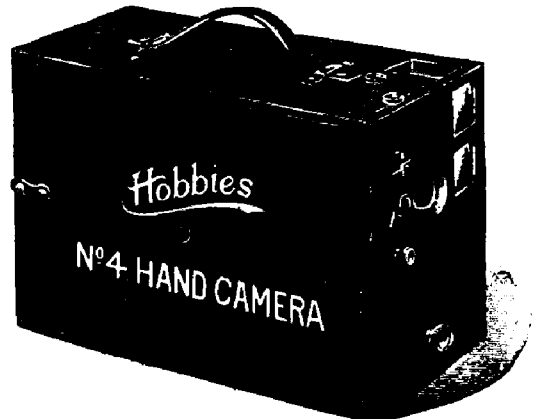
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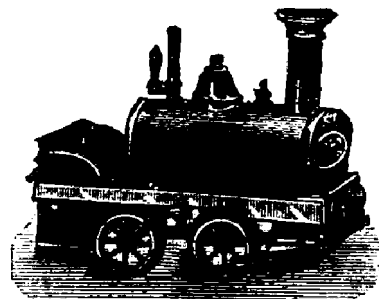
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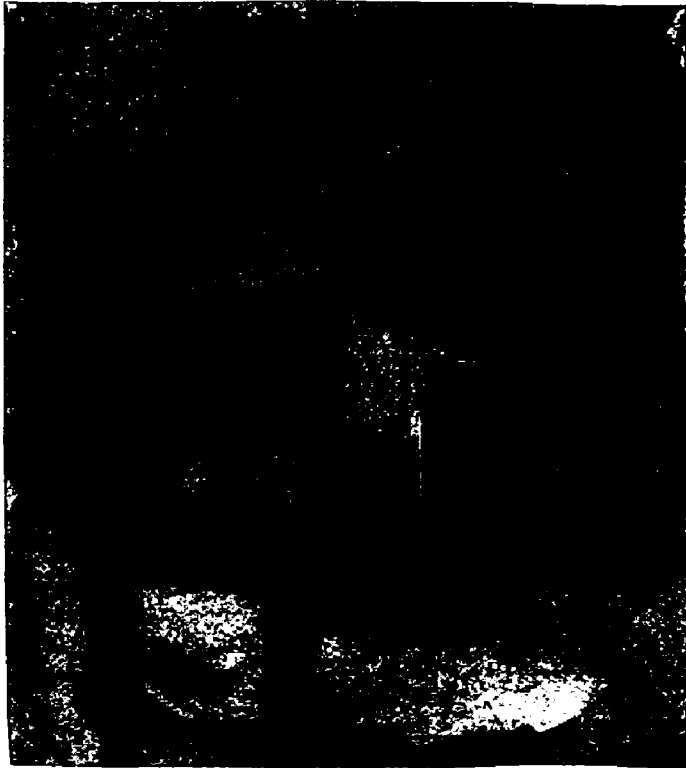
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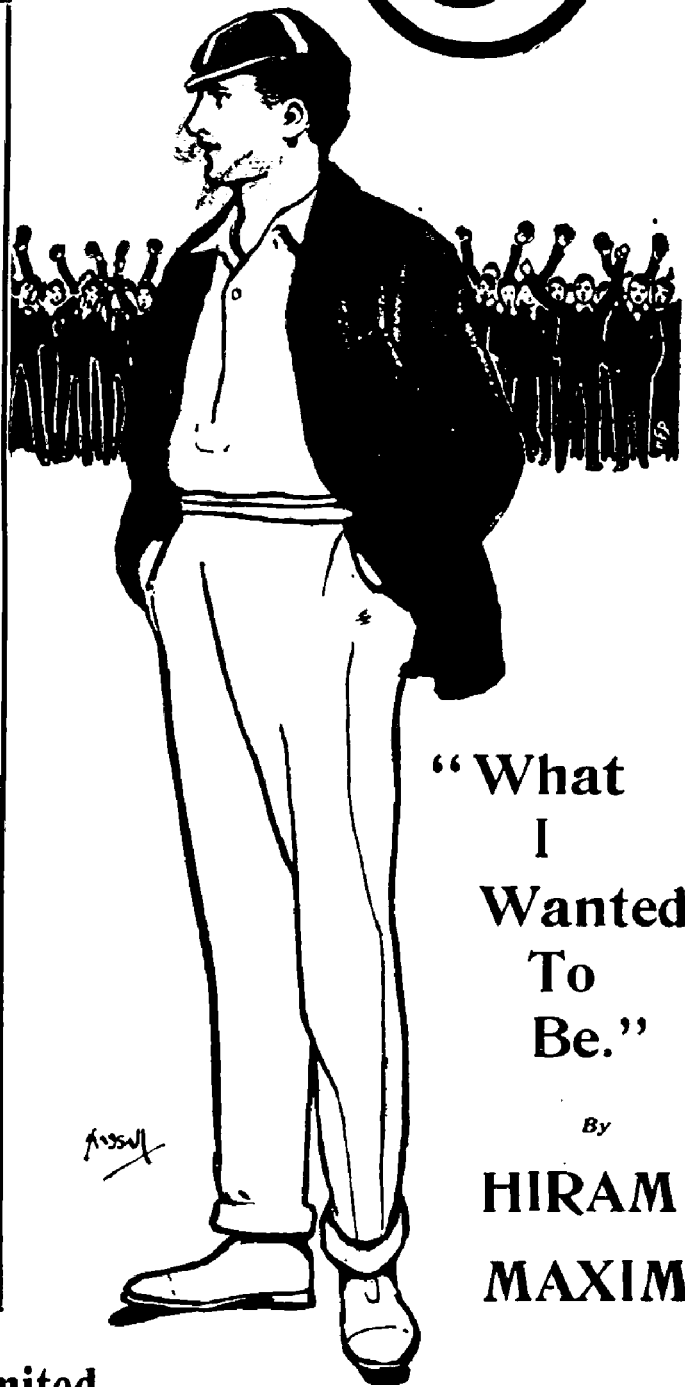
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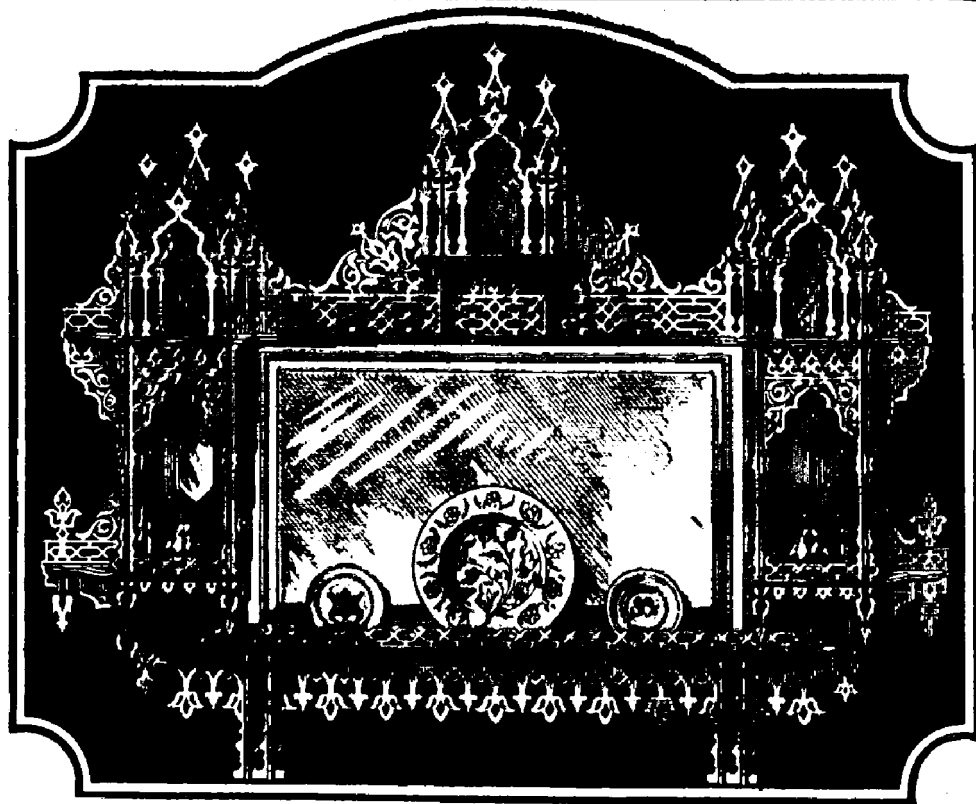
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THE CAPTAIN.

Contents for September, 1899.

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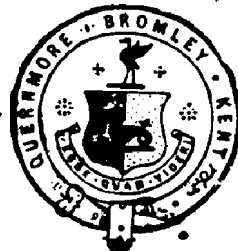
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46th	H. Blount 8,285	54th	J. H. Slade Powell 8,390
66th	*C. J. Everard 7,949	63rd	J. W. Renny-Tailyour... .. 8,048
68th	D. R. Wright 7,910	65th	A. C. Gunter 7,978
79th	F. T. L. Gaskell 7,733	72nd	T. R. Fraser-Bate 7,709
96th	H. M. Stocker 7,345	74th	G. E. Smart 7,626
102nd	H. T. C. Broadbent 7,161	85th	G. K. Gregson 7,266
Militia Artillery ...	H. R. Adams 5,096	Militia Artillery ...	F. E. Koebel —

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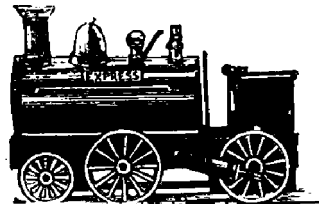
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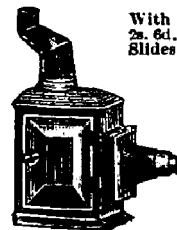
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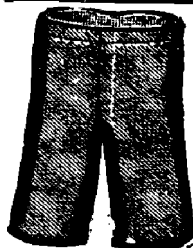
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