



*Crawford 2392*

# THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE  
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."



VOL. II.

**OCTOBER, 1899, to MARCH, 1900.**

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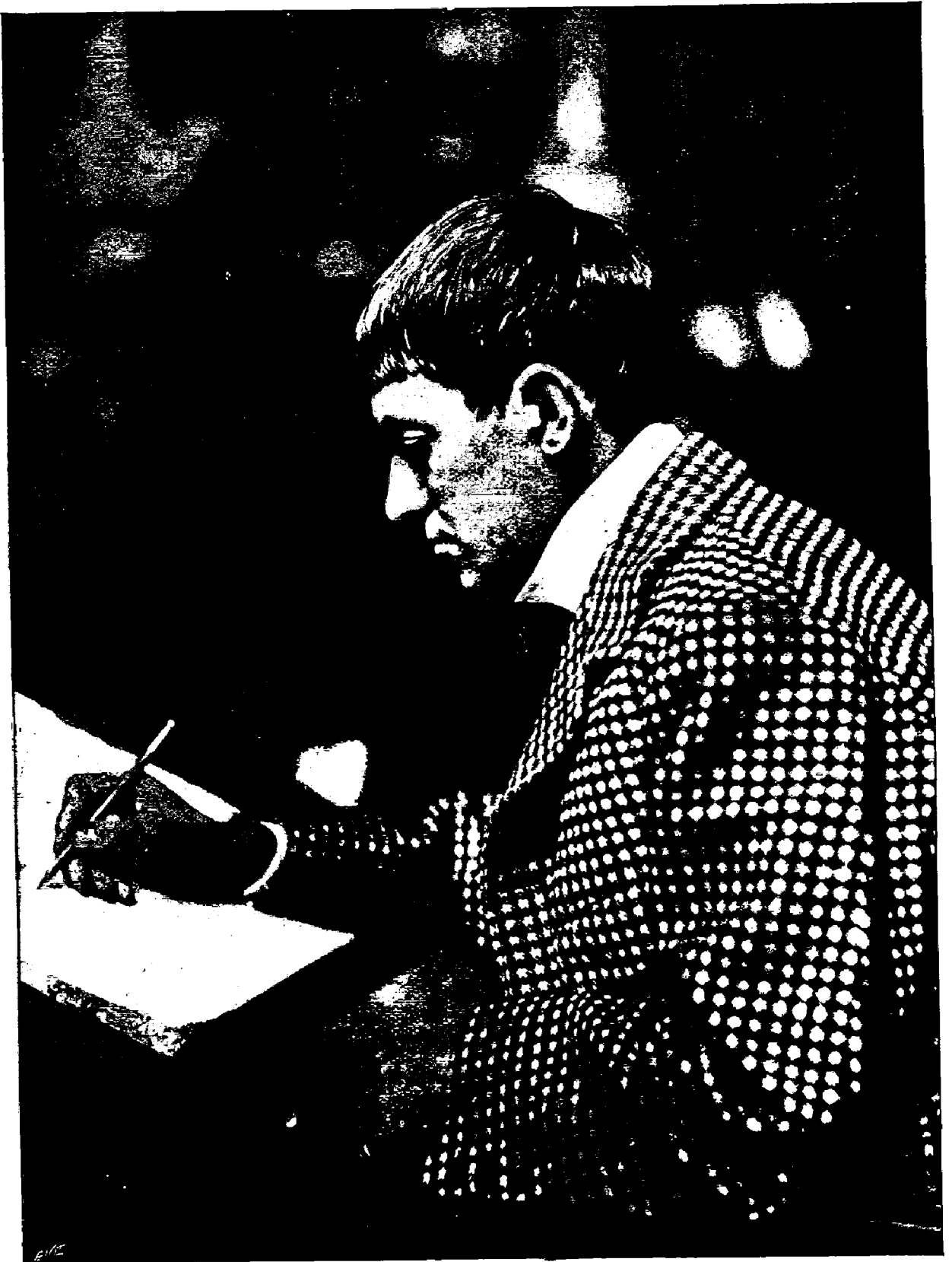
# INDEX.

ANONYMOUS EDITOR, THE. By the REV. JOHN HUDSON, M.A. ...	454
(Illustrated by T. W. HOLMES.)	
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. By THE EDITOR ...	101, 206, 369, 413, 509, 605
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. By C. B. FRY ...	40, 128, 248, 336, 446, 534
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. By A. E. MANNING FOSTER ...	59, 153, 382
ART OF TAKING AIM, THE ...	449
(Illustrated by FRANK FELLER.)	
ASHLEY MINOR OF THE SCHOOL HOUSE. By SIDNEY ARNOLD PHELPS ...	90
(Illustrated by W. J. URQUHART.)	
ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL, and How to Play It. By C. B. FRY ...	126, 246, 334
AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA. By ALEC G. PEARSON ...	230
(Illustrated by GEORGE HAWLEY.)	
BAR OUT AT THE LYCÉE ST. JACQUES, THE. By G. CADOGAN ROTHERY ...	63
(Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.)	
BLACK ART. By "YE MICROBE" ...	254
BOER'S ACCOUNT OF MAJUBA, A. By FISHER VANE ...	251
(Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.)	
BOLD BUCCANEER, A. By L. P. MOORE ...	191
(Illustrated by GEORGE HAWLEY.)	
BOY KING, A: HIS SAYINGS AND DOINGS ...	496
(With Illustrations from Photographs.)	
BOYS' MAGAZINES, THE FIRST ...	383
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS ...	103, 201, 311, 410, 506, 569
CECIL ALDIN, AN HOUR WITH. By THE OLD FAG ...	419
(Illustrated with Pictures by MR. ALDIN, and from Photographs.)	
CHESS NOTES AND PROBLEMS. By THE CHESS EDITOR ...	101, 167, 287, 407, 592
CHRISTMAS, A LITTLE SERMON ON. By THE CHAPLAIN ...	277
CHRISTMAS AT THE ASYLUM. By HAMILTON WILLIAMS, M.A. ...	232
(Illustrated by TOM BROWNE, R.B.A.)	
CHRISTMAS ON THE RAILWAY. By J. A. KAY ...	261
(Illustrated by T. W. HOLMES.)	
CHRISTMAS CRACKER, THE ...	330
CHRISTMAS WITH A TIGER. By H. HERVEY ...	392
(Illustrated by SHERIE.)	
CHRISTMAS WITH MANVILLE FENN. By KEBLE HOWARD ...	211
(Illustrated by SOPER, WHITWELL, HODGSON, and from Photographs.)	
CONJURING FOR LIFE. By A. T. STORY ...	543
(Illustrated by G. M. DODSHON.)	
CURING A SNORER. By H. ST. JOHN SEAMER ...	258
(Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.)	
DOGS' PARLIAMENT, THE. By LOUIS WAIN ...	522
END OF HIS JOURNEY, THE. By ATHOL FORBES ...	356
(Illustrated by E. IBBETSON.)	
ETON BOYS' DAY, AN. By C. LEIGH PEMBERTON ...	11
(With Illustrations from Photographs by ALFRED JOHNSON.)	
"EXECUTION" OF WILLIE DENVER, THE. By H. HILD ...	501
(Illustrated by W. J. URQUHART.)	
GAME OF RUGGA FOOTBALL, THE. By HAMILTON WILLIAMS, M.A. ...	168
GOING TO CATCH A TRAIN. By LOUIS WAIN ...	295
HARD CASE, A. By WILLIAM MACMILLAN ...	196
(Illustrated by J. LITTLER.)	

## INDEX.

	44, 154, 219, 340, 470, 579
HEART OF THE PRAIRIE, THE. By JOHN MACKIE (Illustrated by STEWART BROWNE.)	579
HEROES OF THE LINE. By J. A. KAY (Illustrated by T. W. HOLMES.)	389
HIGHER EDUCATION OF TERENCE MAXWELL, THE. By SOPHIE L. MACINTOSH (Illustrated by IVESTER LLOYD.)	573
HINTS TO SCHOOL FOOTBALL CAPTAINS. By C. B. FRY	38
HIS FIRST CASE. By JOHN PATRICK (Illustrated by IVESTER LLOYD.)	463
HOW BLAKE WENT BACK TO SCHOOL. By ERNEST JENKINS (Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.)	174
HOW PHIL MAY WON SUCCESS. By THE EDITOR (Illustrated by PHIL MAY.)	3
HOW SMITH SHOT A BEAR. By FRED WHISHAW (Illustrated by H. E. BUTLER.)	142
HOW SPARKES CONDUCTED A TIGER "SHOOT." By H. HERVEY (Illustrated by G. M. DODDSON.)	491
HOW TO BECOME A PHONOGRAPHER. By A. E. M. F.	401
HOW TO BOX. By JEM MACE, JUNR. (Illustrated by Diagrams.)	362, 499, 602
HUNTER HUNTED, A. By FRED WHISHAW (Illustrated by H. E. BUTLER.)	278
HUNTING STORIES, SOME (Illustrated by HARRINGTON BIRD.)	460
INTERVIEW WITH THE DOCTOR, AN. By H. ST. JOHN SEAMER (Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.)	593
JACK TAR'S CHRISTMAS CARGO. By P. V. BRADSHAW	269
JOHN HENRY'S FLYING MACHINE. By ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY (Illustrated by TOM BROWNE, R.B.A.)	552
JULES VERNE AT HOME. By ADOLPHE BRISSON (With Illustrations from Photographs.)	107
LITTLE DON, THE. By HERBERT DUDLEY LAMPEN (Illustrated by T. W. HOLMES.)	170
LONDON PIGEON AT HOME, THE. By HARRY HOW (With Illustrations from Photographs.)	482
MACDONALD, V.C. By DAN WINSLOW (Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.)	369
MATCH AND A MARRIAGE, A. By G. RAVEN DALE (Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.)	183
MATCH FOR A MILLION, A. By HAROLD MACFARLANE (Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.)	237
MR. TUSSAUD AND HIS WAX MODELS. By THE EDITOR (With Illustrations from Photographs.)	515
NATURAL HISTORY NOTES (AUTUMN). By A. E. JOHNSON	194
NEW GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, THE. By W. W. MAYLAND (With Illustrations from Photographs by ALFRED JOHNSON.)	60, 124, 254, 354, 432, 560
NICE BOY, A. By R. NEISH (Illustrated by H. S. GREIG.)	41
NOTABLE LOCOMOTIVES PAST AND PRESENT. By J. A. KAY (With Illustrations from Photographs.)	81
ON THE VELDT. By J. L. HORNIBROOK (Illustrated by H. E. BUTLER.)	562
PANTOMIMES. By C. HUBERT WOLFF	235
PERIL OF TWO, THE. By GEORGE G. FARQUHAR (Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.)	456
PETER AND THE DEWBERRY CUP. By ALFRED COCHRANE (Illustrated by E. J. SKINNER.)	525
<b>PORTICAL EXTRACTS:</b>	
"LOYALTY"	31
"DUTY"	123
"CHRISTMAS"	217
"THE NEW YEAR"	322
"GLORY"	430
"RESOLUTION"	523
PUBLIC SCHOOL CADET CORPS. By ARTHUR J. IRELAND (With Illustrations from Photographs.)	136
PUBLIC SCHOOL CUSTOMS, CURIOUS. By C. L. MCCLUER STEVENS (With Illustrations by J. JOHNSON, and from Photographs.)	328
PUBLIC SCHOOL FOOTBALL CAPTAINS: Westminster, Grocers' Company, Tonbridge, Dublin, Denstone College, Merchant Taylors', Portsmouth	216
PUZZLE KING, A CHAT WITH THE. By THE EDITOR (With Illustrations from Puzzles and from Photographs.)	315
<b>PUZZLES:</b>	
"THE WAY TO PRETORIA." By "SPHINX"	313
"JOBERT'S GUNS"	513

RAMBLE ROUND ST. PETERSBURG, A. By H. A. SAMS	467
(With Illustrations from Photographs.)	
RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS:	
AUGUST...	104
SEPTEMBER	208
OCTOBER	312
NOVEMBER	416
DECEMBER	512
JANUARY	608
RODEN SCHOLARSHIP, THE. By FRED SWAINSON	402
(Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.)	
ROLLY POLEY'S REWARD. By the REV. SPENCER J. GIBB	384
(Illustrated by G. HENRY EVISON.)	
RUGBY, SOME HINTS ON. By C. B. FRY	533
SACKY THOMSON. By JESSIE POPE	337
(Illustrated by F. PATTERSON.)	
SCHOOL CRICKET RESULTS	94, 245
SCHOOL MAGAZINES REVIEWED	97, 202, 408, 600
SCHOOLS, PHOTOS OF:	
Wellington, Shrewsbury, Mill Hill, Rugby, Christ College (Brecon), Independent College (Taunton)	122
St. Paul's, Wesley College (Dublin), Bradfield, New College (Eastbourne), Bancroft's, Leamington	323
Perse, Bedford, Darlington, Whitgift, Monmouth, Blackburn	431
Clifton, Malvern, Sir Walter St. John's, Llandoverly, George Heriot's, Nonconformist Grammar (Bishop's Stortford)	524
SMALL MALIGNANT, A. By ARTHUR KING	32
(Illustrated by SHERIE.)	
SOME DOGS I HAVE KNOWN. By TOM BROWNE, R.B.A.	276
SOME PRETTY SISTERS	30
SPECIAL PAGES. Contributed by Readers	288, 353, 507, 570
"SPHINX'S" PUZZLES, SOLUTIONS TO	598
(Illustrated with Diagrams.)	
STAMP COLLECTOR, THE. Conducted by H. M. GOOCH.	
III.—STAMP PORTRAITURE	71
IV.—TRANSVAAL STAMPS WORTH OBTAINING	179
V.—NEW ISSUE COLLECTING	285
VI.—WAR: ITS EFFECT ON POSTAGE STAMPS	397
VII.—GERMAN COLONIAL ISSUES	488
STAR OF MUHAMMAD, THE. By the REV. E. E. BRADFORD, B.A.	187
(Illustrated by H. S. GREIG.)	
STORY OF THE CYCLE, THE. By WALTER DEXTER	365
(With Illustrations from Old Prints.)	
STRANGE MISADVENTURE OF MENDELSSOHN MILLS. By HAROLD AVERY	296
(Illustrated by G. MALCOLM PATTERSON.)	
TALES OF GREYHOUSE SCHOOL. By R. S. WARREN BELL.	
I.—SIR BILLY	19
II.—HOW THE BREACH WAS HEALED	115
III.—THE END OF A RUN	267
IV.—THE PROFESSOR AND THE PLOT	373
V.—JUST IN TIME!	436
VI.—THE END OF THE BATTLE	536
(Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.)	
"THE OLD FAG"—EDITORIAL	59, 204, 307, 411, 508, 604
THINGS THAT MONEY CANNOT BUY	43
TIP MICROBE, THE. By A. T. STORY	324
(Illustrated by STEWART BROWNE.)	
TIPPING HIM A STAVE! By T. W. HOLMES	321
TREVELYAN'S DARING. By V. L. GOING	129
(Illustrated by GEORGE HAWLEY.)	
UP THE STEEPLE. By CHARLES EDWARDES	75
(Illustrated by T. W. HOLMES.)	
WAY A LETTER IS SENT THROUGH THE POST, THE. By J. A. K.	96
"WHAT I WANTED TO BE." SOME BOYISH ASPIRATIONS OF FAMOUS MEN	29, 113
WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK. By HORACE IRVING	303
(Illustrated by W. J. URQUHART.)	
WHEN TEDDY SULKED. By KEBLE HOWARD	87
(Illustrated by T. W. HENRY.)	
WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL. Conducted by A. E. MANNING FOSTER.	
VI.—THE LAW AS A PROFESSION. By J. HARPER SCAIFE, LL.B.	57
VII.—MEDICINE	151
VIII.—THE CAPE MOUNTED RIFLES	380
IX.—HOW TO BECOME A SOLDIER	549
WRECK, RAISING A	556
(With Illustrations by GÜLICH, and from Photographs.)	



*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry.*

Tom and Hally  
Phil May

# HOW *Phil May* WON SUCCESS

BY THE EDITOR.

*The*

STORY of this great black-and-white artist's early struggles drives home a fine moral.

It would almost seem that in order to succeed you must first starve; and then, so that you may eat, you must work; and that work will be your best, for upon it your very life will depend.

It is practically the "Romance of an Empty Stomach"—this chronicle of Phil May's artistic career. I will tell you now how Fortune frowned upon him, how he wrestled with her, and how he conquered her.

To-day Phil May sits complaisantly—but not in any sense conceitedly—on the topmost bough of that high tree called Fame. His careless signature is familiar to everybody. Here and there, of course, you may come across a person who has never heard of Phil May, but then—you may know the story—there was

of bells, and a villager, asking the local sexton who was dead, was informed that the great departed was no less a person than the Duke of Wellington; whereupon the villager replied: "The Dook of Wellington! 'Oo's 'e?" I take it, however, that my readers are acquainted with Phil May's work and name, that they have

laughed over his pictures in *Punch*, the *Graphic*, and other papers, and have spent many merry Christmas hours with his *Annual*. So now to his history.

Years and years ago there lived a great railway engineer named George Stephenson, and on a stool in this gentleman's drawing office at Newcastle sat an apprentice called May. This apprentice in time reached man's estate, and married a Miss McCarthy, of Wolverhampton.

In 1864 Mr. May started a brass foundry with another gentleman; but the other gentleman ran away with all the "brass," and left



OFF TO BARNET WOODS.

once a solemn tolling

with another gentleman; but the other gentleman ran away with all the "brass," and left



Phil May

"HELP THE POOR CROSSIN'-SWEEPER, MY LORD?"  
"CAN'T; HAVEN'T GOT A BROOM!"



"SPARE A COPPER, SIR; I'VE A STARVING WIFE AND FAMILY AT HOME, SIR."

Mr. May with merely a foundry and nothing to carry it on with. At this period "Phil" was born.

His birth did not take place under auspicious circumstances, and after-events did not tend to brighten his prospects. His father died when he was nine years old, and, his mother being left badly off, young Phil was sent to a Board School. He was a delicate little fellow, and the other boys "bully-ragged" him incessantly. However, Phil was always of a cheerful temperament, took his lickings like a man, and got away from school as soon as an opportunity offered. This came unusually early, for he began to earn money when he was twelve. It was thus: Phil May lived at Leeds, and got to know the son of the scene-painter at the Grand Theatre. With other choice spirits, the two boys used to perform pantomimes in the street behind the theatre. Nothing was omitted. The star-traps were all marked out, and they made their descents by flinging themselves on their faces in the muddy road. This was an artistic thirst for correct detail with a vengeance! Phil May was always the Fairy Queen, and gravely waved an old stick in lieu of the customary wand.

Well, when it rained, Phil and the scene-painter's son used to roam about inside the theatre, and Phil soon evinced talent in the paint-room. Soon he got to designing comic dresses and masks, and so expert did he prove himself that he used to draw the comedians in their "war-paint" at a shilling a head to begin with, but afterwards at five shillings. Finding that he could thus earn a modest income, he left home and shared lodgings with some other boys. Thus he went on until he was fourteen or fifteen, when he obtained an engagement with a travelling burlesque company. He had to play small parts, and do six sketches every week to serve as window-bills in the various small towns they visited. For these services he received the tremendous salary of twelve shillings a week.

When Phil May turned seventeen he determined that it was high time to strike out and do something better—and more profitable.

"Why," he asked himself, "should I linger on in the provinces at twelve shillings a week, when I might be making twelve pounds a week in London?"

He had never been to London—the wonderful city of infinite possibilities. He determined to go to London; so he scraped and saved, and at length got together enough cash to pay his fare up, and then to London he went. His finances consisted of one sovereign. His ticket cost him most of this, and the rest he squandered on a hearty supper on reaching the metropolis.

Then he found himself penniless, and promptly repaired to the house of his aunt, who lived in Islington, and who was married to an actor. His step-uncle's welcome was hardly what you would call cordial, but he took young May out and showed him London, fed him up, and then bought him a ticket, and put him in a Leeds train, advising him to "go home and stay there."





AMATEUR FISHERMAN: "ARE THERE ANY FISH TO BE CAUGHT HERE, MY MAN?"  
 BOATMAN: "NO, ZUR, YOU CAUGHT 'EM ALL THE LAST TIME AS YOU WAS HERE!"

"Good-bye, uncle," said Phil, putting his hand out of the window.

"Good-bye, my boy," said the step-uncle. "Don't forget to write and tell us of your safe arrival."

Young Phil promised he would write, and then, with a last affectionate handshake, step-uncle and step-nephew parted.

On reaching the very first station the train stopped at young Phil got out, and started walking back to London. It wasn't far, but it was very cold, and he had no money, and

didn't dare show his nose at his step-uncle's again. He felt very miserable, but in spite of everything he set his teeth, stuck out his chin, and somehow succeeded in accomplishing the difficult task of living on nothing a day.

He very nearly starved to death. He used to go into public-houses and beg for the broken biscuits. He used to sleep under bridges, in out-houses, in Covent Garden — anywhere. Meanwhile it was bitterly cold, and he was thin and delicate. Somehow he lived on — his chief capital a bad cough and empty



pockets. But he lived on. On one occasion he found he had nothing worth bartering for food except an old walking-stick. He saw a little boy eating some bread and bacon. He approached the boy, exchanged the walking-stick for the bread and bacon, and so *dined* that day.

Then he set about doing little sketches, and trying to sell them to people. He frankly admits that if he had had enough money to buy the necessary coloured chalks he would have done landscapes, and seascapes, and portraits of the Royal Family on pavements; but he couldn't afford to buy the chalks.

One day he did a drawing—in pen-and-ink—of Irving, Bancroft, and Toole, and sold it to the proprietor of a photograph shop, and so earned money, had a big dinner, and sang a song of thanksgiving.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF PHIL MAY, DRAWN BY HIMSELF FOR "THE CAPTAIN."

*St. Stephen's Review*. A Christmas number was being issued, but unfortunately the illustrations had been arranged for. So the editor couldn't give the young artist any work, and once more poor Phil was on his beam ends. He was only eighteen. He had suffered great disappointment and privation. All combined made him ill, and in a very dejected condition he went back to Leeds. Hardly had he reached home when a telegram was sent recalling him to London. The artist previously engaged to do the Christmas pictures for the *St. Stephen's Review* had bungled over his work, and Phil May was called in to do the whole lot over again—cartoon, illustrations, cover, and initial letters—in a week! He returned to London post-haste, hired a room in a small hotel, and, working day and night, finished the whole thing—and

The drawing of the celebrated theatrical trio attracted attention. Mr. Lionel Brough purchased the original, and introduced the young artist to the editor of a little paper called *Society*, for which Phil May did some work. But he suffered long spells of penury and lived from hand to mouth if ever boy did. At last a drawing of Mr. Bancroft in *Society* won him an introduction to the

was paid!

That was the biggest sum he had ever earned. But alack and alas! Phil was ever thriftless, and the handsome cheque soon melted down to sixpence. But he was proud. At lunch-time and dinner-time he used to put on his hat, and walk out as if he were going to lunch and dinner elsewhere. The proprietor of the little hotel in question, who was also a club-waiter, found out Phil's little ruse, and when he came home at three or four in the morning



A STUDY FROM PHIL MAY'S SKETCH-BOOK.



AN ARTIST FRIEND OF PHIL MAY'S.

would dig out the poor artist and make him share his modest supper. When, shame-facedly, Phil said he couldn't pay, the waiter told him not to trouble about that. He was one of the good fairies of Phil May's struggling youth, and the great artist of to-day has not forgotten the warm-hearted little waiter of yesterday.

In time Phil May became staff artist to the *St. Stephen's Review*, and earned regular money. Whilst thus engaged an agent came from Australia to discover an artist for the *Sydney*

*Bulletin*. Phil May was extremely delicate, and a warm climate was just what he wanted to set him up and make a man of him. He went, and remained in Australia until his work in the *Bulletin* made him famous. When he returned to this country he was hailed as a great worker in black-and-white. One commission led to another. The best-known papers and magazines



ARDENT POLITICIAN (evidently playing his trump card): "O, THAT'S ALL VERY WELL; BUT LOOK HERE, WHAT ABOUT THE 'OUSE OF LORDS?"

SCOFFER: "'OUSE OF LORDS BE BLOWED! TALK OF SOME PLACE YOU KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT—WHAT ABOUT HOLLOWAY GAOL?"

vied with each other in obtaining his work. He out-distanced all competitors. Success gave new humour and audacity to his pen. He advanced upwards by leaps and bounds, and at length won the blue ribbon of a black-and-white artist's career—a staff appointment on *Punch*.

That is, briefly, the story of Phil May's struggles and triumphs. The privations he suffered would have killed off many men of far stronger physique. Remember, all the time he was fighting for bread in London he was in reality an invalid. As I said before, he set his teeth, stuck out his chin, and showed the world what sort of stuff Phil May was made of. Boys in good health, in comfortable homes, and with parents in comfortable circumstances, often begin to lose heart and to think that it's no use trying any more. Let them remember Phil May and what he accomplished under circumstances most trying and disheartening.

I am sorry I cannot describe to you Mr. Phil May's furniture, household gods, garden, and pets. When I went to see him the other day he was temporarily residing in a friend's house, as the new home he is building for himself in Hampstead is not yet finished. He used to live in Holland Park Road, Kensington, close to the late Lord Leighton, and not far from famous brethren of the brush in the persons of G. F. Watts, Luke Fildes, Marcus Stone, and Val Prinsep. He has

Vol. ii.—2.



MR. KINGHORNE AS "SNECKY" IN "THE LITTLE MINISTER."

quitted Kensington for the more bracing northern heights, which will, I am sure, agree with him far better than the relaxing lowlands he has affected until quite recently.

I spent a couple of hours with the man I have been telling you about, and, to save myself the trouble of uttering platitudes, and you the nuisance of listening to them, I will just content myself with saying that Phil May is, at the present time, quite unspoiled by success, and very generous in his praise of men who do the same sort of work as himself. Phil May is still young, a man of the world, a *raconteur* of parts, and a sportsman. His great exercise is horse-riding. He is a Bohemian to the finger-tips, and keeps open house. He works when he feels like it. Very often he gets up (so he told me) at four in the morning and works steadily till breakfast-time. When this number of *THE CAPTAIN* appears the subject of my sketch will be shooting in the Highlands. He stayed in town all August to finish off promised work, and very hot he must have found it, although Hampstead is cooler than most parts of the metropolis in the dog-days.

When I go to see men like Phil May I always like to tackle them about their methods of work, hours of work, views as to what is called "inspiration," and so on. So I asked Mr. May whether he thought a man could succeed in Art or Literature except by hard work.

"It's just possible he may," was the answer, "if he happens to be a genius; I know a man who paints three small pictures a year, and he's the finest painter living. You may not have heard of him, and your readers may not have heard of him, but for all that those painters and critics who *know* his work agree with me that he is the finest painter alive. He is idle, but he is a genius."

"Well, suppose one is not a genius?"

"Hard work steps in, and almost accomplishes for you what genius would. I tell you, a very little talent can be made to go a very long way if the possessor thereof



JOHN CHINAMAN.



AN IMPERIALIST.

nas heaps of energy and perseverance."

"Ah! I'll tell the boys that!"

"Do. And I say, I work pretty hard, but I don't work so hard now as I did once upon a time; but when I was a youngster *I did work*. You can tell 'em that, too."

"And your motto was —"

"“NEVER SAY DIE!”"



(Several of the Sketches in this interview are reproduced by kind permission of the Publishers of  
 "Phil May's Annual, 1898.")

# AD ETON BOYS' DAY

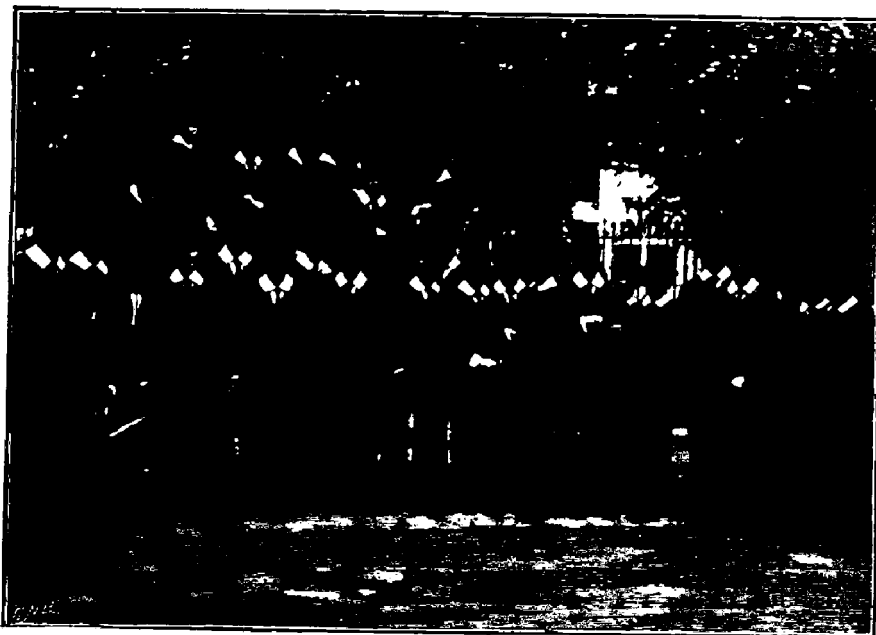
"SHIRKING-STONE," ETON.

With Photographs specially taken for this Article by Alfred Johnson.

"A LITTLE world," Eton has been called by many: a big one it seems to an Eton boy, who perhaps does not know by name one half, nor by sight one quarter, of the odd thousand who are being educated with him. Too big, as a school, I do not think it is; there is plenty of space for all, and enough supervision, both in and out of school hours, to satisfy the most exacting of parents. Only about seventy are collegers -- *i.e.*, boys "on the foundation," commonly known as "tugs" (so called from their gowns -- a rather twisted derivation of toga). The remainder are styled "oppidans," or town boys.

I suppose, as regards work, the daily routine of the life of a public school boy is much the same at all schools. A Lower boy at Eton gets through some eight hours' work in a "whole school" day, including "pupil-room" or "private" with his tutor "after 12," and after "lock up" (a sort of preparation of the work required in school hours, supervised by his tutor, or the master

in whose house he happens to be). Any work uncompleted for the following day is done in the comparative seclusion of his own room. Boys, as they get higher up in the school, have certainly less to do out of



ETON BOYS. A GROUP TAKEN AT THE CANNON.

school hours, and in some respects manage to obtain advantages in school itself over their less fortunate juniors; this is more particularly



AN IMPERIALIST.

nas heaps of energy and perseverance."

"Ah! I'll tell the boys that!"

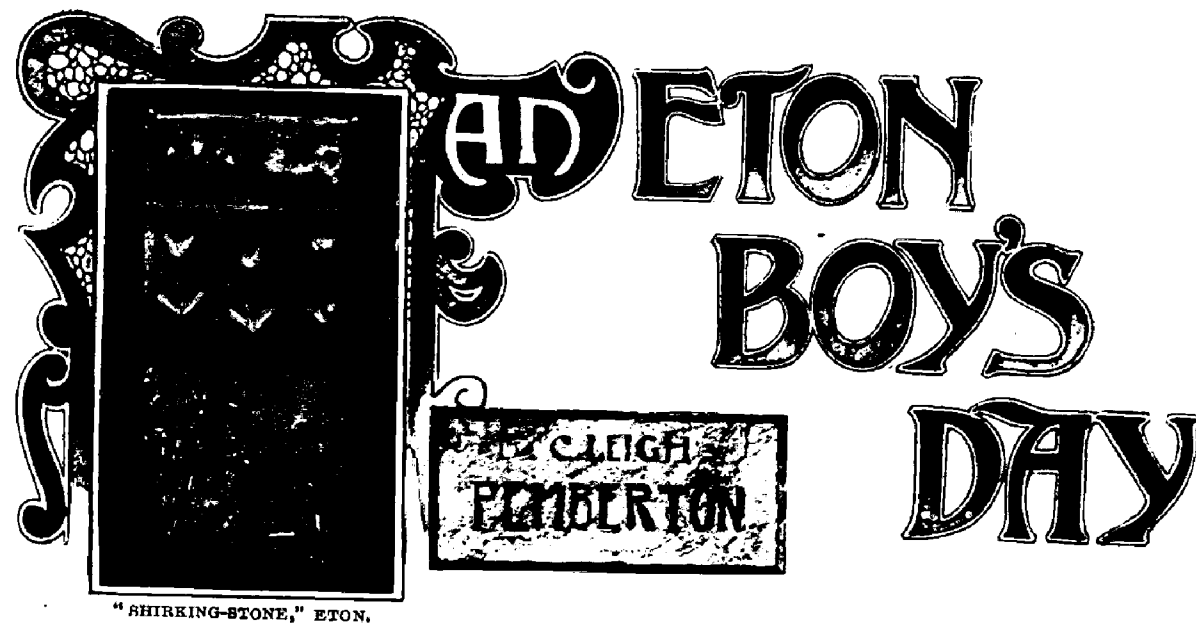
"Do. And I say, I work pretty hard, but I don't work so hard now as I did once upon a time; but when I was a youngster *I did work*. You can tell 'em that, too."

"And your motto was —"

"NEVER SAY DIE!"



(Several of the Sketches in this interview are reproduced by kind permission of the Publishers of "Phil May's Annual, 1898.")



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"A LITTLE world," Eton has been called by many: a big one it seems to an Eton boy, who perhaps does not know by name one half, nor by sight one quarter, of the odd thousand who are being educated with him. Too big, as a school, I do not think it is; there is plenty of space for all, and enough supervision, both in and out of school hours, to satisfy the most exacting of parents. Only about seventy are collegers — *i.e.*, boys "on the foundation," commonly known as "tugs" (so called from their gowns — a rather twisted derivation of toga). The remainder are styled "oppidans," or town boys.

I suppose, as regards work, the daily routine of the life of a public school boy is much the same at all schools. A Lower boy at Eton gets through some eight hours' work in a "whole school" day, including "pupil-room" or "private" with his tutor "after 12," and after "lock up" (a sort of preparation of the work required in school hours, supervised by his tutor, or the master

in whose house he happens to be). Any work uncompleted for the following day is done in the comparative seclusion of his own room. Boys, as they get higher up in the school, have certainly less to do out of



ETON BOYS. A GROUP TAKEN AT THE CANNON.

school hours, and in some respects manage to obtain advantages in school itself over their less fortunate juniors; this is more particularly

the case in "saying lesson" for "first hundred," a delightful item at early school, or during the summer "half," at three o'clock. If one happened to be towards the top of the form, and knew the lines of Ovid, Horace, or Homer, which were set, one was often free a few minutes after school began to make an early breakfast, or run down to the river or playing

playing the services of the time-honoured and expensive "coach."

Meals are held at the same times all through the school, though the quality and quantity naturally vary according to the *régime* of the different houses. At most houses coffee, buns, etc., are provided before early school. Breakfast is, perhaps, looked upon as the most important meal (this being probably the hungriest moment in a boy's day) which reminds me of certain amusing escapades which used to take place at "my tutor's" on this subject. When I first went, cold beef, ham, or brawn, and the like, were provided by the house authorities; this was usually, and more especially by the lucky ones who had plenty of pocket-money or "ticks" at the "sock" shops, supplemented or displaced by hot breakfasts fetched therefrom in slop basins, encased in paper bags; the appearance of fags and others entering the boys' door



fields before eight o'clock summoned you to the next task on the daily list. Three half holidays a week—on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, and a whole (except on a *non dies* always "blessed" with early school) on every saint's day, gives plenty of time for recreation. Let me not leave an impression, however, that it is a case of "all play and no work" with the "Uppers"; this is not so, their extra labour being got through out of school hours with results to compare, I warrant, favourably with most other schools in the kingdom. The army classes are especially well directed and managed, and many a boy can go straight to Sandhurst or Woolwich, without em-



BETWEEN LESSONS: LEAVING THE "NEW SCHOOLS."

with these delicacies not meeting with the approval of my tutor, orders were issued that the practice should be discontinued, and the butler and footmen directed to appropriate any breakfast brought into the house. Sad to relate, however, they continued to be smuggled past the eyes of these worthies *inside the owners' hats*. This trick being discovered, any boy entering the house about breakfast time with



THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH AT LORD'S—AN INTERVAL.

ceedingly popular, and, as there are some forty first-rate courts, plenty of opportunity is given to those who play this splendid game. Racquets is, of course, only played by a small number. The sports, consisting of every known event from steeplechase to "putting the weight," also take place during this "half." Before the Easter holidays make their appearance boating has to a certain extent begun, a proces-

suspiciously stiff and upright head (this attitude was sometimes assumed, with a perfectly empty hat, as a "draw") was pounced upon, and, if at fault, his breakfast confiscated, and his doings reported; a struggle or sudden bolt for the stairs on these occasions creating the most charming excitement, often a broken basin with poached eggs or kidneys on the floor leaving a record of the occurrence. Hot breakfasts, provided by the house, were soon afterwards instituted, and peace reigned once more.

During the first "half" of the year — Easter — fives and the beagles are the general forms of exercise. In my time the pack of beagles kept was good, if somewhat mixed; the one kept now is quite excellent. Meets take place nearly every half holiday, about two hundred boys having the privilege of running, and the field usually consisting of about eighty, with master and whips in the recognised velvet coats and huntsmen's hats. It is seldom that a blank day is met with, the hares being plentiful all round the country, and the neighbouring land-owners and farmers very considerate as to keeping them up. Fives is ex-

sion of the boats on March 1st being the preliminary introduction.

The "half" which is undoubtedly the most popular, and in which there is most to be done, is the summer one. Cricket and rowing are, of course, the principal features, these being pretty evenly divided among the members of the school. The cricket is now supervised



THE CRICKET ELEVEN AT TEA IN THE PLAYING-FIELDS.



more than it was when I first went, Messrs. "Mike" Mitchell and Wells, with one or two "pro's," teaching the juniors, and coaching the school eleven with the greatest ardour. There are some five colours (after the eleven) given for the various "clubs," the first to be obtained (for Lower boys only) being "Sixpenny" (so-called from the name of the field in which this particular game is played).

The rowing or "wet bob" section seldom plays cricket except in the form of "aquatics,"

a game got up amongst themselves, when gloves and pads are, by unwritten rules, tabooed, and slogging is the order of the day. Little time, in fact, have they for the game, especially if entering for any of the many races which take place during this busy period. Anyone paying a visit to the river between Windsor Bridge and Boveney Lock on a summer's afternoon or evening would, I think, be surprised at the number of crafts of different shapes and sizes wending their way up and down between these points. Nine out of ten are propelled by Etonians, small and large, "scug," cap and "boat colours," some making expeditions to Turly Hall or Monkey

Island, others practising for races, which include School, Junior, and Lower boy sculling and "pulling." All of these (except the Lower boy races) are rowed over a distance of some three miles and a quarter—a very fair distance, be it said, for youngsters. Eight-oared pumping races between the Lower boat crews, house fours, and "novice" eights (open to those who are not members of the boats) complete the list. The practice of the eight for Henley Regatta is, of course, an important feature in the rowing season. The crew is

practically settled upon about four weeks beforehand, and coached very assiduously, and, as events have proved, very satisfactorily, by Mr. de Haviland (O.U.B.C.). Up to 1892 the crew always journeyed to Henley in a wagonette drawn by four horses with postilions, a very gorgeous equipage, with much Eton blue about it. The practice has, however, since been abandoned, it having been considered a more tiring mode of progression than the prosaic railway. There is always more excitement

perhaps when Radley are met than is the case with the Varsity College crews, and Eton has in previous years had many a good race with this school, which usually proves to be a tenacious antagonist.

It may be said, I think, that a "wet bob" has more freedom and more chance of taking exercise, when he feels disposed, than has a "dry bob"—he is, in fact, more independent, and can, after "12," "4," or "6," launch his sculling boat, pair-oar, or four, without being dependent on so many others as are necessarily required to make a game at cricket. The old adage, however, is worthy of much consideration, in making a choice



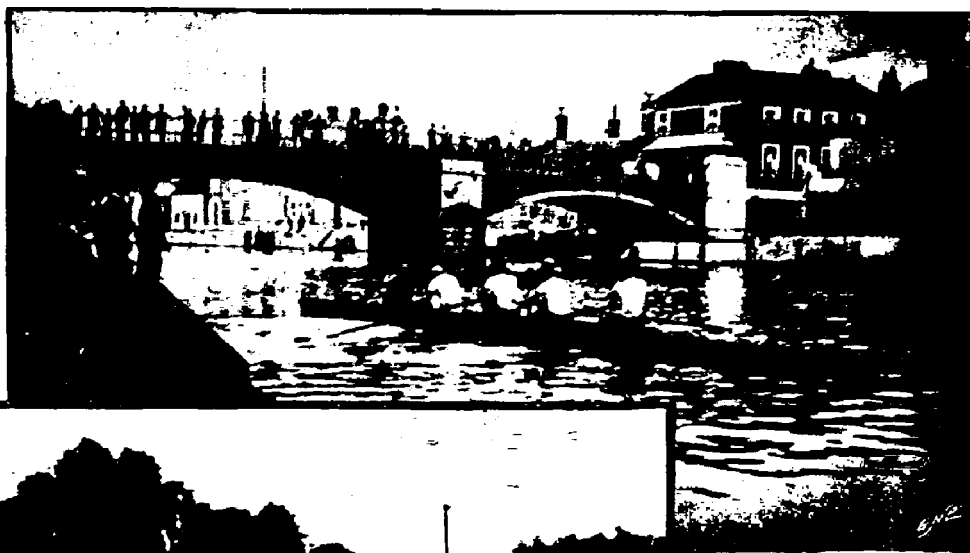
THE CAPTAIN OF THE SCHOOL. (TAKEN AT "ATHENS.")

between the two—viz., that in after life one can nearly always play cricket at home or abroad, but that the river is not everywhere at hand for rowing purposes. Nevertheless, for the actual freedom and happiness of the boy while at Eton, I think the river has it.

Besides the two days' match at Lord's against Harrow, and Henley Regatta (to which most of the school are allowed to go for one day), there is a special *fête* day—June 4th, the birthday of George III., and always kept as a holiday—when the place is thronged with boys'

"people" and old Etonians. Speeches in Upper School in the morning, a cricket match in the afternoon, and the procession of boats, with the crews in fancy costumes, are parts of the day's programme, while a magnificent display of fire-works from Windsor Lock completes this happy carnival.

The "Wall" game is played by quite a small portion of the school. Many people, I believe, imagine this to be the regular and usual



HOUSE BOYS: AT THE BOAT HOUSE, WINDSOR BRIDGE. ("WET BOBS.")

During the winter term football is played very regularly, two or three houses usually joining forces to make a game "after 12" on whole schooldays, and "after 4" on half holidays. In most houses it is compulsory on every member of the house to play at least four times a week, a book being kept for entry of names and a fine of about 2s. 6d. being imposed for failure to adhere to the rule. The Eton game is somewhat different, both to "socket" and Rugby, the ball used being much smaller. "Bullies" are formed as in Rugby, but the hands are under no circumstances allowed to be used. Passing is not indulged in to any great extent, and, although there are two backs and a goal, it is distinctly a dribbling game, and in this respect faster than "socket." Of late years the latter has been played a good deal amongst certain members, but will never, I think, take the place of the original game.

Eton game; it is, in fact, only played very rarely—the big occasion being the annual match between collegers and oppidans on St. Andrew's Day. It is, in my humble opinion, exceedingly tedious and uninteresting to watch the ball going outside the line (only about 10ft. from the wall) so often,

and necessitating continuous "bullies" against the wall. Although I have only played myself on very few occasions, I must confess, at the risk of, I dare say, many opinions to the contrary, that I have always harboured but a poor opinion of it as a game—one which, except for the existence of the wall, might never have been introduced.

Fagging at Eton varies a good deal in each house. "Mess" fagging is sometimes very extensive, involving all sorts and conditions of cooking, making of toast, and anything else required by the fag-master, and which the accommodation of the house will allow. In my house all baths in the rooms had to be filled and emptied by the boys themselves, a "mess" fag having to "perform this duty for his fag-master" (a ceremony I abhorred and resented very exceedingly; to this day it has always been a mystery to me why this



"ABSENCE."

work was not done by the housemaids—perhaps it was a relic of the days when a bath was considered a luxury!). Any boy in Upper Fifth is allowed to fag generally, his chance of having a "mess" fag depending upon the number of boys in his house, and of those to whom he has by seniority to give precedence. As a general rule the system of fagging is, I think, an excellent one, and the privilege, at Eton, is very seldom abused.

A word or two might not be out of place as regards Eton Society, commonly known as "Pop," an institution intended for debating purposes, which has been in vogue for many generations. It is limited to twenty-eight members, consisting, for the most part, of some of the Sixth Form, and those who, having distinguished themselves in athletics, or for any other reason, are considered by the ballot of the majority of members to be eligible for the position. Very interesting are some of the records in the old minute books, such as Gladstone's notes as an officer of the society, and other memoranda by well-known statesmen and public men. Papers, magazines, and writing materials are provided, as in a club; and, best of all, letters stamped free, gratis and for nothing! Part of the decora-

tion of a boy's room is often a row of "pop" canes hanging on the pictures or walls of his room. Captains of the various houses are also allowed this privilege, for the purpose of keeping order among the small boys. (Many is the time I have suffered in this respect, for "ragging," or making a noise in the passages—in my house looked upon as a particular crime.)

Etiquette as regards dress is very strict; low, turned-down collars and white tape ties are worn with tail coats; "stick-ups" are not sported, except by the Sixth Form, eleven, and eight,

and any others who may consider themselves of sufficient importance to do so. Walking arm-in-arm before a boy has attained sufficient status, and the carrying of a folded umbrella, are among the most curious of these unwritten prohibitions. White flannels are, of course, rigorously reserved for the eleven and eight, all members of the boats, however, being allowed to wear white duck trousers during the summer "half," even with the regulation black coat and tall hat.



AT "ABSENCE." CAUGHT PEEPING.

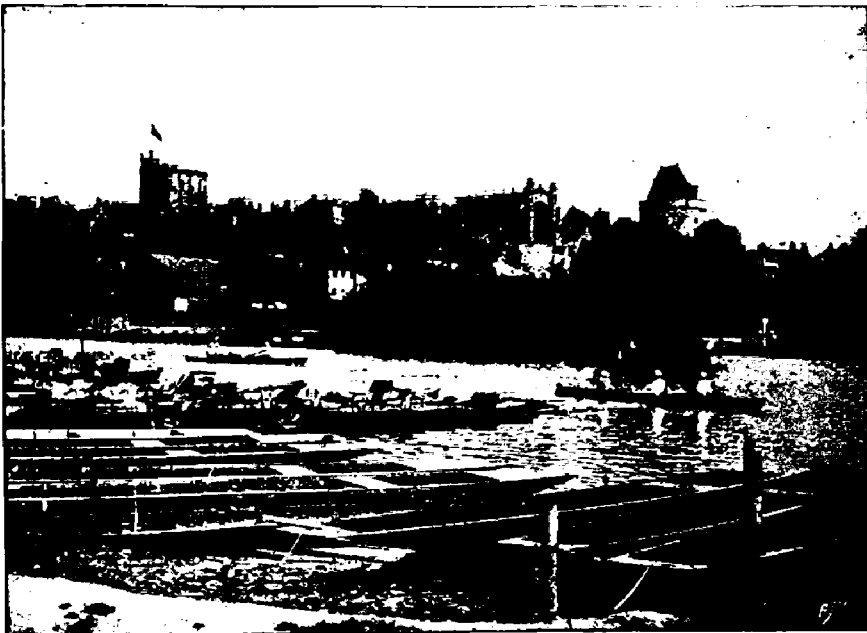
Some there are, perhaps, who may hold that a boy is not taught so much at Eton as at other schools. This may, or may not, be so. I can only say that she has not only managed to turn out some remarkably eminent men, but that her influence leaves its mark in such a way that in after life there is certainly a sort of bond of union created, without the necessity of any other introduction, when one Etonian meets another.

A word in conclusion as regards the masters (known by the boys as "beaks"). They were, in my time, and are now, an exceedingly good staff. Most of them take the greatest interest in athletics of every description. Some, of course — as everywhere — were always more popular than others. However kindly disposed towards the boys under him a master may be there is no doubt that some possess a greater facility for obtaining their affection than others. Some masters there were, of course, who always went through a period of ragging—French masters especially being chosen for this amusement. I suppose it is only natural for boys to take advantage of a foreigner's limited knowledge of the English language and consequent lack of power to manage his charges; but, on looking back, one cannot help thinking what unmannerly young cubs we were. I shall never forget one "beak" (left some time ago) whom I happened to be "up to" in division, and who really had a very bad time of it. The noise which nearly always went on in school was so

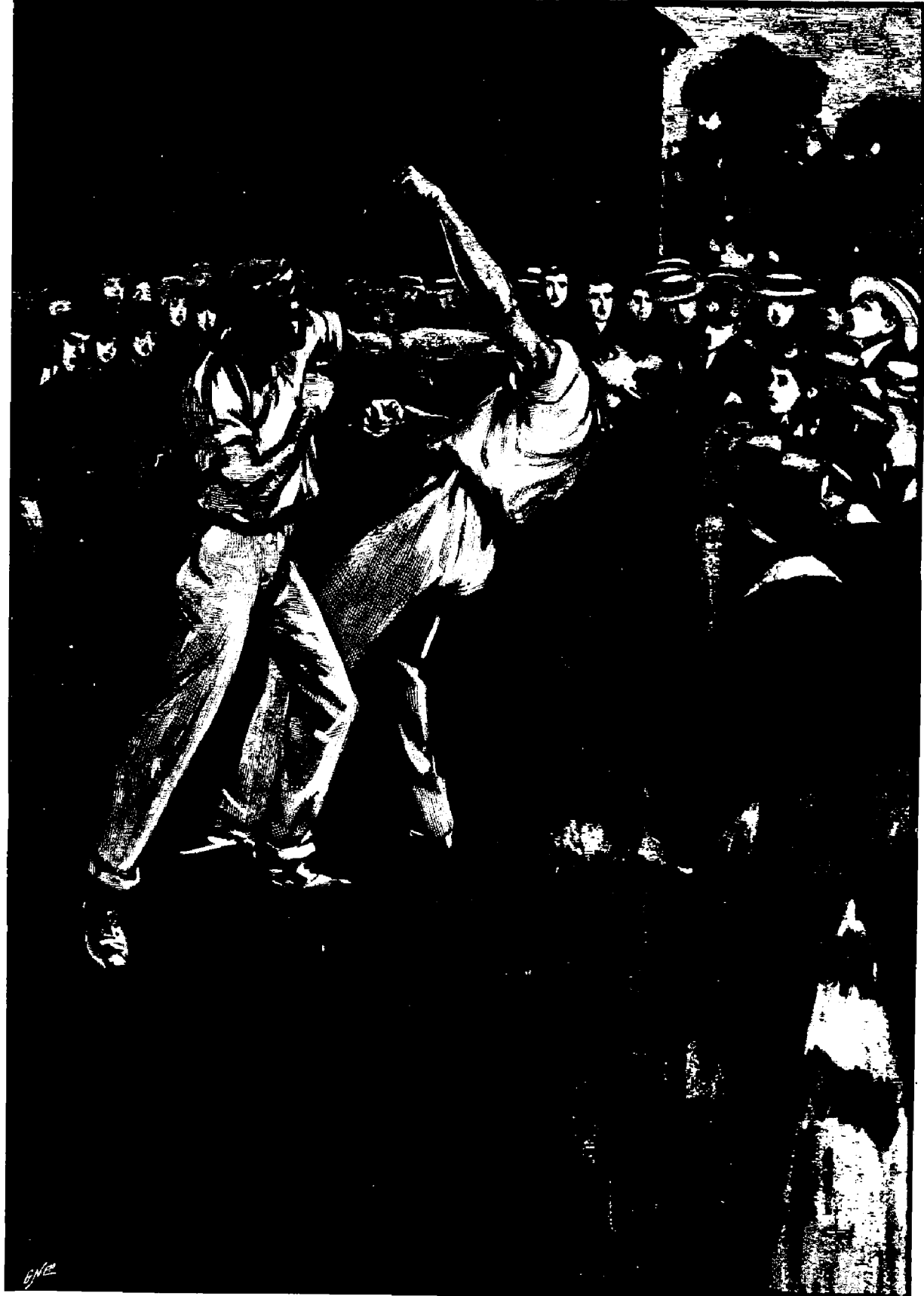
great that I have known a fellow master come down from his room in "New Schools," which happened to be just overhead, and inquire whether he could be of any assistance in quelling the disturbance. I recollect a particular gag was the old trick of chewed blotting-paper surrounding one end of about a foot of cotton, which, when sufficiently moist, was thrown with a flop on the ceiling, the other end supporting a paper figure or bottle marked by some wag in large letters with the words "Brandy," etc. The collection of objects dangling thus on high never caught the somewhat short-sighted eyes of our master, but they formed a remarkable and exceedingly funny spectacle in our opinion. I need hardly say that this sort of "beak" was a rarity, and, I am quite sure, is not to be met with at the present time. A boy can always make a friend of his tutor if he sets about it the right way; most of the masters are Etonians themselves, and have sufficient tact to "look after" the boys put under their charge without unduly interfering with them.

I for one, at least, have often found it so, and look back with the utmost enjoyment at my six years at the old school—happy days, often dreamt of and never to be forgotten, recalled to mind by the eternal chorus of the *Carmen* :—

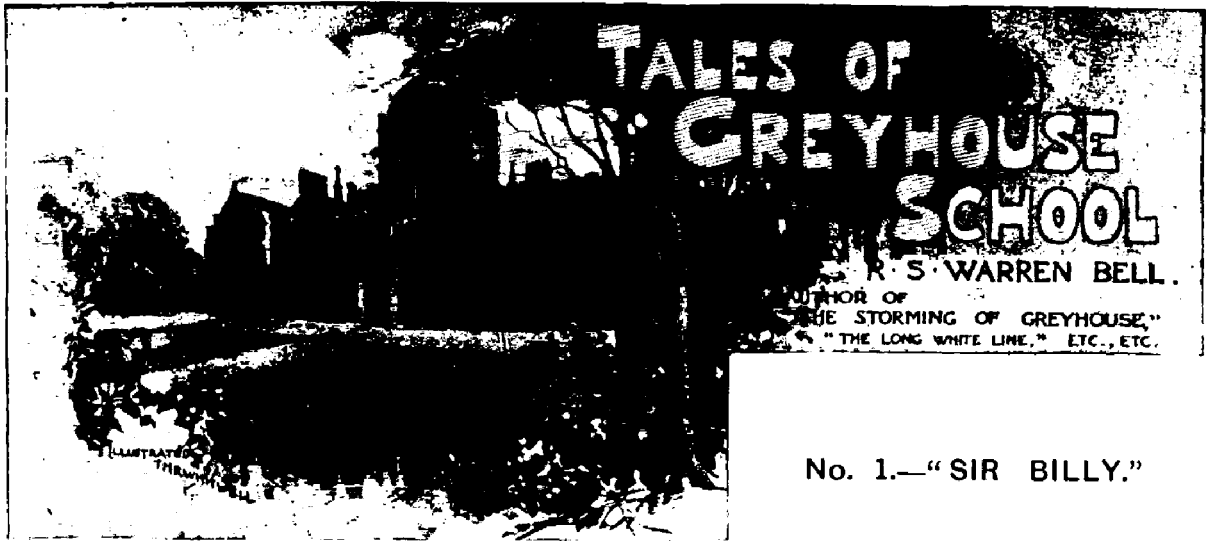
*Donce oras Anglie  
Alma lux forebit,  
Floreat Etona!  
Floreat, florebit!*



ON THE RIVER (WINDSOR CASTLE).



THEN WARDOUR PUT ALL HIS MUSCLE, AND KNOWLEDGE, AND RIGHTEOUS RAGE INTO A TREMENDOUS HOOK-HIT WHICH TOOK ECCLES JUST BENEATH THE CHIN AND FAIRLY LIFTED HIM OFF THE GROUND. (See page 27.)



## No. 1.—"SIR BILLY."

**F**IGHTING GREYHOUSE" was the soubriquet the school had earned for itself. During the five-and-twenty years that the Rev. Henry Leicester, D.D., had ruled the school, a resort to fists as a climax to a hot dispute was quite the order of the day. Dr. Leicester winked at it, and pretended not to see black eyes and swollen lips when the possessor thereof was construing two yards off him. Indeed, the Head with difficulty restrained himself from beaming approval on the bearer of these questionable facial distinctions.

He was a believer in rough and ready—in letting the fellows "have it out" in the manner that came most natural to them. Sometimes an earnest new assistant master would suggest to him that these sanguinary conflicts must have a brutalising effect on the combatants, but Dr. Leicester would pooh-pooh any such remarks. "Sir," he would say, in his big voice, "Greys are not made of putty; they've got to grow up and be men. Greyhouse has sent many a fine soldier to fight for Her Majesty; they wouldn't have done so well if I had kept them all wrapped up in cotton-wool. Let 'em have it out, sir; don't appear to, but let 'em. If you catch 'em at it, give them fifty lines and tell 'em not to do it again. When they do it again go round another way."

So "Fighting Greyhouse" became a scholastic by-word, and doubtless scared off many timid mothers from sending their boys to such a terrible

place; on the other hand, brawny squires liked the nickname, and sent Dick and Tom and Harry there to get the nonsense thrashed out of them, and thrash the nonsense out of other fellows. Many Greys were the sons of soldiers; Greyhouse had an "Army Side"; so, in every sense of the word, Greyhouse was "fighting Greyhouse," you see. And Greyhouse could play as rough a game of "Rugger" as any school in the land, if it had cause; it played a gentlemanly game to begin it, as became the birth of the players, but woe betide the opponents who, regarding the Greyhouse team as merely a pack of boys, resorted to hustling, or tripping, or other foul play. Greyhouse would arise in its wrath, and send that fifteen home in bits. Greyhouse grew big fellows in those days. Why, I remember one year we had a fifteen which won every match—a great team. Every man in it—bar two, the "half-backs"—touched the top of the Sixth Form doorway, and weighed over 11st. We used to measure our "young men" like the Doones did.

So Dr. Leicester reigned over Greyhouse for five-and-twenty years, and when he was made a bishop a new head master was appointed in his stead.

The Rev. George Patterson, M.A., was a distinguished mathematician; he was clean-shaven, slight in build, an ardent cyclist, and a redoubtable fives' player, but had never been anything of a "footer" man or cricketer.

My story, however, has nothing to do with cricket, football, or fives; it has to do with Greyhouse's reputation as a fighting school. On the first evening of his first term the new Head summoned Wardour, captain of the school, to his presence. Boy and master shook hands—

Wardour rather suspiciously, the head master with cordiality—and then Wardour was invited to take a seat. Mr. Patterson got up and began to pace the hearthrug.

"Now, Wardour," said he, "as captain of the school I shall look to you for help and assistance very frequently—more so, even, than I shall to my masters. I want to rely on your support—you understand?"

"Perfectly, sir," replied Wardour, wondering what was coming.

"The first thing I am going to do," said the

Head, coming to a standstill and fixing his eyes on the captain, "is to stop the fighting for which Greyhouse has gained an unenviable notoriety. There must be no fighting. You have power to give lines and to cane—do both if necessary, but stop the fighting. I will have it stopped, and when I intend that a thing shall be done, it is done."

"Very well, sir," said Wardour quietly, "I will stop the fighting."

"I am glad to hear you say so," said the Head, "because I want to work

with my monitors, and especially with my head monitor. There is one thing," he went on, "which I should like you to bear in mind. Next October you, in the ordinary course of events, will avail yourself of the Greyhouse Scholarship. I understand that this scholarship, of the value of £120 per annum, is invariably offered to the captain of the school, *with*," he added with emphasis, "the head master's sanction. On one or two occasions it has been found necessary to pass over the captain—I dare say you remember them—in favour of a more

deserving boy. I trust that will not be the case next October—in fact," he concluded, more kindly, "I am sure it won't be. That is all I have to say for the present. Another time I will mention to you some other reforms I have in my mind. My predecessor," added Mr. Patterson, "was—er—a worthy man, a—er—a ripe scholar, and—er—a gentleman, but opinions differ as to the way a great educational establishment like this should be carried on. Good-night, my boy!"

"Good-night, sir!" said Wardour, and so they shook hands again and parted.

As Wardour strolled across the gravel square which separated the Head's house from the main buildings his thoughts reverted to the unmistakable threat—for it was nothing less—which the Head had

uttered regarding the scholarship. If the fighting wasn't stopped, then it was good-bye for him to an Oxford career, his chance of getting his cricket blue, of becoming a double-first, or holding the Union entranced with his eloquence—good-bye to the dream which every fellow with any ambition in him has when he enters upon his 'Varsity career. Well, he must stop the fighting—those were his orders. He

knew that the Head, like the captain of a ship or the colonel of a regiment, must be obeyed implicitly—without delay, without a murmur. The Head's word was law, and the first man to uphold that law must be the captain of the school. Wardour set his jaw firmly and walked on. One other thought entered his mind. For the sake of his home-people he must retain his right to the "schol." His father could ill afford to send him to Greyhouse—but he did, being an Old Grey himself; still less could he afford to pay for him at Oxford, with five other



"VERY WELL, SIR," SAID WARDOUR, QUIETLY, "I WILL STOP THE FIGHTING."

sons in all stages of knickerbockers and peg-top trousers coming on.

"It's a sad business," thought Wardour, "but I must do it."

And so, on his way to his study, he soundly cuffed two Lower School brats who were having a go in at each other at the end of a long corridor, and went on in a happy frame of mind. That cuffing was the thin end of the wedge.

## II.

"Now, young man, just you listen to me for a few moments!"

The speaker was a fat, good-tempered-looking person, whose name was Joseph Soames, and whose profession was that of a solicitor. He was in evening dress. Opposite to him, at the other end of the dinner-table, sat a faded lady in green silk, thin, silent, tired-looking. This was Mrs.

Soames. On Mr. Soames' right hand was a boy of twelve—a delicate-looking fellow, with regular features and fair hair. This was Mr. Soames' ward. The ward's name, to give it in full, was Sir William Percival Travers, Bart., only surviving child of the late Sir Augustus Percival Travers, whose death had taken place in Italy quite recently. This event explained the boy's black clothes. There being no relatives or friends that the late Sir Augustus had not quarrelled with, the only son and heir to the baronetcy had been consigned to the care of the family lawyer.

"Henceforth," began Mr. Soames, as he skinned a walnut, "you are to regard me as your pa."

"Yes," said the boy.

"I am your pa—in the eyes of the law—until you're twenty-one," continued Mr. Soames, "so you must do as I tell you and not give any trouble. Understand?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Oh, don't 'sir' me. Indeed," added the solicitor, with a chuckle, "I ought to 'sir' you, as you are a 'bart.' How do you like being a bart., eh?"

"I don't like it at all," returned the boy, as his mouth quivered just a little.

"Pooh! You will well enough when you get older. It's wonderful how respectful the world is to a bart. Why, I've got any amount of money, and you've been left—next to nothing, and yet my own servants pay you more attention than they do me. Don't they, Eliza?"

"I have not noticed it," replied Mrs. Soames, wearily.

"That's because you never notice anything—sort of bat-woman. Well, William, my boy, I'm going to send you to school—to a fine, thumping, English public school, where they wouldn't stand any

nonsense from a duke, much less a bart. It'll be a bit different from your soft tutor chaps. Greyhouse—that's it. Regular old place—ivy-clad walls, a history, and a ghost. And a pretty dear place, too. There won't be much left out of your income when your school bills are paid. You'll stay there till you're eighteen or nineteen, and then we'll send you to Oxford or Cambridge—or perhaps into the army—"

"Haden't you better be going round to the Wardours'?" interrupted Mrs. Soames; "they are early people, you know."

"To-be-sure," replied Mr. Soames. "William, my boy, finish your wine—why, bless me, you haven't touched it! Never mind; put on your hat and come along."

The boy obeyed with alacrity, for he was itching to get away from the dinner-table. Mr. Soames donned his overcoat, and they sallied forth.



"DON'T 'SIR' ME. INDEED," ADDED THE SOLICITOR, WITH A CHUCKLE, "I OUGHT TO 'SIR' YOU, AS YOU ARE A 'BART.' HOW DO YOU LIKE BEING A BART, EH?"



There were very few people about in the old county town of Belsert, as the stout solicitor and his slim snip of a companion walked at a smart pace through the silent streets. Those who knew Mr. Soames stared curiously at his companion—the small boy in the black clothes, with the broad white collar that ladies love so. The good folk of Belsert had heard something of the boy's history. Kind hearts in Belsert felt sorry for him; kind eyes glanced pityingly at him as he pegged along by the solicitor's side.

A big house, with rather worn steps. A peep over the wall at the garden disclosed an old football, this and that of boy life, a disused rabbit-hutch, an old shoe or two, and a rag of a cap. This in the moonlight; but the boy took it all in, and sighed in his heart for brothers—even if they licked him.

"Major Wardour at home?"

"Yes, sir. Will you walk in, sir?"

Mr. Soames and his charge entered the house. The hall—much like the garden—gave token of growing sons in abundance. A scuffle, and voices above. The visitors peered up. Five heads were visible; five pairs of bright eyes were watching them. Dimly below one observed night-shirts and bare feet.

"If you don't be off to bed you'll get the stick!" was jovial Mr. Soames' warning, as he caught sight of them.

A military-looking man, with a long grey moustache, came out of the dining-room.

"Ah, Mr. Soames. Pray come in!"

"Thanks, major. Er—this is Sir William Travers—my ward—Major Wardour."

"How are you, my boy?" exclaimed the old soldier, whose warm hand-clasp proved mighty cheering to the solicitor's young companion. "Come in—come in. Dick, here is Mr. Soames, and a future schoolfellow of yours. Travers, this is my son Dick, of Greyhouse."

"Captain of Greyhouse," added Mr. Soames, impressively.

"How do?" said Dick Wardour, carelessly shaking hands with the new arrival. "Glad to see you."

"Thank you," was all Travers could think of to say, as he looked up at the big fellow standing (as it seemed) *yards* above him. He felt that it was very kind of Wardour to shake hands with him.

"Coming up this term?" asked Wardour, as the seniors began to talk together.

"Yes."

"Um—ever been to school before?"

"No—never."

"Ah! Well, you'll be shaken about a bit at first, but you'll do all right if you run straight

and don't allow yourself to be sat on. Read much?"

Travers meekly enumerated the authors he had tackled—with the help of his tame tutors. Wardour whistled.

"Crumbs! You'll be put in the Lower Fourth—easy. You'll be the youngest chap in it, too!" And he went on to explain to Travers what the forms were, the ages of the fellows, and a multitude of other school matters, what time his father and Mr. Soames chatted together.

At length ten o'clock struck.

"Well, we must be going. Come, William. It's not every boy who has the advantage of knowing the captain of his school before he gets there. I may take it that you'll keep an eye on him, Mr. Wardour?"

"Oh, yes," laughed Dick. "I'll keep an eye on him; but, of course, he must fight his own battles."

Then the visitors went, and Travers lay awake half the night, thinking what a fine school Greyhouse must be, and what a fine fellow the captain of Greyhouse was.

So the forlorn little boy was launched upon the great ocean of public school life. As Wardour had said, he had to look after himself, and fight his own battles, but he fought them very feebly, and was considerably knocked about in the course of his first term. "Sir Billy" was the nickname which he earned by innocently printing his full title:—

SIR WILLIAM PERCIVAL TRAVERS, BART.,

across the fly-leaf of the first lesson-book (a "Cæsar") dealt out to him. The book was shown all round the Lower Fourth, and great was the laughter, greater the storm of jeers, and overwhelming the number of sly kicks, pushes and ear-pullings he received from those of his classmates who were of a malicious and bullying disposition. The lad was soon taught that a simple "Travers" was all that he was to be known by at Greyhouse, save when he was addressed as "Sir Billy," which was most always—out of school, that is to say.

A worse fate befel Sir Billy than the teasing of the Lower Fourth. Idling along a corridor one day, thinking how nice it must be to be dead, he was hailed in stentorian tones by Eccles, captain of "footer," whose rightful fag was in hospital with mumps. Eccles wanted somebody to pull off his muddy boots, and otherwise lend assistance in his toilet, and he bagged Sir Billy forthwith. Eccles, whose hand was as heavy as his shoulders were broad, retained Sir Billy after his fag proper was released from hospital, and

Wardour felt sorry for Sir Billy. Wardour knew Eccles' nature. Eccles was rich, exceedingly strong, popular (in a way) on account of his prowess as a three-quarter back, had very little respect for the masters, and lorded it over every fellow, big and little, with the exception of a few in the Sixth, chief of whom was the captain of the school. Eccles was envious of that position. He knew that the captaincy would have been his had he possessed those very desirable things called *brains*. As it was, he had only been promoted to the Sixth because, having turned nineteen, he was really too big to remain any longer in the Upper Fifth, where he had stuck for three years, gaining marks by the simple process of making the clever fellows do his exercises and coach him in his construing.

So Sir Billy, never at all happy, became most despondent, and let his mind dwell more than ever on the pleasures of lying in a quiet grave where he would be out of reach of Eccles and the smaller bullies in the Lower Fourth.

Now and again Wardour gave the young'un an encouraging pat on the back, and told him to cheer up. Every fellow, he added, must go through this sort of thing at first; it would be all right afterwards. But Sir Billy derived little joy from looking forward to the future; his present

aches and bruises kept his mind intent on the present. When he went "home"—that is, to Mr. Hoames'—for Easter, he was very little happier. The Wardour boys, with the exception of the Greyhouse captain, despised him, and considered him a "snoke"; they would, perhaps, have resorted to other methods than taunts if it had not been for their eldest brother, of whom they stood in wholesome awe. Sir Billy sighed away his short Easter vac., and with a deeper sigh returned to Greyhouse for

the summer term, to find his master no whit changed. Eccles knew Wardour took an interest in his fag, and bullied that fag accordingly. This was Wardour's term, he being the chief cricketer in the school. Footballs were put away, and Eccles' popularity was consigned to limbo with them. He formed part of the tail of the First Eleven. Wardour was the idol of Greyhouse in the summer; he was the big scorer and the mighty hitter. Eccles was nobody. Therefore, Eccles took it out of Sir Billy, knowing that this method of retaliation could not fail to annoy the captain of the school, who, by the way, had not forgotten his orders, and since January had been putting down all fighting with a stern hand.

### III.

"Hi! Tomlinson!"

"Yes, Eccles?"

"Send Travers to me, and look sharp about it?"

"Yes, Eccles."

It was seven o'clock in the evening, and Eccles, lounging across two chairs in the Sixth Form room, was in a very bad temper. Middle House, captained by Wardour, had beaten South House, captained by Eccles, in the final of the inter-house matches.

Eccles had been bowled third ball for a duck's egg. Middle House had wrested the championship from South House by an innings and seventy-four runs. Furthermore, not having worked up his Plato from a crib that morning, Eccles had made hopeless blunders in his construing, and had been severely hauled over the coals by the senior classical master, who had used words which plainly evinced the fact



HE GRIPPED SIR BILLY BY THE COLLAR AND LIFTED HIM  
CLEAN OFF HIS FEET

that he considered the mighty Eccles a dunce. Add to this that, on the previous afternoon, Eccles had been found coming out of a public-house down town by no less a magnate than the Head himself, and had been promptly gated until the end of term, and you will understand, perhaps, why he was in such a bad temper.

"Please, Eccles, I've looked everywhere, and can't find Sir B—I mean Travers."

The small boy had come back without executing his errand, and now stood trembling before the great man.

"You *can't*? Come here. Closer, *closer*! Wait, though. Get me that drill-stick."

It was whimperingly fetched from the corner.

"Now bend over. No, you're too near. Further off—*further*, I tell you! Now then—take that—and *THAT*—and *THAT*! And now," flinging the stick at the sobbing urchin, "go and find Travers, and don't come back without him."

Several of the Sixth, preferring the airy class-room to the stuffiness of their studies, were standing near the window, talking over the events of the match. They took no notice whatever of Eccles; such scenes were only too common to call for any comment. Besides, Eccles was not a person to be interfered with, and they knew it.

A quarter of an hour elapsed, during which Eccles remained silent, and nursed his wrath. Then the urchin Tomlinson reappeared, with Sir Billy at his heels.

A growl from Eccles.

"Oh, here you are at last! You can go, Tomlinson. (Exit Tomlinson in a great hurry.) Come here, you—you sneaking, white-lipped, cringing little *beast*!"

Sir Billy did not cringe or whimper, however; nor did he look his fag-master boldly in the face. The fellows by the window, more interested in the new arrival than they were in Tomlinson, could not help observing that Sir Billy wore a dazed, puzzled expression. There was no sign of fear in his eyes; he regarded Eccles—as it seemed to Eccles—rather curiously, vaguely, as if he were calculating what amount of fresh torture might be in store for him.

"Now," said Eccles, heaving himself up, and glaring at the Lower School boy; "now, Sir William Pereival Travers! now, you young *pig*, I have an account to settle with you! When I changed for cricket after dinner I found that my boots had not been cleaned, and were covered with mud. I had to scrape them myself. Now then, what have you to say?"

Sir Billy, having nothing to say, said it.

"What have you to say?" thundered Eccles.

Still Sir Billy gazed blankly at his persecutor. He could not have spoken then had you offered

him twenty pounds a word. He seemed to be dreaming. What with the heat—some young tease in the Lower Fourth had pitched his hat over the playground wall—and what with Eccles, and the Lower Fourth fellows, and grinding for exams., he felt a little bit queer. He was conscious that Eccles was talking to him, but did not quite know what Eccles was saying. Once he fancied Eccles' lips shaped the word "boots," but Sir Billy didn't know anything about boots, or anything else for that matter—at that moment.

Some curiously, some a little pityingly, the big fellows by the window awaited the issue of this very one-sided conversation. They had not long to wait.

Quite overcome with passion, Eccles lifted his heavy hand and struck the little boy across the face with all his might. Sir Billy tottered back, but did not utter a cry.

"Oh, sulky, eh?" cried Eccles, springing off his two chairs; "I'll teach you."

He gripped Sir Billy by the coat collar, and lifted him clean off his feet. Then, letting him fall to the floor, he bent down, and mercilessly struck his fag across his white cheek again and again. Then, by way of finishing the task he had in hand, he picked Sir Billy up and flung him into a corner.

But as he did so—as Sir Billy fell all in a crumpled, limp, forlorn heap—as the fellows by the window turned away feeling sick and disgusted, even the hardest of them—Wardour entered the class-room. One glance showed him the situation. His heart jumped into his mouth when he caught sight of Sir Billy's white face, with blood coming from the lips. He confronted Eccles.

"You're a brute and a coward!" he said, and let his left fist fly out straight and true. It met Eccles between the eyes, and Eccles reeled over the chairs he had been recently lying on, breaking the back of one of them in his fall, and so measured his length on the floor.

But with a bellow he was on his feet again.

"You shall pay for that——"

But before he could spring upon Wardour, half-a-dozen fellows had interposed between them.

"Not here, Eccles—not in the class-room. Hang it, man!"

"I'll meet Eccles," said Wardour, quietly, "behind the gym. after tea. I'm going to see what's wrong with this kid now."

So saying, he knelt down by Sir Billy. Eccles still struggled to get at the captain, but the others held him back, remonstrating with him as they did so.

"Not in here, Eccles; it wouldn't do. There'd be an awful row."

At length Eccles ceased his struggles.

"Very well," he muttered; "behind the gym. after tea — and I'll treat him as I've treated his little pet."

With these words he allowed himself to be led out of the room.

"Travers, what's up?" murmured Wardour kindly, as he bent over Sir Billy. "Come—can't you hear me? Get some water, one of you chaps — he's fainted."

Water was promptly brought, and soon Sir Billy's fair hair was a draggled mass, and his collar and shirt were soaked, but still he did not open his eyes.

"I'll take him to the matron," said Wardour, lifting the little chap very gently. "Poor old man, he's had a rough time of it."

When Mrs. Rendle, the matron, saw Sir Billy, she sent for the doctor straight away.

"What has happened, Wardour? Poor little boy. He's not been at all himself lately. He should never have been sent here. What with his lessons and the other boys' unkind ways, poor dear! But he's bleeding — who has done this?"

"He—he fell down," said Wardour; "some rough play, or something. I'm—I'm inquiring into it. It's all right, Mrs. Rendle; I'll see into it. Please say nothing to any of the masters or the Head until I've seen into it."

#### IV.

ONE of the monitors must have been indiscreet, or perhaps the row in the Sixth's room was observed by a boy in the corridor—at any rate, the news ran round the Hall, as quietly but as surely as possible, that Wardour was going to fight Eccles behind the gymnasium directly tea was over.

Half-an-hour intervened between tea and prep., so there would be plenty of time for the "mill."



"I'LL TAKE HIM TO THE MATRON," SAID WARDOUR, LIFTING THE LITTLE CHAP VERY GENTLY.

There came an unwonted hush over the Hall, and the solitary master on duty, sitting at the high table with a book—according to custom—wondered greatly thereat. Appetite vanished; the greediest Greys reaped a perfect harvest of "slabs." Stealthy whispering took the place of the usual hum and babble. Under ordinary circumstances the final house match would have been the subject of excited and high-voiced discussion; but the coming fight far, far transcended the house cricket in importance. Such a thing had not happened in the memory of the oldest there—the captain of the school fighting with another monitor!

The Greys could only gulp their tea—they couldn't eat—and when the master on duty hammered the table for grace, every Grey was on his feet in a second, quivering with excitement.

The meal was returned thanks for, and then pell-mell the Greys poured out of the Hall, down the long length of corridor into the playground, across it, and brought up finally on the old milling-ground behind the gym. It was a suitable spot. No window overlooked it. It was a bare space, with a tall, dense hedge on one side, and the back of the gym. on the other—about as private and as nice an arena as you could well wish for.

Conversation was still carried on in low tones. It soon got to be known that the fight was all about Sir Billy. Sir Billy's guardian had asked Wardour to keep an eye on the "beastly kid," and all that, and Wardour couldn't very well do anything to another monitor for licking his fag, or he'd have seen to Eccles long ago, but this time Eccles had been extra brutal, and Wardour had knocked him down.

"And gave him a couple of pretty eyes—didn't you see them getting black at tea?"

"The Head won't give Wardour the schol. now."

"What does Wardour care? He's always got plenty of tin."

"No; his people are jolly hard up."

"Well, he's going to fight Eccles."

"D'you think he'll lick him?"

"Can't say—hope so. Eccles is beastly strong, and bigger than Wardour."

"But Wardour has knocked him out with the gloves."

"But this is fists, you silly kid—different. If Eccles gets his weight into a good crack on Wardour's jaw, Wardour will be knocked out."

"Not he—he's too quick."

"Well, it'll be a jolly good mill—hullo! here's Eccles! Don't he look savage, just! Glad I'm not his fag."

"Shut up! Look—here's Wardour. I say, isn't he white?"

"It's not funk. Look here, I'll bet you all my chink next Wednesday he licks Eccles."

"Oh, you never pay up—no good betting with you. Here, let's get near the front—shove up, Greyhouse!"

"We can see—here, get back, they want more room. Doesn't Eccles look wild?"

"Don't jaw—look—they're stripping. By Jove—Eccles *has* got some arms! Look at the muscles!"

"Look at Wardour's!"

Such were the *voces populi* that preceded a dead hush. Wardour and Eccles, who were still in their flannels—as were most of the fellows in the First and Second Elevens—had removed their coats, and rolled up the sleeves of their cricket-shirts. Harvey, a chum of Wardour's, was holding

the captain's coat; Milward, one of the chaps who knocked under to Eccles, was looking after his man. The other fellows in the Sixth were pushing back the crowd and making the ring larger.

"Greyhouse rules," said a big fellow, with a watch; "each round to last two minutes, with one minute interval, and fight till one has had enough, and says so, or is knocked out and can't come up to time. Stand back, will you—get back, I say!"

The crowd receded like a wave. There was now a complete silence—every Grey present was on the tip-toe of expectation.

"Get ready!" said the umpire, looking at his watch, "and don't forget to break away when I call 'Time' at the end of each round."

Wardour and Eccles faced each other, Eccles with a dark look on his heavy face, Wardour pale and determined. The silence was so intense that the ticking of the referee's watch could be heard distinctly by those near him. The referee gave the signal, and stepped to the side of the ring.

Eccles immediately lunged savagely at Wardour, who stepped quickly back, so that the other's blow fell short. Eccles followed him up and lunged again. Still Wardour simply avoided him. Three or four times Eccles let go from the shoulder with all his force, but Wardour coolly turned his head, parried the blows, or dodged nimbly out of the way. Eccles stood still, breathing hard, and looked at him. Some of the young 'uns were beginning to think that Wardour was funkling it. Why didn't he go in and finish Eccles off? The oldsters knew better, and didn't ask absurd questions.

"Time!"

There was a breathing space, and then they faced each other again. Eccles, whose seconds had given him a tip or two, didn't rush in so wildly this round. He stood and waited for the other. Nothing loth, Wardour danced round him, hit him on the neck, then rapped him over the nose, and was giving quite a scientific display of what agility can do with mere brute strength, when Eccles hit out with extraordinary force and just got home over Wardour's heart. The captain fell back against the ring of spectators. Seeing his advantage, Eccles followed up with another of his bull-like rushes, but Wardour had just enough breath to be able to dodge the savage blow Eccles intended to plant on his jaw. Had this reached its destination, the fight would have ended then and there, and Eccles would have bullied Greyhouse, great and small, with impunity for the rest of term.

A great gasp of relief went up from the crowd

when it was seen that Wardour had escaped the blow, and luckily the round ended at that moment, and Wardour gained a minute's respite.

"Time!"

The third round commenced.

Wardour looked as confident and even more sternly bent on thrashing the other than he did at first. Eccles had plucked up spirit after getting in that straight left. It was evident that he intended to force the fighting. They sparred swiftly for a few seconds, and then Eccles brought his left round with an ugly swing. He forgot his guard, but Wardour saw his chance, and jumped in with a smart right and left over the body, and finished with a crack between the eyes which made the welkin ring. Eccles lunged wildly. Wardour parried the great swings of his adversary, and hammered away for dear life, now on the nose, now on the jaw, on the body, on the neck, and again between the eyes.

"Time!"

But as Wardour turned towards his corner, Eccles, forgetting all the laws of honourable combat, rushed madly at his opponent.

"Look out, Wardour!" cried a hundred voices.

The captain twisted round just in time to dodge his head. Eccles' huge fist shot past his cheek, just grazing his hair. Then Wardour put all his muscle and knowledge and righteous rage into a tremendous hook-hit which took Eccles just beneath the chin, and fairly lifted him off the ground. Then he fell in a heap, and lay still.

"I declare Wardour the winner," cried the referee. "Eccles fought foul."

But it was all serene. Wardour was the winner in any case. Eccles couldn't get up.

When it was seen that Eccles was unable to renew the combat, a tremendous cheer broke out. Again and again it pealed out. The terror of Greyhouse had been vanquished. Every kick or blow he had ever inflicted was avenged.

Wardour put on his coat and walked over to Eccles, who was just coming round.

"Here, take my arm, old man," he said; "I hope you're not hurt."

Another Sixth Form fellow assisting, he raised Eccles to his feet, and gave him his coat. Eccles sulkily took the frankly extended hand of his conqueror.

"It was a fluke," he said, scowling; "next time it will go differently."

And then he walked away, leaning on the arm of his chum Milward.

As for Wardour, he, as in duty bound, went straight to the Head and told him that it had been his painful duty to thrash Eccles for brutality to a junior.

## V.

SIR BILLY went home a week after the other fellows did; he looked pale, certainly, but the doctor had pulled him round. Mr. Soames met him at Belsert station.

"Well, William," cried the stout solicitor, "what's all this I hear about you getting into trouble?"

"It wasn't my fault. I couldn't understand him," said Sir Billy, meekly.

They began to walk along the quiet streets towards Mr. Soames' house.

"Somebody knocked you down, didn't they?"

"Yes; at least, I had a licking."

"Queer way of licking a kid, must say. What's his name—Freckles, Meccles, Teckles—?"

"Eccles," corrected Sir Billy, with a faint smile.

"Ah! Nice sort, wasn't he—gentlemanly and all that, but quick-tempered?"

"He was the biggest cad at Greyhouse!" cried Sir Billy, with unwonted wrath. "He bullied everybody, and almost killed me; and Wardour stuck up for me, and licked Eccles, and they took his scholarship away; and—and—and—and it was all my fault, and I don't care if I die now—I've ruined old Wardour!"

And with this Sir Billy burst into tears for the first time in the solicitor's memory. Never before had he seen his ward so distressed.

"Here, cheer up, William. It's not so bad as that. Here, don't cry, little man; we'll put that right. Tell me all about it."

So Sir Billy dried his eyes and told him all about it.

It had been common talk at Greyhouse that Wardour had lost the scholarship all owing to the plucky way he had championed Sir Billy, because he had promised to look after Sir Billy. When Wardour sadly took his departure from Greyhouse he was escorted to the station by all the fellows who were catching later trains. There never was such a "send off" since old Gardiner left—you've heard of Gardiner—the man who formed the long white line when the make-shift hospital was ablaze and the patients couldn't see for ophthalmia!

Well, Mr. Soames heard Sir Billy out, and then, going home, hunted up the printed particulars he possessed of Greyhouse School, and found out who all the committee were. Then Mr. Soames wrote letters, and held interviews (working very quietly), and actually went as far as Scotland to interview the Rev. the head master of Greyhouse. All this time Wardour was stewing up for a Civil Service exam., his dreams of a Varsity career having been dispelled by the Head's decision regarding the Greyhouse Schol., which was given to Manners,

the second boy in the school—a quiet, studious sort of a chap that nobody cared much about.

A committee meeting of Greyhouse School was held a few days before the winter term began, and Mr. Soames attended it by invitation of the chairman—General Lord Chilvers, V.C.

Mr. Soames talked, and the committee listened, and then Lord Chilvers turned to the Head.

"It seems to me, sir," said he, "that this Wardour has the right sort of stuff in him—the sort of fellow we want at Greyhouse."

"He was an excellent captain, and helped me in every way," said the Head, "but, after enforcing the rule I made about fighting, he broke it himself most flagrantly at the end of the term. I could not recommend him for the scholarship. I put it to your lordship—do you think I could?"

"You acted quite properly," said the chairman; "quite properly. He could not take the scholarship after breaking the rule in that way. Rules must not be broken. But, sir, the scholarship is given, I believe, to the captain of the school if, during the past twelve months, he has conducted himself well and upheld the rules in a creditable manner. Briefly, the captain of Greyhouse gets it if he has run straight during the three terms previous to his leaving."

"That is what it amounts to," said the Head.

"Then," replied Lord Chilvers, gazing round at his brother committee-men, "what do you say, gentlemen, to letting Wardour stay another year at Greyhouse? That will obviate the difficulty. *Wardour!* His father must have served under me in Afghanistan—'pon my word, it was Wardour who saved my life! Now, gentlemen, I put it to the vote. If Wardour behaves himself during the next three terms, we'll give him the scholarship."

There was no dissentient voice. The head master was quite agreeable to this arrangement, as he really liked Wardour, and valued his services as captain.

So then Lord Chilvers wrote to Major Wardour, and they lunched together and talked of old times, and then, if you please, the general made an offer which the major hardly liked to accept—but he did so, for his son's sake.

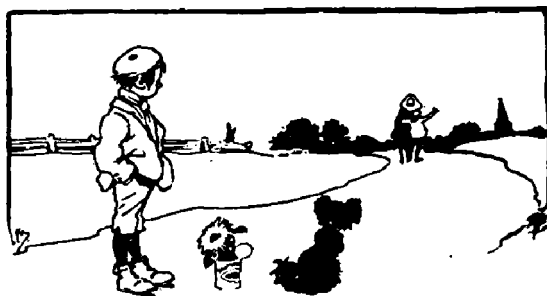
So Wardour went back to Greyhouse for another year—at his lordship's expense.

As for Sir Billy, when he got to know what his guardian had done for Wardour, he wondered how on earth he could ever have disliked Mr. Soames.

As for the Greys, when they found that Wardour was going to put in another year at Greyhouse, they danced jigs and yelped for joy.

*R. S. Warren Bell*

[The second story of this series will appear next month.]



"And this, after five years' devotion, after countless sleepless nights, after heartaches innumerable, after spending every halfpenny I ever had on her, is my reward! Oh woman—fickle woman!"

# WHAT I WANTED TO BE.

Mr. G. W. STEEVENS.

MR. GEORGE WARRINGTON STEEVENS is known to the great bulk of the public as the author of "With Kitchener to Khartoum"—one of the most popular and widely-read "war books" ever written. In this work Mr. Steevens, with astonishing vigour, knowledge, and wit, describes his experiences during the recent campaign in the Soudan, whilst acting as war correspondent to the *Daily Mail*, the book mainly being a reprint of his telegraphic dispatches to that journal—elaborated, of course, and revised when he returned to this country. But Mr. Steevens had made a big name for himself before he ever saw the Soudan. For some years he has been regarded as one of the most capable journalists on the London Press, as a scholarly and thoughtful writer, and as one of the quickest workers in Fleet Street. He can write a brilliant and finished column in forty minutes, it is said.

Mr. Steevens was born on the 10th of December, 1869, and educated first at the City of London School, and afterwards at Balliol College, Oxford. He is a B.A., both of Oxford and London. He joined the editorial staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1893, and in 1897 went to the *Daily Mail*.

MERTON ABBEY,  
SURREY.

*Dec 11/99*

*Dear Sir,*  
*My earliest ambition*  
*as far as I can remember,*  
*was to be a greengrocer, &*  
*curiously enough is exactly what*  
*(among other things) I am now.*  
*I also, as a boy, had fugitive*  
*ambitions of being a farmer,*  
*a pork butcher, and a Lord Chancellor.*  
*The first two are, in a*  
*small way, attained, but I see little*  
*present prospect of the third.*  
*Yours faithfully,*  
*G. W. Steevens*

Since he left Oxford he has published half-a-dozen works. After "With Kitchener," his best-known books are "The Land of the Dollar" (an account of his tour through America), and "With the Conquering Turk." Mr. Steevens lives among the Surrey hills, and is fond of pigs, poultry, and kitchen gardening. He is a breezy gentleman, popular with his colleagues, can tell a good story, and cook his own dinner if need be. In brief, in the terminology of the British

school-boy, he is what is known as a "jolly good fellow."

## TRANSLATION OF ABOVE.

Dear Sir,—My earliest ambition, as far as I can remember, was to be a greengrocer, which curiously enough is exactly what (among other things) I now am. I also, as a boy, had fugitive ambitions of being a farmer, a pork butcher, and a Lord Chancellor. The first two are, in a small way, attained, but I see little present prospect of the third.—Yours faithfully,

G. W. STEEVENS.



*culled from*  
*July Competition*

# Some Pretty SISTERS

No.  
21



# LOYALTY.

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 lead sweet lives in purest chastity,  
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,  
And worship her by years of noble deeds,  
Until they won her.

TENNYSON.

∴ ∴ ∴

The laws of friendship we ourselves create,  
And 'tis simple villainy to break them.  
But faith to princes broke is sacrilege.

∴ ∴ ∴

I would serve my King,  
Serve him with all my fortune here at home,  
And serve him with my person in the wars;  
Watch for him, fight for him, bleed for him,  
die for him;  
As every true-born subject ought.

OTWAY.

∴ ∴ ∴

Heroes of Corunna's field,  
Ye, who perished there,  
Be your names for ever dear;  
Yes, tho' dewed with many a tear,  
Yet triumphal was your bier:  
Who like you the sword could wield?  
Deathless trophies grace your shield,  
Bright and fair.

HEMANS.

∴ ∴ ∴

For loyalty is still the same,  
Whether it win or lose the game;  
True as the dial to the sun,  
Although it be not shined upon.

BUTLER.

∴ ∴ ∴

God save our gracious Queen,  
Long live our noble Queen,  
God save the Queen.  
Send her victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the Queen.

*National Anthem.*

The loyalty well held to fools does make  
Our faith mere folly; yet he that can endure  
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,  
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,  
And earns a place i' the story.

∴ ∴ ∴ SHAKESPEARE.

Be England what she will  
With all her faults she is my country still.

∴ ∴ ∴ CHURCHILL.

. . . Faithful found,  
Among the faithless, faithful only he;  
Among innumerable false, unmoved,  
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,  
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal.  
Nor number nor example with him wrought,  
To swerve from truth, or change his constant  
mind,

'Tho' single.

MILTON.

∴ ∴ ∴

Follow the Christ—the King!  
Live pure! Speak true! Right wrong! Follow  
the King!  
Else, wherefore born?

TENNYSON.

∴ ∴ ∴

There was a day when loyalty was hailed with  
honour due,  
Our banner the protection wav'd to all the good  
and true,  
And gallant hearts beneath its folds were linked  
in honour's tie,  
We put our trust in God, my boys, and kept our  
powder dry.

COLONEL WILLIAM BLACKER.

∴ ∴ ∴

Cottage home and courtly hall may borrow  
The jewel of example from their Queen,  
To throw a radiance round their own fireside.

∴ ∴ ∴

'Tis not the walls or purple that defends  
A prince from foes, but 'tis his fort of friends.

HERRICK.



BY ARTHUR KING.

Illustrated by Sherie.

A SULTRY day at the end of August, 1651, was drawing to a close, and the shadows were lengthening through the leafy lanes of Warwickshire.

It was seven o'clock, and, save for the cawing of rooks and the ripple of the brook which bordered the white road, no sound came to the ears of the boy who was making his way steadily towards the west.

Dressed in black velvet, with a broad sash of yellow silk around his waist and a plumed hat upon his fair curls, he walked as though some purpose other than a boy's aimless rambling were animating him.

Suddenly he stopped, and, lifting his head, appeared to listen, and as he did so the distant beat of horses' hoofs became audible, and, rapidly increasing in volume, betokened the approach of a large company of mounted men.

At intervals snatches of song were borne upon the evening air, and soon the words themselves could be fitfully distinguished: "The Lord of Hosts, the Lord of Hosts," and then, "Who giveth us the victory."

"'Tis a party of Roundhead soldiers," said the lad, "and they are coming into this road round Ashdown Hill."

For a moment he paused irresolutely, and then stepped on again, his eyes full of excitement and defiance.

Ere he had traversed another furlong the leaders of a troop of cavalry, the sinking sun glinting on their corselets and morions, circled into the road almost at his side.

"Ha! Seest thou, Dalton?" cried a harsh voice. "A young Cavalier, forsooth; and mark

how he strides along. Even the spawn of these Malignants ape their accursed forbears."

"Yet 'tis a pretty lad, Holmes," replied the officer addressed, reining in his horse, "and, as I think, one not like to work us overmuch injury. How sayest thou, Sir Cavalier?" he continued banteringly to the boy, who had stopped, and was becoming the centre of an increasing crowd of soldiers. "Have we your permission to proceed this way? We trust so, for we are somewhat spent with travel, and would avoid, if possible, any serious conflict ere nightfall."

There was a guffaw from the troopers at this pleasantry, and Captain Dalton proceeded: "Having business presently at Worcester with the young man, Charles Stuart, we have been compelled to pass through this charming neighbourhood, but we should be loth to think that our doing so has caused you any displeasure."

"If," replied the boy fearlessly, "there were but a handful of His Majesty King Charles the Second's faithful soldiers here, they would give you some sharper work to do than mocking a defenceless boy; but perhaps you are wise to amuse yourselves *before* you get to Worcester. I'll warrant your time for jesting will be short eno' then."

"Young imp of Satan!" growled Holmes. "Had I my way thou shouldst swing from yonder oak for crows to peck at those bright eyes of thine. What saith the Scripture? 'Thou shalt utterly destroy them, root and branch.'"

"Hold thy peace, Captain Holmes," exclaimed a stern voice behind him. "Thou art overmuch given to austerity. Take five

men and ride thirty yards in advance; the rest will follow me at a like distance. Boy, ride by my side."

A trooper brought up a spare charger, and, after he had helped the young Royalist into the saddle, the cavalcade proceeded, the boy on the massive war-horse now and again stealing a sidelong glance at his grim companion, who rode in gloomy silence for awhile.

Turning at length, he said abruptly: "How

commands should she not get well again. I could not stay within doors," he added, mournfully; "all is so sad there now."

"From Worcester dost thou say? Then thy brother is perchance a soldier?"

"One of the King's most trusted captains, though the youngest of them all," was the answer, with a proud smile.

"So? And what is thy name?"

"My name is Dick Leigh, of Leigh Manor."

"And thy father?"

"Was Sir Rupert Leigh. He died a year ago; he had been ill a long, long time"—and the young lips quivered for a moment. "He was shot in the throat when fighting the rebels at Preston."

"The rebels! Thou art bold, young Richard. Know you to whom you speak?"

"Aye," replied Dick, simply, "you are Oliver Cromwell. I knew you at once——" He was on the point of saying "by your wart"; but young Leigh was a gentleman all through, and, remembering in time that perhaps General Cromwell was not particularly proud of that facial peculiarity, he substituted, "by your portrait, which hangs at home."

"My portrait in the house of a Royalist?" said Cromwell, smiling grimly. "That is an unusual honour indeed. Can you explain it?"

"I have heard my fathersaythat he admired your courage, and your

military genius, and he used to show us your portrait to remind us of the value of perseverance and ability, but after King Charles the First——"

"Well," said Cromwell, shortly, with a side glance at the boy, "go on."

"After King Charles—died," said Dick, "my father had some words written beneath your picture, and turned it to the wall."

"What were the words, boy?"



"AYE," REPLIED DICK, SIMPLY, "YOU ARE OLIVER CROMWELL. I KNEW YOU AT ONCE—BY YOUR PORTRAIT, WHICH HANGS AT HOME."

do we find thee wandering here? The night is falling, armed men are abroad, and thou hast not many years, methinks?"

"I am eleven," replied the boy, quickly, "and shall be twelve ere Yule."

Then, as his face clouded over, he went on: "My mother lies grievous sick at home; they fear she may not live, and I came this way thinking to meet my brother, who has been summoned from Worcester to receive her last

"This is the head of a traitor, who might have been a patriot," blurted out Dick, with all the recklessness of youth.

For a moment the general's stern, impassive face was broken up into waves of emotion, as when a breeze stirs the placid surface of a lake, and makes it dark and gloomy.

He bit his lip fiercely, and, turning in the saddle, glared savagely at Dick, crying, "Unjust, unjust!"

Then, resuming his position, he muttered, "Bah! 'Tis but a child who babbles what his prating sire has taught him."

Holmes and his men were now nearing a sharp bend in the road, and when some fifty yards still separated them from the corner the sound of a horse approaching at full gallop was heard, and in another instant there came riding furiously towards them a horseman, whose apparel proclaimed him to be an officer attached to the Royalist forces. Perceiving the oncoming cavalry too late to change his course he drew his sword, and, with what seemed the fury of despair, came charging down upon the nearest trooper. For a moment the two were locked together; then with a rattle and clang

the Roundhead swayed heavily from his saddle on to the road, sending up a cloud of white dust in his fall.

Brief as the time had been, Cromwell had noticed the small hands beside him tighten on the rein they held, had seen the sparkle in the blue eyes, and heard the cry of "Bravely struck, Ralph! Oh Ralph, how he went down!"

More was not needed to tell the general that this fiery Cavalier was his young companion's brother, and, rising in his stirrups, he shouted lustily, "Take him alive and harm him not!"

The order came in time to save the Royalist from being cut down, but not before Holmes had joyously run him through the sword-arm, near the shoulder, ere he could recover from the impact with the fallen trooper.

Cromwell, whose blood was always warmed by any deed of bravery or conflict, galloped quickly up to the group and said, with a smile, "Captain Leigh! though a valiant, thou art scarce a wise man methinks; 'tis not oft a single swordsman is bold or mad enough to charge a whole troop of my cavalry."

"The business I am about brooks no delay, general," replied the Royalist, with a look of surprise at being addressed by name, which deepened into amazement as he recognised the boy who rode by Cromwell's side.

"Ha! What thinkest thou of the latest recruit to my ranks?" cried Cromwell, noting his bewilderment. "Shall he not some day make a lusty swordsman?"

"He rides not in arms, I see, general; nor will he ever against his King," replied the young soldier simply, his eyes resting fondly on the boy's flushed face.

"Humph! Now, two of you, pick up that man; there is life in him yet, is there not?"

"Yes, general; he is but stunned."

"Strap him to his horse, then, and follow with him slowly. We camp on this side of yonder slope, Captain Leigh; when we dismount thy wounded arm shall have attention."

"Tut, general! I thank thee for thy courtesy, but it is no more than a scratch."

"Nevertheless," said Cromwell, looking keenly at him, "it shall be bound; my men do not play at needlework when their swords are drawn."

And, indeed, the young



WITH A RATTLE AND CLANG THE ROUNDHEAD SWAYED HEAVILY FROM HIS SADDLE ON TO THE ROAD.



"BIND THEM SECURELY, AND BRING THEM BEFORE ME AT SUNRISE," SAID CROMWELL.

Royalist's pallid face and the broadening stain upon his sleeve belied his words, for the thrust had been a shrewd one, and Ralph Leigh well knew that his right arm would be useless for a time.

At a brisk trot the company proceeded, and, sweeping up the slight incline, they dismounted near its summit, and the camp was speedily formed.

When all was in order Ralph was brought before the general to be questioned as a prisoner of war, while his young brother was placed by his side.

"Now, Captain Leigh," began Cromwell, "thou hast business which permits of no delay. What is the nature of this business?"

"It is of a private nature."

"If that is to be my sole answer thy burial will resemble thy business, and will be completed more expeditiously," said Cromwell bluntly.

"Oh, Ralph," broke in the boy, "I told the general you were coming to see our mother, who——"

"Then," interrupted Ralph, "the general knows my business, and if he will not believe your words neither will he mine."

"Why should I credit this tale of thy sick mother?" said Cromwell, sternly. "Perchance thou bearest despatches, or a message of import to be transmitted by thy young brother here, who, by virtue of his tender years, would pass unchallenged. Nay, nay, such things have chanced ere now. Why not again?"

"And stood the matter so," replied Captain Leigh with equal sternness, "thinkest thou that even torture could open my mouth? The army of the King, though less large than thine, contains no *traitors*, General Cromwell."

"*Twice* within the hour," exclaimed Cromwell furiously. "Oh, bethink thee, sir, bethink thee! Art thou wise to brave me thus? By all the laws of warfare thy life is mine to deal with as I choose. I find thee riding hot-foot from a hostile camp, intent upon some errand

whose nature thou wilt not divulge; thou fallest unprovoked upon my troopers, and one of them thou hast all but killed."

"Would that it had been quite, and two instead of one," replied Leigh haughtily. "Twas done in open combat, and they were six to one."

"Enough! Bind them securely, and bring them before me at sunrise," said Cromwell. "If the Malignant will not then disclose the true purport of his journey he shall die."

"Stay but a moment," cried the elder Leigh, as they were being taken from Cromwell's presence. "For myself I ask nothing, but I pray thee to set my brother free. Men wage not war with children, and should his mother learn his absence——"

"It runs not with my humour to let him go at present," briefly responded Cromwell, turning his back upon the prisoners, who were immediately hurried away.

Three hours later the Roundheads' camp was

silent, and the young moon shone white upon the upturned faces of Cromwell's soldiers, sleeping soundly after their long march, yet not so soundly as many of them were destined to sleep within the week around the walls of Worcester.

A few sentries were posted to guard against surprise, but these knew that their duty was, for at least this night, more or less a sinecure, since the position of the Royalists was accurately known, and there was scant reason to anticipate an attack.

The trooper who had been told off to guard the Leighs had seated himself with his back to a huge oak, and with one eye on the prisoners and the other on the fire before him, had manfully endeavoured to keep himself awake, but, gradually yielding to the general sense of security and his own fatigue, the influence of the night had overcome him and he was sinking into slumber, starting now and again to glance at the two brothers, until at last, murmuring, "A wounded Malignant and a child, both fast asleep—small need to watch them," he closed his eyes, and a minute later his regular breathing proclaimed that he was unconscious of all around him.

At the same instant a burly soldier wrapped in a long cloak came noiselessly into the shadow of a neighbouring tree and fixed his gaze on the sleeping brothers.

But were they sleeping?

Truly the elder was, with a soldier's calm indifference to the morrow, and nothing but an occasional twitch of the lip, or a passing frown, showed that his dreams were troubled; but the eyes of the younger, whose head was pillowed on his brother's uninjured arm, reflected the glow of the dying fire, and from his lips there came the whisper, "At last

the soldier sleeps. They shall not kill my brother now; they *shall* not kill him now."

"Nor shall they, Master Richard, nor shall they, but how canst *thou* prevent it, boy?" said the watcher softly to himself.

As he spoke Dick raised his head, and began to roll slowly towards the fire. His hands were tied behind him, and when he reached the edge of the ring of flame, he looked over his shoulder, and, choosing a small branch which was glowing brightly, he placed his wrists firmly upon it.

"So, so! He would burn his bonds," whispered Cromwell, for he it was who watched unseen.

Dick was now beginning to feel the scorch of the flames upon his flesh.

His tunic had been removed and thrown over him for warmth, and his arms were bare to the elbows, but not for a moment did he flinch, only increasing his efforts as he felt the cords becoming slacker. "He will be scarred," muttered Cromwell, anxiously, as he watched the white arms ploughing deeply into the embers.

"Yet, what of that? They will be scars of which he may well be proud, and 'tis in this fashion *men* are made."

And now the general drew a pistol from his belt, and slowly raising it, levelled it, not at the writhing Dick, nor at Dick's sleeping brother, but at his own soldier, who lay just beyond the light of the fire, for the fear had fallen on him that the man might suddenly awake, and, finding the boy on the point of escape, might kill him before he could prevent it.

And still Dick struggled silently with his smouldering bonds, keeping his gaze fixed upon the sleeping soldier, until at length the agony of the burning strands forced a stifled groan from his white lips.



CROMWELL DREW A PISTOL FROM HIS BELT, AND LEVELLED IT, NOT AT DICK BUT AT HIS OWN SOLDIER.

The cry of anguish, suppressed though it was, made glistening beads stand out upon the iron general's brow, but still he *would* not interfere; the boy should conquer by himself. He would not rob him of his victory, not now that he had borne so much; *not now that he was free!* For as he watched he saw the last piece of glowing rope fall asunder, and Dick's hands were his own once more.

The boy sat upright with a shuddering gasp.

"It hurt me," he said, ruefully; "it hurt me a little more than I thought it would even, and, oh, how my arms are scorched!"

"Ralph must not see them now," he went on with a low laugh, "or I know he will want to stay and kill someone for it."

Rapidly rolling down his shirt-sleeves, he bent forward and quickly unfastened the thongs which bound his ankles.

Then, slipping on his tunic, he crept to his brother's side, and, placing one hand upon his forehead, called softly, "Ralph!"

"Why, Dick, boy," said Ralph Leigh, waking quickly, "what are you doing here? Ah, I remember now. We are prisoners."

"Hush! Speak low, Ralph, the guard is fast asleep, and we can escape if we are quiet. See! I can untie all your bonds."

"But the knaves had bound you also. How comes it you are free?"

"They had not tied me very tight, Ralph, and I wriggled myself loose; but quick, your horse is here by this tree! Mount, and away!"

"Flight, Dick? I like not that," said Captain Leigh, rising to his feet as the last knot which had secured him yielded to his brother's eager fingers. "And yet, they had bound us," he continued, frowning, "and I am not on my parole. Yes; come, Dickie; thanks to you, we

will escape them. Steady, Prince, good nag, stand quiet, then; quiet, I say! But can I mount, I wonder? My right arm hangs stiff and helpless by my side."

"Yes, yes," said the boy, feverishly, "you must mount the wrong side for once. See! your left arm over Prince's withers, so; now give me your right leg and you can scramble into the saddle."

Ralph could not see, or guess of, the awful pain in his brother's face as his weight fell on the boy's blistered arms, but Cromwell saw it, and the hardened warrior shivered as he looked, and dug his heavy heel into the ground to keep himself from breaking silence.

One more moment of agony, and Dick was seated behind his brother, clasping his belt; then, as Ralph touched his horse with the spurs, they bounded away; but in the sudden start one of the charger's hind hoofs tore up a piece of turf, which, flying in the air, fell full upon the sleeping trooper's face.

With an imprecation the soldier sprang up instantly, wide awake, and, seizing his musket, he was levelling it at the fugitives when it was struck sharply upwards, and a voice, which, despite its unwonted tremor, he recognised as his general's, cried, "Stay thy hand—on thy life stay thy hand! Dost thou not see that the little lad rides behind his brother? I would not have that gallant boy's young blood upon my soul, so stay thy hand!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"And, Fletcher," continued Cromwell, when the last hoof-beats of the horse which bore the brothers homeward had died away, "thou hast slept upon thy post; for one other such breach of duty I will have thee shot. See thou to it!"





# Some Hints to School Football Captains.

By C. B. FRY.



Portions of this article may be reproduced in School Magazines provided the source of quotation be acknowledged.—ED., CAPTAIN.

ARE captain of football!

Very good; a pleasant and interesting berth, and one you will have cause to enjoy long after you vacate it—if, as no doubt you

will, you do your duty. The editor says you would like some general hints, in case there is anything you happen not to know. Well, then, the first point to note is that your position differs from a club captaincy; you ought to keep in view the interests of the football throughout the school as well as the production of the best first eleven or fifteen. The formation and development of the school team are

## YOUR IMMEDIATE AND IMPORTANT DUTY,

but you must not forget that the games all through the school require looking after, both for the sake of the athletic welfare of your fellows and in the interests of future school teams.

The chances are that the system of football at your school is a good one, suited to the particular conditions of the place, and well organised. If not, it ought to be. System there must be, or the game cannot flourish. Whether the game is compulsory or not there are practically two bases of organisation; either the whole school is divided up into teams, so that the first and second teams play together in the first game, and the third and fourth in the second game, and so on with internal variations; or else

## A CONTINUOUS ARRANGEMENT

of matches is based on such sub-divisions as house, dormitory, or form. Experience is in favour of the second alternative, because the useful element of *esprit de corps* is involved, and because, quite apart from the exigencies of football, the units of division are stable and satisfactory.

The two most important points to secure in the general football are, first, that opposing sides be as far as possible composed of boys of about the same size, and, secondly, that the games be good and interesting. The first

point can be achieved by arbitrary arrangement into teams, but this may preclude variety and interest. Both points can be secured in schools where there are several boarding houses by having two or three teams in each house and establishing

## SOME FORM OF THE LEAGUE SYSTEM.

Where it has been tried the league system has worked extremely well in schools. It is not very difficult to organise where there are enough boys, and is open to none of the evils current in professional football. Its great advantages are that a continuous interest is maintained, and that all the games are real matches, with something depending on the result. Whatever the system, its success depends greatly on how the authorities support it. A good system may be badly carried out. The captain must make it his special duty to show interest in what is going on.

## HE OUGHT TO GO ROUND THE MINOR GAMES

and be seen taking an interest. And nothing does more good than the publication of results of minor games in an honourable and conspicuous place, such as the School Games Notice Board. By far the best way to keep ordinary games in a keen state is to make all who play feel that their doings are regarded as of importance. A school captain who sees this point, and aims at securing it, can entirely revolutionise the football. He can make dry bones live—he can confer a lasting benefit on his school. It is not enough to feel an interest, he must make everyone see that he is keen and interested. Last, and not least, he should take tremendous trouble to delegate authority wisely and well.

## THE CAPTAINS OF ALL THE TEAMS SHOULD BE CAREFULLY CHOSEN,

be made to feel the honour and responsibility of their posts, and be kept well up to the mark. It pays to make them keep records and send in reports. Remember that the future football depends on the present minor games.

It may be mentioned here that beyond all doubt the future school teams will be much

improved if foreign matches are, as far as possible, arranged for the second and third teams. The advantage of keen football just outside the first team cannot be over-emphasised. As a parallel in cricket, look at the value of the Surrey Second XI. to the county club. There is, too, another provident possibility. There are always in every school a number of very promising boys whose size keeps them in Lower games, but who in ability and skill are far in advance of their fellows.

#### THEY ARE SWELLS WITH TOO EASY A JOB

in the Lower games, yet they cannot be put up with the big chaps. Nothing pays better than to collect these scattered young "pros" in a team and provide them with suitable foreign matches. Such a team becomes a regular nursery for future school champions.

Now for the more immediate problems of captaincy: How to find the material for the school team, and how to get it into the best possible shape.

First of all, you must have a clear conception of what you require. Do you want a team that will do well all through the season against visiting teams mostly composed of men? Or do you wish to work up a side that will win an inter-school match somewhat late in your season?

#### I HOPE THE LATTER OBJECT

is yours. But your procedure will be rather different in the two cases. In the former you must each time select the best team you can make up for present purposes, and must prefer, other things for the moment being fairly equal, the elder and bigger player to the younger and lighter. In the latter, you will do well to go for the material that will train on and pay for cultivation—that is, you will select the younger player, who, though hardly as useful at present as the elder, is nearly sure to improve and surpass him during the season if given full opportunities. A captain is generally liable to give

#### RATHER TOO LONG A TRIAL

to the old stager who was just outside the team the year before. The chances are that members of the third and fourth teams have come on no end, and are much more useful material. But you must exercise your judgment. Beware, however, of keeping an old stager in the team till late in the season, and then finding a youngster who is far better, but whom you cannot very well draft in at that period.

You will generally find that young players come to the front in house cup ties, or similar

matches, rather than in the ordinary games. Do not fail to

#### CAST YOUR EYE BACK ON SUCH MATCHES OF LAST SEASON,

to recall any exceptional promise and keep a place or two open, if you can, to be filled up from the new blood of the present season, which may not be discovered till the cup ties come on.

Remember that you are aiming at getting the best team, not the best set of individual players; so be careful in choosing your men that they fit into the eleven or fifteen, and are imbued with a proper spirit of co-operation.

Nothing is so common among young players as choosing a wrong billet. A boy often elects to be a forward when he is by nature a back. Look out for this. It is specially useful in dealing with a member of last year's team who is likely to lose his place in favour of some new comer. You can often keep him and

#### USE HIM TO ADVANTAGE IN ANOTHER POSITION—

back instead of half-back, or half-back instead of forward.

You cannot hope to make a good team unless you are a good captain. To be this you should be an enthusiastic and keen player, have a knowledge of the game, and possess certain qualities of leadership. You need not be the best player on the side, but you must see that no one tries harder, or plays more keenly. It is not likely that, with your limited experience, you have a great knowledge of the game, but you can increase it greatly by reading and thinking. Read the best books on the game, and

#### THINK OUT THE REASONS OF THINGS.

Talk over the problems of the game with experienced players, and ask their opinions, and the grounds on which they are formed. To be a good leader you must have confidence in yourself, and inspire it in others; and the only way to do this is by merit. You must have a clear idea of what you want, and pursue your object with consistency. You must have a will of your own, and a mind of your own. This does not mean that you must not ask advice and profit by it, or that you must be autocratic and opinionated. A keen desire to do your best for and with your side, a clear conception of the means to employ, and an enthusiastic perseverance in carrying them out, will give you all the

#### DETERMINATION AND SELF-RELIANCE

you require. Remember that the best general

is he who uses every proper means for the end in view. To listen to other opinions does not in the least prevent your having one of your own.

Just a hint here. If there is a good footballer, an old blue, perhaps, among the masters, he will be able to help you no end. But he will like to be asked to do so, and to be thanked if he takes trouble for you. Masters are human beings, and do not like their attempts to help you taken as a matter of course. If a master plays in your games, be sure and make things pleasant for him, otherwise you may lose him.

#### TRIAL GAMES ARE USEFUL IN TWO WAYS—

for discovering talent and for getting your team together. But the two objects require rather different arrangements of sides. For finding new men you had better make up matches such as North v. South, Sixth v. School, and so on—that is, matches that give keen games with mixed sides. For developing your first team the best way is to play your eleven or fifteen together against the next best lot, strengthened with masters, old boys, and any available talent. Or you may play the first team backs and second team forwards against the second team backs and first team forwards.

#### IT IS IMPORTANT TO AVOID MONOTONY ;

so it is advisable to vary the games. Practice games should not, as a rule, be played full time; thirty minutes each way in Rugby and thirty-five in Association.

In the matter of giving advice and coaching, it pays to explain fully before the game to individuals and the whole team exactly what you want done, where they failed last time, and where you hope for improvement. If things are radically wrong, stop the game and have the matter understood. While the game is going on do not be lengthy or nagging in your style of coaching. It is best to supply encouragement during play, and

#### ADMINISTER REPROOF IN QUIET

when the game is over.

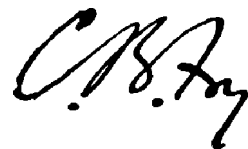
You must use tact in dealing with individuals. Remember that you want to get the best out of your men. If reproof is necessary, do not make the party feel that it is a personal matter between you and him; rather let him feel that

you are only speaking in the interests of the side, and with a view to improving it. There is a world of difference between "I can't have you missing passes like that!" and "We shall get licked by the Wanderers if you chaps do not improve in nipping on to the ball."

#### IN FOREIGN MATCHES,

you will do well not to do more shouting and coaching than is absolutely necessary. Remember the visiting team plays for the fun of the game.

Use your influence to create a proper attitude from the spectators. The lookers-on should cheer good play impartially. There is no patriotism in an unceasing and meaningless shout of "School!" Let good play be cheered and appreciated; let a win be enthusiastically received. But do not let the visiting team be left out in the cold.



#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**Novice.**—I do not understand the quotation from Mr. Grace's book. If you stand, as he does, with both feet close together, how can you draw back the left foot? You would have to twist it behind the right one if you kept that still and fixed. Try, and see for yourself. Arthur Shrewsbury, Mr. A. C. Maclaren, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, Willie Quaife, and nearly all strong back-players, move the right foot a half step towards the wicket in playing back. If you get "The Book of Cricket," published by Geo. Newnes, Ltd., you will see that nearly all the great batsmen depicted in the act of playing back have taken a step with the right foot towards the wicket, and are balancing thereon as they play the ball.

**W. V. Stevenson.**—There is no better exercise than walking. If you feel all right, and are not jaded, you are doing yourself no harm. I should say you are doing very well, indeed, and will benefit by your walking. Jumping requires practice, but no rigorous training. You must be well and strong, of course, to do yourself justice.

**K. Y. Z.**—I wish you had come and asked me at Brighton. I would have done my best to help you. It is too late now, I am afraid.

**James Finlay.**—Boys rarely play erratic fast bowling well. I am inclined to think you run away a bit. Play as if the bowling were slow; don't funk it, and keep your bat straight. It is impossible to give advice about your action in bowling without seeing it. Let the arm swing loose and free, and deliver the ball quite naturally. I expect you have a laborious action. Do not try to bowl too fast.

**E. C.**—You must practise bowling systematically till your stamina increases. If you bowl twenty balls, and then rest, and then go on again, you will find your staying power will improve.

**J. A. S.**—A professional runner is a man who runs for a money prize, or competes against a man who, to his knowledge, is a professional. A man is also a professional if he gets money from teaching athletics or selling athletic appliances.

C. B. F.

## NOTICE.

In Volume I. of THE CAPTAIN, now ready, price 6s., there are FIVE ARTICLES ON SCHOOL ATHLETICS by MR. C. B. FRY.

# A NICE BOY

BY R. NEISH.

Sketches by H. S. Greig.

It's astonishing how easily girls can spoil a chap's holiday if they aren't careful. I mean careful in what they say—not about their clothes, they are a jolly sight too fussy about them as it is—but they never think before they speak. Girls make awfully poor diplomatists because they have no tact.

They think they have, but that is only because they are inclined to be deceitful. My sister Dot hasn't any tact, and she quite spoilt my holiday last Whitsuntide.

We were staying at a hydro up in Yorkshire, where the governor was taking some beastly cold water cure. It wasn't half a bad place; they gave dances and theatricals every Wednesday and Saturday evening, and there were some jolly decent people staying there, and one awfully good-looking girl called Elsie Burton.

She was rather taken with me, I think, because she gave me a box of cigarettes which I should

have smoked only the mater found them and threw them away. But Dot could not bear her; I suppose the reason was that girls are so beastly jealous of one another. But, luckily, she and the mater went to stay at the "Palace Hotel" with

the Harrisons, and so Elsie and I had the place to ourselves. I had a rattling good time, and took her and her mother about, and bought them flowers and things—(luckily Dot had lent me a sov. before she went away)—and generally looked after them.

Elsie's mother saw I was very gone on her, but she did not seem to mind; in fact, she was rather pleased, as she was very nice to me, and took a tremendous interest in the pro-

fession I was going in for. I told her I thought of going into the House, like the pater, and I said so partly because she seemed very keen about politics, not because I think much of the House myself; and I gassed away no end about the



I COULDN'T VERY WELL AFFORD TO GET HER A RING, SO I GAVE HER SOME GOLD SLEEVE LINKS.

rotten way things are managed in France, and about the beastly underhand Russians, and about trade and things, and she listened like anything. The best of it was she and Elsie thought I was twenty-four, but I suppose I look a good bit older than I am, and when Elsie's mother guessed I was twenty-four, of course I wasn't such an ass as to tell her I was only seventeen; but I let her think she was right, which pleased her and didn't hurt me.

It makes such a difference to a chap's enjoyment if he is thought a bit older than he is, and, of course, I can't help looking twenty-four.

There was only one other fellow staying at the hydro that I was at all afraid might cut me out with Elsie, but luckily he turned out to be an effeminate sort of an ass, and if there's one thing girls bar it is a chap who isn't manly. I spoke to Elsie the Friday before we left about liking her, and asked her if she would care to marry me. I told her she would have to wait a bit, as she was only sixteen and a-half, and too young to marry, and I wasn't well enough off to marry her yet; but she said she didn't mind waiting a scrap, so we got engaged.

I couldn't very well afford to get her a ring, so I gave her some gold sleeve-links the mater had given me at Christmas, and she was jolly pleased.

Everyone at the hydro was nice to me, and I had a splendid time at the dances, because I was one of the few men staying there who knew how to dance, and you know what a fuss girls make over a chap when there aren't many about.

But Dot came back on the Monday and spoiled everything. I was sitting on Tuesday afternoon in the conservatory with Elsie, telling her all about my future plans, when Dot and Elsie's mother came in at the opposite end and sat down, and began talking.

I hoped they would go out again in a minute,

so I squeezed Elsie's hand, and gave her a look not to speak; not that I wanted to hear a word of what they said, for it is only girls who listen, and I thought they would be sure to talk about servants, or Dot's new dresses, or some rot of that kind, but I didn't want her to see me sitting there, because she is so fond of chaffing a chap, and I hate Dot's chaff—it is always so cheap.

They talked a good bit about dresses, and hats, and stuff like that, and then they began to talk about me. It was jolly uncomfortable, I can tell you, but I couldn't very well get up and pass them without looking a fool, so I just sat where I was and bore it.

Mrs. Burton began by saying, "What a very nice young man your brother is, Miss Anstruthers!" And Elsie squeezed my hand; but

Dot said, in that beastly patronising way of hers that she uses even on the pater:—"Yes, he is a nice boy, isn't he?"

"I hear he intends going into the House of Commons, like your father," said Mrs. Burton; and Dot laughed—such a sickening snigger it was, too—and said:—

"Really! And who told you that?"

"Oh, he told us himself," said Mrs. Burton.

"He has very pronounced views about politics, and has quite interested us. How clever he is!" she added, and Elsie squeezed my hand even harder.

Then a most awful thing happened. Dot laughed again, and said, "I'm afraid Bob will have some time to wait before he can air his views in public. You see, he has to go to college first." And Mrs. Burton answered:—

"To college? I thought he had just left. Isn't twenty-four a little old to go to college?"

"Twenty-four!" echoed Dot, while I went hot all over, knowing what was sure to follow. "Why, Bob is barely seventeen—he is still at school—he hasn't left Rugby yet!"



SHE BEGAN TO CRY.

Then Mrs. Burton burst out laughing and said, "Barely seventeen! Why, he told us he was twenty-four. How very funny boys are!" And she and Dot laughed until I felt fairly sick. Then they went out into the garden again.

For a moment after they had gone there was a dead silence, and then Elsie drew her hand away, and said stiffly, "What a story-teller you are!"

"That's right," I said (for I felt quite desperate by that time). "Go on! Hit a chap when he's down; it's only what one expects from a girl. I suppose you're going to throw me over?"

I never thought she was, but she began to cry, and said, angrily: "Of course I am. I don't want to be engaged at all, but if I am I'd rather have a man. It's no fun being engaged to a school-boy."

Of course I got up after that, and gave her one look as I left the conservatory. Then I went to look for Dot. When I told her that she had blighted my life for ever, she just gave a silly laugh, and told me not to be a goose.

I have decided never to speak to Dot again.

## Things that Money Cannot Buy.

MONEY is a very desirable and useful possession. It is absurd to despise it, or to try to minimise its power. It can give most of the things that make for happiness. It can surround one with beautiful objects, and give one a chance of travelling and seeing the most of things.

But the tendency nowadays is not to minimise the power of money, but to magnify it until it seems the one thing in life worth striving for. This being so, it is well to think of some of the things that money cannot buy. Here are some of them.

*Contentment.* The more money you have, the more, probably, you will want. Your desires will increase with your power of gratifying them. A very great deal of money will cause much anxiety, and trouble, and responsibility. Anyhow, money alone will never give contentment.

*Health.* This should, perhaps, have come

first. Without it everything else is more or less useless. Money cannot buy health. It very often destroys it. The lust of gold is a wearing and degrading passion. The possession of too much is not conducive to health. Money can give the best medical skill, change of air and scene, but if the mind or body be diseased, it cannot cure the sufferer.

*Friends.* Money will bring you any amount of acquaintances, but it will never bring you one real friend. Friendship cannot be bought, and money more often alienates a friend than otherwise.

*Honour.* You can buy newspaper "puffs" by the dozen. You can advertise your name all over the world. You can get a certain cheap fame—notoriety—but money alone will not bring you honour. You may be celebrated for your magnificent entertainments, for your horses, and so on, but it requires character to win honour.





By JOHN MACKIE.

*Author of "They that Sit in Darkness," "The Last Creek," "Touch and Go," etc.*

Illustrated by Stewart Browne.

## CHAPTER I.

### A RUDE AWAKENING.

**I** WALTER DERRINGHAM, was sixteen years of age, and had come home from Harrow for my summer holidays. Perhaps I should not use the word "home," for my real one had been broken up years before, on the death of my father and mother, so when not at school I lived with an uncle, Gilbert Derringham, a well-to-do, middle-aged bachelor, at his comfortable old country house in Middlesex. He loved to slip through life so quietly, and was so accustomed to getting his own way, that no one dreamt he would risk his independence by taking to himself a life-partner. When one day, however, he married a society-loving widow, who was reported to have a mind and very decided opinions of her own, and who had, moreover, a family of three, it must be confessed that I, like many more, was considerably astonished, and felt not a little sore on the subject.

I was not at the marriage, but when I stood at the hall door with a few others to welcome my uncle and his wife on their home-coming, I felt instinctively that the Cedars was no longer my home, and that I was considered an intruder. Mrs. Gilbert Derringham might have been good-looking once upon a time, but when she looked one up and down sharply, with those hard, calculating blue eyes of hers, I wondered what a man could see in a mere mask of flesh and blood, with nothing behind it but what was soulless and sordid.

She must have begun soon to carry things with a high hand, for within a few days she made my position plain to me in the presence of my uncle. Her assumed air of kindness and candour never for a moment deceived me, if it did Gilbert Derringham, who, it must be admitted, seemed rather ashamed of the interview, which I will now relate.

She was loth to speak to me so soon, she said, but thought it only kindness to let me know my exact position. She did not know whether or not I was aware that all that was left to me of my deceased father's estate was a number of worthless shares in a Queensland gold mine, which for years had yielded no dividends, and which, indeed, was being worked at a loss in the pursuit of a forlorn hope. Perhaps I was not aware that I had all along been living upon the charity of my uncle.

Gilbert Derringham here lifted his hands deprecatingly and as if to stop her, but the woman went on.

That had been all very well so long as my uncle was unmarried, but now that he had new responsibilities it was not to be expected that he could afford to pay the heavy expenses of a public school any longer. I was now in my seventeenth year; did I not think it was time to go out into the world and do something for myself, seeing that I could hardly expect the same help as heretofore?

I turned hot and cold on hearing these things. I had always been morbidly sensitive, and my pride had received a severe shock. My uncle looked ashamed, and decidedly ill at ease. I think he was going to say something, but his wife looked at him, and the words died upon his lips. What

followed is not particularly edifying. I lost my temper, and told his wife that if I had lived upon my uncle's charity, it had been done in ignorance of my true position. He had allowed me to think that the money he gave me, and what he paid for my education, was only what was due to me from my poor father's estate. It had been done out of his goodness of heart, but it had turned out cruelly for me. I would take nothing from either of them any longer, and so far as she, my uncle's wife, was concerned, her motives were obvious enough; she wanted to send her two sons to school, and was afraid there would not be money enough for all of us. I wound up by saying that as she had lost no time in showing her hand, and had taken such an evident pleasure in putting the truth before me as brutally as possible, I made no apology for speaking as I did.

Never before in my life had I spoken so plainly to anyone, and it sometimes puzzles me now to know where my courage came from. I seemed to have changed from a boy into a man on being brought face to face with the grim reality of her words. For the moment Mrs. Derringham seemed so taken aback by my boldness that she was incapable of speech. My uncle looked more distressed than ever, but I had sense enough to know that he was in the woman's power, and so hurried from the room. Had my two new half-cousins been like some of my late school companions, I would have gone to them at once and told them of my troubles; but although there was not a great deal of difference in our ages, theyaped the ways of men in a manner that was

ludicrous, and seemed to prefer the companionship of stable-boys and grooms to that of their social equals, so they were not to be thought of.

I was passing through a side door to my favourite nook in the plantation when I almost ran against my third new cousin, whose existence, I admit, till then had hardly given me a thought. Properly speaking, she was not Mrs. Derringham's daughter, but a dead brother's child who had left her fairly well off, and it was currently supposed

that it was her income which had kept the whole family going until her scheming aunt's second marriage. She was about the same age as myself, and had what I considered to be red hair. There was certainly lots of it, and though I had heard my uncle say it was very wonderful hair and much admired by people who knew about such matters, it would be outside the truth to say that I did. She was a shy girl, with large hazel eyes, which gave one the idea that she was always terribly in earnest and thinking of all sorts of things. I fancy there was something in it when people said they were fine eyes. There could



"WALTER," SHE SAID SOFTLY, "WON'T YOU TELL ME ABOUT IT?"

be no doubt about the clearness and the softness of her skin; but that could only have appealed to girls who put such an incomprehensible value on complexions; such a thing could hardly interest me, a boy. She had hitherto barely spoken to me, but I liked the look in her eyes; they seemed to say such a lot, and I felt certain that, despite the colour of her hair, she was a nice girl.

I expected she would stand aside shyly to let me pass, and so she did at first; but the moment she looked into my face with those great uncanny



eyes of hers, I never saw such a change come over a girl in my life. Her painful embarrassment left her in a moment, and she stepped right in front of me.

"Let me pass!" I demanded, somewhat sulkily I daresay.

"Walter," she said softly, and perfectly at her ease, "won't you tell me about it? Has Mrs. Derringham been saying anything to you? I know she has—Oh, what a shame! I didn't think she would have had the courage to."

"She got something back that she didn't quite like, anyhow," I interrupted, watching the girl's face curiously. It had not struck me before that there was so much in it, and she really had wonderful eyes. That was doubtless why she was able to sum up the situation at a glance. Whichever way it was, there was something so genuine and kindly in her manner that I could not pass by without appearing to notice her as I had at first intended.

"What did you say to her?" asked the girl anxiously.

"Oh! it's a long story, and wouldn't interest you," I replied. "By the way, what's your name? I forget it."

I somehow began to think I should like to know her name; there was something so frank and honest about her. I began to feel sorry that she was only a girl and not a boy. Otherwise, I am sure she would have made a splendid chum.

"Muriel," she replied, "but surely it cannot interest you!"

She had used my own words and paid me back in my own coin, just as a boy would have done. I thought it rather plucky of her, so told her in as few words as possible what had occurred. She seemed greatly interested, and never once interrupted me. When I had finished, she rather abruptly asked:—

"What are you going to do, Walter?"

"Clear out," I replied, "and at once. If they won't let me, I'll run away."

"Come into the garden," she said, "and talk it over. I know where there's such a jolly, quiet place."

## CHAPTER II.

### CAST ON MY OWN RESOURCES.

WE reached the lonely spot she spoke about, which was simply an old summer-house at the far end of the garden overlooking a little stream, and she led me into it, sitting down opposite. The little table was between us, but I hoped that no one would come and find us there; I always hated being chaffed about girls.

Muriel Wray broke the silence by saying that I was talking nonsense about going away all at

once; neither my uncle nor my new aunt dreamt that I should do such a thing. Of course I could stop at the Cedars until I had made up my mind as to my future career, and then go off to London or elsewhere like any other sensible young fellow. I might have to board with people or go into lodgings while I was learning my business, but that was a matter of course. She knew Mrs. Derringham was exaggerating my poverty when she declared that I was utterly dependent on my uncle. She had heard that I had interests which might at any time bring me in lots of money.

I did not know until long afterwards that Muriel had gone to my uncle and tried to persuade him to use some of her own means on my behalf on the sole condition that he was never to say a word about it to anyone.

As for my running away, she expressed the hope that I would do nothing so foolish. When I told her that the one great ambition of my life was to travel in strange countries, and experience some of the wonderful adventures I had read about, the warm blood mounted into her white skin for a moment, and her eyes gleamed like two stars. I went on to say that, if I were condemned to sit on a three-legged stool in a musty office, I would never have any such opportunities, and that, even if I became rich as a Rothschild, I should still regret not having followed my natural bent.

The girl's small hands twitched nervously on her lap, and her eyes wandered away to the opposite bank as I spoke like this. I believe that, in her heart, Muriel was brimming over with romance, and that, had she been a boy, she would not have hesitated one moment to pursue the course I now meditated. But it is my belief that with that odd vein of practicality, which I am told some women possess, she advised me against what she herself would have chosen, for my own good. As I watched her, sitting looking out into the dim depths of the pine wood opposite, with a thoughtful look in her eyes, I began to wonder how it was I had hitherto seemed to look upon her only as a girl who was hardly worth the passing notice of a boy in his seventeenth year. She seemed to have grown ever so much older than myself, and when a little shaft of sunlight straggled in through the lattice-work, and flooded the silky tangles of her hair as with a glory, I wondered how I could ever have called it red and seen no beauties in it. Red it was not; it reminded one of that rare, soft, golden tinge that the setting sun leaves behind it in the fleecy clouds after the rain. I began to be rather ashamed of having treated her in such an off-hand way, and I wondered if she had noticed it. The situation, I fancied, required some explanation.

I cleared my throat to attract her attention and

said something, but what it was it is impossible for me now to remember. I came to a dead stop, conscious of having wandered from the point, and thought she looked at me with a gleam of awakened interest in her eyes.

"I'm afraid I haven't explained myself very clearly," I observed, wondering what it was I had said, and feeling my utter inability to explain the delicate nature of what was in my mind.

"Then I wouldn't trouble to, if I were you," she rejoined, laughingly. "I really didn't think there was anything rude in your manner towards me. I did think you were just a trifle awkward, but when you know me better you won't be ; boys generally like me."

"I should fancy they did !" I said in a sudden burst of frankness, and then I pulled myself up short, and found myself thinking it was an awful piece of cheek on the part of the other boys to like her. It was doubtless natural enough on their part, but it seemed to me that if I should get to like her very much, I would not care about sharing her with other fellows.

In a few minutes more I was talking to her just as if she had been an old school-fellow ; it was difficult to believe that a girl should know so much, and seem to enter so heartily into the plans and projects of a boy. In a quarter of an hour I had agreed to respect the powers that were, and not do anything rash, until at least I had proof positive they were going to force me into some line of life utterly unsuited to my tastes.

We must have been some considerable time in that summer-house, although, strangely enough, I hardly noticed it, for she told me a good deal about herself that considerably interested me, and it seemed to give me an odd sort of consolation to think there were others who felt a good deal alone in the world, and who accordingly had to make the best of things. I began to think that girls were not so very bad after all, and that she had not bored me in the least. It was she who first rose to go, and then I felt myself in an awkward fix, as all my old prejudices sprang into life again. I didn't care to be seen going with the girl to the house. When she looked up into my face with those wonderful eyes of hers, I could have sworn she guessed my thoughts, for she came towards me, and, holding out her hand as if to ratify our agreement, said :—

"Now, don't forget your promise. You needn't trouble to come to the house with me. I'll see you again at dinner. Be good to yourself till then."

When she had gone I sat down again, and it was as if a new interest had come into my life. I had always felt very much alone in the world,

for my uncle, although kind to me, seemed everlastingly engrossed in his own pursuits ; and what with having no one older than myself to talk to and advise me as to my future, it is more than likely less thought was bestowed on the matter than is usual with boys of my age. I had been an insatiable reader of books of travel and adventure, and I had never entertained any idea other than that of leading an out-of-door, free, stirring existence. I had lived in a world of books and dreams, and had lost sight of the stern practicalities of life. It was but natural that I should have my views corrected in the world of which I knew so little.

But to be brief, Mrs. Derringham had prevailed upon my uncle to find a situation for me in a lawyer's office in the City. This was done without consulting my inclinations in the slightest, and though my uncle, when he told me the news, was somewhat shamefaced, and hinted vaguely about finding something better for me later on, I felt that the time had come to shift for myself. I felt that an indoor life, such as was proposed, was something quite irreconcilable with my nature. I thanked my uncle for all his past kindness to me, and begged him either to find some out-of-door work, to let me go and take my chance in the Colonies, or let me shift for myself. I believe he would have given into my wishes if it had not been for his wife, for she at once tried to ridicule what she called the unreasonableness and absurdity of my plans, accused me of ingratitude, and began to exercise a series of mean little restraints over me that was galling in the extreme. Even her sons would have nothing to do with me, and I believe they were only prevented from showing their dislike in a more marked fashion by the obvious fact that I was rather a strong, well-set-up lad for my years, and would be likely to resent an insult.

But things came to a crisis at last. One day I told Muriel that I would like to see her after lunch in the old summer-house, as I had something important to communicate.

What I meant to tell Muriel Wray was that on the following night I meant to leave my uncle's home, make my way to London, get on a ship going abroad, and strike out for myself. I had no very decided plans, but I at least had made up my mind that go I would, without any further delay.

### CHAPTER III.

#### I RUN AWAY.

I HAD not been long in the old summer-house before Muriel Wray came. She doubtless saw at a glance that something very serious was the matter with me, but she did not affect a concern

she could hardly be expected to feel. In a quiet, matter-of-fact way she said :—

"What is it, Walter? Tell me all about it."

I did, and it amounted to this: My uncle had told me in the presence of my aunt that within a week I was to be prepared to take up my residence in London, as he had found an opening for me in a solicitor's office, and I would be duly articulated within the next few days. Again there was an unavailing appeal on my part, and when it was received with contempt I somewhat indiscreetly remarked that I would take good care never to cross that solicitor's threshold. Whereupon I was forbidden to leave the grounds until such time as it came for me to take my departure. To cut a long story short, I had secretly gone to my room, overhauled my small stock of personal effects, written a letter to my uncle, which would be found next day on my dressing-table, put such clothes as I would be likely to need into a small black bag, and finally resolved that as soon as the family had retired for the night I would quietly depart to seek my fortune in foreign lands. I knew it was not a nice thing to do, to steal out of my uncle's house at dead of night, like a thief, but no other course was open to me. They would not let me go of my own free will, and I hated making a fuss.

Muriel Wray waited patiently until I had finished, and then, by every argument she could think of, she tried to shake my determination. It must be confessed some of the questions she put rather staggered me. Where did I intend going? What training and knowledge had I to prepare me for the plunge into a rough, wide-awake world? And, lastly, what money had I to enable me to get out of the country?

The money question was what cornered me, for I had only a five-pound note in the world.

"Then you've got to take a loan from me," she said, when she saw that I was determined to go. "Only a twenty-pound note, and you must promise to write and tell me how you are getting on, and I will write to you."

But it was only when I plainly enough saw that the good-hearted girl would be deeply hurt by my refusal that I consented to take the money, on the distinct understanding that it was to be repaid.

I confess that during the interview I had to keep my head turned away from Muriel Wray lest the sight of her wistful eyes might turn me from my purpose. My friends always considered me of a disposition not likely to be easily moved. In reality I was impressionable to a degree, only it went against the grain to be demonstrative.

Muriel Wray insisted on being up to say good-bye to me that night when I left. I was not going to leave the old place, she said, as if I were an outcast without a friend in the world. There need be no difficulties in the way. It was a large, old-fashioned house, and our rooms were both in the same wing; a separate staircase, and a door at the far end of the passage were pretty certain to be free from interruption. When it struck twelve on the old clock over the entrance to the stables, and it was safe to hazard that the household was asleep, it would be time for me to be off.

We discussed many things in regard to the future in a somewhat sad and half-hearted way, and then the girl took her departure.

I shall never forget as long as I live the pain it occasioned me to go round the old place, and say good-bye to everything; for I had looked upon



I KNELT DOWN BY MY BEDSIDE AND SAID MY PRAYERS.

the Cedars as my home, and the familiar surroundings of our boyhood make a deeper impression than those which come with the years. I confess I almost cried on looking for the last time at the pigeons on the stable-roof, on patting each of the horses, and allowing Caesar, the old watchdog, to push his cold nose into my hands. I was glad when it was all over; I had hardly thought that parting from my dumb friends could be so bitter.

How that evening passed it is not difficult to remember now. All preparations for my departure had been made, and my condition was one of feverish excitement as the hours wore on. I really felt sorry to leave my Uncle Gilbert in the way I intended, for, despite the stern measures he had of late adopted towards me, I knew they were not the outcome of his own inclinations. There was still a very soft spot in my heart for him and that evening in the drawing-room I tried to show this by being as attentive to him as possible. As for Muriel Wray, she sat in a great chair apparently reading, but I knew well she did very little of that, for the expression on her face was subdued and thoughtful, and several times I caught her looking at me over the top of her book. Once or twice she made an evident effort to rally and say something cheerful, but the result was anything but successful. When I thought of this afterwards I felt rather glad it was so. I was very thankful indeed when that last evening at the Cedars came to an end.

With what an ominous deliberation the old clock at the stables struck the twelve hours that night. To me each stroke seemed full of prophecy, and to herald the beginning of a new life. And a new life truly it was to be, for when the hammer fell for the last time I realised that the past was done with for ever, and the new life with all its possibilities had begun.

I rose from the bed on which I had flung myself, made sure that one precious relic—a small locket which had belonged to my mother—hung safely on my breast inside my shirt, and then—and the boy who is ashamed to say as much is a fool—I knelt down by my bedside and said my prayers. Picking up my slender belongings in the small black bag, I went on tip-toe along the corridor and down the old-fashioned winding stairs.

Muriel Wray had said she would be up to see me off, but surely it was more than one could expect. She was only a girl after all, and girls were always saying things they did not mean. Perhaps she repented of that burst of generosity in which she begged me to accept the loan of a twenty-pound note; girls often did such unaccountable things.

I was heartily ashamed of such thoughts before they had almost passed through my mind, for in the moonlight that streamed into the hall from the fan-light above the door I saw the shadowy figure of the girl. I approached her without speaking; in another moment she had caught me by the hand, and, bringing her face close to mine, whispered:—

"Think better of it, Walter—think better of it. No one need be the wiser if you change your mind now. You don't know what you're going to."

There was something like a catch in her breath as she spoke these words, and it required all my courage to resist them.

"Come outside into the Lime Walk," I replied; "we can speak better there."

We passed out into the bright moonlight and the warm summer's night, and soon were out of sight of the house.

"Now we have gone far enough," I said; "but, Muriel, I can't go back. I've gone so far now that the thing's impossible. I'm not a girl——"

Then I stopped short, and doubtless looked foolish as I saw her great dark eyes gazing wonderingly into mine. But she ignored the latter part of my speech, and it was the best way in which she could have punished me.

"If you find you don't get on, and things go wrong with you, Walter, will you come back? Don't let your pride stand in the way of your future. Remember your uncle is really very fond of you, and would be only too glad to have you back. As for Mrs. Derringham, you need not consider her in the matter at all."

I told her that such a course was impossible. Unless I could come back with an assured competency or position I could never come at all; but I hoped to come back. And, looking at her, the desire to make my fortune and prove myself no weakling was very strong within me. As I spoke it seemed to me that for a moment a pleased look struggled through the wistfulness on her face; but it was gone again, just as a ray of sunlight is lost in a weary sky. It was quite evident to me, although she did not say so, that she was not over sanguine in regard to my future. But it was time to be off.

"I must be going," I observed. "Let me see you back to the house."

But she would not hear of it.

"I can go back quite well by myself," she said. "There is just one thing more I want to speak to you about, and I am sure you won't mind me mentioning it, Walter—you see, there's no one else to do it. Promise me you'll always walk straight, and never do a mean or dishonourable action?"

I felt hurt for the moment, but the girl had

caught my hands in hers, and was gazing steadily into my eyes. Her face was very close to mine. It was impossible to be angry with her; she was obviously sincere, and so terribly in earnest.

"Yes," I replied, "I promise you." And the memory of that promise kept me straight more than once in my stormy after life, when I was sorely tempted to take advantage of the moment, without considering whether I was pursuing a strictly honourable course or not.

As we shook hands she pushed a small packet into my jacket pocket. "It's the loan, Walter," she observed; "if you never repay it, it won't matter in the least, and should you want more you've only got to write to me. I've got more than I require."

I had wrung her hand, and turned to go, but she still held my hands. I looked into her great brown eyes, and saw something suspiciously like tears in them. I wondered why she delayed me, but the next moment I learned the reason.

"Won't you kiss me, Walter?" she asked. And I did; and now that I think of it, this thought is borne home to me. Had it not been for Muriel Wray and her disinterested love for me I might have gone into the world that night a veritable Ishmael, and with the spirit of Ishmael in my heart—with the thought that there was not a human being who cared for me, or who had the slightest interest in my life. I almost fear to think of what might have happened had this been so.

When I had kissed her I turned away with a great lump in my throat, unable to say a single word, and made off through the trees. I turned

when I had gone some fifteen or twenty yards and looked back. She was still standing there, a ghostly figure in the moonlight, watching me. Both of us at the same moment raised our hands to our lips, and then I turned and fled. I walked sharply down the avenue until I came to within a hundred yards of the lodge gates, but I was afraid of being seen or heard, so made a detour, and scaled the old brick wall some hundred yards to the east of it. In a few minutes more I was walking briskly eastwards on the high road to London, with a certain amount of regret when I thought of those, and the old life I had left behind, but with no slight degree of hope and elation in my heart. I was fairly launched on the world now, and all its romance lay before me.



SHE WAS STILL STANDING THERE, A GHOSTLY FIGURE IN THE MOONLIGHT, WATCHING ME.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### AN ODD ADVENTURE.

It may seem strange to some people that I should have chosen to run away at night when the chances were I would have to walk the whole fifteen miles to London, instead of taking train through the day, and journeying comfortably in half-an-hour right into the metropolis. Had I pursued the latter course, however, I would most assuredly have been seen, and probably stopped, before I got to the end of my journey, whereas now, even if I walked, I would be in London long before I was missed, and would have booked a steerage passage to Australia or South America before anyone on the look-out for me could interfere. I was not particular as to which of the two countries named I went to; I would take the first boat to either, and keep out of sight until they sailed. My main desire was to get out of the

country. Never did a boy place himself more at the disposal of chance than I did.

It was a lovely night and at first I enjoyed the walk so much that it seemed folly to hail any of the market gardeners' wagons that rattled past, loaded up with all sorts of fruits and vegetables for Covent Garden. But my well-packed black bag, although small, soon became irksome to carry; it was a case of shifting it too often from one hand to the other. At Colnbrook my boots began to hurt, and I sat down close to a watering trough by the roadside. Before many minutes a wagoner drove up. He had a load of cabbages piled up so high that I wondered they did not topple over. I asked him if he would give me a seat on the front of the wagon with him as far as Covent Garden, and I would pay him for the ride. Before many minutes he was the richer by eighteenpence, and I was sitting with him on what might be called the box-seat of the wagon. I began to feel rather sleepy, and at times dozed off; it is more than likely I would have fallen from my seat had it not been that the wagoner, who was a good-natured sort of man, put his arm over my shoulder and held me in my place. On one occasion I must have slept for some considerable time, for on opening my eyes I was astonished to find that it was broad daylight and we were jogging smoothly and silently over a wooden pavement, with houses on either side.

We were in London at last. Then I recognised Holland Park and the High Street, Kensington. A little farther on and Kensington Gardens was on our left. How strange it was to see the Row in the broad light of day without a single human being in it. In Piccadilly there were a few hansoms and carts in the roadway, but only a solitary policeman on the pavement. It was only when we came to the Strand and approached Covent Garden that any considerable signs of life were apparent in the sleeping city.

Saying good-bye to my friend the wagoner, I took my black bag and strolled about the market, watching with interest the tons upon tons of fruits, vegetables, and flowers, that came pouring in from the remotest parts of England and the Continent, to satisfy the needs of the greatest conglomeration of human beings on the face of the earth, and I found myself wondering what would happen if this supply were suddenly to cease. As yet it was only four o'clock in the morning, and, though the sun was beginning to show itself, I felt cold and somewhat stiff, doubtless owing to having slept on the front seat of the wagon. A good wash and a cup of coffee, with something to eat, appealed to my imagination very powerfully then, but as yet, so far as I knew, there were no hotels open, so I would have to

make the best of things for two or three hours at least.

Wandering into a little side street, I caught sight of a coffee-stall, and made straight for it. There were a few rough, furtive-eyed men, who looked as if they had been up all night, loafing round it, but I did not mind that. The coffee-stall seemed cleanliness itself; the steaming urns and the bread and butter were just what my system was craving for just then, so, going up to one end of the long wooden counter, I boldly asked for refreshments, paid my twopence, and was soon enjoying them as I had seldom enjoyed a meal of the kind in my life. I remembered when at school turning up my nose at exactly the same fare, and the old saying came home to me with peculiar force that hunger was the best sauce. While I stood, slowly eating a second round of bread and butter, and drinking another cup of hot coffee, it came rather in the nature of a surprise to me to see a tall, countrified-looking man, in evening dress and loose, unbuttoned overcoat, step up to the far corner of the stall opposite and order the same refreshments as I had done. But, remembering that all sorts and conditions of men in London, from sandwichmen to peers, are not above patronising coffee-stalls, not to speak of hot potato and roasted chestnut barrows, I overcame my surprise, and lazily watched my companion. He puzzled me; he certainly was not a man-about-town, for his dress clothes were obviously ill-fitting, and he wore a bowler hat. The man himself had a pleasant, open countenance, he was bronzed and bearded, and I at once put him down as a country cousin who had run up to town on a short visit, and who, having been out all night at some dance or other, had come on to Covent Garden in the early morning, as many people do, to see the wonderful market.

So far I was right, only, as it afterwards transpired, the country cousin came from Canada. I noticed that he wore a rather heavy gold chain, and, as he unconcernedly drank his coffee, the little crowd of rough, shady-looking youths drew up to the counter and jostled each other against it. Suddenly, and before I had the slightest suspicion as to their intentions, one of them made a sudden snatch at his heavy chain, and in another moment made off with it and the watch.

Now, and I say it without boasting, there were few fellows at Harrow who could come near me in doing a hundred yards, and that accomplishment stood me in good stead on the present occasion. I flung the cup from my hand, and was after him before the others could prevent me. Before he had gone fifty yards I had sprung upon him, and seized the hand in which he held the watch. He tried to throw it from him, but I succeeded in



BEFORE HE HAD GONE FIFTY YARDS I HAD SPRUNG UPON HIM, AND SEIZED THE HAND IN WHICH HE HELD THE WATCH

clutching it. Then we both rolled over together, and I was conscious that the other roughs had come to the assistance of their comrade, and were trying to wrest the watch from me. But I stuck to it for all I was worth, and tried to keep them off. Someone kicked me on the side, and I was beginning to feel queer, when *thud! thud!* and the roughs went spinning right and left as the man who had lost the watch came up and dispersed them with his big fists in a way that was edifying to witness. He had been tripped up by the thief's confederates, which accounted for his delay in coming to my rescue sooner. I still held on to the culprit, but I was only too glad to hand him over to the stranger, for one of the roughs had served me a cowardly trick, and all I was good for was to sit down on the stone pavement, speechless and gasping for breath. But the stranger did not trouble much about the thief;

with his open hand he boxed his ears in a way that made me feel thankful it was not my ears that were being boxed; then, taking him by the nape of the neck, he flung him half across the road and turned his attention to me. Without being able to speak, I handed him his watch; and then everything seemed to spin round and round about me, and I fell forward on my face. When I came to myself again, which must have been in a very few minutes, I found myself propped up against the strange gentleman's knees, while a porter stood in front of me sprinkling water on my face out of a pail.

"You'll be all right in another minute, my boy," said the stranger, in a voice that sounded very friendly indeed. "Just sit quietly until you get your breath back again."

In a few minutes more I struggled to my feet, feeling not a little stiff and dazed.

"Where are you going to?" asked the stranger, slipping his arm into mine.

"To the coffee stall for my bag," I replied, "and then to an hotel—it doesn't much matter which one I go to."

"Then you'll come to mine and be my guest," said the big man in evening dress. "I'm in your debt more than I can tell you. That watch was a presentation one, and I wouldn't have lost it for five hundred pounds."

But there was no bag at the coffee-stall; the thieves had spirited it away as soon as I had started in pursuit of their mate. A horrible presentiment possessed me. I thrust my hand into the breast-pocket of my jacket, only to discover that the packet which Muriel Wray had given me was gone. The thieves had effectually relieved me of it in the scrimmage. I searched for my purse, but it had been in the same pocket as Muriel Wray's money, and I realised that I was without a penny in the world. Something like a

groan escaped my lips. This came of helping a stranger! And what was the stranger going to do for me? Nothing, of course; if I told him, he might only think it was a scheme of mine to get money out of him. I remained silent and went against the coffee-stall to think. The stranger must have seen the look of blank despair upon my face, for he asked:—

"What's the matter, my boy? Have those chaps gone through you?"

"Yes," I replied, "for every penny I possess. I can't go with you to any hotel. I haven't even got a spare shirt to my back—they've taken my bag, too."

"And I saw them take it, but was too late to stop them. Never mind; I'll see what can be done—you've got to come with me. Here, boy"—he turned to a bare-legged urchin standing hard by—"call a cab. You'll come to my hotel."

In three minutes more we were sitting together in a hansom, bowling up Regent Street, which was now beginning to show some signs of life. The drive through the fresh morning air seemed to put new life into me. My companion asked no questions. He merely laughingly remarked that when we got to the hotel a good tub would do neither of us any harm, and a good breakfast afterwards would do us still less. After that we could have a rest if we felt so inclined. And then we pulled up at the "Langham."

In an hour's time we were sitting together at a most excellent breakfast. My newly-found friend had exchanged his evening dress for a well-made, orthodox morning suit, and at once I put him down as a country squire or gentleman farmer; but what puzzled me about him was that he occasionally used a form of speech which was quite unfamiliar to me. Once or twice I thought I detected Americanisms. Breakfast over he asked me, in a quiet, matter-of-fact way, if I belonged to London, and what I intended doing. Now, I had been wondering what on earth I should do, seeing that my means of leaving the country had been so unexpectedly taken from me. Back to the Cedars I could not possibly go—I would have broken stones by the roadside before doing that—but what to do under the circumstances, that was the question. He looked like a man I could trust. Surely he would not give me away after what had occurred. In ten minutes he was in possession of my story.

"I thought it was something of that sort," he said, smilingly. "Of course, you can't go back to your uncle's. How much money did you lose this morning?"

I told him, remarking that, of course, I did not do so under any expectation that he would make it good.

"Look here, Derringham," he said, "you did me a good turn this morning, and you did it as pluckily as anything I ever saw done in my life, and I'm in your debt. Now, I'll give you the choice of two things. I'll either pay you back that money in full, because I know that every word you tell me is gospel truth, or I'll take you with me to Canada. My name's Dunbar—Colin Dunbar. I own a cattle and horse rancho on the Cypress Hills in the North-west Territories, and I sail from Liverpool to-morrow with some valuable prize stock I'm taking out to the rancho. It's a pretty wild sort of place, remember, and there are a good few Indians—mostly renegade Sioux—knocking around, not to speak of horse-thieves and whiskey smugglers, but if you care to come out to it I'll give you a berth and look after you. I'll pay your passage out, and rig you out as well when you get there. There are two other men going out with the stock, but you can lend a hand, and that will keep you from wearying. Now, what is it to be?"

"I'll go with you, sir," I exclaimed, and my heart beat fast with the thought of it.

"Then here's a fiver in the meantime," he said. "You may want to buy some things. I'd advise you not to go out more than you can help. We'll leave to-night at seven for Liverpool."

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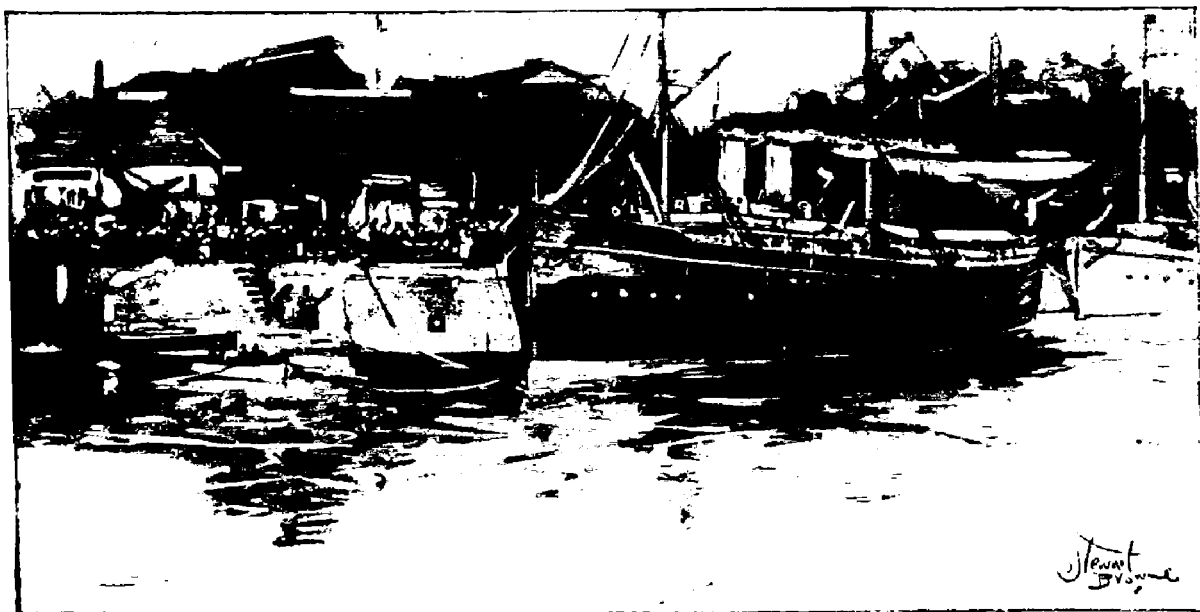
## CHAPTER V.

### THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS.

THAT same evening we drove to Euston, and it must be admitted I did not breathe freely until the train was steaming out of the station. Fearful of being recognised and taken back to my uncle's, I only ventured once out of the hotel that day, and that was to go a few doors down Regent Street, and buy a bag, some underclothing, and a few necessary articles for the voyage.

We arrived in Liverpool about midnight, and went straight to bed in the hotel. Mr. Dunbar had been very kind and considerate, speaking to me as if I had been an equal, or as old as himself. There was a bluff heartiness about him that inspired confidence. Next forenoon was a busy one; we went down to the docks and got the cattle on board. Being very valuable animals the greatest care had to be exercised. There were two hands, odd, nondescript-looking men, who earned a living by going backwards and forwards across the Atlantic with cattle; they managed the timid creatures with a skill that was truly wonderful. Still, on one or two occasions a suspicious Red Rose cow would deliberately sit down, and prop itself up with its front feet when half-way across the gangway, and refuse





A WAVING OF HATS, HANDS, AND HANDKERCHIEFS, AND WE WERE OFF DOWN THE MERSEY

to budge. Then Mr. Dunbar and I would have to go behind it, and push for all we were worth.

By three in the afternoon all preparations had been completed; the whistle blown warningly three or four times, the gangway withdrawn, the cables cast adrift, and the great screw had begun to revolve, causing a strange quiver throughout the ship. Then the little group on the pier seemed to swim before my eyes and recede. There were a few cheers that died away in a dispiriting fashion; a waving of hats, hands, and handkerchiefs, and we were off down the Mersey. There was not a soul on that pier to bid me good-bye or God speed, but I knew that in a certain old country house in Middlesex there was one who was doubtless thinking of me then, and the thought was comforting. I was glad that I had seized an opportunity of writing to her that morning, telling of my unexpected fortune, and giving her the address of the nearest post town to the ranche, which was that of Maple Creek. I felt sorry to leave England, but, of course, not so much as other boys would have been who were leaving father, mother, or relatives behind. While I was watching the receding shore, and thinking about these things, Mr. Dunbar came up to me.

"Well, Derringham," he said, in his hearty way, "are you wishing yourself ashore again? If you do, it's not too late yet."

"No, sir," I replied, "there's nothing to keep me in England. I'm only too glad to get away."

"That's right, and if you don't like the ranche you needn't stop there. Let's go down and get some tea from the steward."

It would weary the reader to give an account of

my voyage in the *Cambrian* across the Atlantic. Suffice it that for the first three or four days the weather was rough for the season of the year, and most of the time I was sick. The cattle were knocked about considerably, but still there were no deaths among them. Despite my sickness, I forced myself to crawl about the pens in which they were confined, and tried to make myself generally useful. Two or three times the rancher, Mr. Dunbar, told me to go and lie down, but I did not care to see the other two men working day and night while I lay in my bunk. It is my belief that forcing oneself to keep moving, and thus distracting the mind from the ailing condition of the body, is more conducive to getting over sea-sickness quickly than anything else, although perhaps it may slightly aggravate the sickness for the time being. Upon the whole I enjoyed the voyage, and when we got to Halifax my appetite was simply appalling.

A few days' rest, and then we put the cattle on the cars, or, as we would say in England, the cattle-trucks. Then for three days and nights we ran right on to Winnipeg.

Leaving Winnipeg, we entered the prairie country, and to me it was a remarkable sight. Far as the eye could reach the country was as flat as a billiard table. There was nothing save an occasional farm-house to break the dead level—the unfettered expanse of that seemingly illimitable prairie land—not a tree, a stick, nor a stone to relieve the appalling sameness. The horizon seemed to creep up and up as the train sped along, and meet the sky-line. It was for all the world like being at sea. And in truth, this great prairie is nothing after all but an old ocean-

bed, and almost anywhere in it, if you dig, you can find fossils of fish and shells. It stretches in a series of steppes from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains, a distance of nearly a thousand miles.

The little towns we stopped at amused me immensely. They were mostly built of wood, with raised side-walks, and when a train came in, all the inhabitants in their shirt-sleeves turned out to gaze at us. The engine-driver told me it was their one excitement of the day, and principal amusement. Three more days and nights in the train, and nothing but that seemingly endless prairie, saving a few shallow lakes covered with wild-fowl. At last we arrived at our destination, Maple Creek, and heartily glad I was to find myself once more on good solid ground; and I am quite sure the cattle were just as glad as I was.

Maple Creek consisted of one little street of wooden houses and stores on the south side of the railway line, or track, as it is called in North America. It was here I

saw my first cow-boys, and very picturesque and strange they seemed to me, with great, heavy-tipped leather leggings, like trousers, called chaperegos, reaching to the waist; revolver pouches, in which were weapons with highly ornamented handles, from ebony to mother-of-pearl; buckskin shirts, covered with a mosaic wrought in silk and beads, the work of some half-breed or Indian woman; great, jangling Mexican spurs, with rowels an inch and a-half in diameter, and broad-brimmed wideawake hats,

the like of which I had only seen in pictures. Some red-coated members of the North-west Mounted Police were on the platform; they were of a girth and stature that made me wonder how they managed to get horses strong enough to carry them. They wore the uniform of the British dragoon. I saw the fort, or post, gleaming white about a mile and a-half from the town.

But what interested me most of all was a glimpse of rolling hills away to the south. They were the Cypress Hills, and the first ranching

country of any importance in Assiniboia. After having passed over hundreds of miles of dead level, these hills were a very refreshing sight indeed. I was glad to hear that Mr. Dunbar's ranche lay far away across them to the south-west, beyond civilisation, in a wild, uninhabited country, where one could travel for days and days right into Montana and not see a living soul, save predatory Indians or horse thieves and murderers fleeing from justice, and of whom it was as well to be very wary indeed.

More than one

cow-boy had gone out from Mr. Dunbar's ranche and never come back again. Indeed, even on the ranche a large supply of firearms and ammunition, and a sharp look-out was always kept, for occasionally large bands of Blood, Piegan, and renegade Sioux Indians were seen hovering about in the neighbourhood. As yet they had never attacked the ranche buildings, but they had several times wrought devastation amongst the stock, and of late there had been rumours of a general uprising amongst the tribes. This had



IN ANOTHER MOMENT IT HAD PLUNGED FORWARD AND FALLEN ALL OF A HEAP, SENDING ME FLYING OVER ITS HEAD.

made the rancher somewhat anxious. I found the cow-boys had come to drive the cattle to the ranche. There was also a wagon with four horses, to take out certain necessary stores, and a couple of spare saddle-horses with a pack-horse.

I was not long in finding out for whom the latter were meant.

"You'll come on with me," said the squatter ; "the wagon will travel with the cattle. They won't get to the ranche for four or five days at least. If we start off now we can do twenty miles before dark and camp at Waller's, Greyburn Coullee."

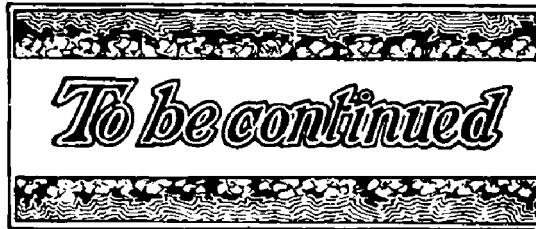
A Californian saddle with a high peak was something new to me, but I had been accustomed to horses, and was considered a good rider. When we had got some ten miles from the little town, the country began to get hilly with a vengeance. We came to deep, wooded ravines, called "coulees," dark, still lakes, high, steep hill-sides, and great plateaus called "benches."

It was in following up one of the pine-clad ravines that the first real adventure I ever had in my life occurred. Mr. Dunbar was riding on ahead along the narrow path, or trail, when *puff! ping!* and a bullet struck the cantle of the rancher's saddle and ricocheted into the opposite bank. It was a narrow shave if there ever was one. My companion coolly turned his horse and came galloping back to where I was leading the pack-horse. He got behind it, and, taking a short whip from the horn of his saddle, cracked it vigorously behind the latter.

"Now then, Derringham," he cried, "we've got to get out of this ! It's the Indians, and we haven't the ghost of a show here. On with you !"

I dug my heels into the sides of my riding-horse, but before it could gather itself together and spring forward, there was another sharp *ping!* I felt the poor brute quiver beneath me ; in another moment it had plunged forward and fallen all of a heap, sending me flying over its head.

*John Macbue*



# WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL.

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*(This month I have secured an article by Mr. J. Harper Scaife, LL.B., Barrister-at-law.)*

## VI.—The Law as a Profession.

"THE study and practice of the law" (to use the expression of the eloquent Sergeant Buzfuz) does not appeal to the imagination of boyhood like the profession of the soldier and the sailor. There is no spirit of romance or daring about it, and whoever decides to enter upon it must be prepared for the prosaic and humdrum; but then we must be prepared for these in all the stay-at-home professions.

The legal profession is divided into two branches—barristers and solicitors—and each body has its own peculiar sphere of action.

A barrister has the exclusive right of appearing in all the superior courts, whilst, generally speaking, the solicitor is limited to the county and police courts. The barrister is primarily an advocate, the solicitor is not. Indeed, the majority of solicitors do not practice advocacy at all.

The Bar offers many attractions to the ambitious youth, with visions of the woollack. The Lord Chancellor, the Law Lords, the Judges of the High Court, and County Court Judges, are all chosen from the Bar. The leaders at the Bar make large incomes. A barrister at the top of the tree may make anything from £10,000 to £15,000 a year; but then there are very, very few at the top, and the average man is not likely to get within sight of it; yet, as in all other professions, there is always more room at the top than at the bottom. What are the chances for a young man of good average ability, and with plenty of hard work in him, to make a decent living at the Bar?

We will assume that he has had a liberal education, is clear-headed, possessed of great industry, and has in him the makings of a fair speaker; that is, one who can put what he has to say into a clear, orderly, and terse shape. Given these things, he should not think of the Bar unless he has the means of living for five years from the time of his call without being under the necessity of earning anything. By the unwritten law of the Bar, no member of it may receive a brief or instructions directly from a client, but only through the medium of a solicitor.

In considering the suitability of the Bar as a profession the question as to what influence or

connections one has amongst solicitors is a most important one. But, even with the advantages of such a backing, the barrister only gets a start, and work will come slowly until he has proved his fitness and forced himself into notice as a reliable and rising junior.

If a barrister is without friends amongst solicitors, to give him a start, it is difficult for him to get a chance of appearing in court, and the best thing for him to do is to get the opportunity of doing work for other barristers who are busy and cannot be in two places at the same time. This is called "devilling," and the privilege of appearing in court and being seen and heard by the solicitors there is considered a sufficient remuneration for his labour.

The majority of men who go to the Bar have probably no intention of practising, and of those who have that intention only a small proportion succeed in making a position.

But if a man has a taste for law, is prepared for laborious days, has patience, and is blessed with abundant spirits and energy, he may do worse than adopt the Bar as a profession.

In order to become a barrister one must enter as a student at one of the Inns of Court, keep twelve terms, and pass certain examinations.

There are four such Inns: Middle Temple, Inner Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn.

The Middle and Inner Temples are generally supposed to be the homes of the Common Law barrister, and Lincoln's Inn is regarded as the domain of the Chancery lawyer. As a matter of fact, a man generally joins the Inn at which he has friends, and as there is one common scheme of education and examination for all the Inns it really does not matter much, for practical purposes, which one he joins. Each Inn has a first-rate library and comfortable common rooms for its members.

The Common Law barrister is a gentleman whose principal function is to convince juries that his client's case is the best one; and a ready tongue, a persuasive manner, a knowledge of human nature, and a good temper are all important matters tending to success. The Chancery barrister is engaged either in trying to convince a

*Articles on the Civil Service, Engineering, City Employment, and Agriculture have already appeared. Back numbers can be obtained from the publisher.*

judge that his case is good (a very different matter to appealing to a jury), or he is what is termed an equity draughtsman and conveyancer, which means that he devotes his attention to matters connected with real property law, seldom or never going into court.

To become a student of an Inn of Court you must be proposed by two barristers, members of that particular Inn, on an "admission form," to be obtained from the under-treasurer of the Inn, and for which a sum of £1 is charged.

Then, unless you have passed a public examination at a university, or for the army, navy, or Indian civil service, or for an Eastern cadetship, a Preliminary Examination must be passed in (a) the English language, (b) the Latin language, and (c) English history.

This examination is of an easy character.

After admission a student must keep twelve terms (there are four in each year) by dining "in hall" six times (or, if he be a member of a university, three times) in each term. In addition he must also pass an examination in

- (1) Roman Law.
- (2) Constitutional Law and Legal History.
- (3) Law of Contracts and Torts.
- (4) Principles of Equity.
- (5) Evidence, Procedure, and Criminal Law.

A student may take Roman law at one examination, and constitutional law at a second; but the other subjects must be taken together.

The examinations are not of a very difficult kind, and the Council of Legal Education provide skilled lecturers and teachers to give instruction on all these topics, for which the student pays the modest sum of £5 5s., which is included in the fees payable on joining his Inn.

The keeping of terms by eating dinners is a pleasant part of a student's life. He renews old 'varsity friendships and makes new friends. The dinners are good, if plain, and each mess of four men has a couple of bottles of light wine provided by the bounty of the Inn. The Inns, too, are not without their recreations:—There is an Inns of Court Rifle Corps (otherwise known as "The Devil's Own"); Lincoln's Inn has a school of arms and gymnasium; at the Temples tennis and bowls are played in the gardens. Oratory can be practised at the Moots in Gray's Inn Hall, and at the Hardwicke Society in the Inner Temple.

The question of cost, though not of the first importance in deciding whether to go to the Bar or not, is still a necessary one. The fees vary somewhat at the different Inns, but, in round figures, they are:—

Middle Temple, admission and call,	£140
Inner Temple	£135
Lincoln's Inn	£134
Gray's Inn	£129

To these must be added sundry fees for keeping terms and dinners, which also vary from about £3 12s. a year at the Middle Temple to £8 a year at Inner Temple. There are no examination fees to pay, and therefore the total cost of being called to Bar will not exceed £160, and may be less.

But attending lectures and classes and passing examinations do not teach a student the practical part of his business. To learn that he should go into the chambers of a barrister with plenty of practice, and for this privilege he generally pays an honorarium of one hundred guineas, which will bring his total payments up to some £260 or so. It is better to postpone going into a barrister's chambers until the examinations are passed, as the knowledge then acquired will enable a student to make much better use of his opportunities.

The prizes open to students are not very numerous, but each year two studentships of one hundred guineas a year, tenable for three years, are given to the students who pass the best examination in all the subjects. A special prize of £50 is also given to the student who passes the best examination in constitutional law and legal history.

In addition there is the "Barstow Scholarship," tenable for two years, the holder of which is entitled to one-half the income produced by £4,718 4s. 4d. consols. This prize is awarded once a year to the student who, on obtaining his certificate for call to the Bar, passes the last examination in Jurisprudence (including international law, public and private), and constitutional law and legal history.

Two of the Inns, Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn, encourage their students by giving a prize of £50 to each one who obtains a certificate of honour.

Gray's Inn offers some special scholarships to its own scholars. A Bacon Scholarship of £45, a Holt Scholarship of £40 (both tenable for two years), a Lee Prize of £25 for an essay, and an Arden Scholarship of £60 a year for three years.

A copy of the "Consolidated Regulations," which govern admission, examinations, and call, may be obtained from the under-treasurer of any of the Inns, who will also give information as to the fees of his particular Inn.

The procedure to become a solicitor is entirely different from that which a future Lord Chancellor has to go through.

He who would be a solicitor must be bound as

an apprentice to a practising solicitor, under what are termed "Articles of Clerkship," and pass two examinations in law. But before he can be "articled" he must pass a Preliminary Examination in English, arithmetic, geography, and history, elementary Latin and two languages, or one language with Euclid or algebra; but, as these subjects are liable to change from time to time, it is as well for an intending candidate to write to the Secretary, Incorporated Law Society, Chancery Lane, London, for the regulations (which are always issued at least six months in advance) and for a list of the examinations which are accepted in place of it.

Some of such examinations are the Matriculation at London and Dublin Universities, the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations, Responsions at Oxford, and the "previous" examination at Cambridge.

What is the cost of becoming a solicitor?

The usual premium to a solicitor of good standing is three hundred guineas; there may be a few cases in which a higher premium is asked, and there are others in which a smaller one is given, but they may be taken as exceptions to the general rule. There is, further, a stamp duty of £80 to be paid to the State on the articles of clerkship, so that the initial cost is close upon £400, and the fees for examination and admission amount to a further sum of about £38. The term to be served under articles is five years, reduced to four years for those who have passed the Matriculation at London University in the first division; and to three years for any graduate in arts or laws.

The profession of the solicitor does not offer such a brilliant career or such big prizes as the Bar. Yet, to the youth of average abilities, with no special influence in the legal world, it offers a more certain chance of making a living. If a young solicitor has not the means of starting on his own account he can become an assistant to another solicitor, and thus gain further experience whilst drawing a salary that will vary with his worth, and also with the employer.

A solicitor's business is not all law, and it has probably more variety about it than many professions. A town or city solicitor will be likely to have business men, banks, and companies, for clients; a "family" solicitor is consulted on a great many matters that have nothing to do with law, and he is the depository of more secrets than the family doctor. A country solicitor may often have a very mixed business.

When (but not before) an articulated clerk has served one half of his term, he can present himself for the Intermediate Examination. For several years past this examination has been upon

certain portions of "Stephen's Commentaries on the Laws of England."

The Final Examination is a much stiffer ordeal. No books are prescribed, and no course of study is laid down, but the subjects are:—

(1) The Law of Real and Personal Property, and the Practice of Conveyancing.

(2) Common Law and Bankruptcy and Practice.

(3) Probate, Divorce, Admiralty, Ecclesiastical and Criminal Law and Practice.

An articulated clerk will certainly find it of advantage to begin reading steadily for this Final Examination directly he has passed the Intermediate, and he will probably find it useful to go to a "coach" for the last four or six months—indeed, it is generally to this latter personage that the articulated clerk owes most of his knowledge of the principles of law.

There are several minor prizes, consisting of gold medals and books, open to candidates who pass high in the honours examination at the Final, but the only two of any pecuniary importance are the Travers-Smith Scholarship of £50 a year, tenable for three years, which is awarded after the November Final Examination, and the Scott Scholarship, worth from £50 to £60.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**Dens.**—You will require (1) three years' instruction in dental mechanics under the direction of a qualified dental surgeon; (2) At least two years' professional and hospital study. You have to pass three examinations before receiving the diploma in dental surgery.

**E. W. P.**—You can obtain information about London County Council clerkships by applying to the Secretary, London County Council Office, Victoria Embankment, W.C. I am glad that you like THE CAPTAIN so much, and hope that you will recommend it to your friends.

**E. C.**—Full particulars about the Whitworth Scholarship and Exhibition can be obtained by applying to the Secretary, Science and Art Department, South Kensington, S.W. The scholarships are open, in competition, to any of Her Majesty's subjects under twenty-six years of age on May 1st.

**H. T.**—(1) If a clerk is attached temporarily to any office his pay is made monthly for the same. (2) A clerk should be willing to take any post offered, but he can eventually select a department in the service he desires. (3) A candidate may select for himself the language he will take.

**Medico.**—The entrance fee at Charing Cross Hospital for medical students is £115 10s. in one sum, or £126 payable in five instalments. The course extends over a period of five years, and there are four examinations to be passed. You will find an article on your subject in next month's CAPTAIN.

**W. A.**—It seems to me rather a mistake for you, at the age of nineteen, to take up a totally different profession to that in which you have hitherto interested yourself. Should you, however, persist in your desire of entering the Post Office you must pass the necessary examination, full particulars of which you can get from the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon Row, Westminster, S.W.

**G. G.**—You should try to get a nomination from one of the Masters of Trinity House for a clerkship. The limits of age are between eighteen and twenty-five, and the subjects for examination are the same as for the Second Class College of Preceptors. A firm of solicitors could get a nomination for a clerkship in the High Court of Justice for candidates between the ages of twenty and thirty. English subjects only. The candidate must certify beforehand that he has had a course of teaching for it. With reference to the post as assistant inspector of factories, a nomination must be obtained from the Home Secretary. The limits of age are from twenty-one to forty, and the subjects include writing, spelling, arithmetic, and factory law.

(Owing to exigencies of space it is only possible to reply to a limited number of correspondents in our pages. Mr. Manning Foster will, however, be pleased to answer by post any letters addressed to him, provided a stamped envelope is enclosed.)

# THE NEW GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

BY W. W. MAYLAND.

## I.—I Get a Big Idea of Myself.



SINCE my famous ancestor, Lemuel Gulliver (of whom, I am sure, most of you have heard and not a few read), departed this life, the Gulliver family has been a very quiet one, notable for its modesty, benevolence, and retiring disposition.

But over this seemly state of affairs has come a change, for I, William Orange Gulliver, aged twenty-eight, recently won a foot-race, and went to bed feeling that I was indeed a very great man, and superior by many yards to the poor remnant of my fellow beings.

Now in the night these fancies of my swollen brain must have been communicated physically and actually to my body, for when I awoke my head crashed through the ceiling and quite ruined the hotel in which I had put up.

There was, as you may imagine, a great commotion in the neighbourhood, and a prize-fighter who was putting up in the vicinity was sent along to quell me. But I took the famous pugilist in the palm of my hand and talked to him like a father. Certainly, he struck me with his tiny fists most furiously, but I could hardly feel his blows. Finally I hung him on my watch-chain and went to breakfast. As I found it impossible to get more than a portion of myself into the breakfast-



I TOOK THE FAMOUS PUGILIST IN THE PALM OF MY HAND AND TALKED TO HIM LIKE A FATHER.

room of the hotel in which I was staying, I was obliged to take my meal in the yard in front of



SO I SAVED THEM FURTHER TROUBLE BY DUSTING IT MYSELF.

the building. I need hardly add that my bill for the repast was an exceedingly heavy one.

Walking out later on in the morning, I found them erecting scaffolding round that grand old edifice, St. Martin's Church. I was informed that they were going to clean the exterior of the church, so I saved them further trouble by dusting it myself with my handkerchief.

So gratified were the contractors because of the labour and expense I had saved them that they immediately engaged me as their foreman at a salary of £12,000 per annum. I said I would take my first month's salary in advance, and so, having pocketed a thousand golden sovereigns, I went for a brisk ten minutes' walk and found myself at Epsom. My emotions on surveying this chalky hamlet—as it appeared to me—from so great a height may well be imagined. Recollections of my last visit surged up in my mind. Then I had travelled down in a third-class compartment, hustled by low bookmakers and race-course swindlers—one of whom threatened to bash my hat in for treading on his toe, and I remembered



IT WAS DERBY DAY, AND I HAD TO WALK  
VERY CAREFULLY FOR FEAR OF CRUSHING MY  
FELLOW-CREATURES.

with shame, how meekly I had begged his pardon. The ruffian replied with a retort to the effect that "beggin' pardon wouldn't mend a broken big toe, nohow!"

It was Derby Day, and I had to walk very carefully for fear of crushing the thousands and thousands of my fellow-creatures who were swarming on to the Downs. Later on, I suppose, I must have got on to the course, for, becoming aware of a commotion round about the region of my boots, I looked down and found that a score

of mounted policemen were trying to take my legs into custody. Having brushed them off, I seated myself near the road along which I knew the coaches and carriages would pass on their way back to London. Here, then, I sat, and amused myself by tripping up the horses with my fingers, and passing the time of day with the various occupants of these equipages.

At last along came a magnificent coach-and-four. Causing it to halt when it arrived opposite me, I took stock of its occupants. The lady on the box was very fair to look upon, and so I lifted her very gently off the seat—in spite of the remonstrances and shrieks of her friends—and, putting her in my tobacco-pouch, took her home



I THEREUPON PROPOSED MARRIAGE TO HER, AND SHE ACCEPTED ME  
SAYING THAT SHE LIKED BIG MEN.

with me, just as a school-boy would take home a moth or some other insect that he was desirous of adding to his play-box collection. I made as if I would capture several little figures dressed in red, but they drew tiny swords and pricked me, and so I let them go again.

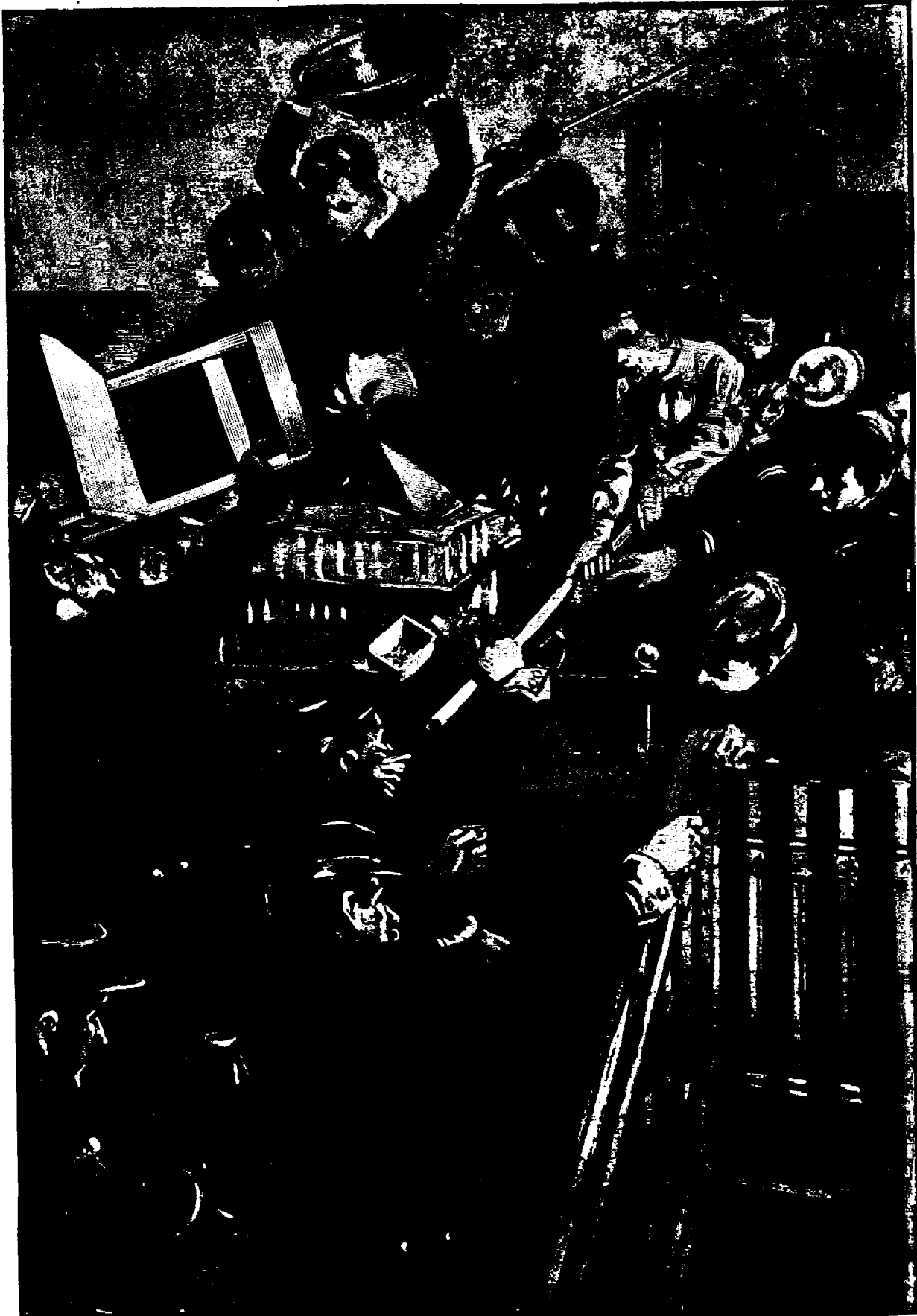
Sitting in the garden in the evening, I bethought me of my capture, and, drawing her forth, held her up for inspection. She was a little crushed, but she soon recovered, and seemed rather to like sitting in the chair I made for her with my thumb and forefinger. She told me that her name was the Lady Matilda Lilliput, and that the gentleman driving the coach was her father, the Duke of Deanswift. I thereupon proposed marriage to her and she accepted me (saying that she liked big men), and it was agreed that I should return her to her parents and call for her again in three weeks' time. What else happened to me during the period that I had a big idea of myself I will tell you on another occasion.

(To be continued.)



HERE I SAT AND AMUSED MYSELF BY TRIPPING UP THE HORSES  
WITH MY FINGERS.





THE YOUNGSTERS, WHO HAD THEIR BLOOD UP, SHOWED NO MERCY, PELTING DOWN GLASS AND CROCKERY, AND EVEN PIECES OF FURNITURE, ON THE HEAVY CAVALRYMEN AS THEY CAME UPSTAIRS. IT WAS AN UNDIGNIFIED POSITION FOR THE SOLDIERS, AND THEY HAD TO RETIRE, UNDER DELIRIOUS CRIES OF JOY FROM THE UNDAUNTED BOYS. (See page 69.)

# THE BAR-OUT

## LYCEE ST. JACQUES

BY GUY CADOGAN ROTHERY



Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

[The author of this story was educated in France, and informs us that the following narrative is to a great extent founded on fact. "The Bar Out" also affords an excellent picture of life in a French *lycée*.—ED. CAPTAIN.]

ONE scorching day, the sun's rays beating down vertically turning the deserted streets into veritable furnaces—white and glaring—the Rev. Arthur Lee, with his son Edgar, drove from the station to the Grand Place, St. Jacques. Jerkily the coachman pulled up his jaded horse before a huge edifice—the *lycée*, chief school in a charming provincial town in the far south of France. Imposing it certainly was, but very depressing. In former years the *lycée* had been a monastery, and now looked uncommonly like a gaunt prison.

Before alighting, father and son looked up at the long, high façade, pierced by many square windows. A flight of steps led up to a huge doorway. Edgar jumped out, running up the steps, and was followed by Mr. Lee, who rang a heavy bell, the deep tones of which reverberated mysteriously in the distance, as though in a deep cavern. Mr. Lee looked doubtful. He wondered whether he had done wisely to bring his young son away from a good Brighton preparatory school to launch him on the unknown world of French *lycée* life. But he was the English chaplain at a neighbouring seaport town, and wished to have his son near him. Reflections were cut short by the opening of the great doors. A surly porter bade them enter a marble-paved hall, with white alcoved walls and heavy pillars.

On the wall in front of them was a glazed palm-crowned frame, marked "*Cadre d'Honneur*," now blank, but later on to be filled with weekly reports on the literary success and good conduct marks of the boys. To the right was the porter's lodge, a glass box close to the door, and there were two oak benches against the wall—that was all. Four dark passages led off into the interior of the building. The porter hurried away. Quickly returning, he conducted them down a long, white-washed corridor to the Principal's office. Monsieur le Principal was a benevolent old gentleman, who welcomed his visitors cordially.

"You will be comfortable here, and I hope work hard and do us honour, as well as please your good father," he said, turning to Edgar. "You will not feel quite alone, for we have a compatriot of yours—John Smith," an announcement which put Edgar more at his ease, and greatly softened the leave-taking with his father.

When Mr. Lee had gone—swallowed up in the blinding glare outside—Edgar was turned over to an usher. He mustered up courage to ask, in his broken French, for John Smith.

"Come this way," said the taciturn fellow, delighted at the opportunity to get rid of his awkward charge. Passing down more long white-washed passages, with rows of numbered doors on each side, they descended a cold, well-like staircase; opening a door, the usher pushed Edgar into a large room.

"Here, Smeeth, take charge of this English boy and show him round." With this brief direction in French, he departed, banging the door behind him.

Edgar found himself in a square room, with white-washed walls and a deep dado of chocolate-coloured oil-paint, lighted by well-barred windows placed near the ceiling, and furnished with benches, school desks, a raised platform for the master's table, and a blackboard. Several shock-headed, dark-eyed boys, in blue uniforms with brass buttons, slouched about and sprawled over benches. Reclining on the master's easy-chair, tilted well back and with his feet on the desk, was an unmistakably English lad of about sixteen. His ruddy cheeks, golden curly head, and blue eyes somehow did not fit in with the ugly blue-black frock coat, ornamented with red piping and brass buttons. John gave Edgar a deliberate stare, "sizing him up." Edgar, standing where the usher had left him, with a quick glance took in the cold aspect of the room and the grinning, amused looks of the French boys; then he looked at Smith, and returned that young gentleman's stare with interest. Some of the boys crowded round the new comer, bewildering him with a whole string of rapidly uttered questions. John Smith gave a condescending nod, and, removing his feet from the desk, stepped off the platform, and frankly held out his hand.

"Come, let's get out of this," said John, when they had told each other their names; and, shoving past the rest, he dragged Edgar off to the porter's glass box.

He burst open the door and slapped the porter soundly on the back, as he leant over his desk, writing.

"*Sapristi!* Behave yourself!" cried the man, jumping up, and turning very red in the face.

He was small and stout, wore his hair close cropped, and a formidable pair of pointed moustaches, and he looked most comical, dancing about, and making indignant grimaces.

"Never mind, old chap. But, look here; tell me where this new fellow has been placed!" Smith rattled off his French as though to the manner born.

"He is in Dormitory 6, Bed 19."

"Splendid! That's my dormitory, Lee, and my bed is No. 20. Come along up and see what the prison looks like."

They bounced off, unheeding the command to shut the door. Clattering over the marble floor, Smith led the way up a staircase, along intricate corridors, to Dormitory 6. It looked even more bare than the class-room. With John's help, Edgar put his traps to rights, while a regular cross-fire of questions and answers was kept up.

When all was settled to their mutual satisfaction they inspected various class-rooms, the refectory, and finally the gravelled playground, surrounded on three sides by walls 9ft. or 10ft. high, and on the other by the *lycée* buildings. One end was fenced off, and that, John said, was the "kids' pen"; at the other was a set of elaborate gymnastic apparatus.

"Where are the playing fields?" demanded Edgar, glancing with ill-disguised contempt on the gravelled yard.

"Bless you, my boy, you won't get anything but this for five days out of the week! On half-holidays and Sundays they take us out in batches down some beastly dusty roads, and we have to walk in files, like a lot of big school-girls."

"Oh, but how can a fellow play cricket or football here?"

Smith leant against the wall and fairly roared, much to the amazement of Edgar. Then, pulling himself together, and making a wry face:—

"Ugh! This is a vile hole, as you'll soon find out. Why, man, these French chaps don't know what cricket or football mean; and if they did the ushers would never let them play, for fear of their hurting themselves."

"But one hears of French school football matches and athletics!"

"Yes; they are beginning that sort of thing in the Paris colleges and schools up north, but not here. No such luck."

This was a new light to Edgar, and it was with difficulty that he could be made to understand that every well-conducted French boy was supposed to be contented with his playground, where he might walk about and talk politics, have a game of marbles, leap-frog, or prisoner's base, or, failing these pastimes, amuse himself in the gymnasium. It was not a lively look-out.

"It is wretched slow," John acknowledged; "but there are a few decent fellows among these Frenchies, and one can manage to exist somehow until the holidays come round."

"What about the masters?"

"Some of the professors are a decent sort, though mostly awfully stuck-up. The ushers are cads; they're sneaks—always crawling and creeping about the place and making reports to the Principal!"

"Those are the chaps that take us out for walks?"

"Rather! They watch us in the class-rooms, keep an eye on us in the recreation ground, and see that we don't get more than our shares of sawdust bread and black coffee or slushy soup. They're regular dry nurses."

A bell rang, and John hurried Edgar off to the lavatories, where they found some fifty or sixty



EDGAR LOOKED ABOUT, RUBBED HIS HANDS, AND PUT HIS HEAD UNDER A TAP OF RUNNING WATER. OF COURSE HE WAS A GOOD DEAL STARED AT.

boys. Several of them came and clapped John on the back, shook hands with him, and chattered merrily. Edgar looked about, and, doing as others did, pulled off his coat, put his head under a tap of running water, rubbed his hands, and had a polish on a coarse towel hanging from a nail. Of course, he was a good deal stared at and pestered with questions, which he answered in outlandish French. John came to his rescue; giving cuffs right and left, he linked his arm in Edgar's and marched him into the refectory, securing a seat between himself and a friend of about their own age. To Edgar, fresh from a good English school, the meal was a poor one; thin bean soup and a hunch of coarse bread, followed by a glass of pink wine and water. However, being hungry, he ate up all that was set before him, and felt that he would have liked to imitate *Oliver Twist*, and ask for more; not knowing what might happen if he did, he refrained. It was well, for French school-boys are allowed by Ministerial decree. There was a good deal of noise, the boys all talking at once; for on school reassembling a little

laxity was allowed, and there was much to tell about holiday adventures. The meal over, there was a rush to the studies. Edgar now felt much less awkward than he had expected. A little chaff did not ruffle his temper.

At a quarter to nine the great bell rang again—a signal for the younger boys to retire to their dormitories. At half-past nine once more the bell pealed forth discordantly.

"Come along, Edgar; our turn now, no time to lose."

Most of the boys trooped out with them, only a few youths of seventeen and upwards remaining behind. The dormitory was lighted by a solitary tallow candle, and the boys commenced undressing with great haste. Before Edgar had half undressed an usher came in and, taking up the candle, disappeared.

At first all was quiet, but presently some of the boys began talking in whispers. Gradually the whispering became general and louder.

While they were talking the door was thrown open, and about a dozen big fellows came in with lighted candles in their hands, smoking cigarettes. With a calm,

business-like air they deposited their candlesticks and advanced to the new boys' beds. Edgar and half-a-dozen more were speedily bundled out on the cold, tiled floor, their companions sitting up in bed, grinning as they watched the fun. Blankets were pulled off, and four of the stronger lads getting hold of the corners, Edgar was unceremoniously tumbled in; then a few shakes, and he was tossed high up in the air, three times in quick succession. It was not a comfortable sensation. Edgar felt as though he were going to leave his stomach and brains behind him, sticking to the ceiling, but he had the good sense to take the whole matter coolly, winning thereby the praise of his tormentors and the gallery of white-robed spectators. His turn over, Edgar scuttled back to bed. Some boys struggled to get free, and they fared badly, the big fellows using their belts unsparingly on the refractory youngsters' legs and bodies. During this "licking" there was not a word of chaff, no laughing. It was as though some important duty had to be carried out with all due formality.

"Bravo, Edgar, old chap! You behaved splendidly, though you did look queer, sprawling up in the air."

"It was nothing. I only feel a little giddy. Didn't they lick those poor beggars over there! I wonder their blubbering didn't bring somebody up."

"Oh! the servants and ushers never interfere on the first nights. The big chaps do what they like. Sometimes they do lick the youngsters awfully with their waist-belts, and then they have a way of tossing two boys together. Of course, one of them generally tumbles out and hurts himself. I've seen it lots of times."

"And were they injured?"

"Oh! pretty well. They do say they killed one boy here some years ago. They tossed up two brothers together; the youngsters clutched each other up in the air, and they fell outside the blanket, one of them breaking his neck."

"Fond of chestnuts? I've heard that story before. It's rather old, you know."

"Well, they say it's true enough, and happened here."

Edgar was roused out of a sound sleep by John pulling the clothes off his bed. He rubbed his eyes and jumped up. It was six. Getting a hasty rub down, he buttoned on his uniform frock coat and dashed after John while he buckled on his belt. They assembled in a big class-room, and Edgar was handed a pile of books and told to glance over them. All was so new and strange to him that he felt positively pleased to dip into his Latin and Greek books — the only things that seemed to wear familiar faces. At a quarter to seven the bell rang, and the boys filed out to breakfast, consisting of dry bread and a large bowl of black coffee. Then they had a few minutes in the playground, Edgar renewing acquaintance with several of John's friends. Back in the class-room, Edgar, in spite of his shyness and bad French, showed up well in the examination, and to his great delight was placed in the same class with his English comrade. Work in the class-rooms, a meagre dinner, a dull time in the playground, more school, followed by another turn in the gravelled yard, supper, and study, brought his first

day to an end. In the evening he told John that he was now quite convinced that the old Lycée St. Jacques was a "beastly hole."

"Right you are; but we can't mend it. Only look here, don't peg away too hard or you'll leave me behind. I'd no idea you were a genius."

"I'm not a genius." He repudiated the soft impeachment with much indignation.

"Then I suppose I'm a dunce!"

Edgar was too polite to contradict his friend.

Bed-time bell was a most depressing knell to Edgar. He felt miserable when he thought of being boxed up for long months in the prison-barracks, with a crowd of mostly uncongenial companions. School life was bearable when there were active outdoor games to be enjoyed, and a boy was treated as a rational being. The continual spying supervision in the *lycée*, where every usher was an open enemy, was galling; the prospect of such a system for a whole term filled the lad with dismay. He was in a bad temper when the elder boys made their appearance at ten o'clock, proceeding to lay hold of five or six youngsters who had arrived that day.



EDGAR COULD STAND IT NO LONGER; JUMPING OUT OF BED HE SEIZED THE UPLIFTED ARM, SHOUTING "COWARD!"

A timid little fellow had been allotted a bed on Edgar's right; it was probably his first night away from home, and his half-stifled sobs had helped to upset our friend's equanimity. No warning had prepared this youngster for his ordeal, so when four of his big schoolfellows came to his bedside to haul him out, he was terrified, and from sheer fright could not obey their orders. One of his tormentors, Lebrun, a stumpy chap, scarcely seventeen, with a close-cropped bullet head and an incipient moustache, annoyed by the little fellow's blubbing, seized his arm roughly, and began beating him with a waist-belt. The small victim roared with pain, and Edgar cried out "Shame!"

"Very well, I'll come to you presently, my friend."

With those hasty words, the big bully proceeded to lay on the strap with all the greater force, disregarding the remonstrances of some of his companions.

Edgar could stand it no longer; jumping out of bed he seized the uplifted arm.

"Coward!"

His action was so unexpected that the intruders were completely taken aback. Speedily recovering, several fellows threw him on his bed, and half-a-dozen vigorous arms rained down a shower of blows. John had called out to his friend to mind his own business, but seeing how matters were going, he caught up a bolster, and rushed to Edgar's rescue.

"Boys, to your belts and bolsters, and let us beat these bullies out of our room!" he yelled.

A number answered to the call; seizing bolsters and belts they fell upon the invaders. There was soon a battle royal. The elder boys being fully dressed, armed with belts, had a decided advantage, doing considerable execution on the unprotected persons of their juniors. Bolsters and belts were pitted against belts and strong arms, but numbers prevailed, and the invaders were driven out. Beds had been stripped and overturned, chairs were thrown about, and all the crockery smashed to atoms. So tremendous was the noise, far exceeding the usual discreet scufflings of "first nights," that the ushers deemed it necessary to interfere. They appeared at a critical moment, for the juniors, flushed with victory, had emerged into the corridor. As the masters came running upstairs, the seniors took to flight; the victors made a disorderly retreat, tumbling back upon each other, leaping, helter-skelter, for their beds. Edgar, John, and a few others who had been well in the van of the fight, now found themselves in the rear of the retreat, and were so conspicuous with torn shirts and blood-stained faces, that the ushers could not overlook them. Asking no

questions, they said that they would report to the Principal, and retired, locking the door.

From that day, Smith, Lee, and three of their French friends had no peace; and they used their sharp wits to annoy the chief usher, Legris, who, feeling savage at the humiliation he had often to undergo, seized every opportunity for revenge. The chief trouble was that Legris protected certain boys in the school who were known to be sneaks. They listened to private conversations among their companions and repeated everything to their masters. Shrewdly guessing that damaging reports against certain boys would be welcomed by Legris and his associates, they took good care that evidence against the "English faction" should be highly coloured. With inventive embellishment innocent chaff and larking could be magnified into grave offences. Whatever the sneaks said Legris accepted with avidity, either punishing the boys or sending them to the Principal. Of course, the sneaks were hated by their schoolfellows, who called them *mouchards* (spies) and *caffards* (black-beetles). The Principal knew the character of the pupil spies, but he thought that discipline must be maintained, and he did not see how it was going to be done without spying on the part of boys and ushers. So he listened to all exaggerated tales.

But, by some unlucky chance, the enemy betrayed themselves. Lebrun and one or two others enticed two younger boys to smuggle brandy into the *lycée*, and then had denounced them. Caught red-handed, the youngsters confessed everything. But Lebrun and his companions only acknowledged joining in the drinking bout, and then going off to fetch the ushers, who watched the whole proceedings through the door key-hole. The two small boys were sent to the lock-up, awarded every bad mark, and deprived of all privileges for that term. Every other boy in the dormitory was awarded punishment, while the sneaks got off scot free. There was a prodigious hubbub, the younger boys being in a perfect turmoil. They hooted and pelted Lebrun and the other *mouchards*, and hissed the ushers. Edgar and John led the opposition. They held a playground meeting and drew up a petition to the head master demanding that the *mouchards* be expelled and the ushers dismissed. Many of the elder boys looked on approvingly, though abstaining from active part in the proceedings. When the petition was duly signed, every boy declined the perilous honour of presenting it. John and Edgar volunteered.

"No," protested Bertrand, "it would only get you into more trouble and spoil the whole affair. The Principal would be down upon you, and say you got up all the fuss. Post it."

This was done. Meanwhile the turmoil

continued, the boys openly or sullenly opposing the ushers. They went to bed discussing the possibilities of the next day. The Principal making no sign, the boys attended school in orderly fashion, behaving exemplarily while the professors were present; but, as soon as they had gone and the ushers reappeared, Legris at their head, there was an uproar. Hooting and hissing ended in a shower of books, which drove the ushers away. The boys flocked out to the playground, where a noisy mass meeting was held. An ultimatum was drawn up, again demanding the expelling of the spies and sending adrift of the ushers, and was sent up to the Principal by a college servant, who had come out to remonstrate. In answer the school secretary appeared. "Their impudent demand was rejected. They must instantly return to the class-rooms." Shouts and hootings greeted him. Instead of obeying, the boys raided refectories and kitchens, carrying away all food they could find. With derisive cries of triumph they then rushed upstairs and took refuge in the two junior dormitories.

"We've got plenty of food, and we can stay away until our conditions are accepted."

"Bravo! No surrender! Down with the ushers! Expel the *mouchards*!"

These two dormitories were placed in a wing of the building, one on each side of a landing, and were approached by only one staircase. Most of the boys belonging to the middle forms had joined the malcontents, leaving the elder and younger pupils on the side of the properly constituted authorities. Beds and bedding were dragged out on the landing, and placed in the guise of a

rampart at the stairhead. Ushers and servants followed the Principal to the scene of action. Summoning the rebels to submit, the Principal was met with cries of "Expel! Dismiss!" Irritated by this obstinacy, he ordered ushers and

servants to storm the barricade. They came boldly leaping upstairs, but were greeted with a warm fire of books, crockery, and other portable articles of a hard nature. Dodging the missiles, the besiegers halted, and then hastily ran down, amidst derisive shouts from the besieged and the ill-concealed enjoyment of the neutrals (the elder and little boys), who stood in a compact mass looking on. Retiring out of sight and range, the

Principal had a long consultation with his staff, while the boys adjourned to the dormitories to feast.

"At least we shall have a regular blow-out this time," said Edgar, with his mouth full. "I declare it's the first square meal I've had since I came here."

"Go slow! We may have to hold out some time, and we mustn't consume all our provisions at the first go off."

One of the stair guards came running in.

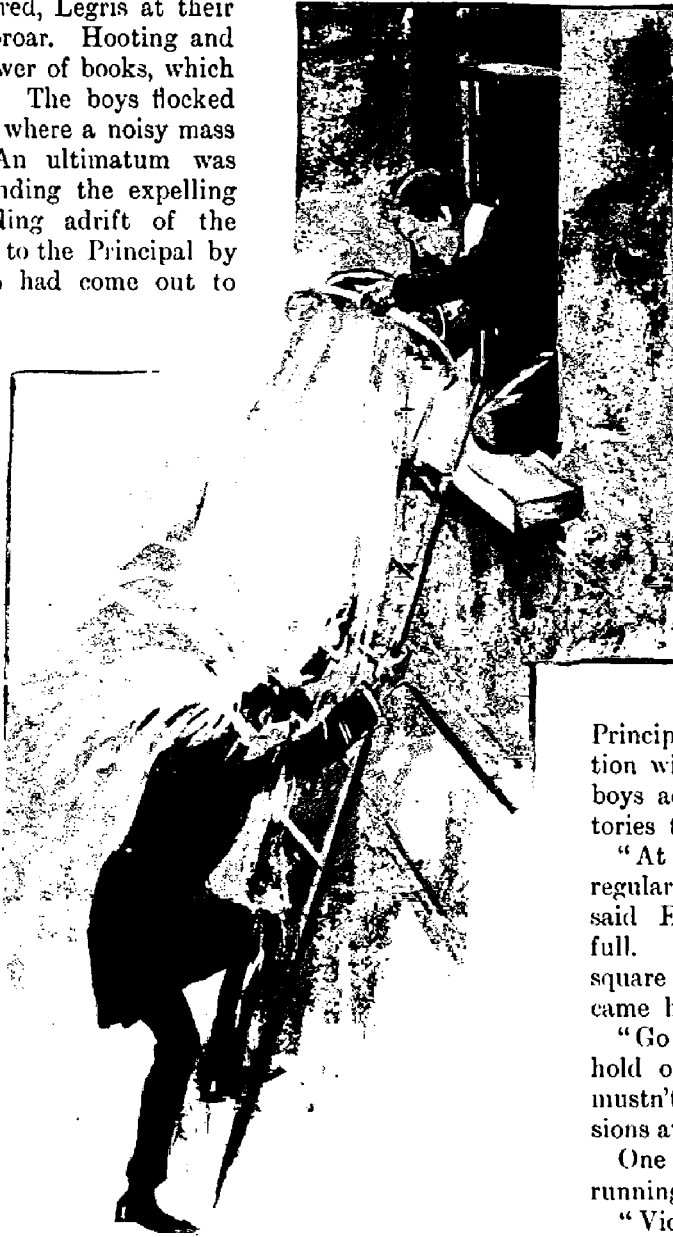
"Victory, you fellows! They are sending a flag of truce."

"Bravo!" they shouted, rushing to the landing.

A professor was coming upstairs with a white flag. He was rather popular with the boys, chiefly because he invariably treated the ushers with easy contempt.

"Come on, sir. He will expel Lebrun and kick out the ushers?"

"Not quite that. Listen to reason, *mes enfants*. The Principal offers to pardon all you mad



FILLING A BASIN, HE RUSHED TO THE WINDOW AND DASHED THE WATER ON THE ADVANCING FOES.

monkeys with the exception of Smith, Lee, and Bertrand."

"Oh! Oh!"—"Don't listen to him!"—"Go back!" they yelled frantically, and refused to let the professor speak. "Go back—go back!"

Back he went, and the attack was renewed, a determined attempt being made to reach the barricade. The besiegers defended their position with their broad belts, armed with heavy brass clasps, and also with long poles. Nasty knocks were given and taken on both sides. Ewers and basins full of water were brought and dashed down on the advancing foes, who looked like drenched rats, slipping about on the flooded marble stairs. While this fight was going on in front, an assault in the rear was being quietly organised. Suddenly one of the smallest boys raised a cry that ladders had been placed against the window-sills. A rush was made to the dormitories, about a third of the party defending the stair-head. Two ladders were seen protruding into the rooms, and, on looking out, the boys found their enemies swarming up as fast as they could.

"Basins of water, boys!" cried Edgar.

Filling a basin, he rushed to the window and dashed the water on the advancing foes. This drenching was kept up briskly, while boys from other windows pelted the assailants with anything suitable. Under such a spirited defence the attack became somewhat dangerous. The besiegers slid down the ladder much quicker than they had come up.

"Hurrah!" yelled Edgar.

Seizing the ladder and helped by John, it was sent flying to the ground, the masters and ushers scattering hurriedly to right and left, to the intense amusement of the onlookers. From that moment the windows were guarded quite as carefully as the stair-head, though no further attempt was made to use the ladders, which were left lying in the yard, just as they had fallen. Even the staircase attack had ceased; and the enemy seemed to be in full retreat at all points.

"Hurrah!"—"Bravo!"—"Victoire à nous!"

It was beginning to get dark. Luck seemed to be favouring the rebels. Whatever further proceedings were contemplated, the Principal and his satellites retreated to their own quarters and left the boys unmolested. Feeling that this meant mischief they formed themselves into two bands, one to rest and the other to watch.

As the morning bell clanged through the quiet house, the boys started up, rubbing their eyes. Recollecting themselves, they turned over on their beds with yawns and grunts, to have another snooze. In due course, the second bell rang, and almost immediately after the signal was repeated.

Then the Principal appeared alone. Standing at the bottom of the stairs, he ordered the boys at once to their class-rooms.

"I give you ten minutes' grace, and shall expect to find you all in your class-rooms by then."

He was a sanguine man. As no terms were mentioned, every boy joined heartily in defiant cheers. They had no intention of submitting, whatever the Principal might think.

"Justice, justice! Give us justice!" they shouted, as their head master walked away, watch in hand.

No masters or servants were to be seen. The rebels wondered what would happen next, feeling sure that hostilities were about to be reopened. They had not long to wait. Twenty minutes had hardly elapsed when they heard the heavy tramping of many feet, accompanied by the clink of spurs and clanking of sabres. It was the captain of gendarmes (or military police) at the head of about half-a-dozen of his men. They looked magnificent and terrible in their light blue uniforms, cocked hats and high boots. This display of the military force disturbed most of the boys, but John, Edgar, and Bertrand received them with ringing cheers. Once more the Principal ordered the boys to come down, and go straight to their class-rooms. He was answered by a demand for the old terms. Then the captain, a handsome old soldier, with a scarred face and heavy white moustache, marched up the stairs, calling upon the boys to obey.

"Look here, sir; if you knew the rights of the whole affair you'd be on our side."

"I'm an old soldier, and accustomed to obey my chief. I thought every true boy would do the same."

"Yes, yes! But old soldiers are not *mouchards*. We won't have spies!"—"Down with the spies!" "Dismiss!"—"Expel!"

With his moustache bristling up, his eyes flashing with indignation, he attempted to remonstrate, but he was received with such hostile shouts and displays of energy that he had no alternative but to retreat and order his men to clear away the obstruction. The youngsters, who had their blood well up, showed no mercy, pelting down glass and crockery, and even pieces of furniture, on the heavy cavalry men as they came upstairs. Nasty blows were received, and the men found it impossible to reach the besieged. The big men, hardly relishing their work, dared not use extreme measures with boys, though the youngsters themselves had no scruples about dealing out hearty knocks and thumps. It was an undignified position for the captain and his men. They had to retire, under delirious cries of joy from the undaunted boys.



The suspension of hostilities which followed was delusive. As obstinate as his pupils, and having the strong arm of the law on his side, the Principal was bent on bringing the rebels to reason. He decided to play his last card. There was a delay of nearly half-an-hour. A fresh detachment of gendarmes arrived, bringing with them a number of *sapeurs pompiers*, or firemen, dressed in their waterproof uniforms and armed with long coils of hose. The besieged looked on completely puzzled. What could they be up to?

"They mean to flood us out. Quick! John, Bertrand, close the windows!"

Flying to the dormitories, the windows were closed. The firemen were getting ready, hose being fixed to hydrants. There was a deafening noise of water rushing against the house, and rattling at the windows.

"If they keep this up they'll break the glass. We must try and block them with mattresses."

This was done, but soon the force of water brought to bear was so tremendous that the glass was shattered to pieces. Mattresses were beaten down, and one or two boys knocked over by the impact of the water as they rushed forward to try and keep up the blockade. The dormitories were speedily flooded, becoming quite untenable. Cowed and alarmed, the boys huddled together on the landing,

watching the water rushing out of the dormitories, and, sweeping over the landing, leaping down the stairs in a cascade. The hall and passages below were empty, though soon the captain of gendarmes and the mayor came to remonstrate, urging the boys to give in.

"Let's stick to our guns to the last."

This seemed to be the general feeling, and the boys sullenly refused to obey, threatening anyone who attempted to mount the stairs. A well-aimed pillow bent the captain double; another wiped off the mayor's tall silk hat, and sent it skimming down the passage, through which the water was now pouring like a mill-race. The

worthies retired, their places being at once taken by two firemen, hose in hand. A roar, half of terror, half of defiance, came from the besieged. The men, with their backs to the walls,

directed their hose on the ceiling, and soon a deluge of water fell on the landing.

Desperate, the boys pelted the firemen with anything they could lay their hands upon. Basins, mattresses, furniture, poles, sticks, and belts, were hurled at them with savage force.

"Play lower, men," came the stern command from the captain of the gendarmes.

"No surrender, boys! Fight on!"

Again there was a vigorous pelting.

"Lower, men. Play on the boys!"

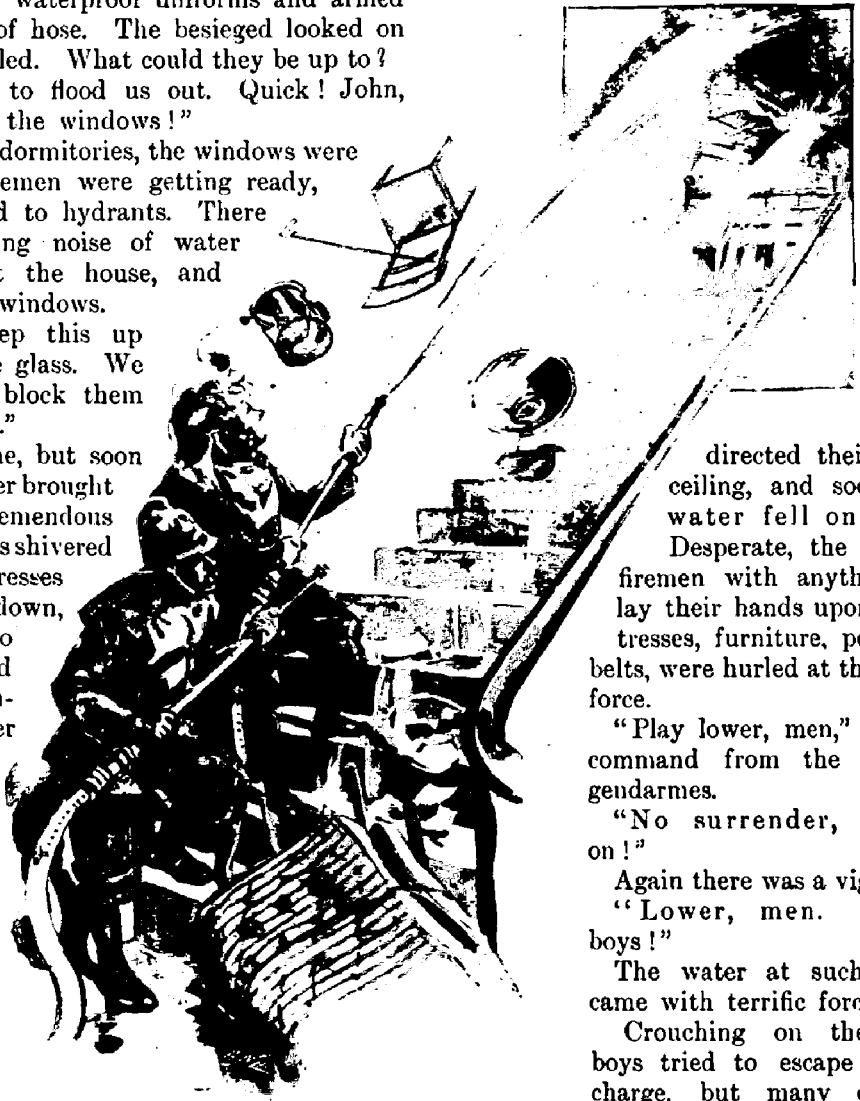
The water at such close quarters came with terrific force.

Crouching on the ground, the boys tried to escape the direct discharge, but many of them were badly battered. Some of the smaller chaps began to cry; the flood became stronger and stronger; they could hold out no longer. A cry was raised:—

"Stop! We surrender!"

Instantly the water bombardment ceased. Slowly, and with downcast heads, the boys descended the stairs, and passed along the corridors between rows of grinning soldiers and servants.

The "bar out" was at an end.



THE WATER AT SUCH CLOSE QUARTERS CAME WITH TERRIFIC FORCE. CROUCHING ON THE GROUND THE BOYS TRIED TO ESCAPE THE DIRECT DISCHARGE. THE FLOOD BECAME STRONGER AND STRONGER; A CRY WAS RAISED: "STOP! WE SURRENDER!"

# THE STAMP COLLECTOR.

CONDUCTED BY H. M. GOOCH.

## Stamp Portraiture.

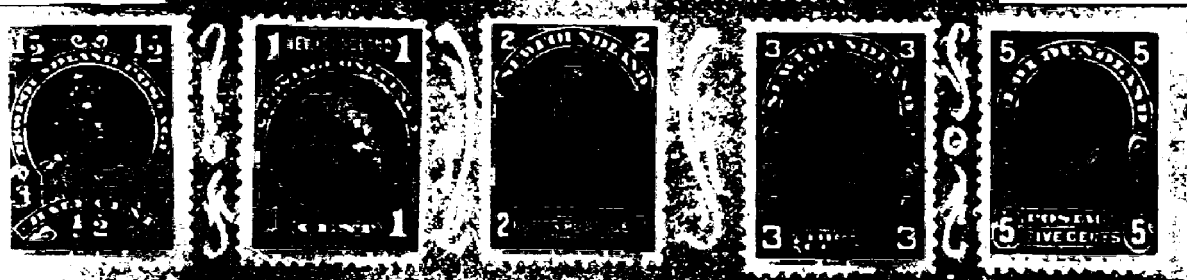
A CLASSIFICATION of the various designs which have appeared upon the postage stamps of the world since 1840 has been undertaken by many stamp collectors.

One of the most pleasing collections I ever remember seeing was that of a friend who, by dint of a little concentration, had succeeded in accumulating almost every variety of stamps bearing portraits, classifying them according to their nationality, rank, history, etc. To those desirous of obtaining real instruction

bearing the likeness of one personage is to be found in the stamps of the British Empire.

Among them we have portraits of Her Majesty in almost all phases of her life. Our centre illustration gives some examples. The chaste design of the early British stamps represents Her Majesty at the commencement of her reign, the portrait being adopted from the medal struck to commemorate the Queen's

visit to the City in 1837. This portrait has been the pattern for various colonial issues, as in the cases of the



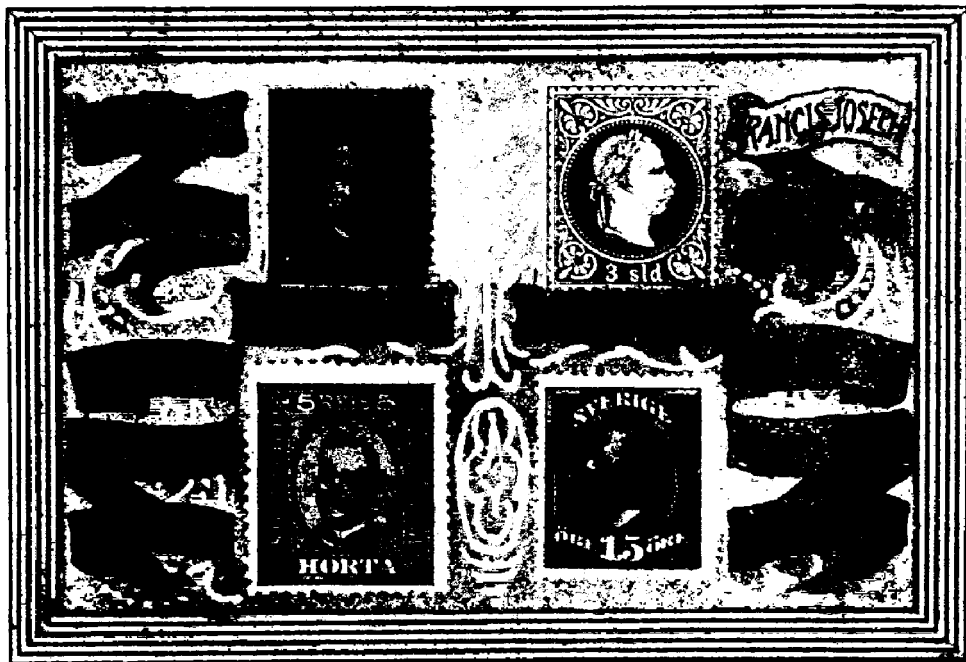
from stamp collecting I can recommend a similar course. Among the very large number of stamps bearing photographs they will find some very interesting specimens with excellent resemblances of various celebrities.

Although portrait stamps have largely increased during late years, the prevailing taste for such designs is not new. The profile of our Queen figured upon the first adhesive stamp issued (1840), and in the progress of her long reign it is no matter for wonderment that the largest number of stamps

$\frac{1}{2}$ c. Canada and 12c. Newfoundland stamps, both included in the illustration; but, curiously enough, and

owing to the precautions taken to avoid forgery, the design has never been exactly reproduced on any other stamps but the first 1d. and 2d. of Great Britain; the likeness for use in other countries usually being drawn afresh, or adopted from some well-known portrait of the Queen. The early Natal, Queensland, New Zealand,

and other stamps, are notable instances. The lamentable demise of the Prince Consort



the 17c. stamp of New Brunswick, illustrated, is that of the Prince of Wales; an older portrait appears on the 10c. value of the 1866 issue; and a present-day likeness on the current 2c. stamp of the same colony. The Princess of Wales figures on the 3c. value, the Duke of York on the 5c., and Prince Edward of York on the 1/2c. of the same. Other portraits are to follow.

Of foreign rulers we have some noteworthy por-

traits. The Powers of Europe are almost, but not quite, complete in stamp portraiture. Strangely enough, two leading monarchs—the Emperors of Germany and Russia—have never figured on the stamps of their Empires; but of others we have: Italy, a pleasing likeness of King Humbert; Holland, Queen Wilhelmina, past and present; the 1 gulden stamp of

in 1861 is in constant remembrance by the portrait of Her Majesty adopted for the 3c. Newfoundland stamps of 1868; a still more striking likeness of the widowed sovereign appears on the current 20c. Canadian, and the 1c. Newfoundland stamps; the former considered to be one of the finest examples of stamp portraiture it is possible to obtain. All are included in the illustration.

Passing from the Queen, we have other members of the Royal Family figuring on postage stamps. The Prince Consort has appeared on two varieties only. One, an essay for the first 1d. stamp of Great Britain, and the other the early 6d. and 10c. stamps of Canada; although this portrait is generally attributed to the Governor-General of the colony at the date of issue (1851), Lord Elgin.

The charming portrait of the Highland lad on



the current type having been supposedly withdrawn on account of the likeness not pleasing Her Majesty; Spain, with her baby King of 1889, now portrayed as the Boy King of 1899; Austria, a poor portrait of the Emperor Francis Joseph; Portugal, an equally poor representation of Don Carlos; Norway and Sweden, King Oscar II., etc.

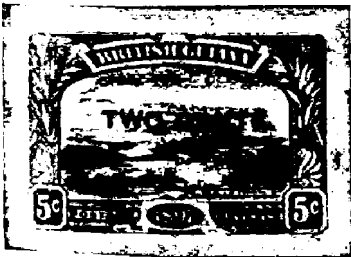
The stamps of the United States of America form a splendid field for portrait hunting. Nearly every variety from the commencement contains the portrait of some President or celebrity. Thus, on the present issue, we have: 1c., Franklin; 2c., Washington; 3c., Jackson; 4c., Lincoln; 5c., Grant; 6c., Garfield; 8c., Sherman; 10c., Webster; 15c., Clay; 50c., Jefferson; \$1, Perry; \$2, Madison; and \$5, Marshall—a most interesting group of famous New England Presidents; their histories are worth studying.

It will be evident to the reader that I might continue my remarks and descriptions, going over the various South American States, with their large number of postal labels and portraits, as well as many other countries, bearing excellent likenesses of notable people; also giving instances of ephemeral portraits and their history. But, space forbidding, I must leave the amateur to work out those not enumerated for himself. The task will prove anything but an unpleasant one.

Those desiring to commence a collection of portraits will do well to provide a special book with blank pages, on which the varieties may be placed, with descriptions underneath. An excellent start can be made with the portrait set of Newfoundland, which can be obtained from dealers at a small sum over face value, if unused.

### SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

**British Guiana.**—The accompanying illustration shows one of the recent surcharges, three in number, which have been made on the Jubilee type. The 5c., 10c., and 15c. values have all been surcharged "TWO CENTS," as shown.



The stamps of this island have always possessed special attractions. The large Jubilee issue is especially pretty, and contains a 4d. value, an uncommon denomination in British Colonial stamps. I am informed that this set of stamps

is to be retired from use, the plate having been destroyed. To the small type series a new value (2d.) has been added, and the 10d. and 2s. 6d. values of the same type have been withdrawn from use.—2d., slate and orange.

**Gold Coast.**—The 2½d. and 2s. values of the type illustrated, although catalogued, have only just been issued, owing to there being stocks of the old type to use up. I fancy the 2½d. value will have but a short life, as the Imperial Postage rate is now but 1d.—2½d., lilac and blue; 2s., green and carmine.

**Ecuador.**—This Republic has provided three pretty stamps for collectors to add to their album, each bearing a portrait. The 1c. represents Vargas Torres, a young Liberal, killed at the battle of Cuenca, in 1887; the 2c., Abdon Calderon, the hero of the battle of Pichincha; 5c., Juan Montalvo, a Liberal journalist. 1c., blue and black.—2c., lilac and black; 5c., red and black.

**Hawaii.**—The four low values of the current picturesque set have been changed in colour. The 1c., formerly orange, is now green; the 2c. has been clothed in pink instead of brown; the 5c., once carmine, is now blue; and the 10c. has appeared in brown, replacing green. It is not unlikely that an entirely new set of stamps may soon be supplied to this country, now annexed to the United States of America.



**Luxemburg.**—The stamps of the Grand Duchy are numerous, especially the "official" surcharges. The latter have just been added to, a new method having been adopted for denoting the official stamps. The word "officiel," hitherto applied in black type is now *perforated* up the stamp diagonally. All values from 1c. to 5frs. have been so issued.

**Newfoundland.**—I hope to print an illustration of the new 5 cents. stamp, which bears a striking portrait of H.R.H. the Duke of York. Other portraits are to be added. When complete, the "portrait" stamps of Newfoundland will be a set well worth investing in.—5c., blue.

**Porto Rico.**—A new value has been added to the provisional stamps described in my last list of new issues. The U.S.A. 8c. purple stamp

has been surcharged "Porto Rico" diagonally. Collectors would do well to get this stamp.

**Mauritius.**—The 36c. Jubilee stamp, of which a large number remain on hand, has been provisionally sur-



charged "15 CENTS." Likewise bear in mind that the 18 cents. value of the small "Arms" type has also been

surcharged "6 CENTS." in red. 6c., in red, on 18c., green and blue; 15c., in blue, on 36c., orange, brown, and blue.

**Queensland.**—For some time past this country has been making various alterations in her postage stamps, both as to design and perforation. The 2½d. value has just been issued with figures of value in all four corners, and printed, like our current 2½d. adhesive, in purple on blue paper. Given the extension of Imperial Penny Postage to the Australian Colonies, and away will go a host of stamps which at present may be obtained cheaply. The hint is worth taking!

**San Marino.**—This is the smallest Republic in Europe, but it has a long and increasing list of new issues. I recently described two new stamps issued for internal use, and now I have received the three low values, printed in new colours, conforming to the regulations of the Postal Union.—5c., green; 10c., carmine; 25c., blue.

*Note.*—The Editor will be glad to receive from correspondents, at home or abroad, news of new issues, for description in these pages.

*Due acknowledgment will be given, and whenever possible the information should be accompanied by a specimen or specimens of the stamps referred to, which will be returned.*

*The stamps for illustration and description in above list have been kindly lent by Messrs. Whitfield King & Co.*

## REVIEW.

*The Editor will be pleased to review publications of interest to stamp collectors generally. All books or magazines should be addressed to the Stamp Editor of THE CAPTAIN, 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London, W.C.*

## STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE STAMPS AND POSTMARKS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.\*

This is a catalogue of the stamps of Great

Britain only which the serious collector can ill afford to do without. The author and publisher, Mr. H. L'Estrange Ewen, has made the stamps of our own country his especial study for some years past. The catalogue, which fills some two hundred or more pages, deals with the various issues and varieties of the same from the 1d. black of 1840 down to the present day. Postage, telegraph, fiscal and newspaper stamps are all detailed, with much useful information, each variety being priced, unused and used. Collectors of British plate numbers will find the book invaluable.

## OUR MONTHLY PACKET OF NEW ISSUES.

The October packet contains seventeen varieties, all unused, including the following: Newfoundland, 5c., portrait of Duke of York; Queensland, new 2½d., purple on blue; Mauritius, provisional 6c. on 18c.; San Marino, 5c. and 10c. in new colours; Nepaul, ½ anna (a scarce stamp, issued for use in the Maharajah's camp only); Eritrea, new issue 1c. and 2c.; Uruguay, new 5mils.; Paraguay, provisional 10c. on 15c.; Guatemala, two recent provisionals; Cuba, new designs (these will be illustrated next month) 1c., 2c., and 3c.; Brazil, newspaper stamps surcharged for postage use, 20r. on 10 reis and 50r. on 20 reis. The packet is prepared specially for readers of THE CAPTAIN, and can only be obtained from the office. The price is 2s. 6d. (postage 1d.), which should be remitted by postal order.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**Tom E. R.**—The stamps of Brunei are bogus.

**W. S. Simpson.**—From the description you give the stamp is a local, its value very small. We must always see specimens to pass an opinion.

**F. Prout.**—Of the albums you name, we consider the Excelsior most suitable for your purpose. Obtain a good microscope with which you will be able to distinguish the plate numbers. Cost 2s. 6d.

**H. Waters.**—A foreign postmark does not, in our opinion, alter the nationality of a stamp. Unless the surcharge is a type-set one of official issue the specimen remains British.

**Specialite.**—A good book for holding a special collection of a single country is the "Philatelic Collecting Book," price 2s. 6d. each. The publisher (F. R. Ginn, 143, Strand) will send you particulars. Mention THE CAPTAIN.

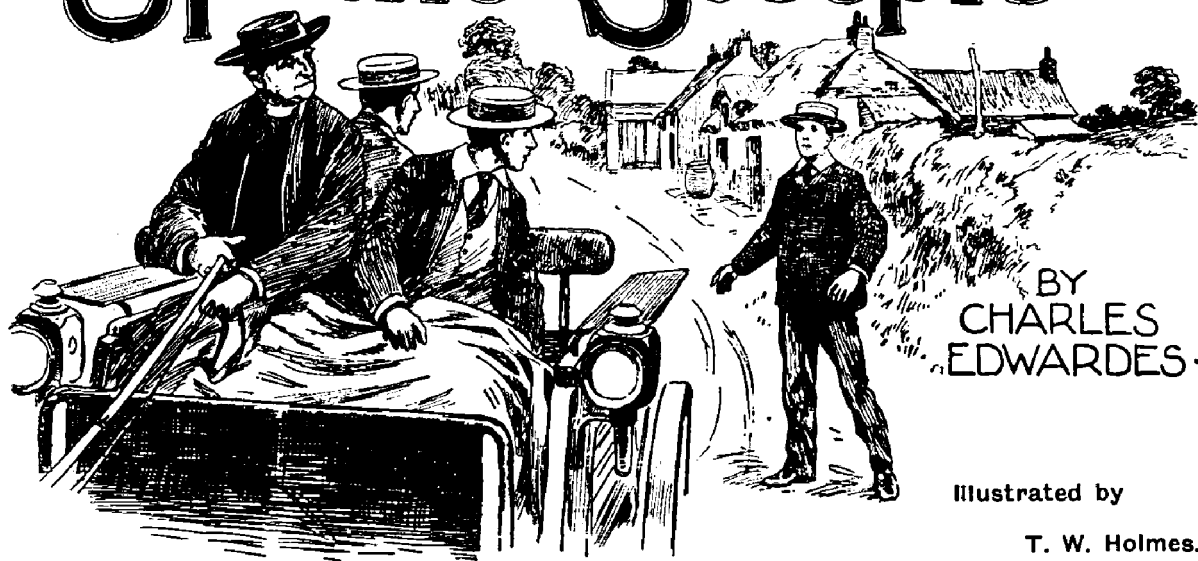
**Beginner.**—With a start of £5 (your uncle is generous, indeed!) you should get some fine stamps. Write to Messrs. Alfred Smith & Son, mentioning THE CAPTAIN, for particulars of their Rowland Hill "Packet Collection." A descriptive booklet will be sent you free from 37, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.

**A. Spencer.**—We have marked and returned your stamps per post.

**Exchange.**—Why not join an exchange club? There are several. Try the Suburban Stamp Exchange. Secretary, H. A. Slade, "Ingleside," St. Albans.

\* "Standard Catalogue of Stamps and Postmarks of the United Kingdom." Sixth Edition. Price 2s. 6d. H. L'Estrange Ewen, Norwood.

# Up the Steeple.



BY  
CHARLES  
EDWARDES.

Illustrated by

T. W. Holmes.



LEARN different lessons in different ways. Dick and I were not particularly

pleased when we heard Tom Grantington was coming to spend his holidays with us at Scatwick. Father had known his father, who had lately died, and had gone to the funeral, and then left the invitation behind without consulting us. Of course, we were awfully sorry for the poor chap, and all that sort of thing, and promised to give him as good a time as we could, but it seemed likely to be a bore, having him with us wherever we went for a month or more.

We all three met Grantington, and drove him home, and a pretty fool he made of himself in our opinion before we were a mile from the station. Dick was explaining with an effort that our roads, as he might perceive, were stiff for cycling, when Grantington fixed his eyes on his own knees, trembled so that he quite shook me (I was by him, you know), and then yelled out: "Please to stop, Mr. Lewis!"

Father pulled up at once, but before he had got the gee to a standstill, Tom Grantington had taken a flying leap out on to the road. He gave my nose a nasty knock on the way; in fact, it began to bleed. And there he stood, as pale as an egg, shaking and staring about him. When we asked what was the matter—

"It was a spider!" he whispered, though not in any hurry.

Dick put his foot on poor Mr. Longlegs, who happened to have stayed in the cart, and the laugh was much against Tom Grantington. I didn't laugh, though; no fellow cares to have a crack on the nose even by accident, and I thought to myself that the chap must be something very like a coward to get in such a white funk over a simple spider. The fact that he said so himself, with a forced laugh of his own, didn't make me alter my views. I must say, though, that he was sorry enough about my nose.

At dinner that evening he said a queer thing. Father was chaffing him about the spider, and he replied that it wasn't his proper self, but his other self, that made such a fuss.

"I felt frightfully ashamed of myself all the time, but that other self part of me got the best of it, as it mostly does. It makes me so mad," he said.

To father this was very interesting, but Dick and I, not being great at small talk, agreed that it was a roundabout form of rot. We paid more attention to our victuals than to Tom Grantington's yarns about his emotions, until he mentioned swimming.

"Sometimes, when I'm swimming," he said, "and a rather long way out at sea, I have to fight my other self for all I'm worth to keep from drowning. It tries to frighten me, you know, about cramp and the yards and yards of water to the bottom, and I have to

turn on my back and float a bit to recover pluck."

"That's jolly queer. I never feel like that," said Dick.

"I wish I didn't," said Tom Grantington.

Then father chipped in with a remark about the difference between an Arab steed and a cart-horse, which seemed rather rough on Dick, who grinned, but didn't like it.

That was, I reckon, why Dick and I didn't take to Tom Grantington for the first two days. We ratted, and cycled, and boated, and went a-swimming together, but though Grantington was all right, *we* didn't get any for'arder with him. He'd never gone ratting before, for one thing, and though he liked the fun until Gip (our terrier) landed, he turned sick at the first squeak. He tried not to show it, but no girl could have knocked up more plainly. As for the swimming, we were both awfully eager to see him have one of his funk-fits, as Dick called them. But he could go out such a distance that we hadn't a chance of working him up for one, and he beat his other self for once, he said, in a pitch-battle.

But on the second evening we were horribly rough on Grantington, so that I hate to think of it, though, as it led up to our becoming the good chums for life we now are, I don't suppose it matters much really.

We were on the cliffs by Calloway's Wall, where they go down as straight as the sides of an isosceles triangle, and Dick said to Grantington:—

"I suppose that other self gentleman in you would stop you from going down there?"

Tom looked over and shuddered.

"I couldn't do it," he said.

"Wouldn't you if I slipped down and broke my leg?" asked Dick.

"I don't believe I could even then," said Grantington, as gravely as if he were doing Greek Test.

"Then I think you *must* be a coward. All that gammon about your other self isn't good enough," said Dick.

"You really think that?" asked Tom, gazing and staring at Dick as if he were a bogey.

"I do—fact," said Dick.

"If I thought so I don't believe I'd go on living," said Tom, in a whisper.

"Not you," said Dick, who is not a chap to do things by halves. "Your other self would jolly soon stop any of your games about taking your own life. I call it a rattling convenient idea of yours."

Then Tom gave Dick such a look, and left us, and we didn't call him back, but sprawled about Calloway's Wall until supper time. Our consciences pricked us a bit when Tom came to us by the churchyard just as we were going in, and said, "I want to say something."

Dick began to say he didn't mean to hurt Tom's feelings, when Tom cut him short.

"That's all right," he said; "but I want to do it. It's the steeple. I've been studying it. Will you think better of me if I go up it and—and tie my handkerchief round the cock's tail at the top?"

He looked frightfully desperate, but we couldn't help laughing.

"I expect your other self will say 'No thanks!' to that," said Dick.

"Then I'll do it to-morrow, before they come to work," said Tom; "and if you are at your window at six o'clock you can see me at it."

"Dear me! What a lot of gas there is about!" exclaimed Dick in his nastiest way; and then we all went in to supper. Father wasn't in a very observant humour, or he would have noticed that we were rather at sixes and sevens.

## II

It behoves me to say a few words about our famous steeple. Father declares there's only



"THEN I THINK YOU *must* BE A COWARD. ALL THAT GAMMON ABOUT YOUR OTHER SELF ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH."

one other in our part of the country as high and slim, and I expect he knows. It goes up like a needle with a thickish base, and the old cock on the top is three hundred feet above the graves where the forefathers of our hamlet sleep. Being so tall and slender, it is bound to shake in a wind more than most others, and just before Tom Grantington came to us the whole thing had been pronounced unsafe—we'd had such a lot of storms that winter. In fact, the steeplejacks were at work on it; they were staying at the "Biddon Arms," and had got their ladders run right up to the cock, though they hadn't actually commenced operations, as the saying is.

This, then, was the little enterprise Tom Grantington had let himself in for.

"Solemn serious?" Dick said to him at "good-night" time; and he replied: "As 'solemn serious' as I can make it."

Dick and I chatted a good deal about the business before we fell asleep, and I must say I didn't like to think of it at all, especially when that south-west wind began to rumble in the chimney, and we could hear the churchyard elms tossing their branches about. Our south-westerns are simply terrific at times, and the steeple was bound to be swaying this way and that, like a walking stick balanced on a fellow's hand.

"Anyhow," I said, before departing into the Land of Nod, "I'm going to wake early and see if I can't stop him." And Dick's last words only made me the keener. "You needn't trouble, old chap; his blessed other self will do that right enough."

When I woke the sun was shining, and, my goodness, there *was* a breeze on! It was past six o'clock, too. I didn't stir up Dick till I'd got some clothes on, and had a look into Grantington's room. But when I found he'd cleared out I made jolly quick, after taking one look at the spire from the landing window. There wasn't anything on the cock then, and I could see that it was pretty wild.

It didn't strike me that Tom would really do it in such a wind, but I felt he'd try; and I felt sort of nervous, for fear he should slip or something, not being at all sure that we hadn't hurt his feelings a great deal more than we had meant to.

"Tommy rot!" growled Dick, when I invited him to dress also. "He'll not face it."

That was how I came to go out alone about five minutes afterwards.

"Mr. Grantington's been gone through the churchyard fifteen minutes or thereabouts," said Jacob, our gardener, when I questioned him. "Reckon he's gone for a bathe."

"Bathe be hanged!" said I, and ran also through the churchyard to get a squint up the steeple on the north side, where the ladders were, and there, sure enough, was Tom, seeming no bigger than a fly, about half way up, and no soul but myself to watch him. I'm not taradiddling when I say the spire bent like a bulrush high up, but he was protected from the wind so far.

I yelled out to him to come down, but I don't suppose my voice carried even up to the belfry; and then I just stared and began to feel the "creeps" coming all over me, if you know what I mean. I could just make out a bit of white stuff in his teeth, and I knew he would die before he and that pocket-handkerchief came down together. I remember I thought what beasts Dick and I were, and then I bolted for the belfry door, which Tom had left unlocked (he'd taken the key from the hall) and just scuttled up the old stone steps as hard as I could go.

There was ghostly music in the belfry when I got there; it was the wind, you know, through the shutters, and precious dismal it sounded. But I didn't think of that. I got out on to the leads, lost my cap (the wind) and took to the first of the ladders.

I just set my teeth for the job now, for I was determined to be as obstinate as Tom himself. There was a horrid draught *round* the spire, which, early on, tried to tear me off the ladders, but I stuck to it, and didn't feel much amiss till I happened to look down. *Then* I found out that I hadn't nearly as much nerve as I thought. I had to stop and shut my eyes a bit.

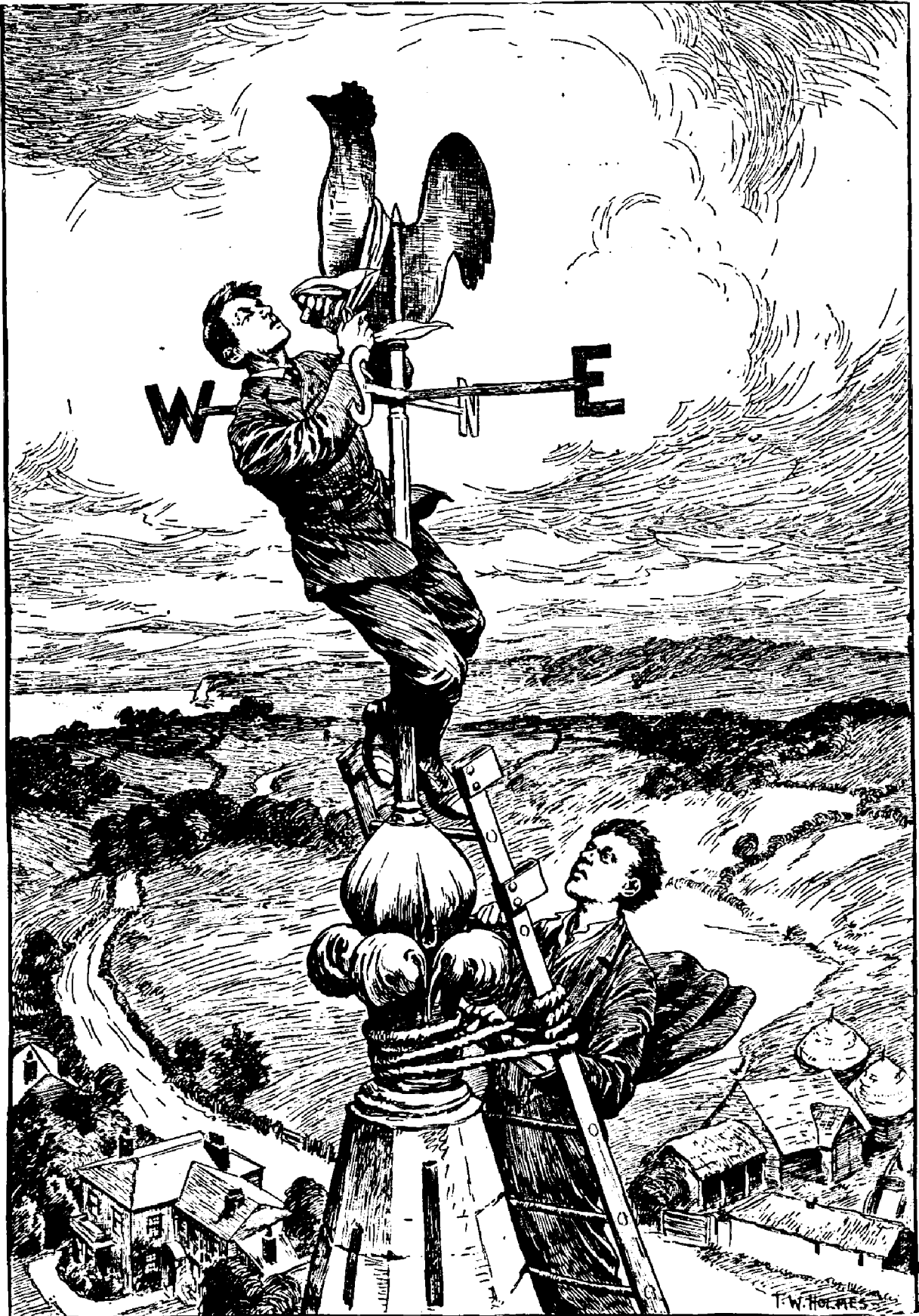
After that I didn't once look down, until afterwards.

It seemed about an hour before I came near the top part of the spire, and I fancied several times that I had heard voices shouting from below. The wind up here was like mad, if you know what I mean. I hadn't buttoned my coat, and it played Old Harry with me; but I stuck on, and began to shout on my own—"Tom! Stop it! Come down," and that sort of thing.

I dared not look up or down now, I was in such a shivering funk; and so you may guess what I felt like when, all in a moment, I touched Tom's heels, and understood that this howling, breathless, tottering spot of next-to-nothingness (if you can understand me) was the spire weathercock, and that Tom had actually got his legs crossed round the thick iron rod which supported that long-tailed bird of brass, and was at work with the handkerchief.

Then I saw Tom's face. His eyes were shut, his lips were blue, and he looked just terrible. He was tying it on *by feel*.





I DARED NOT LOOK UP OR DOWN NOW, I WAS IN SUCH A SHIVERING FUNN. THEN I SAW TOM'S FACE. HIS EYES WERE SHUT, HIS LIPS WERE BLUE, AND HE LOOKED JUST TERRIBLE.

"Tom!" I cried, and he stared at me in the most awful manner imaginable, while we both swayed backwards and forwards. I went up one rung more, and for the first time got the full blast of the wind in my face. Oh, my goodness! it makes me ill to think of it all! There's not the least doubt what happened, though Tom never has told—and I expect never will—the true tale of it. I lost my head and shrieked for fear—that I do know.

I just remember being clutched at the collar when my fingers were letting go all, and I can hear Tom whispering as distinctly as possible: "Stanfield, do hold on, or I shall have to loose you, and then we must both fall!" and that's all I do remember until those steeplejacks came to the rescue, with brandy and ropes. I expect Tom's words made me do it all right, even after I'd lost my senses.

When I got round I found I was fairly tied fast.

"Now then, you must make a move, my lad," someone said to me—his head was level with my shoulder, and he was holding my head up. "This top ladder won't stand this 'ere strain much longer, and the wind——"

"Where's Tom?" I exclaimed faintly.

I looked up; and there he was, still hitched on to that vane rod, with his head bent in a queer manner.

"You'll be the death of us all if you don't make an effort. I'm going to untie you, and—come now, Master Lewis——"

I let him do it, and said I'd try my hardest not to play the fool again, and very soon we were descending slowly. I'm bound to say I did a good deal of it by mere feel, my head was that sick, not a word could I say until we were safe on the leads and the other "jack" sprang past me and went hand over hand up again like a monkey.

"You're all right," said my rescuer, when I looked about and saw Dick, my father, and two or three more, with awful expressions on their faces. "It's only to be hoped the other one will give less trouble."

It seemed as if those other two would never come, and I didn't think the least bit about breakfast, nor did Dick, so he said.

We waited and waited, and the frightful wind tried to sweep us off the battlements.

Suddenly a black thing whisked down a number of yards away.

"Look!" screamed Dick; and I thought I was going off again, when Dick pulled me back with a hollow sort of laugh and the words, "It's only a coat!" It was Tom's coat too, for we saw the Widow Bodham lift it off her pig-sty, where it had dropped, and stretch it out as if to see what sort of a shape it had. It was a Norfolk jacket, you know.

But that other steeplejack couldn't hold himself in any longer.

"The Lord grant something bad's not up!" he said; "and I must make sure too!"

We watched his heels until they were out of sight above the sham windows in the spire.

I could have died, I really could, I believe, for thinking of that horrible perch up there, and Tom

swaying on it like a sparrow on the top of a poplar. But I only trembled instead. We none of us had anything to say until, after an awful time, the ladders began to creak and the second steeplejack's legs hove in' sight.

"We're coming!" he shouted down to us, and father straightway exclaimed a short prayer of thanksgiving, as you might say.

And come they did, sure enough; the one "jack" helping Tom's feet on the ladder steps and the other holding him up at the other end



THE ONE "JACK" HELPING TOM'S FEET ON THE LADDER STEPS  
AND THE OTHER HOLDING HIM UP WITH A ROPE  
SLUNG TO HIS WAIST.

with a rope slung to his waist and Tom's, and I'd swear you never saw anything to equal the faces of those three chaps when the lowest one had got to the leads and lifted Tom off the ladder, and the other "jack" also had dropped to *terra firma*, as a poet might call it.

Grantington was without his coat, and I should think no corpse was in it with him for complexion.

"Sir," cried the topmost of the two steeplejacks, skimming the sweat from his forehead, "another such job in a lifetime would be too much for any man. I had to *pull* him off that—that object; he'd gone dotty. What that meant in half a gale up there you may guess. Lucky for all sakes I'd got a rope round me, but as it was, it was a deathly near thing. He ketched on the point of the last ladder, and it skinned his coat off him that quick I'd only just time to get an arm round him and hold tight and

take the risk. If my mate hadn't come when he did, the two of us 'ud be lying among them daisies and tombstones down there—certain sure!"

Father put brandy into Tom's mouth while the chap told us this. It seemed to do him a heap of good all at once, for he looked up when the "jack" stopped, and whispered at Dick, with a faint, far-away grin, if you understand me:—

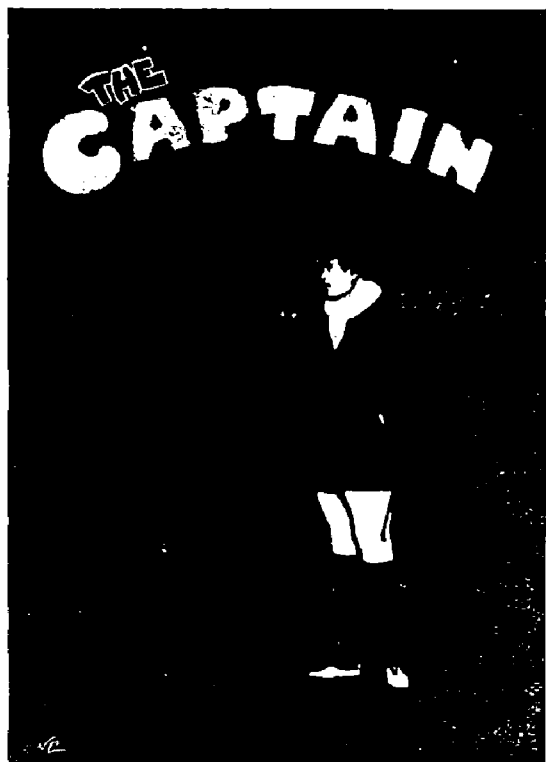
"It's all right, though. I tied it on."

The steeplejack heaved his shoulders, while still mopping at his face.

"He means his handkerchief, I reckon, sir," he said. "It's blowing to ribbons round the cock's neck. Only to think o' risking precious lives for the likes o' that lark!"

Then Tom whispered more plainly, with a much more commonplace grin:—

"It was my other self that did it all."



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# NOTABLE LOCOMOTIVES

## PAST AND PRESENT



By J. A. KAY.

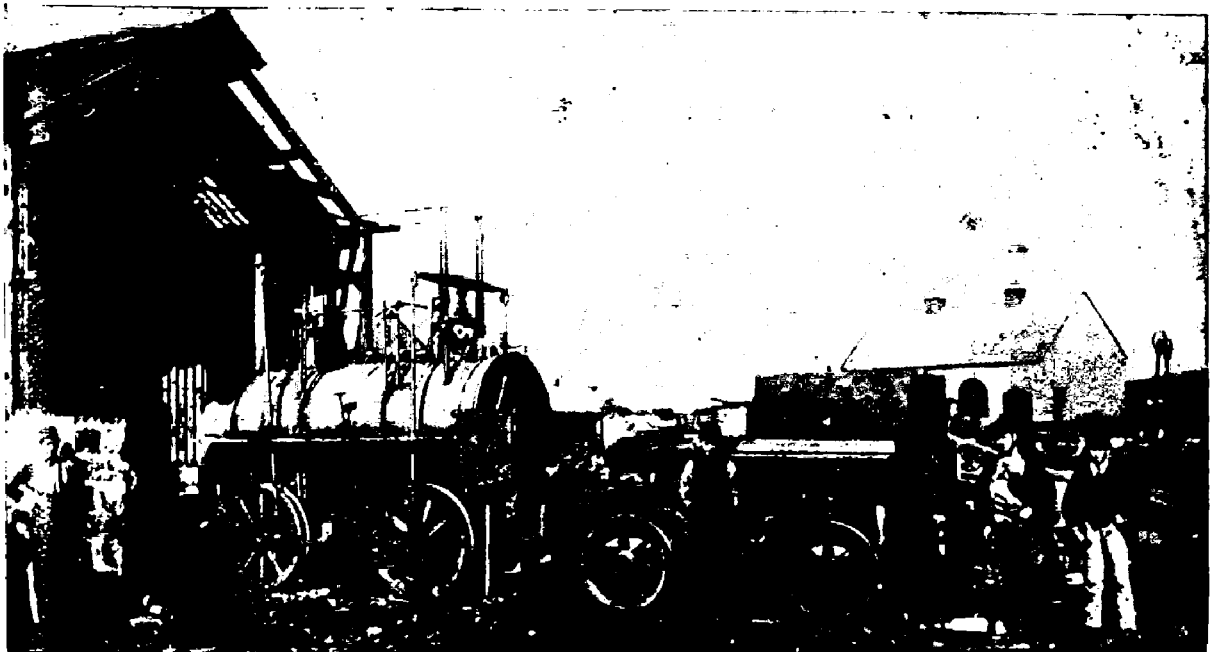
The Photographs by F. Moore.



It is no exaggeration to say that the average reader knows very little indeed about even the most famous engines that worked on our iron roads soon after they came to be generally used as a means of transit from one part of the country to another. In a recent number of THE CAPTAIN

there appeared an interesting article, by Mr. Walter Dexter, telling all about the very beginnings of the railway, but in the interval between the building of the old locomotives there dealt with, and our modern expresses, some very notable locomotives have been constructed for work on different English railways. This article will tell you something about these celebrated veterans of the iron road.

To begin with, however, I will briefly refer to two very ancient railway engines which were kept



ONE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON'S VERY FIRST RAILWAY ENGINES.

This photograph was taken some years after she ceased working main line trains



THIS ENGINE DREW THE FIRST TRAIN ON THE STOCKTON AND DARLINGTON RAILWAY IN 1825, AND IS NOW PRESERVED ON A PEDESTAL IN DARLINGTON STATION.

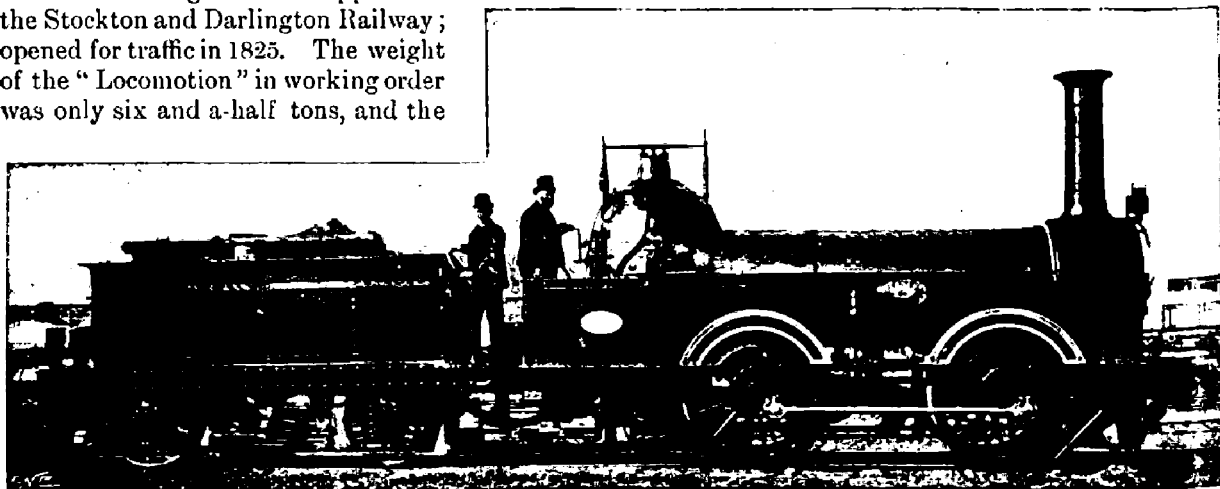
From a special photograph supplied by Mr. Wilson Worsdell, locomotive superintendent of the North-Eastern Railway.

regularly at work for a remarkably long time. One of these, the "Blucher," was the first effort of Stephenson, and the accompanying photograph gives one a good idea of her general appearance. The "Blucher" was first tried on a small colliery tramway, known as the Killingworth Railway, on July 25th, 1814. This curious old engine was not altogether a success, and its best piece of work on record was the hauling of some loaded coal wagons, weighing altogether only thirty tons, up an incline of 1ft. in 450ft. at four miles an hour. For many years, however, the "Blucher" continued to work at shunting wagons at different collieries in the North of England.

The "Locomotion," designed by Mr. Timothy Hockworth, and built by R. Stephenson & Co., was the first engine ever supplied to the Stockton and Darlington Railway; opened for traffic in 1825. The weight of the "Locomotion" in working order was only six and a-half tons, and the

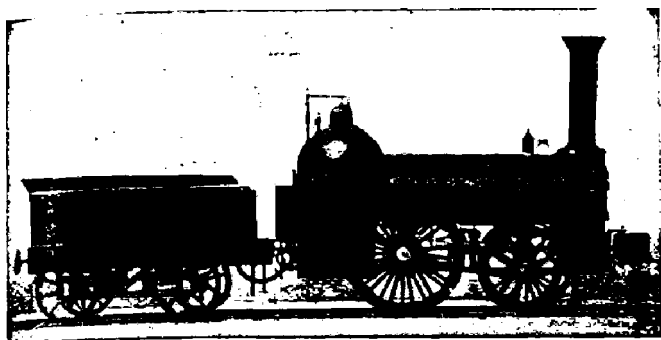
small wooden tender could only carry three-quarters of a ton of coals at a time. The railway pioneers, however, thought the "Locomotion" to be a very wonderful piece of mechanism, and were quite jubilant when, in September, 1835, "she engaged in a race with the mail coach for a distance of four miles and beat the horses by one hundred yards!"

The "Locomotion" has a very interesting history. On June 4th, 1846, she took a prominent part in the opening of the Middlesbrough and Redcar Railway, and once more distinguished herself by performing what was considered the marvellous feat of hauling one passenger carriage and two trucks for eight miles in only thirty-five minutes! In 1850 the "Locomotion" ceased



THE OLDEST LOCOMOTIVE NOW AT WORK.

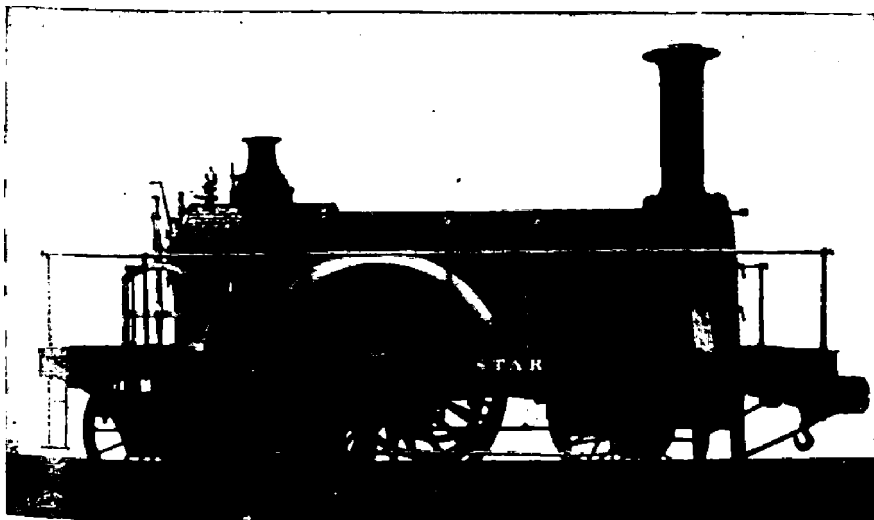
She was built at Liverpool over fifty years ago, and is still running on the Furness Railway.



THIS REPRESENTS THE CLASS OF LOCOMOTIVES THAT WERE USED ON THE OLD LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY.

working on the Stockton and Darlington line, and for seven years was ignominiously used as a shunting engine at some Durham collieries. But brighter days were before her, and she was bought back from the colliery company and mounted on a pedestal at North Road Station, Darlington. This veteran railway engine was in steam and working at the jubilee of the first English railway, held in 1875, and has since been on view at various exhibitions, including the one at Philadelphia, in 1876, and the Stephenson centenary in 1881. She was also shown in Liverpool in 1886, and at the famous Paris Exhibition held two years later. Now, however, she is safely back at Darlington once more—mounted on a pedestal at Bank Top.

The early locomotive builders went in for very elaborate names, and engines christened with such ones as "Comet," "Phoenix," "Samson," "Goliath," "Vulcan," "Atlas," etc., were to be found on almost every line. This, as various locomotive historians have pointed out, has led to a great deal of confusion in people's minds as to the line on which certain old locomotives really worked.



THE FIRST ENGINE THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY EVER POSSESSED. SHE IS STILL PRESERVED AT SWINDON WORKS.

When the London and Birmingham Railway was first opened most of the curious old trains were worked by engines very similar to the one shown in an accompanying illustration. This was when the iron road was in bibs and tuckers, so to speak, and they were very tiny engines, and certainly not much to look at; but looks oftentimes don't count for much, and as regards the work they performed, these engines can only be described as marvellous. They were built by the firm of Bury, Curtis, Kennedy & Co., and though they have ceased to exist as locomotive builders for nearly half a century,

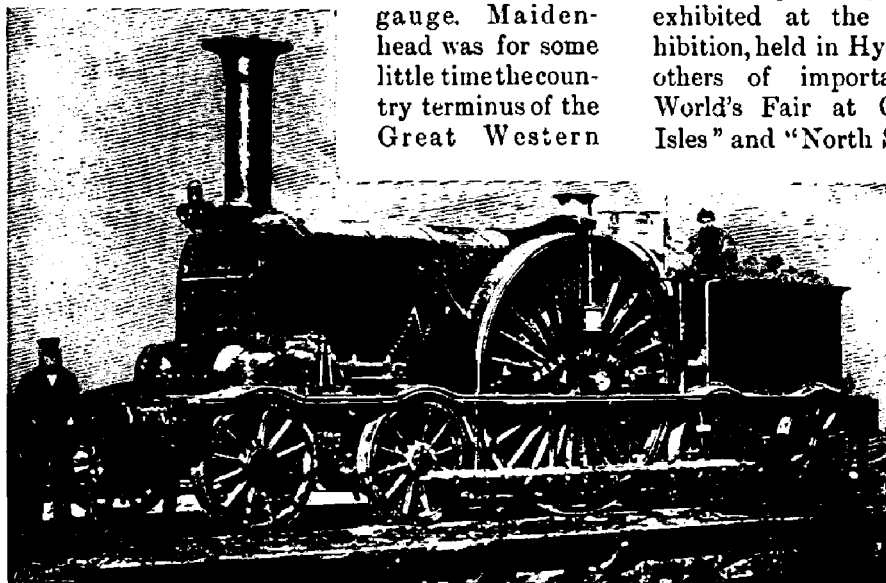
the fame of some of their engines is spoken of even at the present time—some of them being still at work on the Furness Railway. One of these, nicknamed "Old Coppernob," is the oldest engine now *at work* in the kingdom, being built at Liverpool in 1845-6. Any of my readers who may visit Barrow-in-Furness should make a point of seeing this engine, as her life is drawing to a close; and even now she does not work any regular trains, but spends the evening of her days shunting round and about the Ramsden Docks.

George Stephenson was always very ready to make a sporting offer, and most readers have heard of his famous reply to a question asked in a Parliamentary Committee as to what would happen to a cow if she were so unwise as to attempt to interfere with the progress of one of his railway engines. On one occasion a point was raised as to whether another maker's engines were superior to those made by Mr. Stephenson, and he replied: "Very well; I have no objection, but put them to this fair test: Hang one of So-and-so's engines on to one of mine, back to back; then let them go at it, and whichever walks away with the other, that's the engine."

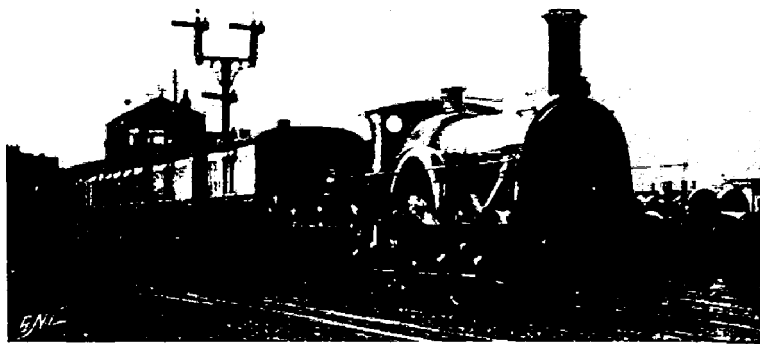
Mr. Richard Trevithick, the son of the inventor of the locomotive, followed in his father's footsteps as regards locomotive engineering, and some of the engines of his designing are still at work; though, of course, in a more or less altered form than that in which they were first built. None of these are so well known, however, as the "Cornwall," which was constructed at the height of the "Battle

of the Gauges," to champion the beliefs of the partisans of the narrow (4ft. 8½ins.) as against Brunel's broad (7ft.) gauge system on the Great Western Railway. Next to "Old Coppernob," on the Furness line, the "Cornwall" is the oldest working locomotive in Britain, and, from an engineering point of view, it is a far more interesting engine than the former. It was sent to the great exhibition of 1851, and its 8ft. 6in. driving wheels are now the largest in the country. These were thought so enormous fifty years ago that, as originally built, the boiler was "slung" under the driving axles; but, as this system proved unsatisfactory in many ways, the engine was soon afterwards rebuilt in its present form.

To Brunel's famous broad-gauge system the Great Western Railway has bade a long farewell; but, nevertheless, the tale of its conception, introduction, construction, and abolition forms what is probably the most entrancing chapter in railway history. Its name was always associated with famous locomotives and high rates of speed. On January 15th, 1838, the first broad-gauge locomotive was delivered to the Great Western Railway. It was christened the "North Star," and was brought by barge from the works of R. Stephenson & Co., of Maidenhead. This engine was not specially designed for the Great Western Railway, but for a Russian 6ft.-gauge railway, and was altered in time to meet the requirements of Brunel's 7ft. gauge. Maidenhead was for some little time the country terminus of the Great Western



THIS IS ONE OF THE OLD BROAD-GAUGE LOCOMOTIVES WITH 9 FT. DRIVING WHEELS, WHICH WERE FORMERLY USED FOR EXPRESS TRAFFIC ON THE BRISTOL AND EXETER RAILWAY.



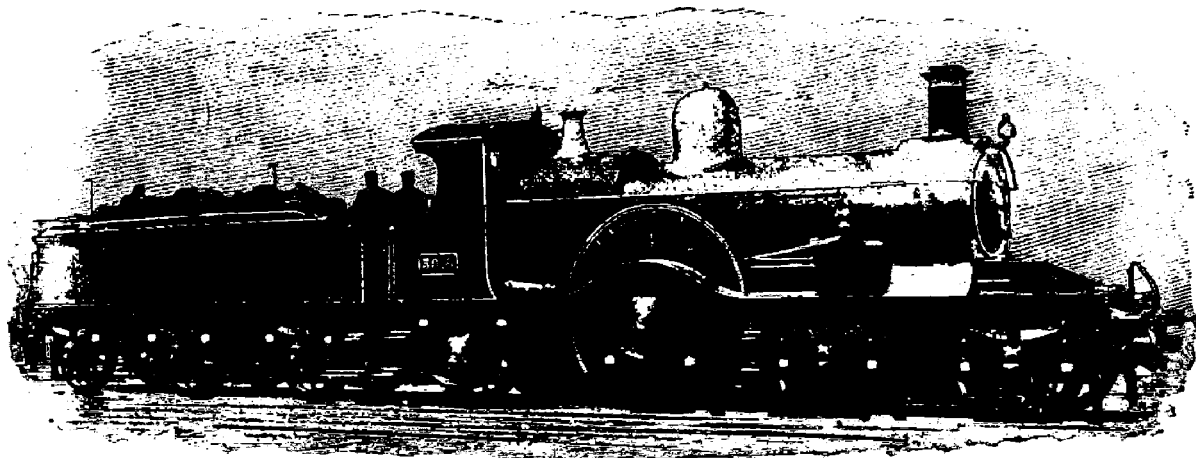
A BROAD-GAUGE ENGINE AND TRAIN ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Railway, and in those days Maidenhead was celebrated for the number of mail coaches that passed through it daily, and, surprising as it seems, the coaches were "mounted on trucks and came to and from London by train"; so that passengers could reach the metropolis in a very much shorter time than before without change of vehicle.

The old broad-gauge expresses were indeed famous engines; many of them working the fastest trains right down from the date of their construction, in the '40's or early '50's, to the final abolition of the broad gauge, and substitution of the standard one of 4ft. 8½ins. in 1892. The names of these engines were all very carefully chosen, and many of them have been passed on to the modern engines which have taken the places of the famous old broad-gauge fliers.

Of broad-gauge engines the "Lord of the Isles" is probably the most famous. She was exhibited at the first great international exhibition, held in Hyde Park in 1851, and at several others of importance, including the famous World's Fair at Chicago. The "Lord of the Isles" and "North Star" are still preserved at the Swindon Works of the Great Western Railway; the former's driving wheels measure 8ft. in diameter, and the cylinders 18ins., with a 24in. stroke.

The Great Western Railway is, and always has been, celebrated for its high speeds, and though for a time it was generally nick-named the "Sleepy Giant," it has lately awakened with wonderfully increased vigour. A giant refreshed—in every sense of the word! Soon



"LIGHTNING."

One of the G.W.R. "single driving-wheel" expresses that now take the place of the famous old broad gauge engines.

after the line was first opened, expresses often ran from Paddington to Didcot, a distance of fifty-three miles, in something under fifty minutes, and there are several stories current of how the engine-drivers grumbled at not being allowed to show what their broad-gauge engines could really do, if taxed to their utmost. One of these says: "The tradition still lingers at Paddington that a driver solemnly submitted to the directors a proposal that if they would *look after his wife and family*, he would take his engine to Bristol, a distance of 118½ miles, within the hour!" Needless to say, this offer was regretfully, but firmly, declined.

For many years the broad-gauge line between Bristol and Exeter was worked by an independent company, whose principal claim to notoriety was on account of its famous "9ft. single-tank locomotives," one of which is shown in an accompanying photo. These engines had no tenders, but carried their supply of water and coal on the same frame as the boiler. They were propelled by a single pair of driving wheels, measuring no less than 9ft. in diameter. These remarkable locomotives often reached a speed of eighty miles an hour, and over. When the Bristol and Exeter Railway was amalgamated with the Great Western in 1876, some of these engines were rebuilt with 8ft. wheels, and had tenders added, and in this altered condition continued to work many of the fastest expresses right up to the final conversion of the broad gauge.

However let us turn once

more to the standard gauge locomotives. The first locomotive superintendent appointed to the management of the world-famous Crewe Works was Mr. A. Allen. He is famed for many improvements connected with locomotive engineering, and also for his celebrated class of locomotives known as the "old Crewe goods engines." These, though very powerful and economical as regards coal consumption, were quite small in build, weighing only nineteen and a-half tons each. For many years these engines were used for working the London and North-Western goods traffic, and even now many of them are still used for shunting purposes in different parts of the country, having been converted into "tank" engines.

Readers will probably be struck by the graceful appearance of the "Ivanhoe," which is the engine shown in one of the illustrations. "Ivanhoe" and her fifty-nine sister engines were designed by the late Mr. John Ramsbottom, and built at Crewe between 1859 and 1868; all are still at work. Some of them are to be seen running fast North-Western expresses, and on the American specials



AN OLD TYPE OF GOODS LOCOMOTIVE, FORMERLY USED ON THE NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.





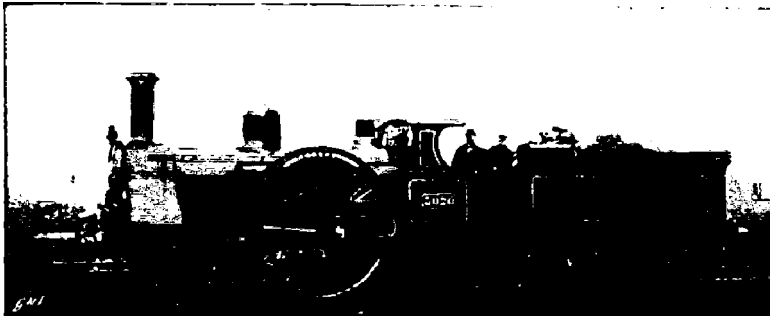
"IVANHOE," OF THE L. AND N.W.R.  
One of the most graceful locomotives in the kingdom.

which go right through from Euston to Liverpool without a stop. The engines are celebrated for their gracefulness, longevity and speed, and, altogether, are really wonderful little locomotives. Their driving wheels measure 7ft. 7½ins. in diameter, and weigh just forty-four and a-half tons in working order. They are officially known as the "Lady of the Lake" class—this engine was sent to the exhibition of 1862—but amongst the North-Western engine-men they are usually named "high-fliers," probably on account of their large single driving wheels and outside cylinders, which give the engines a somewhat curious appearance when working at a high rate of speed.

No article dealing with notable locomotives would be complete without some mention of the famous "8ft. singles" of the Great Northern Railway. These engines will probably be familiar to many

readers both in sight and name, and so much has already been published about them that more than a passing notice would be superfluous. They were first designed and built by the late Mr. Patrick Sterling in 1870, many others being built from time to time, till, a few years ago, they were the typical class of Great Northern express. Some of the most recently constructed of these locomotives have driving wheels 8ft. 4ins. in diameter, so that we see the "Cornwall," on the North-Western line, only holds its record for the biggest pair of driving wheels by a couple of inches.

This short article has by no means exhausted the list of our notable locomotives, and there are many others, more recently built, that are quite justified in being so termed, and possibly in some future number of THE CAPTAIN room may be found for a further chat on this subject.



THE "CORNWALL," HAS BEEN WORKING EXPRESS TRAINS FOR HALF A CENTURY, AND IS ALSO NOTABLE ON ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT SIZE OF ITS DRIVING WHEELS.



BY KEBLE HOWARD.

*Author of "When Teddy Lost His Temper," etc., etc.*

DOLLY was in a beastly wax. There was some reason for it, no doubt, but nobody was to blame but herself. If girls *will* try to do everything that boys do, they must look out for squalls. It was in this way.

Cousin Teddy had an egg-trick. He took a fresh egg, squeezed it in the palms of his hands as hard as he could, and yet it didn't break. Of course, I knew there must be some dodge about it, so I didn't try to do it myself, but Dolly determined to have a go. And then, when the egg smashed all over her clean frock, she had the cheek to sulk.

Now this occurred on a lovely afternoon in the summer holidays, and we three had arranged to go for a row. At least, Teddy and I were to row, and Dolly was to steer. Nice and cool for her, wasn't it? But, when the egg broke, she got a book, plumped herself down at the foot of the old elm tree, hunched up her obstinate little shoulders, and refused to budge.

Teddy said, "Leave her to me."

I was only too glad to leave her to him, so I curled up in the hammock and prepared to watch the show.

Teddy started operations by stretching himself out full length at Dolly's feet and pulling a daisy to pieces. This meant, I suppose, that he was sorry really, but too proud to say so. Then he rolled over on to his back and heaved a mighty sigh. Dolly bent closer over her book. Presently the cousin began to talk, partly to himself, partly to me, but mostly at Dolly.

"I remember," he said, "once sulking for a

whole afternoon. The consequences were most serious. If I live to be an old man of eighty I shall never shake off the responsibility of that sulk."

Dolly raised her head a very, very little, but Teddy took not the slightest notice.

"It was all over a beastly essay," he went on. "I rather pride myself on compo., and as Gent, our form-master, was keen on essays too, we got rather chummy."

"Well, one day he gave us a subject I didn't like. It was horse-racing. I knew nothing about horse-racing, cared nothing about it, and had always been told it was very wicked sport. So when Gent told us to write an essay on the subject, I kicked. Of course, it was rank cheek, but it was more than a year ago, and I was only a kid."

I hummed a little tune by way of self-defence, but kept my ears open.

"When the morning came for the compositions to be handed in," went on Teddy, "I hadn't done mine at all. It was a Saturday. Gent wanted to know why I hadn't done it. I twiddled my thumbs, looked at the ceiling, glanced at Gent, got very red, and glared out of the window. Gent was a pretty cute chap. He kept me standing there for ten minutes, and then told me to stay in after dinner till the essay was done."

"I'd expected that, but I worked up a double dose of nastiness, and determined that if I stayed in even the whole afternoon I wouldn't write a line. And I got the usual amount of satisfaction out of knowing that *he* would have to stick in too. It was a ripping day."

"Directly after dinner I went into our classroom, sat down at my desk, planted my elbows on the lid, and glared at a small beetle on the floor. Ten minutes afterwards Gent came in, dressed in his flannels.

"Well, little boy,' he said, 'done the compo?'

"I moved about an inch, but said nothing.

"Now, look here, old chap,' he went on, 'you're not going to make an ass of yourself, are you? Whip the thing off, and then we can both get out of this fuggy room. Going to do it?'

"I can tell you I pretty well hated myself for it, but I simply *couldn't* move. All I did was to sit and wonder how long he would keep his temper.

"Very well,' said Gent, sitting down at his desk and taking out a bundle of Latin proses; 'you sulk and I'll work. It's not quite so nice as being out of doors, but we must make the best of it.'

"He set to work on the proses, and for an hour there was no sound in the room but the scratching of his pen and the buzzing of a wasp on the window-pane. Lots of times I made up my mind to write the thing, and then I was afraid he would crow when I began.

"Presently he chucked my prose across to me. It had on it 'V.G.,' which meant full marks. I tore it up slowly, and let the pieces fall on the floor. Gent didn't say anything, but he looked rather grave. He shoved the rest of the papers into his desk, slammed the lid, strolled across to the window with his hands in his pockets, and stood there, looking out.

"He had his back to me. I dipped my pen into the ink, tried the nib on the back of an envelope, and wrote 'Essay on Horse-racing' at the top of a sheet of paper. Then Gent turned round, and I stopped.

"Well,' he said, 'how's it going?'

"I told myself that he was just beginning to feel it, and I mustn't give in. So I laid down the pen again, and watched a spider on the ceiling. Gent pulled out his watch, and looked at it rather anxiously. I tried to persuade myself that I was enjoying it, but I wasn't.

"Another half-hour passed, during which time Gent looked at his watch about fifty times, and then he got out some note-paper and wrote a letter.

"Come here,' he said, beckoning to me.

"Of course I went up to him.

"I want you to take this note for me, and don't wait for an answer. Deliver it yourself, mind. You will find her—Miss Maitland, you know—in the garden.'

"I took the note without saying a word, and went out. Miss Maitland was the Head's niece—an awfully decent sort of person, though rather old."

"How old?" said Dolly, suddenly.

"About twenty," said Teddy, without showing any surprise that Dolly had spoken. "The big chaps said she was awfully pretty, but I don't think girls are ever pretty with their hair up."

"Well, I found her in the garden, gave her the note without speaking, and walked away. I heard her tear it open, and then, just as I was turning

the corner to go back to Gent, she called out to me, and came running across the lawn. I stopped, and waited for her to come up. I know it was rude, but I was still sulking."

The ear of Dolly's nearer to me turned pink, but she didn't say anything.

"She came up," went on Teddy, "looking rather pale. I waited for her to speak, and, when she did speak, I wished I hadn't waited. All she said was: '*You little beast!*'"

"Cheek!" I muttered.

"Not a bit," said Teddy. "I *was* a little beast,



"YOU LITTLE BEAST!"

but it made me angry at the time. I turned my back on her and walked away ; but, just as the school door was swinging to I heard something that made me feel awful."

Dolly was listening hard now.

"It was a sob ; she was blubbing. At first I didn't know why, and then, all in a flash, I twigged it. She had told me before that she was going away that day, and I had heard some of the chaps say that she and Gent were rather sweet on each other. When I heard that sob I saw it all, and what a little bounder I'd been. She was waiting in the garden to say good-bye to Gent, and I had been keeping him in. That was why he kept on looking at his watch and all that.

"I didn't know for the life of me what to do. I didn't like to tell Gent what had happened, and if she was going by the usual train, as she must be, I couldn't possibly get my essay done in time for him to see her before she went. I knew, too, that he wouldn't think of going till I had written the thing.

"I stole into the class-room and sat down at my desk. I guessed that he was looking at me, but I couldn't look him in the face.

"And then I got an idea. I just wrote across the middle of my page 'She's in the garden, crying,' folded it up, scribbled 'Essay' on the outside, gave it to him, and bunked out of the room."

"Is that all ?" said I.

"Of course not," said Dolly.

"No," said Teddy ; "that's not quite the end. The same evening Gent came up to me and shook hands. Then he asked me if I could keep a secret. I nodded, and he told me that he found Miss Maitland in the garden and she had promised to be his wife."

"Hurrah !" I shouted.

"That's all very well," said Teddy, "but it's a big responsibility."

As for Dolly, she said nothing, but just got up, walked down to the bank of the river, and got into the boat.

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### "Fifteen and Forty-five."

GOOD-NIGHT ! I'd say, the griefs, the joys,  
Just hinted in this mimic page ;  
The triumphs and defeats of boys  
Are but repeated in our age.  
I'd say your woes were not less keen,  
Your hopes more vain than those of men ;  
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen  
At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say we suffer and we strive,  
Not less nor more as men than boys ;  
With grizzled beards at forty-five,  
As erst at twelve in corduroys.  
And if, in time of sacred youth,  
We learned at home to love and pray,  
Pray Heaven that early love and truth  
May never wholly pass away.

THACKERAY.

# ASHLEY MINOR OF THE SCHOOLHOUSE



Illustrated by W. T. Urquhart.

*The* FOLLOWING notice was stuck up on the prefect's board at the end of the cloisters :—

*"The whole school is requested to be in the Old Schoolroom at five o'clock this afternoon.*

*"R. J. COLEMAN."*

That was all—written in the captain's well-known, neat, niggling little hand. He didn't tell the fellows what they were wanted for, and didn't give them a great deal of help towards guessing. It might be to say the Czar of Russia had asked for a week's holiday for the school. On the other hand, it might not. It might be to say some chap had won a scholarship at Oxford.

It might be to say scarlet fever had broken out, and that the school was to be forthwith sent home. It might be to say—well, it might be to say two thousand and two things.

At five o'clock every boy in the school was in the Old Schoolroom—every boy except Coleman.

The Upper School were all trying to conjecture what was up, and the kids of the Lower School were humbugging and bally-ragging, not caring a jot what it was so long as it was some sort of a lark.

Soon after five Coleman came in, looking very white. He walked straight up to the dais at the end of the room.

He carried in his hand a cane.

The fellows shut up chattering, and silence suddenly reigned supreme. They all knew what that cane meant. Something serious was in the wind. There was to be a public caning.

He looked round at the fellows with a worried, almost haggard, look in his eyes.

"Will you sit down, all of you?" he said.

There was a scrambling to find places. Hardly anyone spoke.

As soon as the room was quiet again he addressed them from the dais :—

"I have called you together," he began, "to tell you of a matter which concerns the whole school. It is one of the most serious things that has happened since I have been at Widmouth. During that time—I came when I was eight years old, and I am going up to Keble in October—there have been a good many rows and scrapes of various sorts, as there always must be in a public school, because neither the fellows, nor the prefects, nor, perhaps, the masters, are perfect; but there has never been anything to bring disgrace to the school, and to make the fellows feel ashamed of any one of the boys here. In the future, I am disgusted to tell you, we shall no longer be able to say as much for the school. Of all the crimes which a boy can commit I think theft is about the worst. I have called you together now to tell you that we have discovered a thief in the school. I believe it is the first time such a thing has happened at Widmouth, and, so far as we know, it is this boy's first offence. If it hadn't been, we should have sent the case up to the Head straight away, and he'd have been expelled almost to a certainty. As it is, I am going to give him a public thrashing. Ashley mi., come up here."

There was a dignity and earnestness about Coleman that had prepared the fellows for something unusual, and while he was speaking they had kept wonderfully quiet, though there had been a little whispering and some shuffling of feet. When he got to the part about a thief there were a lot of black, angry looks on some of the fellows' faces, and a few started hissing in a

muffled sort of way. But the climax came when he mentioned the name of the thief.

You could almost hear the fellows breathing.

Until the name was mentioned every boy, in his own mind, had tried to guess who the culprit was, and not a single one had guessed right. The idea of Ashley mi. being a cad had never for a



"I AM GOING TO GIVE HIM A PUBLIC THRASHING. ASHLEY MI., COME UP HERE."

moment in the wildest dreams of fancy crossed anyone's mind. He was one of the decentest fellows in the school, had been there three years, was in the Lower Fourth, captain of the Third Football, always humbugging and fooling about, and a favourite with the Sixth and Lower School alike.

The fellows couldn't believe it. They simply stared at Coleman.

Coleman, looking awfully white, stood in the middle of the dais, facing the school.

In the midst of the silence Ashley, who had been sitting near the steps of the dais, got up and went on to the platform.

He looked perfectly ghastly. His face was not white, it was a sort of blueish grey. His teeth were clenched, and there was a beastly look in

his eyes. His head was erect, and for a moment he tried to look at the fellows, but couldn't do it, and he stood there by Coleman's side, staring into space. The awful agony the boy was suffering was something horrible to witness.

Without looking at him, Coleman went on speaking:—

"At the beginning of the term, Mills, of the School House, lost a spade guinea that he used to wear on his watch-chain, and, as you probably remember, a notice was put up, telling anybody who might have found it who the owner was. Everybody in the school must have seen that notice, and certainly no one in the School House, and, least of all, in Mills' dormitory, could have helped knowing about the loss. Thursday afternoon, last week, it was changed at the grub shop by Ashley mi. Mrs. Hippley recognised it from the description given in the notice, and told Mills about it. He asked Ashley how he got hold of it,

and the boy started lying, and said Jordan had changed a pound postal order for him, and had given him that. Jordan is the School House waiter that waits at one of the bottom tables in Hall—though I believe most of the fellows only know him as 'Spinach.' Jordan denied all knowledge of it, and then Ashley admitted that the story of changing a postal order was a lie. At that stage the matter was brought to me, and Mills asked me what he ought to do. I told him it was a matter that concerned the honour of the school, and he must leave it to me. I had

Ashley up in my study, and, after a bit, he confessed to the whole thing, and acknowledged that he had stolen it. I told him he would have to confess the theft before the school, and be publicly thrashed. And that is what I have brought you here for."

He paused for a moment. Then, turning to the boy, he said: "Do you acknowledge that you stole this coin from Mills? Yes or no?"

All the time that Coleman was speaking, Ashley had stood like a statue carved out of marble—perfectly motionless, except for his laboured, spasmodic breathing. His head was thrown back, with his lips parted, his teeth clenched, and his eyes apparently staring into vacancy. There was not a whisper or movement in the room.

Coleman repeated the question: "Do you confess to this theft—yes or no?"

The boy brought his head round to Coleman with a jerk. For a moment the word he tried to utter stuck in his throat, then clearly and distinctly he forced himself to say: "Yes—I stole it."

Suddenly there was a shriek from the far end of the room; a shriek which, breaking in upon the intense silence, caused something very near akin to a panic.

"You didn't! Coleman, he didn't!" excitedly screamed a small boy, whose face was the colour of a carnation, and whose eyes flashed and sparkled with indignation. "I swore on my oath I wouldn't tell, but I can't help it—I don't care what happens!"

"Hold your tongue!" shouted Ashley from the dais; "I'll half kill you if you don't hold your tongue!"

"Come up here," said Coleman quietly, and Cockroach, as the youngest of the many Mitchells in the school was called, blundered and struggled and fought his way down the room, heedless of the questions hurled at him from all sides, heedless of the snatches made at his jacket, heedless of the hundreds of eyes centred upon his excited face, heedless of everything except that he was doing some fearfully sensational thing, and that he was reckless of the consequences.

Without waiting till he got up the steps, and without stopping to take breath, he began—speaking at such a pace that the words were almost unintelligible, but they let him go on.

"He never stole it, and he couldn't possibly steal anything if he tried. I know all about it, because I was in the room. It was after dinner, and he had a postal order for a sov. sent from home, and Spinach saw him open the letter, and asked him if he wanted it changed, and he said yes, and Spinach said I'll change it for you if you like, and Ashley said thanks awfully, and Spinach gave him a sovereign, and Ashley gave Spinach the postal order, and we both went down to the grub shop, and Ashley bought some chocolate, and slabs, and two

penn'orth of billiard balls, and paid for them with the sovereign, only it turned out that it wasn't really a sovereign, but Mills' spade guinea, and Ashley hadn't looked at it, and hadn't the least idea it wasn't an ordinary sovereign, and while we were guzzling the grub Mills came up and asked Ashley where he got the money from he had paid for it with, and he said from home, and Spinach had changed the postal order for him, and I didn't hear any more about it for two or three days, when Ashley said he had got something awfully important to say to me, and would I swear on my solemn oath I wouldn't tell, and I swore, and he made me prick my finger and write it in blood, and I wrote it, and he said that's your solemn oath, and there will be a curse on you if you break it, and I said I won't break it, and he said you know that sovereign Spinach gave me for the postal order, that we changed down at the grub shop, and that Mills spoke to me about? And I said yes, and he said, well, it wasn't a sovereign at all, it was Mills' spade guinea that he lost at the beginning of the term, and I was awfully surprised, and asked him how Spinach got it, and he said he had stolen it, and had told him all about it—he picked it up in Hall and stuck to it, and during the last few weeks he had been awfully hard up and had tried to find some way of changing it, and had seen Ashley's postal order, and had asked him if he wanted change for it, and he had changed it, and Mills had been to him and asked him where he got it from, and he had said he didn't know anything about it, and



"COLEMAN, HE DIDN'T!" EXCITEDLY SCREAMED  
A SMALL BOY.

that it wasn't true he had changed any postal order, and he had come to Ashley and implored him not to tell, and Ashley said if he told Spinach would get the sack certain, and he hadn't got any home, or people, or anything, and hadn't anywhere to go to, and he wouldn't be able to get another place because he wouldn't get a character, and he would be ruined, and would have to sleep in the streets, and would die of starvation. And Ashley said he'd be a cad if he told, and he meant to say he stole the money himself if anybody asked him, because he said he wasn't all alone in the world, and could stand it better than Spinach, and he would know in his own mind all the time that he hadn't really stolen it—and that's all I know, and I'm a brute for telling, but I couldn't help it; it was too frightful to hear Ashley say he had stolen it, and to think that all the fellows would think he really had."

But the last part of this incoherent jumble was inaudible, because the school went mad. They had been quiet for thirteen minutes on end, and the reaction was double-distilled Bedlam. It only needed a spark applied to the touch-hole, in the shape of a fellow shouting: "Good old Ashley! Three cheers for Ashley!" to set every fellow in the school yelling his lungs out.

In the midst of the row Coleman turned to

Ashley—ex-vermin, now hero—who still stood by his side, and asked: "Is this true, Ashley?"

"Yes," said the boy; "but, Coleman, *please* don't tell the Head. Spinach is so awfully cut up about it, and he'll never steal anything again."

Coleman went to the edge of the dais and shouted to the fellows to shut up. As soon as there was something like order, he said:—

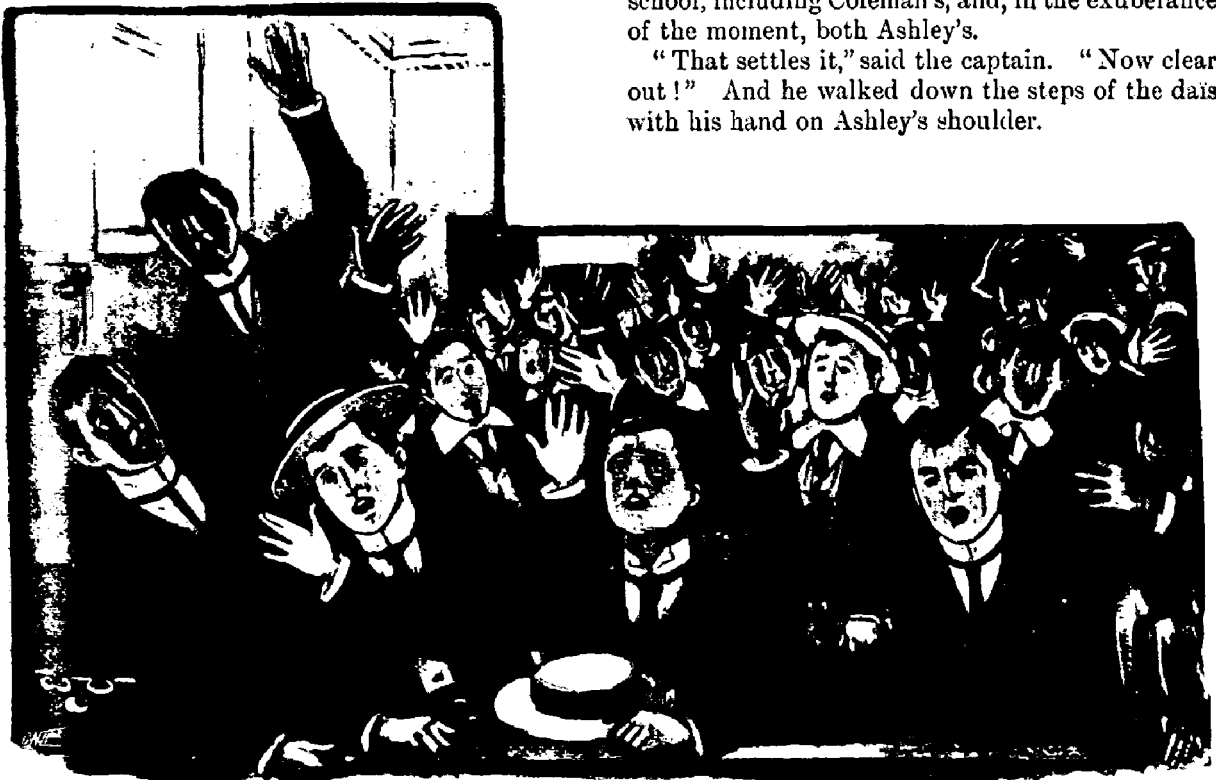
"You have all heard how things have turned out, and I needn't jaw any more, except to say I was never so glad about anything in my life as to find out we had been blaming young Ashley unjustly; but the question is, what ought we to do about Spinach? Ashley is very anxious that he should be let off."

"So am I," chimed in Mills.

"So is Mills, who, perhaps, ought to have something to say in the matter. I am going to put it to the vote; but, look here, just understand this: if we decide to let him off, no one is to say a word to him about it, or twit him with being a thief, or anything of that sort; anybody who does will be kicked, and if he does it twice he will be thrashed. The whole school will try and forget all about it, though I doubt whether he'll forget it himself in a hurry. Now then, hold up your hands, you fellows, who want Spinach to be let off."

Up instanter went the hand of every boy in the school, including Coleman's, and, in the exuberance of the moment, both Ashley's.

"That settles it," said the captain. "Now clear out!" And he walked down the steps of the dais with his hand on Ashley's shoulder.



UP INSTANTER WENT THE HAND OF EVERY BOY IN THE SCHOOL.



# SCHOOL CRICKET RESULTS.

SEASON 1899.

[In reply to my invitation, issued at the latter end of July, I have received a number of School Cricket Results. I shall be glad to publish, next month, any further results which may reach me after this number has gone to press.—ED., CAPTAIN.]

SCHOOL.	PLAYED	WON.	LOST.	DRAWN.	BEST BATTING AVERAGE.	BEST BOWLING AVERAGE.	HIGHEST INDIVIDUAL SCORES BY
Bath ... ..	11	2	7	2	T. E. Bromley, 30.60	E. F. Watermeyer, 8.07	E. F. Watermeyer, 116* T. E. Bromley, 77* H. E. Pennington, 77
Bedford Grammar ...	13	6	2	5	F. G. Brookes, 39	A. J. Hazell, 12.20	B. Maclear, 132 F. G. Brooks, 100* B. L. Peel, 100* R. C. Grellett, 86
Berkhamsted ... ..	11	8	2	1	R. S. Taylor, 18.8	H. Pratt, 9.5	F. E. Johnson, 76 R. S. Taylor, 44
Blackheath ... ..	22	9	8	5	J. W. Horne, 32.7	W. E. Dixon, 9.2	J. Horne, 89* L. W. Smith, 67 H. Morris, 49 G. C. Horne, 41
Blundell's ... ..	12	6	2	4	R. G. Vaughan, 33.01	W. M. Milton, 14.25	W. M. Milton, 125 T. C. Spring, 85 E. B. Flanagan, 82 R. G. Vaughan, 80
Bradfield ... ..	11	6	3	2	L. F. Goldsmid, 40.5	C. G. King, 11.02	L. Goldsmid, 138 W. T. Chambers, 66 R. L. Chambers, 65 G. M. Clark, 47 A. M. C. Nicholl, 47 S. L. Wace, 44
Cheltenham ... (Dean Close)	20	12	3	5	S. G. Walker, 22.23	H. P. Hardingham, 6.97	R. J. Porter, 68 S. G. Walker, 61 L. M. P. Waller, 56 H. B. Cox, 50
Chigwell ... ..	20	6	10	4	Partridge, 12.85	Ryan, 10.25	Ryan, 61 McClure, 57* Drake, 51 Scott, 42*
Christ's Hospital ...	14	4	6	4	E. Harper, 16.5	A. D. Clarke, 11.75	A. H. Romans, 54 J. W. Gunn, 51
Durham ... ..	10	4	4	2	R. C. Cumberlege, 36.6	R. C. Cumberlege, 9.0	R. C. Cumberlege, 111 W. Price, 56* H. Turner, 52* H. A. Henderson, 47 H. de Crespigny, 44
Eastbourne ... ..	18	5	8	5	E. G. Langdale	A. E. Begg	V. F. Ward, 102 E. G. Langdale, 93 F. M. Browne, 93 H. Brooker, 62 C. Romer, 53 A. E. Begg, 52
Epsom ... ..	11	3	6	2	R. B. Heygate, 20.66	W. J. Gibson, 16.55	W. J. Gibson, 85 H. J. Heygate, 50 R. B. Heygate, 49 C. G. Giffard, 45
Exeter ... ..	12	5	6	1	S. W. Payne, 17.4	S. W. Payne, 8.38	S. W. Payne, 95 P. N. Vyvyan, 72 M. B. Baines, 52 G. L. Jarratt, 51
Felsted ... ..	17	7	6	4	P. P. Braithwaite, 26.2	F. H. C. Wiltshire, 10.09	P. P. Braithwaite, 98 F. W. Bacon, 82 J. H. Douglas, 68* L. B. Grant, 65
Giggleswick ... ..	10	1	7	2	21.7	11.19	G. Hoffman, 57 S. Jackson, 46
Glenalmond ... (Trinity College)	11	7	1	3	J. G. Kennedy, 30	F. Wyatt, 7.5	R. M. Dundas, 88 K. S. Clarke, 75* R. A. Robertson, 60 G. T. Clarke, 57* H. Gardner, 52 J. G. Kennedy, 49
Highgate ... ..	11	1	6	4	H. W. Edmunds, 47.57	E. W. Grimsdell, 14.15	H. W. Edmunds, 103* A. J. Lyle, 83 R. D. Robertson, 79

\*Not out.

SCHOOL.	PLAYED	WON.	LOST.	DRAWN.	BEST BATTING AVERAGE.	BEST BOWLING AVERAGE.	HIGHEST INDIVIDUAL SCORES BY
Jersey ... (Victoria College)	18	7	9	2	L. Ogier, 20	L. Skene, 10	L. Ogier, 53* L. Skene, 41*
Lancaster ...	15	8	4	3	C. H. T. Hayman, 24.8	T. Carr, 4.8	C. H. T. Hayman, 84 F. F. Stilleman, 82
Lancing ...	12	6	4	2	G. M. Gill, 33.84	L. H. Read, 13.45	G. M. Gill, 125 G. E. Greene, 100* L. H. Read, 93 C. H. Howell, 73
Leamington ...	16	6	8	2	C. A. Gotelee	G. F. Underwood	J. G. Ardaseer T. E. Nunthead C. A. Gotelee
Mill Hill ...	14	7	5	2	W. S. Young, 34.66	J. S. Auty, 9.74	W. S. Young, 109* A. E. Davis, 106 A. J. Knight, 78 J. Butcher, 71
Oundle ...	10	2	5	3	J. T. Shepley, 17 D. F. S. Smith, 16.8	B. K. Kissack, 12.37	D. F. S. Smith, 55 J. T. Shepley, 39
Oxford ... (St Edward's)	12	5	5	2	F. T. Neale, 30.27	S. Ussher, 13.40	A. S. Wetherall, 84 F. T. Neale, 71 A. M. Wallace, 62 G. M. Gillett, 49
Pocklington ...	14	5	2	7	J. C. H. How, 32.7	H. Green, 5.4	J. C. H. How, 55 E. D. Gilbert, 55 S. L. Brown, 52 H. Green, 47
Reading ...	12	5	5	2	H. B. Corry, 47.77	C. Hatt, 10.65	H. B. Corry, 155 A. S. Todd, 75
Repton ...	12	2	8	2	Gould, 28.5	Franklin, 16.6	W. S. Neale, 77* F. H. Gould, 63 G. S. Harris, 49
Rossall ...	12	3	5	4	F. B. Roberts, 19.92	F. B. Roberts, 14.11	L. H. Draper, 82 F. B. Roberts, 58 D. J. C. Glass, 52 W. H. Sell, 52 R. C. B. Fennell, 51 C. L. Fabel, 51
Sadbergh ...	9	6	2	1	G. C. Deans, 30.2	G. M. Clayton	G. R. Thorpe, 123* G. C. Deans, 94 T. R. Scott, 54 D. Rowley, 45 A. W. L. Turner, 40
Sherborne ...	11	3	0	8	P. Eglington, 57.46	R. B. Rickman, 18.66	P. Eglington, 176 C. F. Stanger-Leathes, 127 H. M. Greenhill, 88
Stonyhurst ...	76	4	3	0	H. Mansfield, 31.20	F. Davis, 10.18	P. de Zulueta, 111
University College ...	21	11	8	2	H. A. Milton, 24.9	O. P. Griffith-Jones, 7.9	H. A. Milton, 105* R. H. Mackie, 67 D. Price-Williams, 56* C. H. Arnold, 55 M. P. Griffith-Jones, 51
Wakefield ...	11	6	4	1	Holmes, 25.5	Bunt, 4.4	Holmes, 93 Bunt, 61*
Wellington ...	7	1	3	3	Elliott, 59.6	McGeath, 19	Elliott, 168 Goldie, 140* Lockett, 105
Weymouth ...	13	8	4	1	F. A. Sewell, 49.55	E. M. Eustace, 10.22	R. F. Bowes, 113 T. A. L. Whittington, 91* F. A. Sewell, 82* G. J. Holloway, 80 E. M. Eustace, 77*
Winchester ...	14	5	5	4	R. S. Darling, 31.8	K. O. Hunter, 12.97	R. S. Darling, 142* M. Bonham-Carter, 88 S. N. Mackenzie, 86
Windsor ... (St. Mark's)	10	4	5	1	W. I. Walton, 19.21	H. J. Tamer, 4.1	W. I. Walton, 63 L. E. Slade, 53 R. H. Scovell, 49
Woodbridge ...	14	4	4	6	G. Lewis, 27.6	K. E. Shaw, 7.6	J. Golck, 65 G. Batchelor, 60 G. Lewis, 55*
Worcester Cathedral...	13	5	7	1	M. Bates, 8.75	R. J. G. Salisbury, 8.7	M. Bates, 33

\* Not out.

# The Way a Letter is Sent Through the Post.

THE actual carrying of letters from the place of posting to their destinations is naturally not a very difficult undertaking. It is the sorting of the letters, which takes place at the chief post offices situated in all parts of the country, that most prominently displays what the skill and ingenuity of the postal authorities can achieve.

The work performed by the sorting and despatching departments at the G.P.O., London, may be regarded as typical of what takes place at the other large British post offices. Year in and year out some of the staff are always hard at work, though the busiest hours of the day are between six and eight in the morning and again in the evening. In the former case it is the incoming deluge of letters for the London morning deliveries that have to be dealt with, while in the evening the herculean task of sorting and despatching the night mails is performed daily with wonderful alacrity and care.

From an outsider's point of view the evening display is perhaps the more interesting. At six o'clock the letters, newspapers, and parcels begin to pour in in unbroken procession, and heavily laden mail carts from the suburbs and outlying districts continue to dash up every quarter of a minute or so into the yard outside.

Immediately after the opening of the mail bags their contents are emptied on to one or other of a number of long, narrow tables, which are surrounded by a small army of men and youths, who are employed in "facing" the letters; that is to say, turning them the address side upwards for the convenience of the stampers, to whom the letters are soon carried to be imprinted with the London post-mark. These men are kept hard at work, and, by the aid of an ingenious invention called the Pearson

and Hill stamper, they can each get through as many as 120 letters in a minute. Working with an ordinary hand stamp, eighty a minute is considered to be a good average.

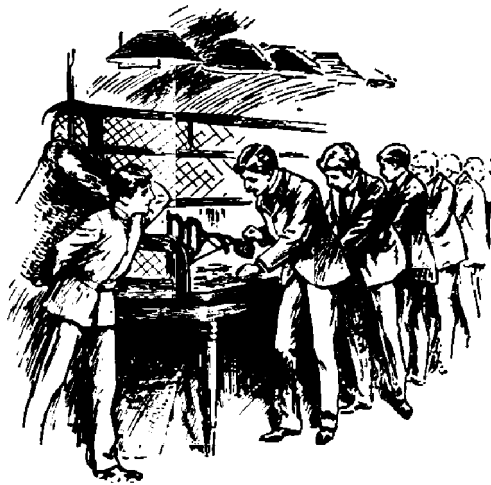
At the "facing" tables all the newspapers and parcels are separated from the letters and sent upstairs, where they are sorted and despatched by a special staff in rooms fitted with apparatus purposely made for dealing with bulky and heavy packages.

Downstairs, however, the thunder of the scores of stampers, marking thousands of letters a minute, continues with an unceasing roar. When this is ended boys carry the letters in

huge baskets and empty them out on to the sorters' tables. These are rather curious looking, and have a number of wire pigeon-holes rising up from the middle, which bear the names of the large railway lines and some of the principal provincial cities. Then the letters are carried to another set of tables, where they are again sorted and sub-divided, and after that are taken to the final division, where they are made up into what are known as "roads." Every "road" bears the name of some town or city—its final

destination—and all letters for places situated along its direct route are made up in small packets placed in order, and then again into larger bundles.

Now everything is ready for the despatching room. Here the mail bags are filled, tied up and sealed, and thrown into the chutes. Down the chutes they fly on to the loading platform facing the yard, where stand the mail carts with their impatient horses waiting to take the mails to one or other of the various London termini; and thence, by means of train and steamboat, hundreds of thousands of letters go speeding along to their innumerable destinations.



"FACING" THE LETTERS.



*"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."*

**Birkenhead School Magazine** (July) forms, like this number of *THE CAPTAIN*, the first part of a new volume, and I therefore look for something more than usually interesting. I like nearly everything about the issue; the manner of treatment is bright without being painfully smart, and every chance is given to school news. One sees in school magazines an enormous number of articles after the style of "A Visit to Dresden." My candid opinion is that the readers find them rather dull.

**The Bromsgrovian** (July) is a bulky issue, but it is all to the point, with the exception of a trifle entitled "The Stolen Bone." I shouldn't give K. A. T. too much rope, Mr. Editor. I congratulate R. Hargreaves on the excellent manner in which he has filled the post of captain, and also on being top of the averages (29.45).

**The Carthusian** (August) contains a well-written account of the Charterhouse matinee at the Haymarket Theatre. A large number of distinguished actors and actresses gave their services, and a sum of £400 was handed over to the building fund of the mission. The editor has not yet fallen in with my suggestion as regards the table of results of cricket matches. Think it over, sir.

**The Eastbournian** (July) is as massive as ever, and as good as ever. Mr. R. Cooke contributes a most interesting article entitled "Nearly Thirty Years Ago," in which he contrasts most effectively the past and present conditions of Eastbournians, greatly in favour of the latter. I am sorry to hear that the editor is leaving, and only hope that the next man will do as well.

**The Elean** (July) is a magazine that I have not received for review before, and I therefore extend to it, in a special manner, the hand of welcome. There is a good deal of stuff that might have been dispensed with, but the tone of the paper is good. In the sports W. B. Burns did a pretty good long jump (18ft. 3½ins.) under most unfavourable conditions.

**The Malvernian** (August) is a sound number. The eleven did fairly well, and I must congratulate Evans on his batting average, and Canny on his bowling. Canny also seems to be a really good bat. We shall expect to hear of him when he goes to the 'Varsity. [Mem. to Ed. *Malvernian*: Why do you shove the cricket averages away in a corner of the last page? Your mistake, sir.]

**The Oldham Hulmelan** (July), consists, *ἐπὶ το πολὺ*, of tabulated lists that make very dull reading. Of course, I have read them carefully, but I don't want to do it again. If I might advise the editor, I should say put these lists in as extra pages, but don't rob your magazine of reading matter.

**The Reptonian** (July) opens with the usual editorial grumble that such a thing as an editorial has to be written. I wonder what the editor would do if he had to review all these magazines month by month! How would he like to spend the whole summer in a stuffy London office, working away all day for dear life? Let him try to realise his privilege in being constituted editor of the good old *Reptonian*, and then he will cease to grumble.

**The Salopian** (July) is another magazine—and at this time of the year they are necessarily many—that is losing its editor. Anyhow, his last number is an excellent one. The letter from "Any Uncle to Any Nephew," is distinctly clever, and this is the kind of thing that goes a little way out of the beaten track without being irrelevant. I quote a small fragment:—

The advice I would give is simply this: *read the newspapers*, persuading yourself that the subjects they treat of do most intimately concern *you*. Your literary style will not be improved—I well remember in the Sixth Form at Shrewsbury translating *δηλοῦσθαι* into "It has transpired," and earning a severe reproof—but the blessing we have in a Press which does supply material in the best papers to form honest and genuine opinions is one which cannot be rated too highly. When you have quite finished the *Field* and the *Sportsman*, don't forget the claims of the *Times*, the *Spectator*, and the *Daily News*.

**Stockport Grammar School Magazine** (July) reserves all rights unto itself for matter within the magazine. I suppose someone has been trying to steal school news from the *Stockport Grammar School Magazine* before it is eighteen hours old. I don't want to bag anything about "Carlyle as a Historian," or "Thomas Ashe," but I will, with the editor, congratulate the cricket eleven on a very successful season.

**The Sydneian** (FEB.!) is particularly welcome, having come to me across some thousands of miles of ocean from the Sydney Grammar School, Australia. It will surprise some of my readers to learn that the number before me is the 147th of the *Sydneian*. The whole issue is crowded with brightly written and carefully compiled school news, and I congratulate the editor on his own work and the work of a capable staff. The cricket team seem to have done very well.

**St. Matthew's School Magazine** (June) is an apology for a journal. The bulk of it is supplied on the co-operative principle.

**St. Winifred's Magazine** (May) is well printed and carefully edited. The theatrical performance at the end of the Easter Term seems, from the account by an "old boy," to have been very good. I also like the idea of the "Echoes from the Public Schools."

**The Uckfield Grammar School Magazine** (June) is a very praiseworthy first number, but I should advise the editor not to go in for too much matter. It is hardly necessary to print in the magazine the words of all the songs sung at the school concert, but the fault is on the right side. "Uckfield One Hundred Years Ago," is an interesting article, and there are plenty of school notes.

**The Victorian** (March) is the best number I have yet seen. It is a well-put-together little paper.

**The Watersonian** (July) is a journal. run by "old boys," and the editor sends me a very appreciative letter. May we long continue to be such good friends, and may every number of the *Watersonian* be as good as the first!

**The Whitgift Magazine** (May) is a good

old publication, and I greet it with respect. Some good times and distances were done in the sports.

**Wesley College Chronicle** (June) comes all the way from Melbourne to gladden my heart, and with it comes a long and enthusiastic letter from Victor Upton-Browne, an old boy, who is full of love for the school. I am very pleased to receive both, and will not, on this occasion, make any reference to advertisements. My correspondent also sends me a careful explanation of many dark points in the *Chronicle*, and by his aid I have enjoyed the articles immensely. So here's good luck to Mr. Upton-Browne, the *Chronicle*, and all my readers at Melbourne down under!

**The Williamsonian** (July) is the journal of the Rochester Mathematical School, and the editor very sensibly leads off with a lot of short school notes. The other features are all ably set forth, and the production is good throughout.

**The Xaverian Oracle** (Summer Number) is the quarterly magazine of St. Francis Xavier's College, Bruges, Belgium, and is written in both English and French. Much space, I note with interest, is given to cricket, and the eleven have nothing to be ashamed of. I am glad **THE CAPTAIN** is appreciated in Belgium, and shall always be glad to see the *Oracle*.

**The Yellow Dragon** (June) is conducted in the interests of the students at Queen's College, Hong Kong, and the price is ten cents. To tell you the honest truth. I was getting a little sleepy just before I came to this mag., but the cover gave me such a shock that I jumped up suddenly and

knocked my head against the gas-bracket. This is the first number of the *Yellow Dragon*, and I see every reason why it should not be the last. Let me quote the editor's opening remarks:—

We do not leap into existence with the usual apologies of new ventures, but rather with a fanfare of trumpets. The *Yellow Dragon* has the distinguished honour of being absolutely the first Anglo-Chinese school magazine that has ever been started in this world. The magazine's destiny is conducted on a liberal and broad-minded basis; its directors consist of members of the college and distinguished outsiders, masters and boys, English and Chinese. Suffice it to state that the chief editor and fighting editor are both Chinese, while the sub-editor and financial editor are English.

Conducted in the interests of the Students at

QUEEN'S COLLEGE  
HONG KONG

PRICE 10 CENTS

THE  
YELLOW  
DRAGON

Editor  
Senior Student

ALL  
WITHIN THE  
FOUR SEAS  
ARE BRETHREN  
"CONFUCIUS"

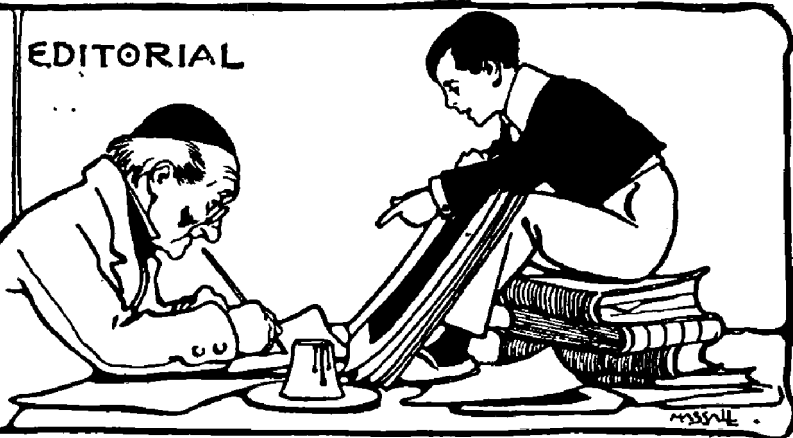
四海之內皆兄弟也

## NOTE TO NEW READERS.

I review in these columns, month by month, all school and university magazines sent to the office, without respect to the size of the institution or the bulk of the publications. It is not my object to be smart or witty at the expense of the various senders, but to give a little praise here, and a word of advice there, for the benefit of my fellow journalists, and in the interests of the literary craft.

# THE OLD FAG

## EDITORIAL



**My programme** for Vol. II. has of necessity undergone some changes. "In Ships of Steel," Dr. Gordon Stables' story of the Royal Navy, will run through Vol. III., beginning April, 1900. The author is putting some finishing touches to his tale, hence the delay. In this number you will find the opening chapters of "The Heart of the Prairie: A Story of North-west Canada," by Mr. John Mackie. I have already spoken of Mr. Mackie's career and work, but as you will probably like to know some more about him, here goes.

**Mr. Mackie** left the Old Country for Australia in 1882. In the following year he went round from Townsville, on the Queensland coast, to the then comparatively little known Gulf of Carpentaria to help in establishing a new cattle station for a company. The deck cargo on the sixty-ton ketch caught fire off the Great Barrier Reef, and he was more or less burned in helping to extinguish the same. The cargo consisted largely of gunpowder and dynamite for the mines. It was a narrow squeak. In 1885 he took upland for himself on the far Van Alphen River, and lived for two years surrounded by fierce tribes of cannibal blacks, who killed his men and horses. He carries five scars made by their spears to this day. In exploring the mountain ranges to the south, he lived for weeks on crows, hawks, snakes, and currajong roots. Early in 1887 he rode several hundred miles on to new goldfields in Queensland. In December of the same year he returned to the Old Country. In 1888 he became a member of the North-west Mounted Police in Canada, and was mostly in charge of detachments in wild districts on the frontier, where he had many

adventures with Red Indians and smugglers. He wrote his first novel, "The Devil's Playground," in 1894 — it soon went into several editions in England and the States. Mr. Mackie is now a writer by profession, and lives in London.

**A series of "Greyhouse" tales** begins in this number, and you will find that, as a good number of the same characters will be "cropping up" in each story, the series will be something of the same nature as a public school serial. I have started this series in response to a perfect shoal of requests. Stirring public school tales are, I know, especially popular with my readers. As for the other features, I will leave you to judge of them for yourselves. I don't want to be for ever talking about the contents in these columns. I want this part of the magazine to be a place where I meet my readers and hold friendly converse with them.

**Holidays over,** back to school. Now then—any good resolutions? The school year, like the 'Varsity year, begins after the summer vac. Are you going to turn over a new leaf this new school year? It's a good time to begin, you know. Make up your mind on the last evening of the holidays that you won't be so slack as you have been hitherto. Break away from friends whose friendship—so-called—is harming you. Get into a better set. Start fresh. Now's the time. Register a vow with yourself that, no matter how it will affect your marks or your class position, you will do your work fairly and honestly, never stooping to deceit, or seeking to gain a higher place by doubtful means. Resolve, too, that you will never be too late for early roll-call. Get up when the bell rings; take your place properly washed and dressed. Then, all through the day

your punctuality at the beginning will have its effect on your work. You may call this "jaw," but I call it solid sense. I extend the same advice to "old boys" in banks or mercantile houses, reading for the Army, Civil Service, Bar, or Church. Catch your train in time, and be at your desk or table in time.

straightforward conduct won him the respect of all who knew him. He was the sort of fellow who brings credit to a school, and who, on leaving school, still continues to win the goodwill and the liking of his fellow-men. To him one may well apply the lines from Shakespeare which have already appeared once in these pages:—

I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more, is none.

**The fellow** who is punctual and conscientious in his work is the fellow, mark my words, who plays games with the keenest relish. He feels that he has *earned his play*; the "slacker" doesn't. To be called "a slack sort of chap" is hardly the thing you want to be called. The man to be envied is the man who works hard and plays hard, who throws all the energy he has into the particular thing he happens to be doing. Think of nothing else save that thing. If you are writing an exercise, don't leave it half done in order to go away and kick a football. Finish it—then go. Thus you will come to be known by masters, employers, parents, and friends, as a fellow who does his duty, who does "his best." People will turn to you when they need the assistance of a fellow who can be relied on. Folks turn away from a "slacker" with a scornful "Oh, *he's* no good—too slack; good-tempered chap—means well—but hasn't any will-power." This, surely, is an unenviable character to earn, so buck up and show the world that you have a back-bone.

**The exterior** of this office is presented to your gaze this month. When the photograph was taken—it is a mere "snap" by our own hand camera, by the way—the flowers in the window-boxes were in full bloom. But, alas! the great heat of August descended upon them with full fury, and they drooped. In the hurry of getting the magazine to press we forgot to water them for a few days. The result was that they died. We are now planting some autumn herbllets.



"THE CAPTAIN" OFFICE.

**W. H. G.** writes from Newcastle, Natal, South Africa, to suggest that I should have some competitions for readers who are abroad; so herewith I offer a prize of £1 ls. for the best drawing of "The House I Live In," and another of £1 ls. for the best description, not exceeding four hundred words, of "What We Eat Out Here." These competitions are open to

readers in all parts of the world *except Europe*, and must reach me, accompanied by the October number coupon, *not later than December 16th*. Age limit: Twenty-five.

**One more thing.** Help others along. If you sit next to a fellow in form who wants to crib, tell him squarely that you don't crib yourself, and don't intend to let anyone crib off you. You'll be surprised what an effect a few blunt words of this kind will have. He may take your advice quietly, or he may jeer at you. Don't you trouble a hang about his taunts. You've said what you meant, and you may be bound hell respect you for it. In "The Two Fags," Boardman was always down on his fags when he found them cribbing—and Boardman was a fellow who was respected and liked by the whole school. He wasn't called "pi," or a prig; his

**In reply** to our article, "What I Think of Girls," by a Boy, I have been favoured with the following, "By a Girl."

DEAR OLD FAG,—Having read the article, "What I Think of Girls," I feel I must write something on behalf of my sex. As I am the sister of five brothers, I ought to know something about boys, and I think that a boy is a very bumptious person. He thinks that his sisters are duty-bound to give in to him, and to give up to him, and to tolerate all that he does, simply because he is a boy.

I think girls are every bit as honest as boys, though I would not go so far as to say they are more honest. And then, with regard to girls being spiteful, it is hard

lines on them, for a girl cannot punish a boy in the same way that a boy can punish another. For instance, what could the girl do when her brother threw her rabbit into the brook? If she had been a boy, she could have punched his head well, and perhaps have fought the matter out; but, being a girl, she was obliged to take her revenge another way. All the same, I do not admire the way in which she took it.

As a rule, brothers have a very good time when home for the holidays, for their sisters "think an awful lot of them," and so are ready to stand a good deal from them.

Then, I think what the writer of this article says about girls being funks at cricket is most unfair. A girl is not always a funk, and if she is, is it surprising, considering that she never plays in term-time, like boys do, and probably has never been taught the rules of the game? Besides which, it is only some girls who cry when they're hurt, and I have known some boys do the same. I know a girl who had a cricket ball straight in her eye, when her brother was bowling to her, so that her eye was black and disfigured for more than a month after. But she bore it as well as any boy would have, for she went on batting without shedding a single tear.

I have nothing much to say about a girl's obstinacy. Generally a girl is more ready to do something for a person than a boy is. The boy will say he "hasn't time" (he is probably lounging in a hammock when he says this), or he says "it's too much fag," which is certainly more true, and in the end he gets off on the plea that he is only home for the holidays. It is quite true that girls get less pocket-money than boys, and that they generally spend the greater part of what they have on other people. Perhaps it is because they have not such temptations to spend it as boys; this is often the case if they live at home.

All the same, in spite of what I have said in this letter about brothers, I think it would be a great disadvantage not to have any. They make home very merry, so that when they go back to school the house seems very strange without them, and, in spite of the deafening row they sometimes make, I never cease to pity girls who have no brothers.

This is a splendid letter, and the writer, in my opinion, proves herself to be a spirited and fair-minded member of her sex. Let all brothers take her words to heart. I have received other letters on the subject, but the above is the only one I have space for.

**There seems** to be a general desire on the part of my readers to have a page in *THE CAPTAIN* to themselves, so I hope to establish this feature as soon as possible. Send in photographs and anecdotes, and little essays and little poems (humorous and serious), and anything that you think will be of interest to your fellow-subscribers. Such contributions as strike me as being promising I will insert on this special page. I will head the page—

#### CONTRIBUTED BY READERS,

and to the sender of the best contribution (literary, pictorial, puzzle, or whatever it happens to be) I will, in my turn, send *THE CAPTAIN* for a whole year, *free*. I reserve to myself the right to use elsewhere in the Magazine any contribution thus forwarded, if there is no room for it on the Special Page. All envelopes should be marked "Special Page," and addressed to the Editor in the usual way.

**A short time** ago I invited competitors to send in ideas for a competition. Some of the ideas sent in were very practical, and some very the other thing. A "Cambridge Man" wrote, suggesting that each competitor should make an album containing the photographs, autographs, and humorous sketches of his best friends. Under the picture of each best friend, he went on to suggest, should appear a brief, humorous sketch of his personality, especially his tastes, and other interesting facts concerning the past, present, and future of the friend under treatment. This competition would have opened up the finest field for insulting people the competitor didn't like as was ever opened at any time, and would undoubtedly have been intensely amusing to everybody except the "best friends" operated on.

**Another reader**, hailing from Bath, suggested that we should award a prize to the boy who could collect the greatest number of farthings in the space of a month. I suppose it didn't strike my Bath reader that London boys would have a tremendous pull over all other boys, as there are probably more farthings in London than in all the rest of the world put together. Besides, of what use would a competition of this sort be?

#### CHESS COMPETITION.

IN response to numerous letters from readers, we have decided to start "Chess" in *THE CAPTAIN*. This new feature will, we are sure, meet with the hearty approval of all classes of readers, since the weekly cry of "Chess!" meets with a ready response in many a school where, twenty years ago, the game was never thought of—at any rate, as a recreation for boys.

Competitors should play the following game through, and send the two moves required to finish it.

Answers should reach the office of this Magazine *not later than October 16th*, marked "Competition II." (See "Competitions for October.")

N.B.—All queries as to "Chess" should be addressed to "The Chess Editor."

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P—K4	P—K4	8. Kt—Q2	Q—K2
2. Kt—KB3	Kt—QB3	9. Kt—B4	P—QR3
3. P—Q4	P×P	10. KKt—Q6ch	P×Kt
4. Kt×P	Q—R5	11. Kt×Pch	K—Qsq
5. Kt—Kt5	B—Kt5ch	12. Q—Q5	Kt—R3
6. P—B3	Q×KPch	13. Castles	R—KBsq
7. B—K3	B—R4	14. Mate in two.	

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**Noel Norton.**—You are mistaken. The game of cricket played on paper is pretty well known, I think. At any rate, I can remember having seen boys playing it years ago. Many thanks all the same for taking the trouble to send in a description of the game.



**K. Y. Z.**—Don't worry your head about your chest measurement. At seventeen a fellow is just beginning his last lap of growing, and is often a bit "fine drawn." Just live a regular, healthy life, and your bulk will increase as you grow older. What you say about "taking wheat-n-meal instead of porridge, because there is more nitrate of phosphorus for bone-forming in it," is all Thomas Kot. Stick to porridge, and leave off worrying about your food.

**John Folkard.**—One of these fine months we will have a writing competition for everybody.

**Bernice Parker** (ONTARIO, CANADA).—I am very sorry your competition was too late. You will observe that this month I am offering a couple of prizes to readers in the Colonies and elsewhere, and you will find that I am allowing you plenty of time.

**Yun-Yun** blandly inquires whether a chess player can have two queens on the board at the same time. My dear "Yun-Yun," are two queens allowed to rule over this country at the same time?

**Merry Andrew.**—Lobsters turn red when they're boiled, my dear fellow. Yes, and, do you know, school-boys often turn pink when they get into hot water!

**S. M. Finch** (TRURO).—No, Scott didn't believe in giving his books what are called "catch-titles." Sometimes he let his publisher choose a title for him. He obtained the name "Ivanhoe" from an old rhyme which he happened to call to mind. Hampden, ancestor of the famous Roundhead, insulted the Black Prince when they were playing tennis, and forfeited his three estates in consequence. Somebody put the punishment into poetry, thus:—

Tring, Wing, and Ivanhoe,  
For striking of a blow  
Hampden did forego,  
And glad he should escape so.

**Goliath Junior.**—Yes, 6ft. 4ins. is a good height for a boy of twenty. Excuse me calling you a boy, won't you? There are several men in the world taller than you. Mr. Wilkins, the American giant, is 8ft. 2ins., for instance.

**Mary Truebody.**—Your aunt is wrong. The Prince of Wales will not be Albert I. when he comes to the throne, but, following the custom of the English kings, Edward VII.

**H. F. T.**—Glad to hear of your appointment. What must you wear? Well, clerks in banks generally wear black coats. Whatever you do don't sport a "cheque" suit. (Joke! O.F.)

**A. B. C.** (WELLINGTON COLLEGE).—Always glad to hear from readers. Go ahead, and dig away at the competitions until you win a prize, and then dig away again until you win another.

**A Lover of Surrey Cricket.**—No, I cannot give you the addresses of the Surrey eleven.

**Bad Eyesight.**—There may be several reasons for your defective eyesight. You may, for instance, have been working too much by gaslight. Ask your mother or the matron of your school to give you a good eye-wash. If the difficulty is serious, you must consult your doctor, who will use his judgment about sending you to an oculist. The eyes are the most valuable organs we possess, and great care should always be taken in cases of growing weakness.

**Photography.**—When there's space, certainly.

**"Jack."**—Hurroo! I wait a hand-shake to you across the ocean.

**No Name** (CLAPHAM ROAD).—What a prodigious pile of prizes, to be sure!

**Hurst Johnian** (CHISLEHURST).—Our reviewer was misled by a paragraph which appeared in another school magazine. On meeting the Editor of the *Hurst Johnian*, at the Public Schools Camp at Aldershot, he was assured by that gentleman that the *H.J.* is undoubtedly the most ancient School Magazine in existence.

**R. S. P.**—Persevere with your writing by all means, but don't let it interfere with your real work. For your age you have a very fair idea of description and composition.

**Amyas.**—Don't worry about your health so much, and on no account try to doctor yourself. The less you think about yourself the better, my son.

**G. N. E.** (QUEBEC).—Just at present I don't want any photographs of Quebec, but all the same I'm much obliged to you for your kind offer.

**L. S. Argent.**—Hundreds of painters have copied Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire." Cannot say off-hand where you can see a copy.

**Slogger.**—You can find full particulars as to fees, scholarships, etc., in "The Public School Year Book." Price 2s. 6d., at any bookseller's.

**R. H. B.**—The first literary flights of a budding author should not be sent to a sixpenny magazine, but to a weekly paper. It is a good plan to try one's early effusions on a local paper, which won't pay you, but may print you, and that is as much as a really young writer can expect at the beginning of his career.

**P. H. Mills** (SYDNEY, N.S.W.).—*Sydney* to hand. It shall be reviewed in its turn.

**Hopeful Youth** informs me that he has procured *THE CAPTAIN* several new readers, and suggests that I should pay him so much a head for every fresh subscriber he obtains. If "Hopeful Youth" thinks I care to drive a bargain of the kind, I would rather he did not attempt to "push" this magazine among his friends. His is the first suggestion of this kind I have received, and I hope it will be the last.

**Enquirer.**—Back numbers of *THE CAPTAIN* can be obtained, price 9d. each. Order from your newsagent or bookseller, or direct from the publisher, *THE CAPTAIN*, Southampton Street, London, W.C.

**W. H. G.** (NATAL).—I have organised two competitions for readers in foreign parts. See "Editorial."

**A. T. S.**—Coupons for October competitions must be taken out of the October number, and so on every month.

**Verus Amicus.**—If you will look in the Editorial, you will find that we have printed a letter from a girl about boys.

**Godfrey Barclay.**—I have made a note of your suggestions. Most of the authors you suggest will probably contribute serials to *THE CAPTAIN* in due course. I think you will agree with me that the first thing is to get a good story; if it is good, it doesn't much matter whether the author of it is a celebrated writer or not.

**H. G. M.** (DONCASTER).—(1) See answer to "Enquirer." (2) Yes, Mr. Fry will contribute articles on football during the winter, and will also answer questions on athletics in general.

**Scotch Old Boy** thinks, with me, that "Ancient Schools" will make an excellent article. He informs me that the Aberdeen Grammar School was founded previous to 1262, since there is mention of it at that time in an old Scotch chronicle.

**A Christ's Hospital Boy** draws my attention to a slight error in our August number. In reviewing the May number of "The Blue," it appears that we announced the results of some sports which were really held at the Preparatory School at Hertford, instead of in connection with Christ's Hospital, in Newgate Street. I am much obliged to my correspondent for pointing this out.

**Peter Parley.**—If you want my candid opinion, I think that the one good point about the verses you enclose is their brevity. I shouldn't advise anyone to take up poetry writing as a "hobby." You will find beetle collecting a far more amusing occupation.

**J. R. W.** (ADELAIDE).—You will find some competitions for "Foreign Readers" in the Editorial. I don't think you have any cause to complain that *THE CAPTAIN* is "down on you poor Antipodeans."

**Floreat Herga** takes exception to some of the statements made by Mr. Herbert Vivian in "A Harrow Boys Day." On the question of food, says my correspondent, Mr. Vivian is unduly severe. So far from one small helping of meat being the allowance at dinner, two large helpings are provided. Breakfast varies according to one's house, but there is always plenty to eat. In all cases of delicacy port wine and other extras are readily provided, while any boy who requires feeding up may have porridge. Other corrections are: (1) The system of "exacts" was abolished in 1893. (2) Members of the football eleven do not wear "a speckled straw." (3) Lack of comfort in the rooms is a thing of the past. (4) The deficiency of washing accommodation is over-stated. (5) A lack of privacy at Harrow need only exist among the very youngest boys. [The writer concludes a long letter with an appreciative reference to Mr. Vivian's "unmistakable loyalty" to the old school.]

**Odenatus.**—Please give me a chance. I have crammed just as much as ever I can into this number, and have covered as many subjects as possible. As soon as I can I shall publish an article on the subject you mention.

**A. S. Lloyd.**—(1) The unworthy person whom you mention by name is the Editor of this Magazine, but was never editor of the other paper you mention. (2) We hope to have an interview with, or an article by, Mr. G. O. Smith some time this season.

**George M. Hurst.**—A "Life of Thackeray" is published by Mr. Walter Scott, 24, Warwick Lane, London, price 2s. 6d. It is one of the "Great Writers" series, and in it the story of Thackeray's struggles and triumphs is excellently well told.

**Kismet, Joseph Finan, F. E. F., Agnes Henderson, Eleanor Henderson, and B. Y. Henderson,** are thanked for their letters, which I have read with appreciation.

THE OLD FAG.

# "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

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. Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

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 October 16th.

No. 1.—**£1 1s. 0d.** for the best poetical extract concerning "Christmas." Age limit: Twenty-five.

No. 2.—**£1 1s. 0d.** for the best solution of the chess problem which will be found in the "Editorial." Age limit: Twenty.

No. 3.—**A competition for stamp collectors.** We want to find out whether our stamp collecting readers study their stamps—and their catalogues! The designs of certain postage stamps are very quaint. We have selected fifteen curious designs which have appeared, or are at present appearing, on the stamps of various countries.

To what do the several designs appertain? The illustrations are exact reproductions of the originals. A **10s.** stamp album for the first two correct replies examined on October 16th. Four **2s. 6d.** packets of new issues (CAPTAIN packet for October) to the next four. Give the name of each country the designs belong to. *Post-cards only to be used.* Age limit: Twenty.

No. 4.—**£1 1s. 0d.** for the best design or idea for advertising THE CAPTAIN. Age limit: Nineteen.

No. 5.—**Two prizes of 10s. 6d.** for the two best lists of nick-names of famous men, such as: "The Duke of Wellington.—Iron Duke." Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 6.—**£1 1s. 0d.** for the best drawing from life of "A Head" (boy's or girl's). Age limit: Seventeen.

No. 7.—**£1 1s. 0d.** for the best list of spelling mistakes which occur in this number of THE CAPTAIN. Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 8.—**Four prizes of 5s.** for the best written copies of this list of competitions. Age limit: Fourteen. Copy this column only.

No. 9.—**Same as above.** Age limit: Twelve.

No. 10.—**Four prizes of 2s. 6d.** each for the best copies of the first column of "The Old Fag's Editorial." Age limit: Ten.

[The Editor reserves to himself the right to award Consolation Prizes to deserving competitors, age being taken into consideration.]



(SEE COMPETITION NO. 3.)

# Results of August Competitions.

## No. I.—Best Poetical Extract on "Loyalty."

WINNER OF £1 IS.: ROSE ANNAND, 26, Claremont Hill, Shrewsbury.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Eleanor Stiff, A. G. Simmons, John Ashby, Dora Whitby, Winifred Stark, John Moylan, Ethel Claydon, Charles McQueen, Reginald Edwards, Richard Bainbridge, B. A. G. Willis, Helen Tancock, Muriel Pyman, W. F. Dray, W. J. Booth, Florence Mann, Daisy Hunter, H. Brumwell, E. Robinson, A. E. Jones, G. P. Grange, W. Armstrong, F. E. Bowden, J. H. Hutchinson, H. Wyndham Brown, H. de Havilland, Mabel S. Nash, G. L. Henderson, J. Davison, J. Anderson, Ethel Ball, Lillie Ffolliott, R. D. Graham, E. Maurice Smith, G. J. Walker, W. H. Mills, T. E. Lambert.

## No. II.—For Best Suggestion (written on a post-card) for improving "The Captain."

THE PRIZE OF £1 IS. is divided up among four competitors, viz.: H. S. W. EDWARDS, Danehurst, 30, Auckland Road, Upper Norwood, S.E.; JAMES ANDERSON, Rockmount Villa, Northland Road, Londonderry; JENNIE CLASPER, 13, Hedworth Terrace, Sunderland; SYBIL BISHOP, Milton Lodge, Kentbury, Hungerford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Beresford Sharp, R. K. Brown, Cecil Palmer, Arnold Edwards, R. Trevethan, Rose Annand, E. B. Johnstone, John R. Gill, Hubert A. Sams, Richard Stark, Edmund Griffiths, Mariory Charlton, W. Head, Charles McQueen, Thomas Walker, H. F. Mohan, and W. H. Barson.

## No. III.—Best Amateur Photograph.

WINNER OF £1 IS.: ALBERT E. BERG, "Homeside," Old Tiverton Road, Exeter ("Solitude.")

HONOURABLE MENTION: James A. Bennet (Jesmond Dene); B. Moss (Views in Italy); A. L. Yates, E. Hunt, Dorothy Owen, Eric Wade, C. E. Levrick, Mina M. Tancock, Richard E. Treweekes, S. H. Maw, W. Neilson, J. H. Bamford, G. B. Duncan, S. H. Simpson, H. Hunter, K. M. Beaumont, George Anagnostopulo, W. D. Gimson, J. P. Christoe, A. M. Briggs, Colin Garner, J. T. Silcock, J. Dall, Geo. E. Gott, Frank Overton, Stanley Rea, Harold West, Charles Organ, J. S. Hives, A. Presscott, R. C. Sutton, Ernest Mountney, H. M. Cockrem, Edwin Theakston, R. T. Gammon, R. K. Howard, David T. King, Frank Harper, A. Macdonald, Arthur Burnes, J. P. B. Maitland, J. Wild, and H. Cockell.

## No. IV.—Drawing of "An Open Window," or "Foliage."

THE PRIZE OF £1 IS. has been divided between: HAYDON D. MACKEY, 8, Frenantle Road, Forest Gate, E., and F. HOLMES, The Terrace, Sherburn-in-Elmet, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: "Folly" (Maidstone), Evelyn Mary Peskett, H. McHuraith, Ellen F. C. Brown, F. H. Hopkins, L. B. Denleyn, Frank Adams, Henry McPherson, Charles E. Hall, Harold E. Kershaw, Olive Tossill, S. Holt, Nelly Walton, G. H. Cox, G. L. Gardner, E. Kleanfiller, R. Duck, Violet E. Boulbtre, W. Clayton-Smith, W. Bridge, Gerald F. Leake, G. Wainwright, C. Loundes Yates, Arnold Manby, E. Kuhling, Charles F. Bodill, and Harold Bennett (Keighley).

## No. V.—Best Essay on "How to Become Popular with One's School-fellows."

THE PRIZE OF £1 IS. has been divided between: GERALD BULLIVANT, 14, Oakfield Road, Clapton, London, N.E., and ELSIE ARCHER MCCALLUM, Laurel Hill, Markethill, Co. Armagh, Ireland.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE (Vol. I of THE CAPTAIN) has been awarded to: LILIAN R. ORMISTON, Cameronian Cottage, Brynhyfryd, Swansea.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Robert Keith Brown, A. Poxon, Trixie Dobson, Harry S. Chamberlain, Gladys Peacock, C. W. Wannell, William Henry Brothers, Frank Burke, Dorothy B. Morris, Edith Murrell, Harold E. Williams, John E. Matthews, Athol Kirkpatrick, John Ashby, James C. Very, Arthur K. Evans, G. H. C. Manning, John B. Edgar, W. M. Buss, Elsie May Alexander, Gordon McVoy, Thomas McCormack.

## No. VI.—Best Map of Cape Colony.

WINNER OF £1 IS.: STANLEY CHARLES BENNET, 23, Springfield Place, Upper Clapton, London, N.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. Ker-Fox (Brussels), Charles A. H. Baker, Margaret Roberts, Ralph Downing, Beatrice Allen, J. R. Lamb, E. Orton Reynolds, A. E. Andrews, W. I. Strang, R. Gordon Wheeler-Bush, Francis Allwright, J. H. Traill, Jennie Robertson, Jasper P. Salway, Dorothy S. Dean, H. W. Markwick, F. W. Brain, Kate M. Storer, F. K. Druce, L. G. Baker, P. L. Faulkner, A. R. Crimp, E. Hartman, Meroyan Rayan, Hilda F. Ward, Ethel Mary Green, T. Wangle, D. H. Denselow, W. F. Watson, P. Randle Thomas, J. Rowe, W. G. Hawkins, H. B. Browne, F. H. Watt, N. C. Wilson, F. C. Wilkinson, Arthur Lockwood, R. F. Stephen, D. S. Robb, S. H. Stamp, Lawrence Weston, G. Wild, Ethel Reid, W. H. Mitchell, Mabel C. Hart, E. Pye.

## No. VII.—Best Letter Written by a Cat.

£1 IS. divided between: JOHN MOWAT, 30, Belmont Gardens, Glasgow, W.; URIAS THOMAS, 18, Baglan Terrace, Cwmpark, near Treorky, Rhondda Valley, S. Wales.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: LILLA SHADBOLT, Cragnant School, Buckhurst Hill; DOROTHY MOLLETT, Melton House, Grove Lane, Camberwell, S.E.; GORDON McVOY, 17, Springfield Place, Leeds; THOMAS WALKER, 39, Devon Street, Glasgow, S.S.; GEORGE GORDON MACFARLANE, 8, St. Alban's Terrace, Glasgow, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. Morley, Nora Caldwell, Robert Keith Brown, Ellen Moorhouse.

## No. VIII.—"The Best Riddle I ever Heard."

£1 IS. divided between: F. N. BLUNDELL, 13, Canning Street, Liverpool, and CHARLES CARFRAE, 77, Dyke Road, Brighton.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: R. M. R. THURSFIELD, 39, High Street, Bridgnorth, Salop; and JAMES RAY, Nora Brook, Howth Road, Dublin.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Guy Barton Cockrem, May Colwell, W. A. Humphreys, M. Bell, Gwendolen Braddell, Herbert Farjeon, J. Beckett, R. C. Haynes, B. G. Nixon, H. C. M. Lucas, L. H. Woods, F. Ingham, John Hall, H. Tomlinson, H. J. Milledge, H. C. James, J. G. Elder, Joan Clark, Phyllis Baines, C. G. Arthur, W. Cooper, "F. W. Mullins, Esq.," R. Trevethan, W. L. Hallworth, R. Herbert, J. D. Mackie, Lesley G. Poole, G. H. Pierson, H. W. Foote, Winnie Thompson, A. Kennedy.

## No. IX.—Coast-Line most Resembling a Man's Leg and Foot.

£1 IS. divided between: C. MAUD BELFIELD, 8, Gathorne Terrace, Leeds, and F. L. OLIVER, 16, De Pays Avenue, Bedford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. P. Bach, Margaret Rose, Ian S. Clarke, J. Cooper Miller, W. E. de Souza, W. Cheriton, H. Barnshaw, Geo. Dayson, John Smith, Victor Brabnee.

(Several competitors were disqualified for not complying with the conditions.)

## No. X.—Handwriting Competition.

THE PRIZE OF £1 IS. has been divided between: JAMES CONNOR, 15, Gladstone Street, Sunderland, and MARGARET ROSE, Willsbridge, near Bristol.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Harold Groom, Alfred E. Birmingham, J. H. Harlow, H. W. Waite, Grace W. Angwin, R. Dowson, Ethel O'Sullivan, D. Seath, Douglas Wynana, E. Owen, Dennis Wittle, Hilda M. Goulden, W. H. Rees, W. Ralph Egan, H. T. B. Groom, Edward Cutts, Garda Williams, Laura Dunn, E. L. Dent, E. Burke, Elsie Septon, C. Jackson, A. G. Russell, E. Mary Dean, Eveline Wannell, Jessie Turner, C. Clarkon, C. W. Hahn, J. C. Barley, Beryl Hawtry, R. Walker Munro, E. K. Bird, C. Harwood, Mary Donald, H. Price, Evelyn Balmcr, Amy Bowker, and R. Addison Smith.



*From a photograph by C. Herbert, Amiens*

# JULES VERNE

## AT HOME

BY ADOLPHE BRISSON.

I HAD an idea that I should like to call on Jules Verne. I owed him this mark of recognition for the given me in bygone days. I had a great curiosity to see and interrogate this author, whose surprising inventions have charmed so many millions of young readers. I wrote to him, and received a charming note inviting me to pay him a visit. "I am only a provincial," wrote M. Jules Verne—he lives at Amiens—"but I know my province well. I will show you round our dear old cathedral."

On the appointed day I arrived at Amiens, and asked the way to the great writer's house. A railway porter respectfully gave me the information, and I could see that, not only Jules Verne, but his visitors also, enjoyed the esteem

and respect of the city. I ring, the door half opens, and I find myself in the middle of a dark courtyard which runs by the side of a laughing garden. A figure approaches. It is he.

M. Jules Verne is nearing his seventy-first year, having been born in the spring of 1828, but he carries with ease the burden of his years, and, if a former accident has made one of his legs a little stiff, his mind still retains its youthful vivacity. He leads the way into the dining-room, where we are joined by Madame Jules Verne, and we sit down to lunch.

M. Verne lives on eggs and green stuff, just as if he were a vegetarian. Madame Verne has a bird-like appetite. And whilst, by politeness and by appetite, I taste the exquisite dishes which my hostess has prepared



JULES VERNE'S HOME AT AMIENS.

for me, my host talks of the past, and of the present, and of long-ago memories of Paris.

M. Verne has been elected a municipal councillor, and he is very zealous, never missing a sitting, and Madame Verne divides her time between works of charity and the theatre. Every morning at five o'clock Jules Verne seats himself at his desk. Their existence flows on quietly, without weariness and without feverishness, amid this mingled work and recreation. This peaceful life has lasted nearly fifty years, and they hope that no accident will trouble it, and that they will die as peacefully as they have lived. Barely two hours separate Amiens from Paris, and yet they never have the desire to take the train to view the summit of the Eiffel Tower.

"What good would it be?" cries M. Verne, laughingly. "The air here is salubrious; it soothes the nerves and strengthens the brain. And then, if you only knew how little ambitious I am!"

I am closely observing M. Verne as he thus expresses himself, and I am struck with the amiability of his face, which has something of timidity in it. This man, who has imagined so many extraordinary adventures, resembles in no way his heroes—neither Captain Hatteras, who discovered the Pole, nor Michael Ardent, who travelled to the moon, nor Captain Nemo, who traversed the depths of the seas,

nor Hector Severdac, nor even the swift Phileas Fogg, the hero of "Round the World in Eighty Days."

He has blue eyes, a low, discreet voice, and the appearance of a distinguished engineer, or of a dignitary of the Financial Department.

"Yes, my dear sir, I have renounced Paris; yet, for all that, I have spent many a merry day there."

We are now on the border of confidences. He conducts me to his study, which is not much larger than the cabin of a packet boat, the light streaming in through two large, curtainless windows. He turns on the gas stove, offers me a cigar which has been christened after one of his books—"The Green Ray"—and then runs through the history of his early days as a writer.

He was a student; he had composed half-a-dozen tragedies when he abandoned Brittany for the capital, where he vaguely counted on making his fortune. He had some taste for law, but he loved music

and poetry. The Chevalier d'Arpentigny introduced him to Alexander Dumas, the elder, with whom the young writer collaborated. "I began my literary career," confessed M. Verne, "by writing poetry, which—for I followed the example of most budding French litterateurs—took the form of a five-act tragedy. My first real piece of work," he continued, "was a



"HE SUSPENDED THE MONEY-BAG ON THE HOOK."

—From "Hector Severdac."

little comedy Dumas *fil*s and I did together. Our play was called *Pailles Rompues* ('Split Straws'), and was acted at the Gymnase Theatre in Paris; but, although I much enjoyed light dramatic work, I did not find that it brought me anything in the way of substance or fortune. And yet," he concluded, with a half-sigh, half-smile, "I have never lost my love for the stage and everything connected with theatrical life. One of the keenest joys my story-writing has brought me has been the successful staging of some of my novels, notably, 'Michel Strogoff.'"

It was at Dumas' house that Jules Verne met many of the celebrated writers of that day. Shortly after his arrival in Paris he wrote his first romance, "Five Weeks in a Balloon." He chose Africa as the scene of action, for the simple reason that less was, and is, known about that continent than any other; and it struck him that the most ingenious way in which this portion of the world's surface could be explored would be from a balloon. He thoroughly enjoyed writing this story, and even more the researches which it made necessary; for then, as now, he always tried to make even the wildest of his romances as realistic and true to life as possible. Once the story was finished, he sent the manuscript to the well-known Paris publisher, M. Hetzel. The publisher read the tale, was interested by it, and made the young author an offer, which he accepted. The book had a sweeping success, and, intoxicated by his good fortune, Jules Verne might have squandered his

brains by overworking himself in other branches of literary work. But he was saved by the crafty wisdom of M. Hetzel.

"My child," he said, "do not waste your strength. You have just founded a new style, or, at least, renewed a style which seemed to be exhausted. Labour at this soil which chance, or your natural genius, has made you discover. You will gather much glory, and wealth, provided you do not wander into other paths. Here is what I propose: You will give me, to date from to-day, two novels a year. We will sign the contract to-morrow."

Jules Verne signed the document, and has never ceased to obey its clauses. His output is as regular as that of

the apple trees of his district, only it is more abundant, as it furnishes a double crop. No accident has ever stayed his work. War and revolution have convulsed France, but they have not torn the pen from this valiant, tireless hand. His eightieth book has appeared, and



MME. JULES VERNE.



WHERE JULES VERNE WRITES HIS STORIES.

bar accident, by the year 1910, please God, the hundredth volume will crown the series. That

day the monuments of Amiens will be decorated, as will be the warehouses of MM. Hetzel, who owe to this astonishing fruitfulness the greater part of their riches.

As I compliment the writer upon his activity he replies, with good humour :—

"You have no cause to praise me. Work is to me the source of the only true happiness. When I have finished one of my books I am unhappy until I have begun another. Idleness is torture to me."

His daily life is carefully planned out. He awakes at dawn, writes until eleven o'clock, and, after lunch, repairs to a reading-room and industriously scans the *Figaro*, the *Temps*, and the *Gaulois*. But on the days when the council is sitting, Jules Verne deprives himself of a peep at the papers, because he fulfils his municipal duties with admirable zeal. Thus flows on, in an almost cloistral serenity, the life of this indefatigable creator of adventurous fiction.

Whence does he draw his subjects, and by what process does he put them in hand? Jules Verne did not hesitate to satisfy my curiosity.

"Don't think for a moment that my work is easy. It costs me a considerable effort. I write and re-write my books several times before I put them into the printer's hands."

He shows me a manuscript in course of execution. Each chapter is weighted with numerous notes relative to the character of the personages and of the dialogue; after which he corrects it with a pencil. This then serves as a rough sketch to be re-written, modifying or developing various outlines. But he does this work

only when the central situation (*dénouement*) is found. For an adventurous novel the chief situation should be, in its "altogether," optimistic and ingenious, and the young reader should not be able to anticipate it. The hours spent in reading newspapers have been of great assistance to M. Verne. A paragraph or a telegram suggests wonderful combinations. Thus, the famous book "Round the World in Eighty Days" was suggested by an advertisement of Cook's, the great tourist-agency. Once Jules Verne has made his plan, he collects documents and procures books dealing with the corner of the earth which occupies his attention.

"I am indebted to Georges Sand for one of my popular successes. She led me to writing 'Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea.' And he produces the following unpublished letter of the great woman-novelist :—

I thank you, sir, for the two delightful works which have succeeded in distracting me from a very profound sorrow, and which have enabled me to support the burden of it. I have only one regret, and that is to have finished them, and not to have yet another dozen to read. I hope that you will soon conduct us through the depths of the sea, and that your personages will travel in diving apparatus, which your science and imagination can perfect. When "The English at the North Pole" appears in book form please send it to me. You have an adorable talent, and a heart which will make it rise even higher. Thanks, a thousand times, for the moments you have given me in the midst of my unhappiness.

G. SAND.

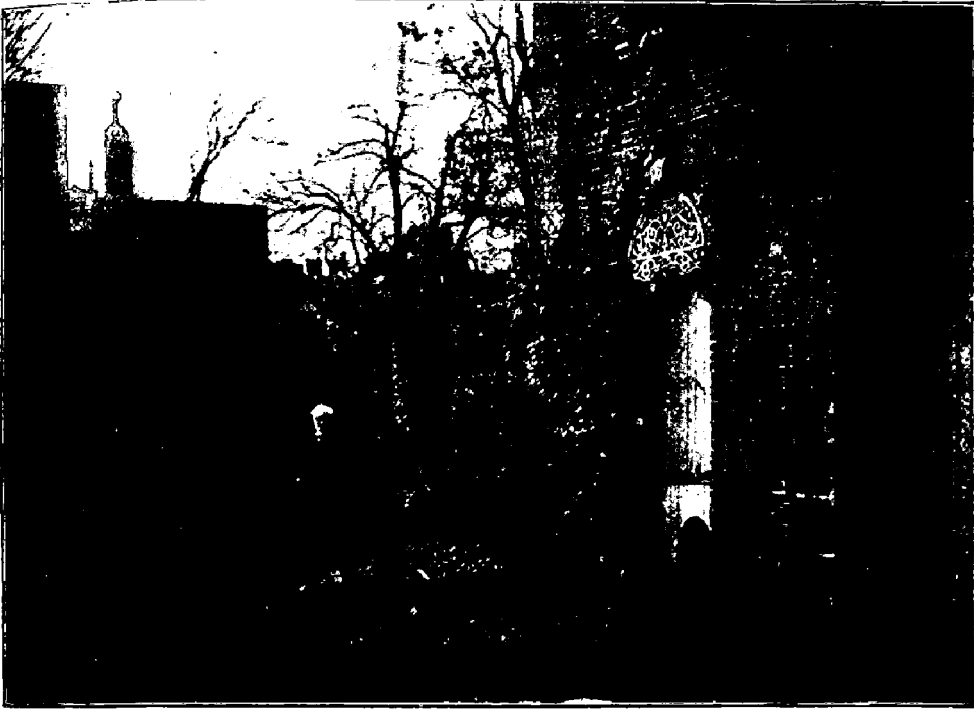


AN ILLUSTRATION TO "A JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH."

The belfry next door sounds two o'clock. My host now proposes to show me the curiosities of Amiens. As we pass out of the door I notice a map of the world nailed to the inner wall, and crossed and recrossed by many lines.

"I have amused myself," says M.





JULES VERNE IN HIS GARDEN.

joys Captain Marryat's breezy romances, and was much struck with the enormous power and freshness of Stevenson's "Treasure Island."

And as we wander down the deserted avenue I cannot help expressing my astonishment that a man who knows the terrestrial globe so well should not have the desire to explore and obtain his information at the actual place instead of gather-

Verne, "in tracing on this map the route of all the voyages made by my heroes. But I have been obliged to renounce this. I would not be able to recognise them any longer."

I notice that in the library are translations of the master's works. Every language is represented there. "The Mysterious Island" is in Japanese, "From the Earth to the Moon" in Arabic, printed with the French illustrations. M. Verne's library is strictly for use, I may add, and well-worn copies of such intellectual friends as Homer, Vergil, Montaigne, and Shakespeare, shabby, but how dear to their owner; editions of Fenimore Cooper, Dickens, and Scott show hard and constant usage; and there also, in newer dress, many of the better-known English novels have found their way. All his life M. Verne has delighted in the works of Sir Walter Scott. As to other English books, he speaks with affection of "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Swiss Family Robinson." He thoroughly en-

joying it from books. And then he confesses that formerly he had a little yacht, *St. Michael*, with which he navigated the English Channel and the Mediterranean.

"What! You have been no further?"

"My goodness, no!"

"You have not seen the cannibals?"

"I have taken good care not to."



THE LIBRARY.

"Nor the Chinese?"

"No."

"You have not even made the tour of the world?"

"Not even the tour of the world."

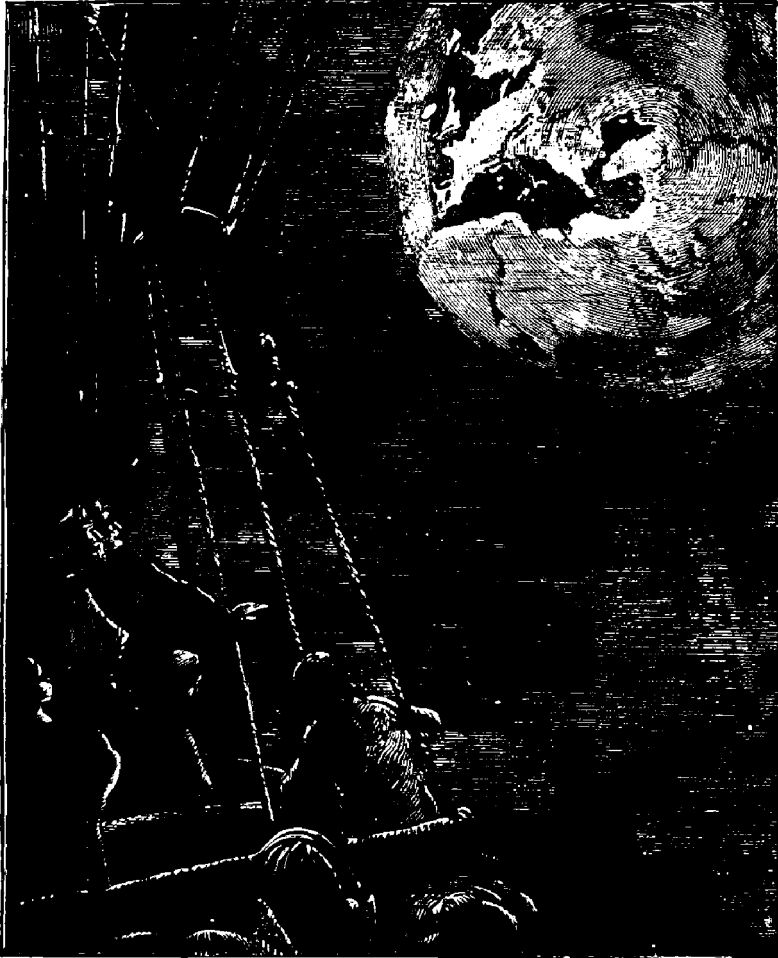
If M. Jules Verne has not sighed for the emotions of perilous travels, he has not sought even the joys of hunting, fishing, polo, or football. He avowed to me that fishing seems barbarous to him, and that hunting inspires him with horror. He has gone shooting only on one occasion, when he hit a *gendarme* in the hat, and was promptly led off to the police station. M. Verne swears that that shooting experience shall be his last.

For a long time we wander about the streets of the town. At three

o'clock precisely M. Verne enters a confectioner's for his afternoon glass of milk. He has shown me over the churches and museum; he has charmed me by his extreme goodness, by the solidity of his judgment, and yet he has

not ceased to astonish me. When, in former days, I followed his voyages about the suns and planets, through the centre of the earth, or in the marine fields of the Atlantic, amid the gigantic fish, I thought of the author of these prodigies under the appearance of a giant, endowed with a vigour and agility which were superhuman. And lo! he is a drinker of milk, an airy dreamer, a philosopher, and an admirable city councillor.

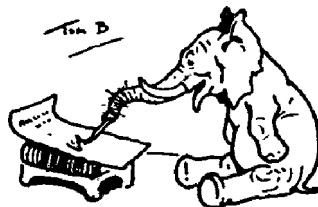
And yet some people pretend that writers reflect themselves in their books!



"THE CRISIS OF PERIL WAS CLOSE AT HAND."

—From "*Hector Severdæc*."

[This article has been translated from the French by kind permission of M. Adolphe Brisson.]



"DEAR OLD FAG,—I hear the Lions have been writing you letters, so I'm going to have a shot at one myself——"

## "WHAT I WANTED TO BE."

MR. THOMAS CATLING, Editor of "Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper."

MR. THOMAS CATLING is the editor of what is probably the most popular newspaper in the world. With a circulation of considerably over a million copies, *Lloyd's Weekly* goes to every part of the globe, and serves as a wonderful connecting link between the mother country and her off-shoots. It is a paper which tells everybody everything they can possibly want to know about what is going on, and is filled, in addition, with good fiction, book reviews, theatrical gossip, and with articles on every topic of interest to the average reader. Its sermons are as celebrated as its war articles—and this will show alone what a wide field of subjects it covers. *Lloyd's Weekly* has been instrumental, by the agency of its "Long-Lost Relatives" column, in bringing together a host of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters. The editor of this enterprising journal is just over sixty years of age. He is tall and of striking appearance. Educated at a private school in

Cambridge, he came up to London, and worked for twelve years in the printing office of *Lloyd's*, where he gained a thoroughly practical knowledge of the commercial side of a great paper. At this time Douglas Jerrold was the editor of *Lloyd's Weekly*; Mr. Catling became sub-editor in 1866 and editor in 1884. As the subjoined letter shows, it was his boyish aspiration to fill a front place in after life. As his position, which he has held for many years, fully testifies, his desire has been realised. This is the letter he sent us:—

12, Salisbury Square, City.

Sept. 23rd, 1899.

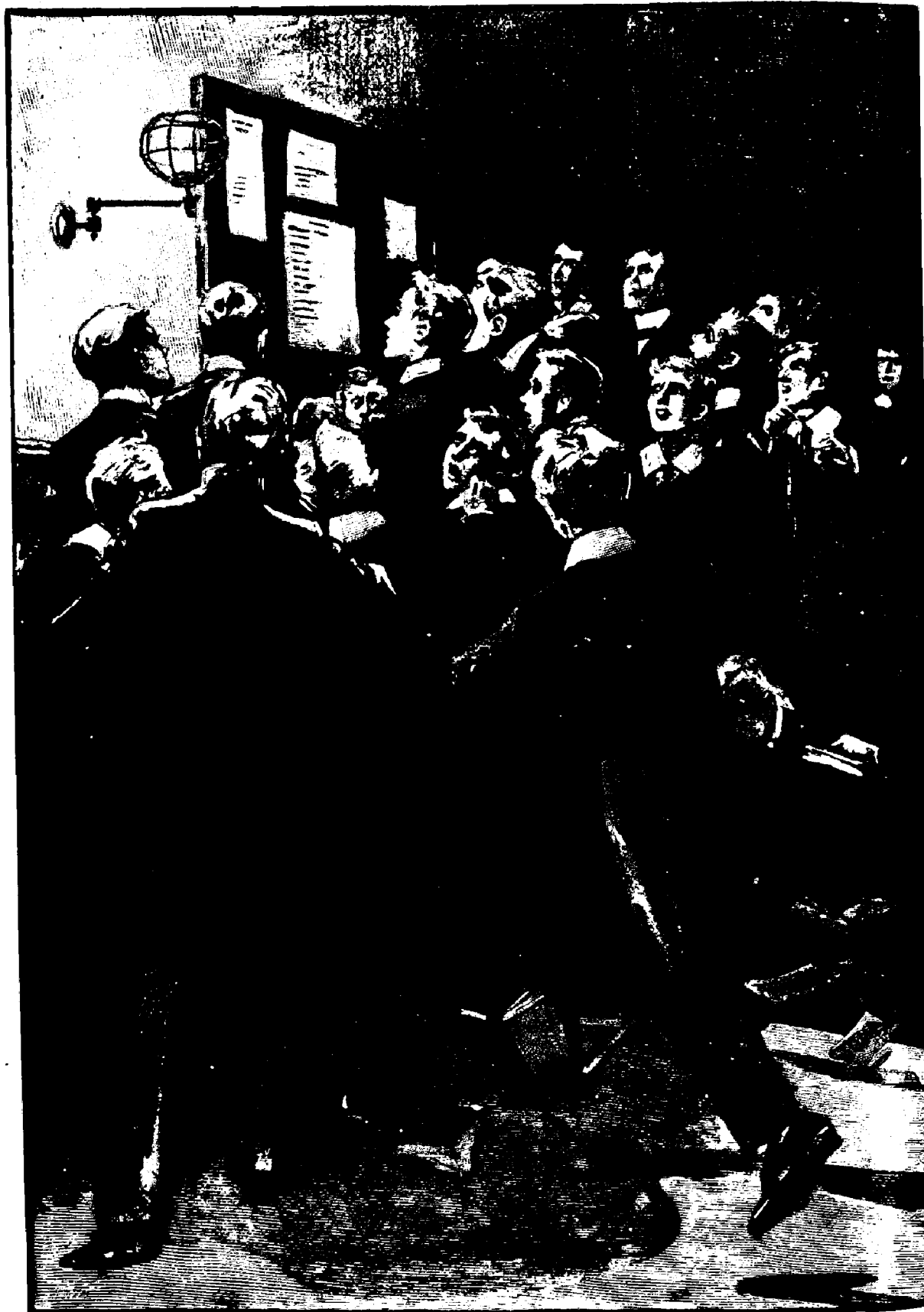
DEAR SIR,—My earliest dreams arose out of wanting a front place. I well remember being taken as a small boy into the Assize Court at Cambridge, and wishing to be a judge. Soon after I saw a man and woman hanged there, and promptly made a working model of the scaffold, so as to be perfect in the duties of Jack Ketch. Years later, when tempted on to the amateur stage, I learned the part of "Othello." The striving to lead followed me into a newspaper printing office; and, although I failed to become judge or executioner, my regrets have been solaced by the ever-varying labours that fall to an editor's lot in life.

*Yours faithfully*  
*Thos. Catling*

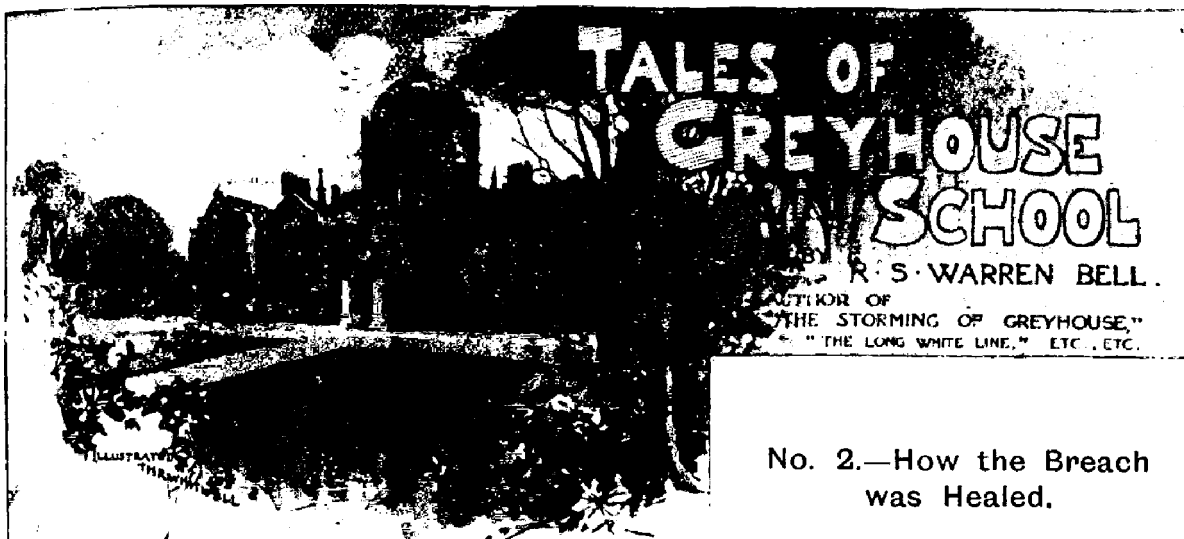
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## THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "THE CAPTAIN"

*Will be published about November 22, at the usual price, i.e., SIXPENCE. The Christmas Number of THE CAPTAIN will be filled with Christmas Stories, Poems, Pictures, and the cover will be a special Christmas design by Tom Browne.*



THERE WAS SOON AN EXCITED CROWD SURGING ROUND IT, AND MANY WERE THE BOOKS THAT WERE DROPPED, MANY THE TOES TRODDEN ON, AND MANY THE DIGS AND THUMPS DEALT OUT IN CONSEQUENCE. (See page 117.)



## No. 2.—How the Breach was Healed.

It was shown in the first story of this series, "Sir Billy," how Sir William Percival Travers, Bart., an orphan, is sent to Greyhouse, and how Sir Billy's guardian extracts a promise from Wardour, captain of Greyhouse, that he will keep an eye on Sir Billy. The new Head instructs Wardour to put down the fighting for which the place is notorious, and Wardour faithfully carries out his instructions for a whole half-year, only to break the rule himself (thereby losing the Greyhouse Scholarship of £120 per annum) by thrashing a bully named Eccles, who half kills Sir Billy for neglecting to fag for him properly. In the end, however, the committee of the school allow Wardour to return to Greyhouse for another year, in order that he may "redeem" his character and take up the scholarship in due course.]

### I.

SIR WILLIAM PERCIVAL TRAVERS, BART. — or, to apply to him his more familiar if somewhat less dignified title, "Sir Billy"—was feeling very miserable. It was not his nature to be boisterously high-spirited at any time, a melancholy expression having descended to him from his ancestors, as well as a rather gloomy way of looking at things, but he could chirp upon occasions, and had been known to burst out laughing. It was a comfort to him to reflect that he would not have to stay at Greyhouse all his life. In time he would grow up, go forth into the world, and belong to a club. His guardian, Mr. Soames, had told him that his name had been put down on the books of a great London club, and Sir Billy, who was also informed that he would not have a chance of being elected a member for twelve or fifteen years, had got an idea that when he was a man he would live at his club, and spend his time sitting in a leather armchair reading the *Times*, or scowling

out of the window. There, at any rate, he would not be bullied; if anyone ran after him—say a fierce old colonel with white whiskers—he could call a cab and drive away. You must know that Lord Chilvers, while paying a visit to Major Wardour, at Belsert, had made Sir Billy's acquaintance, the result being that Sir Billy went to stay with the old general for a week, and had been made much of by his lordship's wife and daughters. It was during this visit that he was introduced to his future club. He was rather indignant, at the end of his visit, when Lady Chilvers and her daughters kissed him affectionately on the cheek, and was glad no Greyhouse chap saw them. It was better however, thought he, than having his ears boxed, or being kicked.

Well, he was miserable—more miserable than usual. Miserable as a matter of course was he, because he was considered and treated by the other chaps of his own size as a "moke." If it hadn't been for Lord Chilvers, Wardour would have lost the Greyhouse scholarship (he hadn't won it yet, indeed) *all through Sir Billy*. If, after Eccles had licked him, he had got up and gone away, there would have been no row between Eccles and Wardour, and no fight. But Sir Billy had just lain still "like a dead cat," and so Wardour had licked Eccles and forfeited the "schol." This was how the Greys argued the case—this was the view they took of it. Of course, the maul between Eccles and Wardour was one of the most exciting pages in the history of Greyhouse, but the Greys would rather have gone without the fight and seen Wardour collar the "schol." They knew well enough what the loss of it would mean to him.



HE WAS RATHER INDIGNANT  
WHEN LADY CHILVERS AND HER DAUGHTERS  
KISSED HIM AFFECTIONATELY ON THE CHEEK.

So, although the affair covered Wardour with glory, it didn't do Sir Billy much good, and even when his third term arrived, and he was beginning to settle down, and to fall quite easily into the Greyhouse slang, his path was not strewn with roses. Another cause of his unpopularity was that, on account of the excellent coaching he had received from his tutors before he came to Greyhouse, he found himself, in school, above many boys considerably bigger and older than himself. At the end of the year his form-master said he might get his remove into the Upper Fourth. Naturally, Sir Billy's scholarship and general prowess in matters intellectual did not win him the love or goodwill of the dunces beneath him, although they occasionally deigned to make him help them over a knotty point in Greek or algebra.

But Sir Billy was not miserable because he was unpopular with the Lower Fourth. He was miserable because the fellow he fagged for, a monitor named Hallam, was not on speaking terms with Wardour—who was, naturally, Sir Billy's king, hero, and everything else grand and brave and worthy of honour. It therefore gave Sir Billy pain when Hallam (who was once a

great friend of Wardour's) fell out with the captain, and the pain increased as, ever watchful, he observed the little fissure in their friendship widen into a great, yawning gulf.

All Greyhouse was aware of the coolness, but few save Sir Billy knew the size of the quarrel. It was, Billy had decided some time since, Hallam's fault entirely. It wasn't Wardour's—he'd swear that. Still, Sir Billy was a faithful fag, and he had a great respect for Hallam, who was no end of a good sort when you knew him. He could play football, too, but he couldn't play quite so well as he thought he could, and thus came about the row. It was a case of wounded self-pride. But let me explain.

An important event towards the latter end of September was the

compilation of the various fifteens into which the school was split up. Save on half-holidays, when matches were contested by the First, Second, and often the Third Fifteens—the card being so arranged that when the First played away the Second stayed at home—the First and Second made up a game, the Third and Fourth another, and so on, all the way down the school.

The various teams were selected and arranged by the captain of footer and his committee, and the suspense and excitement were considerable for several days previous to the posting of the lists on the Games Board. The members of the Second could hardly sleep for wondering whether they had been chosen to fill the vacancies in the First, and the chaps in the Third were equally anxious to get into the Second. Then, too, there were the captains of fifteens to be chosen—posts, these, eagerly sought for, as the bossing about and picking up sides gave fellows a lot of that "brief authority" which is dearly prized by most human beings.

One evening, after prep., the long-looked-for lists were found, neatly written out and pinned on to the Games Board. There was soon an excited crowd surging round it, and many were the books

that were dropped, many the toes trodden on, and many the digs and thumps dealt out in consequence. After a time fellows began to work their way out of the crowd, and walk quietly away, evidently disappointed with their positions. Others dashed off, red in the face with pleasure at their promotions; some growled, some sneered, some were philosophically content.

One of those who retired looking dissatisfied was Sir Billy's fag-master. Hallam, as I have said, played football indifferently well—he varied. He was a forward, useful for his weight, but a bit slow. Now Wardour, who had been unanimously elected captain of football, had made out all the teams very conscientiously, aided, of course, by the football committee. He would have liked, of all things, to put his chum Hallam into the First Fifteen, and, indeed, one or two of the committee advised him to do so, as Hallam could work well when he had a mind to. But Wardour was conscientious to a fault.

"No," he said, firmly, "I cannot put Hallam into the First, but I'll make him captain of the Second. We can then judge by his form in the games whether he is good enough to play for the school—the captain of the Second generally is."

"He'll be rather wild," one of the committee was indiscreet enough to remark.

"My dear chap," said Wardour, rather shortly, "if I considered fellows' feelings these fifteens would be arranged in a very funny way, and the footer here would go to smash. It would be grossly unfair, for instance, to put Hemstock into the Second—he's miles better than Hallam—and yet he's the last choice for the First. Hallam is a pal of mine, and a good fellow, but I can't put him over other fellows' heads on that account."

Wardour was supported by several other members of the committee, and so, in due time, the

lists were posted, and it came as a surprise to a good many that Hallam was only made captain of the Second.

There is always some babbler in every committee, and somehow the discussion that had taken place concerning Hallam got to Hallam's ears—grossly distorted. He was told that all the committee were for his being in the First, and that only Wardour objected to him. This added fuel to the flames. As I have said, a coolness sprang up between Wardour and his brother monitor, and after a time they only spoke to one another when they were obliged to. As it chanced, Hemstock fell ill, and Hallam was asked to play in the first out-match. He declined, affording as an excuse that he had work to do, whereupon another fellow was chosen from the Second. Naturally Wardour was incensed with his erstwhile chum. Worse than this, Greyhouse lost the match, being a trifle light in the scrum. Hallam's weight, it was affirmed, would have made a good deal of difference.

So the quarrel grew, as hundreds of such quarrels arise and grow in most schools between boys big and little, and Sir Billy was miserable, for Hallam was his fag-master, and Wardour his best friend, and he couldn't help feeling that he was somehow mixed up in it all. It was only his fancy, of course, but a very little fancy goes a long way with an imaginative person.

## II.

THERE was a choice youth in the Lower Fourth

whose name was Bartlett, and whose nickname was "Parsnip," earned him by his tow-coloured hair, which was straight, and straggled in wisps over his low forehead. When Bartlett ran he swung his head from side to side, his tongue lolled out like a dog's, and his toes seemed to be in constant collision. He had small grey eyes, very



"PARSNIP."

similar to those of a pig, and his intelligence was hardly superior to that animal's. "Parsnip" was fifteen, and promised to develop into a bully of a promising kind. At present he did his torturing and teasing on the sly, for, unlike Eccles (of whom you have heard), Parsnip was a funk. Eccles, the big Six-former, certainly performed his tyrannical work in the open, and, when he had to fight, he fought (as you know) as game as a pebble, and to his last gasp. Eccles was destined to be a tyrant all his life. He went from Greyhouse to Sandhurst, and thence into a cavalry regiment, where he bullied his men unmercifully, but won a certain measure of respect from everybody on account of the pluck he invariably displayed when his time came to smell powder and listen to—

. . . the rattle  
Of the bullets in the battle,  
as a certain martial song has it.

Master Bartlett, however, was a worm—being underhand in his methods, and only venturing to be brutal to boys who were very much smaller than himself.

One of these, as it is hardly necessary to state, was Sir Billy, who, being in the same form, and much higher up than Master Bartlett, earned the worst of Parsnip's ill-will. Parsnip never let slide an opportunity of wreaking his vengeance on the small boy who was such a bright, intellectual star in comparison with himself. Often, undressing at night, Sir Billy would ruefully survey the bruises on his shins—little hate tokens from Parsnip's hoofs—and the blue marks on his arms—pinches, "with love from Parsnip." Sir Billy wouldn't have sneaked if Parsnip had branded him with a red-hot poker, so he said not a word to anybody about the ill-treatment he received from his form-mate, who took care to inflict it only when nobody was near. Sir Billy received these attentions in silence, without a murmur, without even crying out "Shut up, you beast!" as another kid would have done. He supposed this was all part of the Greyhouse curriculum, and that he must bear it, and that when he grew bigger he wouldn't be bullied. But he often resolved never to bully anybody when he was a big chap. He used to moon about and brood a good deal even now, and his thoughts were continually busy with the future. When he grew up, decided Sir Billy, he would try to be just like Wardour—in character, that is to say, for he was sure he could never be so big or so strong. But he would be like him in other ways. He would be brave and honest, and never strike or kick other chaps, but he would help them on, like Wardour did, and when he saw a fellow in the dumps give him a pat on the back and say, "Cheer up, old chap!"—like Wardour did.

As I have said, what hurt Sir Billy much more than Parsnip was the continued ill-feeling between Wardour and Hallam. It looked as if it would last all the term, since, although Wardour certainly did make one or two friendly advances, Hallam would not respond to them, and so the coldness continued.

Now Parsnip did not share Sir Billy's uncomfortable feeling in this matter. He hated Wardour and he hated Hallam, because both had given him lines, and both had caned him. He gloried in the quarrel (for such it had come to be regarded by the school) between the two Sixth Form fellows, and spread round exaggerated reports concerning its reason and its magnitude. He gave everybody to understand that no less (or no greater) a person than Sir Billy had fanned the flame by refusing to fag for Wardour, attributing as an excuse that he was Hallam's fag, and had received strict injunctions from Hallam that he was not to fag for anybody else, not even for the captain.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a Friday. Sir Billy was quietly finishing an exercise one evening during the half-hour which intervened between six (at which time afternoon school ended) and six-thirty—the tea hour. He was sitting at the back of the Lower Fourth room. Parsnip and a dozen other fellows were standing by the fire talking over the match *v.* Gring's F.C.—an important one—which was to be played on the following afternoon. The composition of the fifteen was the subject, just then, of animated discussion.

"It would be all right," said Tofts, "if only Hallam would play."

"Yes," chimed in the chum of Tofts, one Bilberry, "we'd rush 'em in the scrum then."

"As it is," observed McMurray, "Gring's will go away with their noses in the air. We'll be licked to a certainty."

"Pooh!" objected Parsnip. "We shan't be licked. Who's Hallam?"

"A jolly good forward!" proclaimed Tofts boldly.

"When he likes," qualified Bilberry.

"I say he's a jolly good forward *always!*" insisted Tofts.

"Rot!" retorted Bilberry, with warmth.

"I should like to know what you know about it?" demanded Tofts.

"A jolly sight more than you," returned the other.

And so the argument waxed warm, punctuated with a little scuffling.

Sir Billy silently finished his work, raised the lid of his desk, put his books away, and strolled towards the door.

"Here's the little sneak!" cried Parsnip, as





SIR BILLY'S LEFT FIST SHOT OUT AND LANDED ON PARSNIP'S NOSE.

Sir Billy neared the group. "I expect he'll tell Wardour every word we've been saying."

"Come here, kid!" said Tofts, clutching Sir Billy by the collar. "Did you hear that?"

"Yes."

"Well—are you going to tell Wardour what we've been saying?"

"No."

"Don't believe him," sneered Parsnip. "He's Wardour's pet lamb."

Hardly had Parsnip got the words out of his mouth, when, to the intense surprise of the Lower Fourth, Sir Billy's left fist shot out and landed on Parsnip's nose.

The bully of the Lower Fourth, what with amazement and pain, could only stand stock still and mop his nose, which was beginning to bleed, with his handkerchief.

"Go on, Parsnip—smash the young brute!" Tofts was exclaiming, when a voice brought everyone round on his heel.

It was Hallam, evidently come in search of his fag.

"Travers! What's this—fighting?"

"I hit him," said Sir Billy, his slight frame quivering, and his eyes flashing in a very blood-thirsty manner.

"You hit him! What for?"

"He called me Wardour's pet lamb!"

Hallam regarded the group in silence.

"You know the rule about fighting?"

"Yes."

"Then come to my study after chapel."

And with this Hallam turned and went. As he left the room the school bell rang for tea, and the Lower Fourth streamed into hall looking highly excited, and, it must be confessed, much puzzled.

Sir Billy—the down-trodden, subdued Sir Billy—had actually hit the Lower Fourth bully in the nose! Food, here, for much laughter and conversation, and a lot of speculation as to the chawing up Sir Billy would get from Parsnip afterwards.

### III.

BEFORE filing into chapel the school lined up in

order of forms in the long corridor which ran down the whole length of the Lower School classrooms—the choir heading the procession. The master on duty was present, but order was kept by the monitor on duty. To-night things were pretty quiet, as it was Wardour's week, and Wardour was looking a trifle serious—bothering about the following day's match against Gring's. The rivalry between the two big schools was intense—Gring's was in the same county, about fifteen miles distant, and boasted just about as many fellows as Greyhouse. Both at cricket and football the schools were excellently matched, the number of wins scored by each being about the same.

Wardour knew, as all the school knew, that Hallam would make all the difference to the Greyhouse team, for Hallam had come on surprisingly since the last football season, and was much quicker and faster than of yore. He had also put on some always useful weight. But twice Hallam had declined to play for the school, although he took part in all the games, and Wardour did not care to risk a third refusal.

Wearing a decidedly worried look, Wardour was pacing up and down the serried ranks of his fellow-Greys, and performing his monitorial duties, it must be confessed, in a very absent-minded manner, when a disturbance in the Lower Fourth district attracted his attention. He bent his steps in that direction, and, to his astonishment, he observed Sir Billy dodging the wildly-waving fists of Parsnip. The latter, sawing the air in wind-mill fashion, was advancing on his small antagonist, when Sir Billy dashed in, and once again that

evening succeeded in reaching the nose of his foe. Parsnip howled, for his nose was already swollen and sore, and left off sawing the air in order to attend to the wounded organ.

"Travers and Bartlett, come here!"

The captain rapped out this order sharply. Sir Billy and Parsnip obeyed promptly.

"Which of you started that row?"

"I did," said Sir Billy.

"Why?"

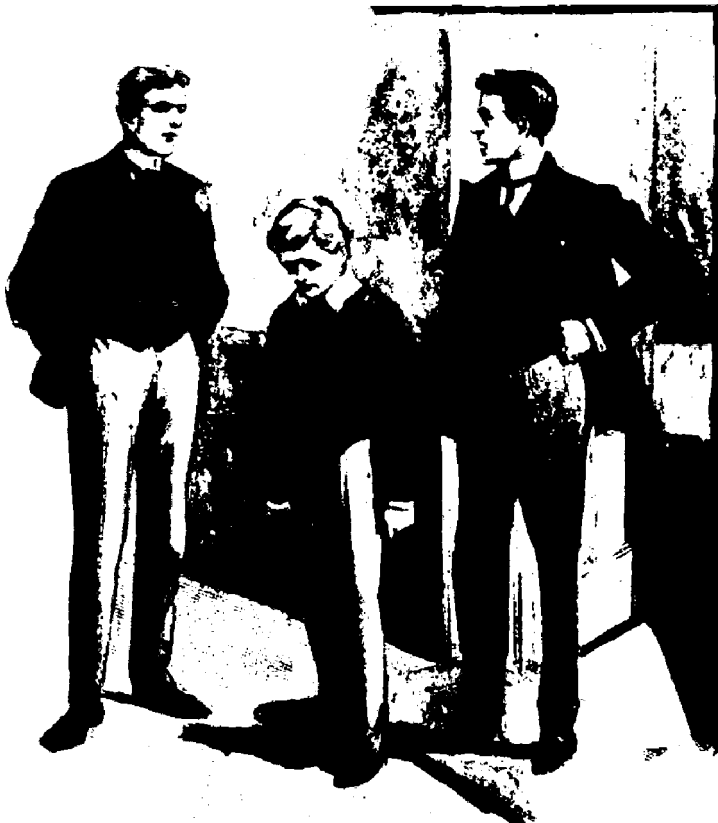
"He called Hallam a cad."

"Come to me after chapel," said Wardour.

#### IV.

As you will hardly be surprised to hear, there were four boys in Greyhouse Chapel who did not, I am sorry to say, pay much attention to the service. These were Wardour, Hallam, Parsnip, and Sir Billy. The captain was wondering whether he ought to cane Sir Billy or give him lines, Hallam

did not like the idea of the impending interview—his thoughts ran in much the same direction—Parsonip was comforting a—by this time—extremely tender nose with a blood-stained handkerchief (the sight was much enjoyed by the Lower Fourth), and Sir Billy was wondering whether he ought to go to the captain or to Hallam first, and not much relishing the idea of a double caning or a double dose of lines. In each case he had been the aggressor. He had struck Parsnip twice! It gave this ordinarily mild small boy intense joy when he observed the colour of Parsnip's nose. He had added injury to injury by strik-



"FIGHTING!" EXCLAIMED WARDOUR. "WHY, THAT'S WHAT I WANTED HIM FOR."

ing that nose twice and (the young heathen!) he could not bring himself to feel sorry although he *was* in chapel!

The opening prayers were said, the psalm was sung, then Wardour read the lesson, another psalm, the Creed, the concluding prayers, and chapel was over.

"Now for it," murmured Sir Billy.

He had decided that, as Hallam's command had come first, he must go to him first.

As Greyhouse disappeared dormitorywards—Parsnip coming in for a lot of rude chaff on his way upstairs—Sir Billy, with a beating heart, directed his steps towards that part of the school where were situated the monitors' studies. He knocked feebly enough on his fag-master's door; as he did so, the door was opened by Hallam himself.

"Oh, it's you, Travers—come in!"

At that moment Wardour came round the corner.

"Ah! I'll see you now, Travers," he said, not observing Hallam, who had stepped back into his study.

"I—I—have to see Hallam!" stammered Sir Billy.

Hallam came out.

"I shan't keep him long," he said, avoiding Wardour's eye. "I've only got to lick him for fighting. He can come to you in a couple of minutes."

"Fighting!" exclaimed Wardour. "Why, that's what I want him for."

"What—another licking?"

"I'm afraid so."

The two seniors looked at each other. Sir Billy stood nervously between them, like a lamb that was awaiting slaughter and didn't quite know which butcher was to attend to him first.

"Travers!" said Wardour, gripping Sir Billy by the shoulder, "what does all this mean?"

"Well, I think I ought to tell you," said Hallam, "that he started fighting with Bartlett because Bartlett insulted you."

"That's queer!" said Wardour; "because I found him lamming Bartlett in the nose for calling *you* a cad."

There was a short silence, and the tableau was a picturesque one, although the central figure did not quite seem to appreciate the beauty of the situation.

"Now, look here, Travers," said Wardour, looking at Hallam, who nodded, "if we don't lick you will you promise not to knock Bartlett about any more?"

Sir Billy gave an assenting sniff.

"Then," said Wardour, dealing him a gentle cuff, "get away to bed."

The two monitors watched the young'un scuttle round the corner. When the sound of his footsteps had died away, Wardour turned to Hallam and held out his hand.

"I say, old man," he said, "can you play for the school to-morrow?"

"Certainly," said Hallam; "very glad to."

"Thanks!"

There was another spell of silence.

"That's a plucky young beggar," said Hallam, at length; "there's more in him than I thought. He'll do, I fancy."

"Yes," said Wardour, "he'll do very well. Good-night!"

"Good-night, old man!" said Hallam.

And so the breach was healed—by Sir Billy.

*R. S. Warren Bell*

[The third story of this series will appear next month.]

# SOME PUBLIC SCHOOLS



Shrewsbury



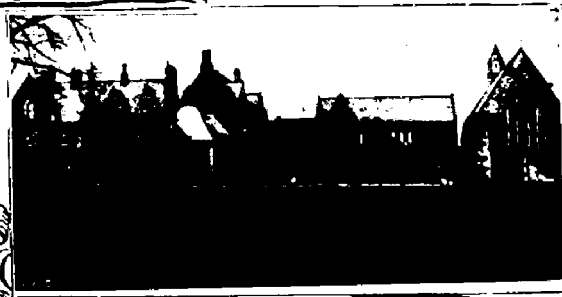
Rugby



MILL HILL (South front)



INDEPENDENT COLLEGE, TAUNTON



CHRIST COLLEGE, BRECON

From Photographs  
by Readers  
of



WELLINGTON COLLEGE.

the  
Captain

# DUTY.

*Duty is a power which rises with us in the morning, and goes to rest with us in the evening.*

W. E. GLADSTONE.

THE sweetest lives are those to duty wed,  
Whose deeds, both great and small,  
Are close-knit strands of one unbroken thread,  
Where love ennobles all.  
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells,  
The Book of Life the shining record tells.

E. B. BROWNING.

∴ ∴ ∴

Not once or twice in our rough island-story,  
The path of duty was the way to glory :  
He that walks it, only thirsting  
For the right, and learns to deaden  
Love of self, before his journey closes,  
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting  
Into glossy purples, which outredden  
All voluptuous garden roses.  
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,  
The path of duty was the way to glory :  
He that, ever following her commands,  
On with toil of heart, and knees, and hands,  
Through the long gorge to the far-light has won  
His path upward, and prevail'd,  
Shall find the toppling crags of duty scaled,  
Are close upon the shining table-lands,  
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

TENNYSON.

∴ ∴ ∴

Stern daughter of the voice of God !  
O, duty ! if that name thou love  
Who art a light to guide, a rod  
To check the erring, and reprove ;  
Thou who art victory and law  
When empty terrors overawe ;  
From vain temptations dost set free,  
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

WORDSWORTH

∴ ∴ ∴

They who would be something more  
Than they who feast and laugh and die, will  
hear  
The voice of duty as the note of war,  
Nerving their spirits to great enterprise,  
And knitting every sinew to the charge.

WOOLNER.

∴ ∴ ∴

Do the thing that's nearest,  
Though it's dull awhile,  
Helping, when you meet them,  
Lame dogs over stiles.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Endeavour with unruffled brow,  
And with a mind serene,  
To meet the duties of the now,  
The present, and the seen.  
He who doth a Saviour own  
Is not left to strive alone.

BUNCHER.

∴ ∴ ∴

Thou would'st be hero? Wait not, then,  
supinely  
For fields of fine romance, which no day  
ever brings ;  
The finest life lies oft in doing finely  
A multitude of unromantic things.

ANON.

∴ ∴ ∴

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day ;  
And in the morning, what thou hast to do.  
Dress and undress thy soul. Mark the decay  
And growth of it. If, with thy watch, *that*,  
too,  
Be down, then wind up both. Since we shall be  
Most surely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

GEORGE HERBERT.

∴ ∴ ∴

Onward, onward, let us press,  
Through the path of duty ;  
Virtue is true happiness,  
Excellence true beauty.  
Minds are of celestial birth ;  
Let us make a heaven of earth.

MONTGOMERY.

∴ ∴ ∴

Do thy duty—that is best,  
Leave unto the Lord the rest.

LONGFELLOW.

# THE NEW GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

By W. W. MAYLAND.

Second Article. With Photographs by Alfred Johnson.

HOWEVER, as it happened, I had no time to celebrate my nuptials with Lady Matilda Lilliput. I will tell you why.



I GAZED DOWN UPON THE VAST MULTITUDE BELOW.

I had taken a nice eight hours' nap in my back garden, no bedroom in the house being big enough to hold me, when a tremendous uproar in the street attracted my attention. My mother came running out to me, and, kneeling down by my right ear, she cried, in her loudest tone, "Get up, William Orange. You, like your famous namesake, are required to take a foremost part in a crisis. That famous prince," continued my dear maternal parent, "was called upon at a critical moment to save England, and you are now called upon, not precisely to save England, but to uphold her dignity in no less hilly a place than the Transvaal."

I pulled myself together and went into the street, and there, leaning against my house, I gazed down upon the vast multitude below—a multitude stretching as far as the eye could see—a multitude which requested me to help it in South Africa to

the best of what it was pleased to call my gigantic ability.

Having a mind to think over this demand, I went and laid down in the nearest open space, and whilst I was revolving these warlike things in my mind a horseman in uniform pranced up to me, and brought his steed to a standstill near my head. I recognised the little fellow; I had heard of his midget exploits in the Soudan. It was Lord Kitchener of Khartoum.

"We rely on your assistance, Mr. Gulliver," cried his lordship. "You will come with us, will you not?"

"I will, my little man," said I.

The difficulty was how to get me there! A man-of-war was not big enough. The Admiralty solved the difficulty by building me a huge raft. It was draughty, and exposed me to the elements, but I never was a grumbler, and so I took my seat on this raft with an 81-ton gun on my knees and half-a-dozen Maxims in my pocket, and allowed H.M.S. *Mary Jane* to tug me to Delagoa Bay, where I found the English troops awaiting my arrival. Thanking the captain and crew of the man-of-war for all the trouble they had taken, I waded ashore and placed myself at the head of the English Army.

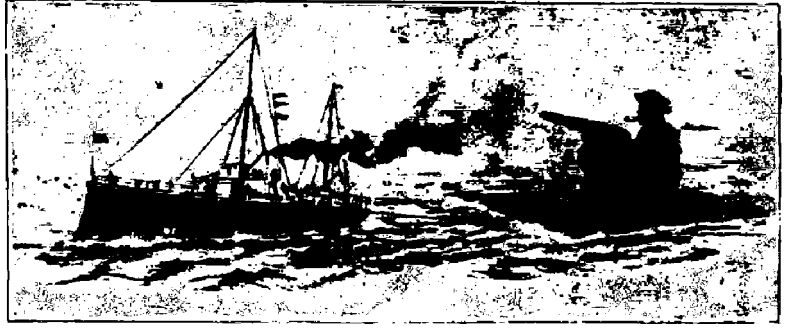
"Forward, my friends," said I, glancing down at the tiny fellows all drawn up in warlike array, "and I'll do my best for you."

So we marched over hill and over dale. Every now and again we encountered Boer skirmishers, who fired little leaden pellets into my legs and stung me up, as I must confess, considerably. However, I never let trifles disturb me. I lost



I RECOGNISED THE LITTLE FELLOW. IT WAS LORD KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM.

my temper once, and ran after a number of those Boers, and I was afterwards told that I trampled quite a thousand of them to death. I was sorry for that, never having been a bloodthirsty man, but they should not have stung up my calves in the way they did. We marched on. After the lesson I had given to the Boers we were not again molested, and so, in time, we drew near to the Boer capital. The army having halted, I held a conference



I TOOK MY SEAT ON THIS RAFT, WITH AN 81-TON GUN ON MY KNEES AND HALF-A-DOZEN MAXIMS IN MY POCKET.



"FORWARD, MY FRIENDS," SAID I, GLANCING DOWN AT THE TINY FELLOWS ALL DRAWN UP IN WARLIKE ARRAY.

with the general officer commanding the expedition.

"Now, Bill," said I, "you take your little tin men along and wallop 'em."

"But we can't get near them, Mr. Gulliver," said he; "they get behind rocks and bushes, and they are deadly marksmen."

"Ah!" said I, rubbing my shins, "I have had proof of their proficiency. But what do you propose that I should do?"

"Well, if you could take their

president," he said, "it would be a big teather in our cap."

"That's easily done," said I, and so, leaving the army behind me, I marched on to the capital and made my way to the house of President Kruger. I found him smoking a pipe, and singing a hymn between the puffs of it.

"President Kruger, I believe?" said I.

"Ah! Mr. Gulliver," said he, "I'm glad you've come. You are the only man in the world I am afraid of. Will you join me in a pipe and a hymn?"

I said I would, and then we got friendly. I spoke seriously to the old man.

"Look here, Kruger," said I, "this won't do. I have got a million men ten miles away, all of whom are a good deal bigger than me, and if you won't give these Uitlanders what they want, and what they justly ought to have, we shall just eat you up."

"Mr. Gulliver," said President Kruger, "I give in."

And that was how I settled the South African crisis

*(To be continued.)*



"LOOK HERE, KRUGER," SAID I, "THIS WON'T DO."

# ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL, and How to Play It.

## (FIRST ARTICLE.)

BY C. B. FRY.



**Matches** CANNOT be won unless goals are scored. Plant that obvious fact in your hearts, you forwards, and let it bear fruit. By far the greater part of your time and effort is spent in mid-field play, in working the ball down the field. The actual scoring of a goal is a brief, almost an instantaneous, affair. But the latter process is the end, the former merely the means to that end. The virtue of your play, as a whole, is greater or smaller in proportion as you do or do not make goal-getting the end and object of your work. Anything in your game that does not help towards the end in view is superfluous and useless. Grasp this, and you will avoid vague trickiness and gallery piffing, the commonest faults of modern forwards. Play a straightforward, direct, go-ahead game. Cleverness and accuracy are essential, but, if made an end in themselves instead of a means to an end, their value is dead. To be effective they must go hand in hand with dash and effort. Experience proves that, each on its merits, dash beats accuracy; a combination of the two makes the ideal style.

### FORWARD WORK

may be roughly analysed into passing, dribbling, and shooting. Passing, of course, is the chief item in modern combined play.

As a basis of procedure, it is important to recognise that a successful pass implies good work by two parties—giver and receiver. It is equally incumbent upon the receiver to make things easy by getting into an advantageous position as it is upon the giver to place the ball timely and accurately. This point is often missed.

The best pass is the one which, under the particular circumstances of a given moment, helps most towards the opposing goal. A set of forwards, however, has, in most cases, what may be called

### A STAPLE STYLE OF PLAY.

One hears constantly that this team plays the short-passing, and another the long-passing game. Opinions differ as to the relative merits of the two styles. For slow forwards short-

passing pays the better; it is also the more effective style on heavy, muddy grounds; but, unless brought to a high pitch of excellence, it is easily broken up by a determined defence. Long-passing is liable to degenerate into a kick and rush style, but well played by fast, clever forwards, it is very telling. The ideal set of forwards would be able to play both games equally well, and adopt the one or the other as circumstances required.

Long or short, a pass should be forward and through rather than sideways.

### THE BEST KIND OF PASSING

is that which is done with all parties concerned going at the highest speed consistent with accuracy in giving and taking the ball. The most effective pass is one that places the ball as far in front of the receiver as is possible without endangering his chance of getting it before an adversary; it should be so placed that the receiver can take the ball in his stride without diminishing his pace. This style of combination makes ground quickest, and is by far the most difficult to frustrate. A man receiving the ball at a stand-still is easily tackled and dispossessed; the faster he is going, provided he can control the ball, the harder he is to stop.

### NEVER PASS AIMLESSLY.

There is no virtue in passing for passing's sake. Combined play is more effective than individual dribbling, because two men can by a timely transfer make almost certain of eluding a tackle, whereas, man to man, the odds are greatly against a dribbler.

You should never keep the ball long enough to allow yourself to be tackled, yet you should not get rid of it without some distinct object. There is no gain in passing to someone who is in a worse position than yourself for making ground. If you are free and unmarked, go ahead till you are in danger of losing the ball. Always, if possible, draw an opponent on to you before passing; for thus you put him out of action and relieve your comrades. The gist of it is, you must

### USE YOUR WITS AND JUDGMENT.

In view of the comparatively few, but none



the less important, occasions on which you should take the ball on single-handed, you ought, in practice, to cultivate the art of dribbling. The thing is to be able to go full tilt without losing control of the ball.

The importance of good shooting is obvious. All the same, it will bear emphasis. Time after time one sees matches in which one side has much the best of the game in the field, yet loses it because it cannot clinch its advantages by scoring. I saw an important match in which a side only got once within shooting distance, yet won by a goal to *nil*; the defence of the winners was very strong, but the losers had at least a dozen fair chances of scoring. Beyond doubt

#### IT PAYS TO SHOOT THE MOMENT THERE IS A DECENT OPENING ;

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Passing and re-passing in front of goal with a view to a certainty is a mistake. The sooner the shot is made after you get within range the better the chance of a goal.

The most difficult shot for a goal-keeper to stop is a low one that crosses him into the corner of the net. That is the sort to cultivate. But beware lest, in trying to make too sure, you shoot outside the net. You should practise unceasingly with a view to gaining the power of shooting hard and accurately, however the ball comes to your foot.

The old division of a team into "the attack" and "the defence" is out of keeping with modern theory and practice. The whole team takes part both in attacking and defending. Each unit, according to his sphere and to the occasion, does aggressive or defensive work.

#### THE FORWARDS,

of course, do little defending ; their work in this line is limited to coming back to mark their opponents when there is a throw-in from touch or a free kick, and to filling the goal-mouth in the event of a corner-kick against their side. The half-backs are as much engaged in the one kind of work as in the other. They are extra-forwards in attacking, and extra-backs in defending. The backs' work is pre-eminently defensive, yet not altogether so, for they are largely engaged in feeding the forwards by judicious kicking, and in giving them opportunities of getting away with the ball.

In so far as the half-backs are extra-forwards, all that is said above on forward play applies to them. They should not, however, get mixed up with the forwards, but be rather, as it were, a second line of attack, acting closely in touch

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It is a fatal mistake, however, for the half-backs, in endeavouring to promote the attack, to fail in their defensive duties. The backs and half-backs, taken together, must regard it as their paramount object to prevent goals being scored against their side.

The main idea of combined forward play is to beat the defence by outnumbering it at successive stages. As it is a case of five against five, this outnumbering plan depends for success upon a series of skilful changes of position by which one forward is left unmarked and free to receive the ball. In order to defeat these tactics, the backs and halves must organise a system of defence by which they can prevent the existence of this surplus forward. Such a defence implies complete co-operation and a thorough understanding. The most approved disposal of force is as follows:—

#### THE CENTRE HALF-BACK

makes it his mark to deal with the opposing centre forward and with all his relations with the inside forwards. The left back and half take the two right-wing forwards, the right back and half the two left-wing forwards. The plan of action is, in general, for the half-back or back nearest to the man with the ball to go for him in order to dispossess him or make him pass, while the remaining four units of defence do their best to so place themselves that the remaining units of attack are prevented from receiving the ball if passed. It generally occurs that the nearest half-back goes for the man with the ball, and one of the backs blocks the most likely direction of the pass. The co-operation of each back with the half in front of him takes this form : Down the field, say a quarter of the field's length from goal, and farther, the half watches the inside forward, and the back the outside, the reason being that

#### THE OUTSIDE FORWARD IS USUALLY WELL IN FRONT OF THE INSIDE,

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This form of defence is meant as a general basis of action. In a game the continual shiftings of positions make it impossible to keep to any set plan. But a definite disposal of forces is none the less of great value.

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In kicking, the backs ought always, under all circumstances, to make absolutely sure of clearing effectively when there is the remotest chance of danger to their goal. But they must remember that they, too, have a part in the attack. They should aim at kicking in such a manner that their own forwards get the ball. Over-kicking is the next worst fault to fozzling. The best kind of kick travels low, just out of heading reach. As a rule,

#### BACKS SHOULD KICK TO THE WINGS,

with a view to feeding the outside forwards, who usually have more room to negotiate a long pass than the insides. When long kicking is necessary or unavoidable, and at other times, too, it is very effective for the right back to kick across the ground to the outside left, and similarly the left back to the outside right forward. The principle is that the backs in kicking should feed their own side.

The goal-keeper, in kicking off, should aim out to the wings, for the direction is more open, and there is less chance of the ball being returned into goal-mouth. In saving, he should always try to catch the ball with two hands, and to clear towards the wings rather than to the centre of the ground.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**A. E. Jenks.**—The printing arrangements of THE CAPTAIN do not admit of even the most important letters being answered immediately. You do not require special training for football as long as you are in decent condition. You certainly will not excel at the game if you overtrain. A match and a practice game a week is quite enough work. You can go for a light cross-country run or two before the season begins, but that form of exercise is very easily overdone, even by old boys. I agree with you as to the excellence of THE CAPTAIN, but I think it equally suitable both for boys and old boys. Of course, I do not know how old a boy you are. I am much flattered by your opinion of my ability and humility, but fear I should not find time to do the work you suggest.

**W. Redfern.**—The strongest heavy-weight miler would never think of running a mile a day regularly. If you are wise you will diminish your work considerably. Do not run more than four days a week. You should vary your work. On one day run a half-mile at fair speed and two fast sprints of 200yds. Another day run a fast 350yds., and one easy lap. I would run the full mile only twice in a month's training. Your diet is excellent; do not bother about it. It is impossible to advise you as to what races you should enter

for. It entirely depends on your object and on your ability. You cannot excel at all distances, unless you outclass your opponents completely.

**A. H. Sandell.**—You are probably in fine condition, as you take regular exercise. Your best plan would, I think, be to run in the evenings not more than four times a week. You need not do much work if you are going to make your training extend over several months. Read the advice given above to W. Redfern. Aim at increasing your pace. You will find that by gradually lengthening your distance, you will be able to run the half-mile at nearly the same pace you now can the quarter.

**A Lover of Cricket.**—(1) The result is a tie; the two completed runs count, but not the incomplete run. (2) Bowl round the wicket, i.e., on the left-hand side.

**J. C. Pindar.**—Plenty of boxing and some ball punching; a couple of runs a week; ordinary plain food; be careful not to overtrain. Consult back numbers of THE CAPTAIN for detailed advice as to training.

**G. L. Herman.**—C. Macleod is a right-hand bat and bowler. His brother, R. Macleod, is a left-hand bat, but bowls right hand. It was a slip; they are not always avoidable, are they, even in Latin exercises? Lockwood had a bad strain at the time, and could not bowl. He is a fine bat. (1) Sixteen numbers. (2) 23ft. 6ins. (3) No; if you have great natural ability.

**P. S. E. M.**—The umpire was right. If the batsman had let his bat go entire, and it fell into the wicket, he would have been out—"hit wicket." The splinter counts as the bat. The batsman displaced a bail in making his stroke.

**A Footballer.**—Be very careful. I should take a doctor's advice. Consult advice given to "A. E. Jenks."

**Athlete.**—(1) No; rub down with a towel. (2) It is a matter of individual experience. I consider you do too much physical work. (3) Yes, if not overdone. (4) Only up to a certain point. (5) Cannot say. (6) Good, if you find it suits you, and you do not feel faint. (7) That time would do, if none other available; between 3 p.m. and 5 p.m. is, of course, better. Your "queries" (sic) are sensible enough, but I fancy you are inclined to overdo things.

**G. M. B. W.**—You need not train; if you try to you will probably do yourself more harm than good. The best way to improve your pace is to practice running short dashes of 30yds. at top speed. Twice every other day is often enough.

**Queen's Park.**—I do not know much about bar-bells; the exercises with them strike me as uninteresting. Light dumb-bells and light Indian clubs systematically yet moderately used are excellent. You cannot hope to be quite as good at your best distance if you take up several other events differing in kind and in requirements, but you will do no great harm. I do not believe in specialising if one has all-round tendencies. Be careful not to overtrain. Read my article in a back number on "How to Train for Sports." The book you mention is useful; I used to read it and profit by the suggestions. No, he is not a professional.

**Athlete (W. C. A.).**—Your stitch probably comes from running when not in condition. When, with training, your muscles get hard and your wind improves, you will not feel the pain. If you do, give up long distances and take to sprints.

**H. Mack.**—(1) It is a matter for the umpire. He would probably give you out for obstructing the field. But it would be a nice point, as presumably you might be waiting to stop the ball bouncing into the wicket. (2) Your idea is a good one, but I do not think the fence will be used. (3) Yes, often; top score sometimes. (4) Absolutely impossible; the suggested alteration is as idiotic as many others.

**R. J. O'Brien.**—You probably strained your sides in some way. I expect your heart is all right. If the trouble occurs again consult a doctor.

**W. V. Stevenson.**—Your method is good. Walking is excellent for hardening and bracing the muscles. You must do some running across country to improve your wind. Avoid a common pole. Get one from a good athletic outfitter, or from any of the well-known northern pole-jumpers. Consult the Badminton book on "Athletics."

C. B. F.

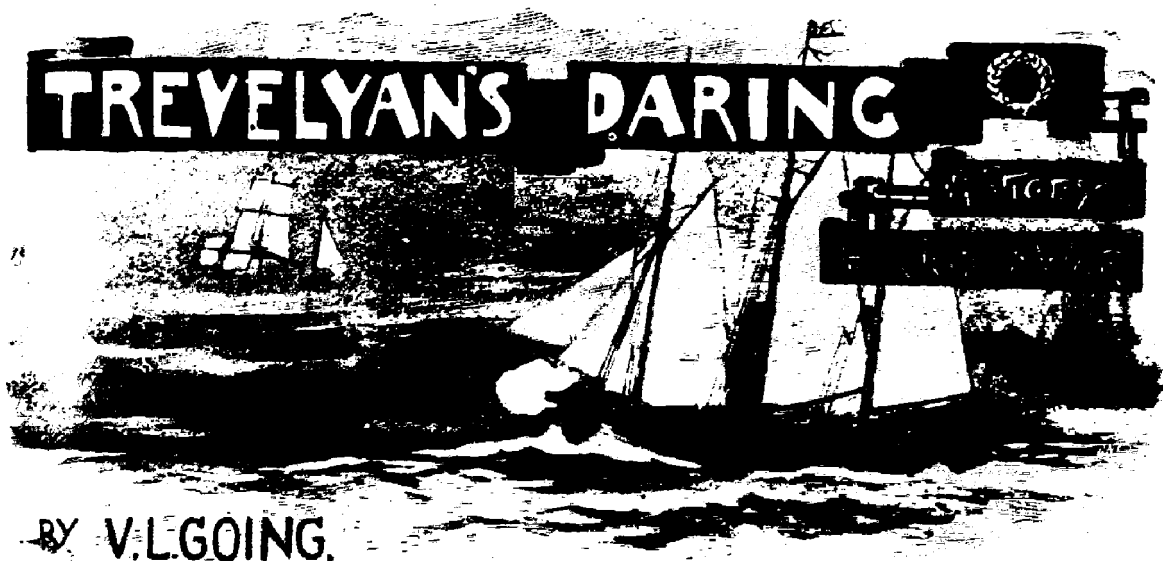
## "Tom Browne's Comic Annual."

84 PAGES OF

**Pictures by Tom Browne and Stories by Popular Authors.**

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# TREVELYAN'S DARING



BY V.L. GOING.

Illustrated by George Hawley.

**T**HERE WERE two principal reasons why Paul Trevelyan, the hero of this episode, was not popular with his comrades, the junior officers of H.M.S. *Hotspur*.

To begin with, he was a queer, reserved kind of fellow, who spent most of his spare time in study, and who never joined in any of the "larks" which frequently brought down the thunders of authority upon our devoted heads, and, in the second place, it had come to be known amongst us that he had foreign blood—hostile blood—in his veins, his father, who had held an important diplomatic post at St. Petersburg, having married a Russian lady of high rank. In the Russian capital Paul had been born; indeed, he had only come to England after his father's death, which occurred when he was ten years of age, and in accordance with Mr. Trevelyan's last wish—that his only son should have the education of an English gentleman.

Paul was eighteen now, and senior midshipman of the *Hotspur*—a fine, strapping lad, with thoughtful blue eyes and a grave, even rather melancholy face.

Naturally enough, perhaps, he was looked upon with unqualified mistrust by the young patriots on board, whose purely British origin was above suspicion, and I'm afraid he must have had anything but a pleasant time of it amongst us, for we certainly lost no opportunity of teasing him concerning foreign peculiarities in his speech and

manner, while his chief tormentor, a sub-lieutenant named Hawkhurst, openly stated that he considered Trevelyan had made a mistake in the service he had chosen, and that he should now be serving under the Russian standard, instead of beneath the grand old Union Jack.

At the time of which I am writing, the summer of the year 1854, the *Hotspur*, a new screw-steamer of no very great size, was, in company with the rest of the British Fleet, under Sir Charles Napier, flying the white ensign in the Baltic. The French had not yet arrived upon the scene of action, and though our fleet did but little, save for the daring deeds of individual crews and captains, to enhance the glory of the British navy, yet I will say that in several small affairs the little *Hotspur* had borne herself so well as to earn quite a reputation for smartness and dash, as well as the commendation of those in authority. Accordingly, when the admiral heard that a sailing vessel was expected to arrive at Libau from Riga in about a week's time, with a consignment of rifles and ammunition for the garrison of the former place, we were despatched immediately to patrol that particular strip of coast, and to capture the *Nikolai Alexandrovitch*—for that was the vessel's name—whenever she appeared.

But these instructions were not as easily carried out as given. Our prey did indeed turn up just as we expected, but managed to elude us in a dense fog, which came on just as we thought we had her safely in our clutches, and ran for shelter into a small bay, which took its name from the

town on its shores, a town which, for the purposes of my story, I will call Kinsk.

The bay was protected by two headlands, which curved inward like a pair of encircling arms, and on the extremity of each of these was built a strong fort.

What was to be done? Go back and report ourselves to the admiral, with, figuratively speaking, our fingers in our mouths? It was not to be thought of for a moment. Our captain was too thorough an English sailor, and too genuinely proud of his ship and crew, to consider such a course of action even possible. But there was the *Nikolai Alexandrovitch*, lying snugly in a bay of whose navigation and inner defences we were quite ignorant, while Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Hotspur* dodged helplessly up and down the coast outside. Had we been certain that those two forts were all we had to reckon with, our captain would have risked their fire, but as I have said before, we had no means of knowing what were the resources of the enemy within, and unless we could discover this, it would be madness to brave the fire of the forts, only to rush into a trap from which there might be no escaping.

Well, matters were in this unsatisfactory state, when one day the rumour flew through the ship that Trevelyan had volunteered to make his way alone, and in disguise, into the town of Kinsk, and bring back the information we required. At first our captain hesitated about giving permission; he warned Trevelyan that if discovered and captured he would certainly be shot as a spy, and, in fact, raised a good many objections to the scheme. But the middy was firm; he explained clearly what he intended to do, declared that he was perfectly ready to accept all the risks to his own



TREVELYAN WAS FIRM; HE EXPLAINED CLEARLY WHAT HE INTENDED TO DO, DECLARED HE WAS PERFECTLY READY TO ACCEPT ALL THE RISKS TO HIS OWN LIFE . . .

life, reminded Captain Montague that his perfect knowledge of Russian would stand him in good stead, and used so many excellent arguments that finally, with much reluctance, our worthy commander gave his consent.

So, early one gloomy morning, when the air was dark with a dense fog which hung over land and sea, Paul Trevelyan, so perfectly disguised that his dearest friend would not have known him, slipped quietly into a boat, and was rowed ashore on his adventurous errand.

He was landed about a mile down the coast, at a spot quite out of sight of the protecting forts,

and he at once struck off inland towards the little town of Kinsk, which he reached in safety and without adventure.

Arrived in the town, he mingled with the peasantry who had come in from the surrounding country, with some of the soldiers of the garrison, and he very soon found that he stood in no danger, in no imminent danger at least, of discovery.

He happened very fortunately to have had a few Russian coins of small value in his possession, and these he had brought with him, so that at the expense of a few glasses of *vodki*, the national liquor of Russia, he was soon quite "hail fellow well met," as the saying goes, with a number of the peasants, a few artillery men from the forts, and some of the nautical loungers about the wharf.

But the information he acquired was most unsatisfactory. From the gunners he learnt that there was a garrison of three hundred men in the town, while two hundred more were distributed amongst the forts, in one of which twelve guns were mounted and in the other eight. The fishermen also informed him that the authorities, seeing that the British ship was determined to remain on guard, had resolved to have the cargo of the *Nikolai Alexandrovitch* removed the following day, and taken overland to Libau. Moreover, when, about noon, the fog lifted slightly, two glances showed Trevelyan the existence of a third fort, erected on a slight eminence commanding the town and bay, and also the presence in the harbour of a large Russian man-o'-war.

Paul glanced at the *Nikolai*, and then at her grim guardian, lying out in deeper water, and fumed inwardly. So, then, his trouble and danger would all go for nothing! For he knew right well that Captain Montague would never be guilty of the folly of taking his ship into such a trap. British sailors have done things which have startled the world before now, but even they cannot achieve impossibilities, and it would be an impossibility for the little *Hotspur* to carry off her prize under the fire of the three forts, and threatened by the Russian frigate, through that narrow isthmus between the headlands, out to the open sea.

No, it was quite impossible; and yet—

"They are going to remove the cargo to-morrow, therefore we must act before then," thought Paul to himself. "It is the cargo, of course, which we wish to prevent them from getting to Libau. If only I could do something—but I am utterly powerless, and I know the captain would never be so mad as to risk the *Hotspur* in here. Risk! Why, it would be deliberately throwing the ship away!"

He shook off his companions at last by pretending to be overcome with *vodki*, and, lying down under the lee of a boat, he was soon apparently sound asleep, though in reality he was closely watching everybody who came or went on the wharf, and his mind never ceased its busy working. So the hours passed on, and the fog closed in again—darkly, thickly—over sea and land.

Several times Trevelyan had half risen from his place of concealment, intending to make his way through the town, and thence across country to that particular part of the coast where he had been landed in the morning; but on each occasion, moved by some mysterious impulse which he could not define, Paul sank down again into the shelter of the boat.

At length, just as afternoon was giving place to evening, a seemingly trivial incident occurred to break the dull monotony of Trevelyan's watch. A tall man in nautical attire came down to the wharf, and, halting almost directly above the spot where the midshipman lay, hailed the *Nikolai Alexandrovitch*, in an authoritative tone which proclaimed him the skipper of the vessel.

Promptly an answering hail came back out of the fog.

"No, I'm not coming on board," shouted the Russian captain in reply—he spoke his native tongue, of course, but that presented no difficulty to Paul, who lay motionless, hardly daring to breathe lest he should miss a word—"the Commandant has sent for me to go to his quarters, and arrange about moving that cargo to-morrow, so I shall not be back till late. Whom have you with you there, Feodor?"

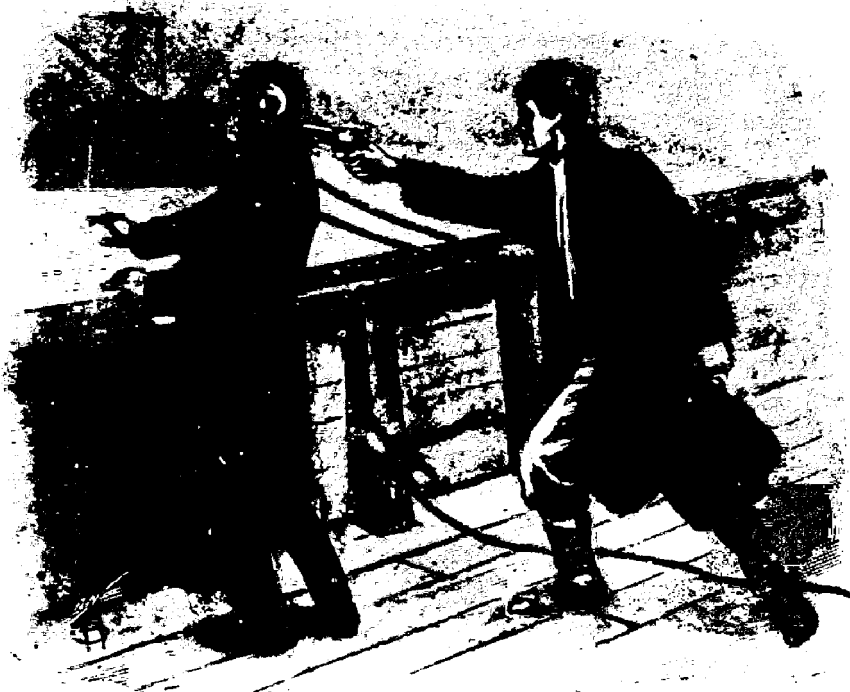
"Only Ivanoff," came the voice of the mate, in a half-laughing tone, "and he is sound asleep on deck as usual."

"Well, never mind. The other men will be back in an hour or so, and that accursed English ship dare not come in here, praise be to the Saints! Send a boat ashore for me about ten o'clock, Feodor. I shall be here by then," and so saying the burly seaman tramped away.

But the brief conversation had put a strange, wild idea into Paul Trevelyan's mind. He might never have such a chance again, and in a short time the other seamen might return, and his desperate opportunity would be gone. The wharf was utterly deserted, the fog so dense that all he could see of the Russian man-o'-war, anchored farther out, was a shapeless blur upon the curtain of mist, and he carried a loaded navy revolver in the breast of his loose peasant's shirt. If only he could get aboard the *Nikolai*, and overpower the two men who were her only guardians, it would be so easy, in the midst of that perilous cargo, to destroy its usefulness for ever.

The scheme was frightfully hazardous, of course. At any moment a shout from the *Nikolai* would alarm the war-vessel, and besides, Paul knew that in escaping, if he escaped at all, he must run the gauntlet of the forts. It was impossible to escape by land if he were chased, as he assuredly would be. To cross the open country lying between Kinsk and the shore had been a work of time that morning; he could never attempt it in the denser fog which reigned at present, without being captured almost immediately. Yes, the deed would be dangerous in the extreme, but for all that:—

"I will prove myself as good an Englishman as the best of them," he muttered resolutely beneath his breath.



"UTTER A SOUND, OR MOVE EXCEPT AS I TELL YOU, AND YOU ARE A DEAD MAN!"

In the boat near which he had been lying were a pair of oars and some pieces of half-rotten sail-cloth. With this last he quickly muffled the oars, and then, hauling down the boat, which was small and light, to the water's edge, he pushed off, and rowed noiselessly towards the spot where the hull of the *Nikolai* loomed out of the mist. Fortunately the mate was standing with his back towards the town, and, as Paul came alongside, he could distinctly see the Russian's dark figure as the latter stood leaning idly over the bulwarks with eyes fixed on vacancy, apparently lost in thought.

There was a small boat towing alongside, and, coolly transferring himself and his muffled oars to

this, Trevelyan let the little craft which had carried him from the shore drift aimlessly away. Then, hastily slipping off his rough peasant's shoes, he climbed up the rope, and so reached the deck of the *Nikolai*.

Once there, a single moment sufficed him to take out and cock his revolver, and another to step swiftly and noiselessly across the rather untidy deck; then suddenly, before the astonished and terrified sailor could even turn round, Paul clapped the weapon to his head and whispered fiercely in Russian:—

"Utter a sound, or move except as I tell you, and you are a dead man!"

Trevelyan could feel the mate start convulsively, could hear his swift gasp of utter dread, but he uttered no cry, and stood motionless, as if cut in stone.

"Turn!" said the midshipman, sharply; and the other obeyed.

"Now sit down on the deck, and hand me that coil of light rope."

The Russian complied.

Paul put his hand into the breast of his shirt, and, drawing out a handkerchief, gagged the terrified man; then, laying his pistol on the deck beside him, he proceeded to make the luckless Feodor completely helpless by binding him hand and foot. This done, Trevelyan withdrew the gag for a moment, and demanded authoritatively:—

"Where is your comrade? Answer me. You need not be afraid if you do exactly as I tell you."

"He is over yonder by the hatchway, asleep," was the sullen response.

"And where does your captain keep the key of the powder magazine?"

A quiver of deadly terror swept across the Russian's face. He hesitated, and was silent.

"You needn't be frightened," said Trevelyan, grimly; "nobody's going to blow *you* up. Come, speak—the truth mind! For if I find you've been playing with me I shall most certainly shoot you! Out with it—I'm waiting!"

"He keeps it hanging above the bunk in his cabin, the largest one on the right. Who are you

in the name of the Saints, and what are you doing here?"

"I am an officer in the navy of the Queen of England," Trevelyan answered, proudly, as he slipped the gag into Feodor's mouth once more, "and what I am doing here is—well, so far, no one's business but my own. Be content—you'll know soon enough, my friend."

He picked up the rest of the coil of rope as he spoke, and stole silently across the deck to where the second Russian lay, still sleeping soundly.

It was the work of five minutes to shake the man into wakefulness, and then to cow him into silence with the fear of instant death, while he was served as his companion had been, *i.e.*, gagged and bound securely. Then, having reduced his two enemies to abject helplessness, Paul vanished through the hatchway in search of the Russian skipper's cabin. He found it at length, and also the key of the magazine, hanging just as the mate had said, on a nail above the captain's bunk. The key Paul promptly took possession of, and then proceeded with his errand of destruction. First, however, he hastily searched the ship, in order to make sure that the perilous cargo was really on board. There was no doubt of that, as he very soon discovered, for in the hold were piled cases upon cases of Minié rifles, while the magazine was stored with boxes of cartridges and barrels of powder.

It took Trevelyan some little time to open one of these latter, and to remove the inner covering of zinc which protected the shining black grains from damp, but it was done at last, in spite of strained nerves and fingers shaking with excitement, and then the young midshipman set to work to construct a rude kind of fuse composed of wetted linen and a few grains of powder. The linen he procured by tearing up a shirt which he found in the skipper's cabin, and his task being then so far accomplished, Paul hurried on deck. He was anxious to complete his work, and be off as soon as possible, for at any moment now the Russian sailors might return, and with their coming his chance of success would vanish for ever.

Hastily unfastening the rope which bound the mate's ankles, and loosening that on his wrists, Paul, holding the revolver ready, ordered the Russian to get into the boat which was made fast alongside.

"I don't wish to have your death upon my conscience," Trevelyan

remarked, grimly, as his victim slowly obeyed. "You see, my good Feodor, this vessel, with her entire cargo, will be flying skywards in a very few minutes, and so, unless you wish to go aloft also, you had better be quick"—a threat which had the effect of hastening the Russian sailor's movements very considerably.

Once in the boat, Feodor's bonds were again tightened, and then the same process was gone through with his comrade, for Trevelyan, with that regard for the sanctity of human life which came to him with his English blood, felt that he could not leave those miserable wretches to the fate which awaited them on board the doomed ship.

Having thus embarked his prisoners, Paul rowed them with all speed to the shore, and tumbled them out with scant ceremony upon the deserted wharf, pushing off immediately on his return journey to the ship. His heart was beating wildly as he clambered upon the deck of the *Nikolai* once more, for the crisis of his attempt was nearing now, and the time of his own most imminent peril was fast approaching.

A lighted lantern swung in the cuddy, and, hastily snatching it down, Trevelyan hurried on to the magazine, where the ship and her valuable cargo lay at the mercy of a single spark. Hiss!



IT SEEMED TO PAUL TREVELYAN THAT THE VERY SKY ABOVE HIM WAS RENT BY A DEAFENING NOISE LIKE A CLAP OF THUNDER.



the rough fuse spat and crackled as he plunged it into the slender flame, and then, flinging the lantern wildly aside, Paul sprang like lightning up the ladder, knowing that his life depended on his speed.

Heswung himself down into the boat, cast off the rope, and with swift, noiseless strokes, rowed out into the little harbour, heading past the spot where the Russian war-vessel lay, wrapt in her shroud of mist. He could hear the voices of the sailors on her decks as he shot onward through the fog; men were talking on the wharf also, and there came the sound of a distant shout; then it seemed to Paul Trevelyan that the very sky above him was rent by a deafening noise like a clap of thunder, the murky obscurity was illuminated by a vivid blaze, there came a sharp rattle of falling debris, some of which descended quite close to our midshipman's boat, and then all was still.

But not for long. Resting for a moment on his oars, Trevelyan could presently hear a babel of shouts and cries from the town, and a few short, sharp words of command uttered on the man-o'-war, and followed by a splash which his sailor's instinct told him was caused by a rapidly-lowered boat striking the water.

"They'll find those fellows on the wharf," Paul muttered to himself as he bent to his oars again, 'and then there'll be a chase. Well, I have the start of them, at all events.'

Suddenly a gun boomed out from the battery above the town, and was replied to a few moments later by another from one of the forts on the protecting headlands. Paul's heart gave a sickening throb of anxiety. The forts were aroused now, and in a few minutes the enemy would be hot upon his track; already he could hear the distant sound of loud-voiced questions and answers, as the Russian man-o'-war's men spoke, and were answered from the shore. Then there came the swift plashing of oars, and he knew that the foe had given chase at last.

On—on—his muscular arms sent the light boat flying through the mist, until at length his craft shot into the patch of blackness which lay close

beneath the right-hand fort. His pursuers were coming up rapidly, pulling with the swift steadiness of trained muscles, and even as Trevelyan paused for an instant to regain his breath, the sentry on the rampart above him hailed the Russian boat.

"The Commandant wishes to know what has happened," he shouted, "and where are you going in such haste? Can you tell us if it were on board a ship that explosion occurred which we heard just now?"

"It was the *Nikolai Alexandrovitch*," shouted back the officer in charge of the boat; "she has been blown to pieces and her cargo destroyed by a dog of an English spy whom we are chasing now! By all the Saints, there he goes!"—as Paul, putting his full strength into the stroke, sent his skiff flying towards the open sea, where the Russians could see her dimly. "Fire, I say! Fire! or he will escape us yet. Give way!" he added, to his crew. "Give way there for your lives!"

Swiftly the garrison of the fort obeyed the hasty order, and bullets fell around the little boat like hail, but Trevelyan kept on his way with a smile on his lips and a glow at his heart.

Nearer and nearer his pursuers swept, but now there was a gleaming point of light right ahead. It was a lantern held up as a beacon by the coxswain in one of the *Hotspur's* boats, and with all his failing strength the midshipman shouted:—

"*Hotspur*, ahoy!"

'Ay, ay!' came the lusty answer, and then, in



"PULL YOUR BEST, OR THEY'LL HAVE ME YET! THEY'RE CLOSE BEHIND!"

Hawkhurst's voice, which sounded strangely husky and indistinct:—

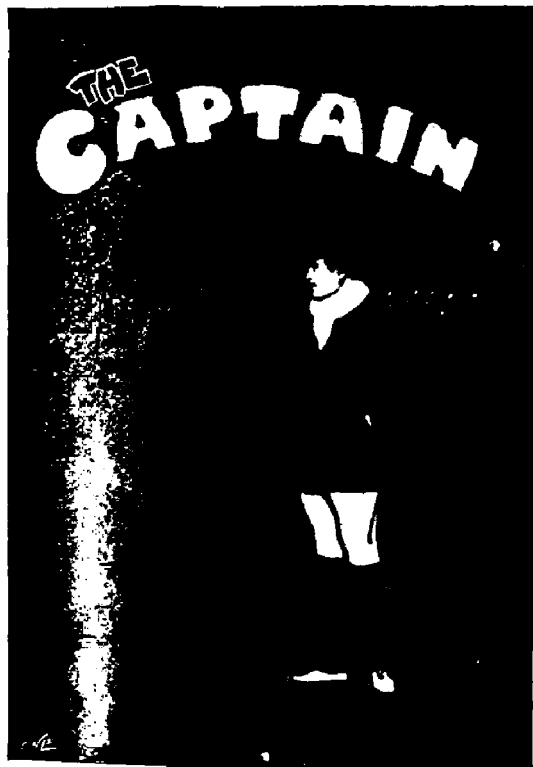
"Is that you, Trevelyan?"

"Yes, yes! Pull your best, or they'll have me yet! They're close behind!" And with a cheer

the British boat's crew bent to their oars. In a very few moments they were alongside, and Trevelyan was hauled aboard, while the Russian boat, her occupants foiled and furious, was sullenly headed for the forts once more. They knew better than to venture too near the British ship, whose commander's mood, just at present, was worthy of the original bearer of his vessel's name.

But how can I describe the reception which awaited Paul when he reached the *Hotspur* and had told his story, very simply and modestly?

The cheering, the hand-shakes, the pats on the back, and, what he valued more than all, Hawkhurst's half-choked apology and the captain's few quiet words. We knew him now for what he was—what he had been all along—a true British sailor; and when promotion came, and at the end of the war the little cross, which stamps its wearer as "bravest of the brave," you may judge if we thought the guerdon too high for the deeds of our favourite hero, Lieutenant Paul Trevelyan.



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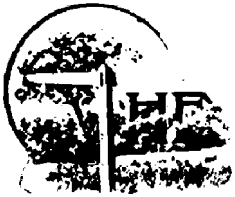
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# PUBLIC SCHOOL CADET CORPS

*By A.J. Ireland*



MAJORITY of people are inclined to look upon the cadet corps movement with nothing more than toleration. A corps is regarded as an almost essential adjunct to a public school, because, from the point of

view of the uninitiated, it provides another outdoor occupation for the boys. I shall hope to convince the sceptic, and enlighten those who are unacquainted with the real object of the corps during the following article; and at the same time I shall endeavour to supply the information required by those who are contemplating the formation of a corps in their schools.

First as to the object of cadet corps. They are formed to teach the boys the two important lessons of obedience to orders and the duties of man to man; without these two principles

an army or a nation of civilians can do nothing. Therefore the training is from the very commencement an important item in the education of the boys, who will in a short time be the men upon whom the country will have to depend. Besides the moral side of the training, there is the scarcely less important physical development which the drill effects. Everyone, I think, will acknowledge that a system which combines health-giving recreation and a sound education in two of the essential rules of life should be encouraged in every way possible—the more so as the boys learn their lessons without realising that they are being

taught, and therefore learn them very thoroughly, in a manner which appeals to them. This is the primary object of a corps; but there is another which should find a welcome in the heart of every loyal subject of Her Majesty. That is the upholding of the great empire over which our Queen holds sway. War is a serious thing to think of,



PLYMOUTH AND MANNAMHEAD COLLEGE GUN SQUAD.



ETON COLLEGE BATTALION IN COLUMN FORMATION.

but we never know when hands and hearts might be needed to muster round the British flag; and it is a grand thing to feel that boys are being sent from school ready to take their place in the ranks, to defend their land and sovereign.

These reasons should be a sufficient plea to induce those who have the opportunity of forming a corps to lose no time in adding to the strength of the existing school-boy army of England. And with the hope that such may be the intention of many who read this, I shall now give the details of the necessary mode of procedure to accomplish the end in view.

The first thing to be done is to write to the adjutant of the volunteer battalion which has its headquarters nearest the school, stating the number of cadets that can be guaranteed, and asking for particulars. Probably there may be a little opposition, for cadet corps are still so much in the minority that their advent is not altogether welcomed by the authorities; but this will easily be overcome if there seems a likelihood of producing a smart addition to the battalion. It is not necessary to propose a very large number, and the general opinion of the officers in command of the existing corps is that it is better to have a small efficient corps than a large one with stragglers. So emphatically do they speak of the advisability of judicious selection, that I must lay special stress upon the matter for the guidance of those about to raise a corps. When the preliminary inquiries have been made the adjutant will communicate the result, and, if the corps is to be formed, full instructions will be sent from headquarters.

If fifty cadets can be guaranteed for the new corps—and this is not at all too small a number to begin

with—there is no reason why the undertaking should not be carried through successfully. And when the adjutant's approval has been received work must begin in earnest; proper company books will be issued to the officer in command, and the ages, heights, and measurements of the boys will be taken, and probably about half-a-dozen of the most suitable will be appointed non-commissioned officers, with either the rank of sergeant or corporal. One of the masters of the school is given the command of the corps, with honorary rank, in whose hands the management is left. A sergeant-instructor, detailed

to drill the cadets once or twice a week, will report the progress they make at headquarters. If at the end of about three months satisfaction has been given, the corps is duly enrolled, and uniforms and accoutrements are issued to the cadets. The corps is then on a military footing, attached to a volunteer battalion, and eligible to compete for the Bisley prizes, and to go into camp with the cadets at Aldershot.

There is practically no age limit for entrance as long as a boy can carry his rifle, but no boy under sixteen is required to take the oath of allegiance—that is to say, the younger boys are not liable to be called upon to take the field in time of war. Every boy, however, who is of an age to take the oath, earns the Government Capitation Grant of 35s. for his corps, which, of course, is a very valuable help in reducing the expenses of the corps—which should, if possible, be made self-supporting.

The initial outlay for uniform amounts to about £3; and a rule, when the corps has been fully



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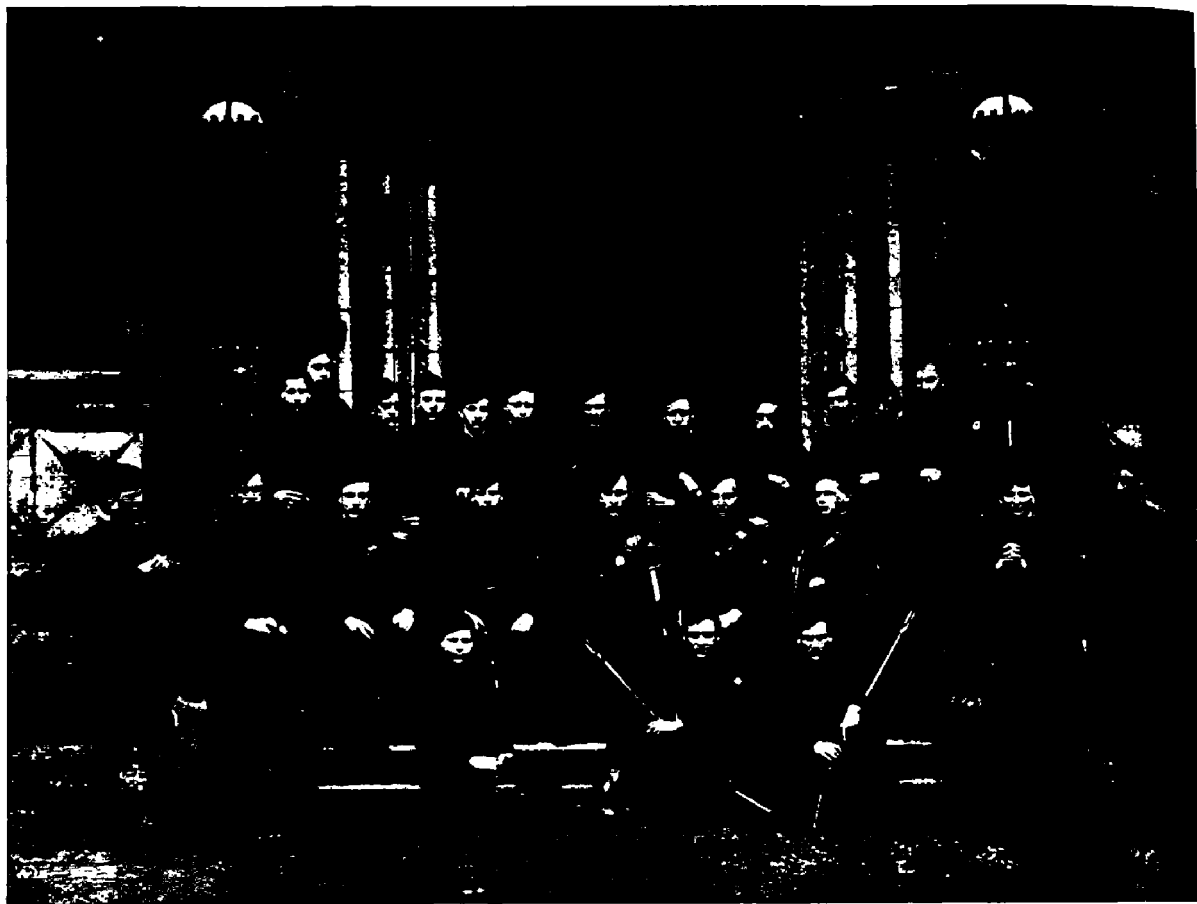
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SOUTH EASTERN COLLEGE, RAMSGATE. THE CORPS AT SHORNCLIFFE: INSPECTION.



DULWICH COLLEGE N.C. OFFICERS.

started, is generally made which enables cadets to dispose of their uniforms when they leave the school, so that recruits can often obtain their outfit at a considerably smaller sum than the above. In order to cover the expenses of field-days and other functions it will be found necessary to have a terminal subscription—which, in the existing corps, is generally about ten shillings. Roughly speaking, therefore, the cost for each cadet amounts to about £2 per annum—and in my opinion the boy receives excellent value for the outlay.

Now that the new corps has been formed, the responsibility rests with the officer in command. The success or failure of the venture depends upon him; and, as the opinion of those who have managed cadets for some time may be of service in helping him to make the best use of his material, I shall quote the substance of the advice offered by those gentlemen who have replied to my inquiries.

Drill is the high road to success; and the drills must be arranged so as to allow the boys to take part in the school games, otherwise only the fellows who are no good at cricket or football will join the corps. And as these are not the most

desirable soldiers, the drill must be made to dovetail with the other school institutions, so that the pick of the school may be represented in the cadet corps. And I am exceedingly glad to record the fact that the athletes of the schools are ready to join the corps too; in letter after letter I read that the members of the teams are almost to a man enrolled in the corps, and that the captain of the school, or the captain of the fifteen or eleven holds a commission, or is a sergeant. This is a thoroughly healthy and encouraging sign, which bears out the opinion that a cadet corps is a most useful addition to any school.

Drills should be frequent, and should not last too long—but in all cases attendance should be compulsory. Of course, the officer in command should be present, but he should make the boys do as much as possible themselves. Thus the system of section drill will be found the most practicable, as the sergeants can be taught to conduct this by themselves; and by this means they will learn the more onerous duties of company and, finally, battalion drill.

Next in importance is the shooting. This, especially about London, is not always easy to secure; but practice is absolutely essential, and

range firing should take place at least once a month, and in the intervals Morris tube practice should be obtained as frequently as possible.

Then arises the question of a band. This is rather an ambitious undertaking, but it should be added if possible, as the effect of the music is wonderful, and it gives a corps a position for which nothing else is a substitute. In the large public schools it is not a difficult matter to get together a band, but in the smaller schools I think I should recommend the authorities to give their entire attention to the effective force; for unless a band is really good it is better not to have one at all.

It is difficult in the limited space at my disposal to give an account of the management of a corps which will fulfil all the requirements of the cadet forces—for it must be understood that there are corps attached to volunteer battalions of the Artillery, the Engineers, and the Infantry of the Line. I



HON. CAPTAIN W. DAYFIELD, COMMANDER ONGAR GRAMMAR SCHOOL. ONE OF THE OFFICERS OF LONGEST SERVICE IN THE CADET CORPS OF THE COUNTRY.

have only dealt, in bare outline, with the latter branch of the service, so as to avoid confusion; but I hope that I have said enough to guide the newly-appointed officer on his road. As it is upon him that the credit or blame must fall, he will do well to make himself proficient in company management, and to study his manual of drill until he feels capable of detecting the slightest error in the execution of his orders—and he will find the advice given by men who have had practical experience of the greatest value. The key-note of corps management seems to be to throw as much work as possible on the shoulders of the boys, and thus fit them to take command at a moment's notice.

The cadets should remember that co-operation is the only thing which makes a regiment

creditable. Individual smartness is all very well, but unless it is the object of each cadet to raise the standard of the corps to the absolute effacement of *self*, a disaster is imminent—in fact, it



BLAIRLODGE SHOOTING EIGHT.

## STATISTICS OF CORPS.

SCHOOL.	RAISED.	STRENGTH.			COMMANDING OFFICER.	RANK.	REGIMENT.
		OFFICERS.	N.C.O.'S.	R. & F.			
Berkhamsted ...	1891	3	8	120	J. Parsons ...	Capt.	Beds.
Blairlodge ...	1891	2	7	74	H. Lower ...	Lieut.	Highland Light Infantry
Bradfield ...	1886	3	37	112	F. M. Ingram ...	Capt.	Royal Berks.
Charterhouse ...	1874	4	16	134	A. H. Tod ...	Capt.	Royal West Surrey
Clifton ...	1877	5	21	165	D. Rintoul ...	Capt.	Gloucester Eng. Volunteers
Dulwich ...	1878	3	12	200	W. R. M. Leake ...	Capt.	East Surrey
Eastbourne ...	1896	3	15	102	J. E. S. Tuckett ...	Capt.	Royal Sussex
Exeter ...	1897	2	8	70	A. R. Johnson ...	Capt.	Devonshire
Felsted ...	1890	3	10	90	S. E. Longland ...	Capt.	Essex
Glenalmond ...	1876	1	15	70	F. J. Allen ...	Lieut.	Black Watch
Haileybury ...	1887	7	23	132	P. H. Latham ...	Capt.	Beds.
Harrow ...	1859	10	13	230	E. H. Kempson ...	Capt.	Middlesex
Higgate ...	1892	3	8	51	J. G. Lamb ...	Major	Middlesex
Hurstpierpoint ...	1887	2	9	53	C. Marsh ...	—	Royal Sussex
Kelvinside ...	1893	1	11	67	J. W. Gennell ...	Capt.	Cameronians
Marlborough ...	1860	6	29	116	A. S. Eve ...	Capt.	Wilts.
Ougar ...	1861	3	12	75	W. T. Bayfield ...	Capt.	Essex
Plymouth & Mannamend ...	1871	1	2	45	F. Woodcock ...	Lieut.	Devon Artillery Volunteers
Portsmouth ...	1897	1	8	36	S. Hudson ...	Capt.	Hampshire
Rossall ...	1860	3	10	82	R. E. Pain ...	Capt.	Lancs. Eng. Volunteers
Rugby ...	—	7	37	207	S. Barnard ...	Capt.	R. Warwicks.
St. Paul's ...	1890	3	5	90	C. H. Bicknell ...	Capt.	King's Royal Rifles
Sherborne ...	1888	3	7	84	W. B. Wildman ...	Capt.	Dorsets.
S.E. College ...	1898	3	4	46	T. F. H. Berrick ...	Capt.	East Kent
Tonbridge ...	1893	3	16	100	F. Collins ...	Capt.	Middlesex Eng. Volunteers
Warwick ...	1894	1	4	40	J. W. Forbes ...	Lieut.	R. Warwicks.
Wellington ...	1882	3	20	100	E. A. Upcott ...	Capt.	Royal Berks.
Wesley ...	1890	1	4	40	S. A. Richards ...	Capt.	West Yorks. Eng. Volunteers

## SUPPLEMENTAL LIST OF CORPS.

SCHOOL.	RAISED.	STRENGTH.			COMMANDING OFFICER.	RANK.	REGIMENT.
		OFFICERS.	N.C.O.'S.	R. & F.			
Bedford Grammar ...	1886	7	3	230	F. Glüniche ...	Capt.	Tower Hamlets Engineers
Chatham House ...	1892	1	6	45	A. G. Price ...	Capt.	East Kent
Cheltenham ...	1862	5	11	144	W. Bell-Haworth ...	Capt.	Gloucester Eng. Volunteers
Christ College, Brecon ...	1892	3	12	38	vacant ...	—	South Wales Borderers
Derby ...	—	3	4	49	G. R. Groome ...	Capt.	Derbyshire
Epsom ...	1888	3	10	55	J. A. Newsom ...	Capt.	East Surrey
Eton (Batt.) ...	1868	15	54	337	C. Lowry ...	Major	Oxford Light Infantry
Kelly College ...	1894	1	9	42	A. O. V. Penny ...	Capt.	Devonshire
Seaford ...	1891	2	6	45	F. W. Savage ...	Major	Sussex Engineers
Uppingham ...	1889	6	10	143	S. Haslam ...	Capt.	Leicester
Weymouth ...	1891	2	13	50	C. Fulkner ...	Capt.	Hampshire Eng. Volunteers
Winchester ...	1868	5	10	215	A. G. Bather ...	Capt.	Hampshire

N.B.—Where uncertainty on any point exists the space has been left open.

is unavoidable. Therefore the duty of every cadet is to show implicit obedience to his superiors, and to carry out orders to the best of his ability. Then, and only then, will a general appearance of smartness be obtained. Besides these home duties, the cadet is under an obligation to the Queen whose uniform he wears; and I am sure that he will do nothing calculated to bring discredit upon her troops, or to disgrace her service. When the boys realise that they have these responsibilities to uphold there will be little to fear as regards the future of the corps; and I feel perfect confidence in saying that no boy will regret having joined.

For boys who are destined to serve their country in years to come, the training they receive in a cadet corps is invaluable, but even for those whose lives are to be spent in other spheres there are most wholesome lessons to be learnt. So that if the cadets' military experiences do not extend past their school-days, this valuable opportunity should not be thrown away.

Cadet corps, which are in every particular like the volunteers, share the play as well as the work of a soldier's life, and it will be found that there is a fairly equal mixture of both. For instance, when the corps are under canvas, as they frequently are



during part of August, strict military discipline is maintained: the bugle rules the day, and the boys have their turn on sentry duty just as regular soldiers would have under similar conditions.

It is the opinion of officers whose experience of the stern realities of a soldier's life entitles them to speak with authority that cadet corps are providing a training for the future officers of the Queen which nothing else could possibly supply, and that the beneficial effect, although there are at present so few corps in comparison with the number of schools, has already been felt in the services. Therefore there seems to be every reason why the movement should receive the loyal support of the military authorities—a support which, I regret to say, is not yet very apparent. But a change is sure to take place in this direction if the schools co-operate in advocating an increase in the numbers of the corps. Education has made vast strides of late years, and I shall hope that before very long a most important addition—i.e., a

cadet corps—may be made to the great factories of the Englishmen of to-morrow, upon whom the welfare of the country in the future must needs depend.

The accompanying lists contain the statistics of the corps which at present exist; in connection with the compilation of these I must thank those officers in command who have so readily supplied the necessary information.

The auxiliary forces of Britain number upwards of four hundred thousand officers and men—that is to say, in the Honourable Artillery Company, the Militia, the Yeomanry, and the Volunteers, there are getting on for half a million men ready for active service if the country calls upon them. This large army might be greatly increased by

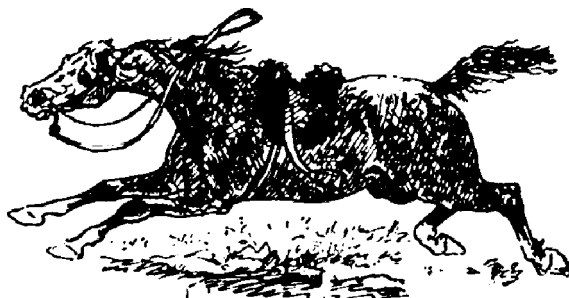
a spread of the cadet movement; and the results of such an increase could not be other than beneficial, both now and in the future.

One might write a great deal more about the volunteers and cadets from this more or less sentimental point of view, but as this is intended to be a practical attempt to show how a corps should be formed, I must curb my inclination to dwell upon their merits in order to supply the information required. However, I must say that my opinion of the cadet scheme is that it is in every way desirable, and I think that, as a nation, we have as much reason to be proud of our boy soldiers as of the great Volunteer Army which is the surest

guarantee of the stability of the British Empire in the hour of need. This opinion is arrived at after some considerable knowledge of a corps, and is confirmed since I have been in direct communication with the commanding officers of nearly every corps in this country, while the statistics for this article were being collected.



SERGEANT-DRUMMER MALLAM,  
FASTBOURNE COLLEGE CADET CORPS.



# HOW SMITH SHOT A BEAR



BY FRED WHISHAW.

Illustrated by H. E. Butler.

**T**HERE were three wicked young fellows in St. Petersburg, Englishmen, though inhabitants of that distant city. I shall not give them away by mentioning their real names—that would be unkind—because I am going to tell a story about them, which, if traced to their doors, would bring them into odium with their fellow creatures. I shall call them Brown, Jones, and Robinson, and their victim Smith, and if this magazine should happen to meet their eye, the story shall be to their private condemnation, and their consciences—if fellows like them possess such things, which I doubt—their consciences, I say, shall be unto them for a punishment; guilty consciences can do a good deal, I tell you, in the way of making it extremely uncomfortable for a fellow, by wriggling and writhing and generally playing old gooseberry inside him.

Well, these three persons, Brown, Jones, and Robinson, as we have agreed to call them, were inhabitants of St. Petersburg, and perhaps their life there was pretty dull. I don't know anything about that; I only suggest that they may

have found life pretty dull because I wish to provide some excuse for them; something that will explain their heartless and inhuman conduct towards Smith, who came to the place a stranger, mind you, and in a foreign land, and was straightway delivered over by a cruel destiny into their hands.

Smith had received some appointment—a clerkship, let us say—in one of the numerous English mercantile offices in the city; or maybe he was a junior attaché at the Embassy, perhaps a clerk at the Consulate—I know, but do not intend to reveal it—not now, at any rate.

Smith, if asked, would have spoken very highly of his new trio of friends. He would have said, no doubt, that they had been awfully kind to a new arrival, and had shown him about the place, and made life pleasant for him, though he had absolutely no claim upon their good offices. And, of course, Smith would have been perfectly right, after a fashion. They did show him about. They taught him Russian tobogganing on the ice hills; they taught him to skate; they taught him to shoot a hill upon snow-shoes. But Smith did not know what you and I know, that the watching of novices in these arts is to the older hands

in St. Petersburg a matter to live for; and that the teaching of the beginner must be viewed from two points of view, the first—an insignificant one—as a service, in a way, to that beginner; the second—the really important aspect—as a cheap and unspeakably delightful and selfish entertainment for the so-called teachers.

How should Smith have guessed that when these deceivers had arranged with him, for instance, to try his 'prentice hand at the ice hills, their next move was to go round to all their friends in order to apprise them of the fact, and to invite them to be present at the impending sacrifice of a beginner at the toboggan hill? How should Smith know that, having seated himself upon the little iron sledge at the top, after listening to the instructions and advice of quite a crowd of apparently benevolent and sympathetic onlookers, this company of dissembling Englishmen, as soon as ever he should have launched himself into space, would throw off all disguise and crowd to the edge of the hill and hug themselves with delight as they watched him spin and whiz and perform the giddy whirl of anguish which constitutes the beginner's first attempt to master the difficulties of Russian ice-hilling?

Again, how should Smith have guessed that the party, arranged to spend a day upon the snow-slopes of Krasny, had assembled not so much to disport themselves upon snow-shoes as to be entertained with the spectacle of his sufferings, as, with snow-shoes hopelessly crossed, he plunged helpless and miserable into six feet of soft snow, only to be extricated, presently, with his eyes and ears and nostrils and pockets and neck and socks and boots and everything else choked with the powdery stuff that thawed long before it could be ejected, and made life miserable and damp, and certainly, for the time being, not worth living, in spite of the deceitful congratulations of the dry and skilful dissemblers who crowded about him and assured him that he was getting on splendidly, and would "pick it up" in no time?

Pick it up, indeed! Poor Smith felt that he would be lost in the deep snow long before he ever learned the art of skimming along the surface as they did. He would be buried alive one of these times if he didn't look out—he felt sure of it—only to be found and dug up a week or so later, cold and stiff and a candidate for funeral honours. However, it was very kind of them all, he thought, to be so anxious to teach him, and he never dreamed for a moment, simple soul! that he was providing a cheap show, and that the gratitude should have been all on the part of

the audience rather than on that of the performer and victim.

But Smith was the simplest person in the world, and suspected nothing, and now that I have explained the attitude of Brown, Jones, and Robinson towards Smith, and that of Smith towards his self-constituted guides, philosophers, and friends, I may proceed to tell of the great bear hunt in which Smith took a prominent part, and which is, indeed, the true subject and motive of my tale.

Now I do not wish to suggest that the whole matter from beginning to end was a "put-up" job. To be just to the trio of conspirators it began through an accident. It was not the sort of thing a fellow, however wicked, would think of, as it were, by himself; as a piece of invention it required, like many other inventions, some accidental circumstance to set the idea of it a-working.

Now the accident in this case was a very simple matter. The four friends (I am including Smith, the victim, as one of the four, because he thought he was a friend, you see, and did not know he was a victim—Smith did not know much) had visited some shop together (a gunsmith's shop, as it happened—Brown wanted a few cartridges), at the door of which stood a huge stuffed bear, holding in its paws a tray, upon which was placed a small lighted lamp for the convenience of customers who desired to light their cigarettes.

"By Jove! What an enormous beast!" exclaimed Smith. "Is a fellow like that dangerous, now?"

"Not a bit," said Brown, readily. "Not if you poke him out of his hibernating den and shoot him while he's half asleep, as people do in this country."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Smith again. "He looks as if he'd chaw you up in a moment, don't he, Jones? Ha, ha! I shouldn't care to meet *him* in a dark lane at night, eh?"

Someone agreed that he did look fairly wicked, and the conversation dropped.

Presently Robinson spoke.

"Are you anything of a sportsman, by the way, Smith?" he asked.

Smith explained that he had shot a few rabbits, and so on, at home. His father was Vicar of Upper Coneyford, and the farmers about were glad enough to have their rabbits kept down.

"No big game?" pursued Robinson; and Smith was obliged to confess with a deprecatory air that the largest beast he had ever slain was a hare.

He would have liked to be able to say that he had shot lions and tigers *ad nauseam*, and

had only stayed his hand because he didn't know what to do with so many skins. Smith was ambitious. He was also quite young, and his desire to be able to boast of achievements in every manly direction was as great as it was natural. I shouldn't have cared much for Smith if he had possessed no proper ambition of this kind. Robinson continued bracingly: "Still, you've plenty of nerve, I suppose? You wouldn't object to a go in at a bear, for instance, or a couple of wolves?"

"There's nothing I should love so much as to bowl over a big bear like that one in the shop!" said Smith radiantly. "You've shot them, haven't you?"

"Why, certainly!" said Robinson, making a mental reservation. As a matter of fact, he had once fired at a small bear, and even wounded it, but the beast was killed by another, and could not be accounted unto him for glory.

"No chance of my getting an opportunity, is there?" continued Smith, and to his great surprise Robinson replied that there was nothing easier.

Apparently Brown was surprised also, for at this point in the conversation he uttered an exclamation of astonishment and incredulity; but when Robinson suddenly dug him violently in the ribs with his elbow he changed the sound into a cough.

"Of course it's an expensive sport," Robinson pursued, "and of course there's always more or less danger; but then there's the skin

to go against the expense, and the *kudos* to cover any damage to your *own* skin, or the risking of it."

"Yes," said Smith thoughtfully. "My hat!" he added a moment later; "it would be simply splendid, Robinson. Why can't we four get up a bear hunt? The expense wouldn't be so very great if we divided it."

"True, it wouldn't," Robinson agreed. "I'll see about it if you like, Smith, and if you're sure you're not afraid."

"Afraid!" repeated Smith scornfully; "I'm not such an ass as all that, Robinson—dash it! Come now, when shall we have this jaunt? Next Saturday? How do you find out where there's a bear, and all that?"

"Oh, there are plenty of them about," said Robinson, well knowing that there was probably no bear within forty or fifty miles, at least, of the capital. Robinson was great at making mental reservations—a habit which is not to be recommended, in spite of its obvious utility—and his mental reservation on this occasion was, that he didn't say

there were plenty of wild bears about, but simply "bears." He had in his eye five fine specimens at the Zoological Gardens. "There are plenty about, and——"

"Robinson, what in the name of——" began Jones at this point, but receiving a whack on the calf from Robinson's walking stick before he had proceeded any farther, he, too, suddenly realised that Robinson had a game on, and



THE GRIM ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE WHICH THE MAN AND BEAR WENT THROUGH DAILY IN THE STREETS OF THE TOWN.

Jones was attacked, like Brown, with a paroxysm of coughing. It was March, and the wind was pretty keen—the worst possible weather for coughs.

"And I'll see if I can arrange something for next Saturday," continued Robinson, glancing stonily at Brown, and from Brown to Jones. Those who knew Robinson very well indeed might have observed the faintest glimmering of a wink in the far corner of his left eye. Brown and Jones did. Smith did not; he was not looking for it. Smith did not know much. He did not know that he was a victim, and that Robinson stood over him, as it were, with the knife, ready for sacrifice.

"Thanks, awfully, old chap," said Smith, brimming with delight. "You fellows are for it, aren't you?"

"Certainly," said Brown, and Jones, busy blowing his nose with the handkerchief well over his mouth, replied somewhat indistinctly that "if it wasn't too expensive, and the bear wasn't *too* big and savage, he was good for a share in the enterprise."

When Smith had been dropped presently at his own quarters, Robinson and his fellow-conspirators headed for the club, and Smith was barely in safety behind his own door when Jones inquired, in words which were not too complimentary, what on earth Robinson was playing at about this business of the bear. Brown, too, desired to be informed on the matter.

"You know you can't get a bear, you old pumpkin!" he said rudely. "What's the use of pretending you can arrange for a bear hunt when there isn't such a beast within fifty miles, that anyone knows of?"

Then Robinson condescended to explain that he was going to provide a bear all right; he was going to *hire* one.

"*Hire* one!" repeated both his companions.

And Robinson inclined his head and repeated the phrase with perfect calm and courtesy.

"As a matter of fact, I know of one that I think I can get," he continued. "It isn't very savage, though it's a good size. It happens to have a ring through its nose, but it's none the worse for that. I'll hire it from old Vaiska, whom I have treated to many a drink, and there's our bear hunt ready made. Smith shall be shown his bear—he will be thoroughly happy, and no harm done."

"What if he happens to shoot it?" said Brown sceptically. "I don't know that it's much of an idea, Robinson; you'd have to pay Vaiska—if that's the owner's name—untold sums if Smith shot the poor beast. I don't

know the gentleman—Vaiska, I mean—but if he's a Russian he will certainly fleece you."

Jones endorsed this opinion. "For all we know, Smith may be a fair shot," he said; "and then there's always the chapter of accidents."

"No danger of accidents," explained Robinson. "We'll take care that his cartridges are harmless. Come, don't put difficulties in the way; Smith and I want a bear hunt—why shouldn't we have it? It won't be very expensive, and it won't hurt the bear; and it certainly won't hurt Smith, or anybody else."

The bear hunt was, therefore, agreed to in principle, and to Robinson—the initiating genius of the chase—were left all the preliminary arrangements.

And first of all it was necessary to discover the address of the proprietor of the quarry, the individual called Vaiska, whom Robinson knew well by sight, having often amused himself by watching the somewhat grim rough-and-tumble which the man and bear went through daily in the streets of the town—duels in which the man was the conquered quite as often as the conqueror, though the big brown beast, his companion and servant, never seemed to desire to take advantage of his fallen adversary, but, after overthrowing his master, invariably waited for him to recover his feet, like the magnanimous brute he was, before renewing the conflict, or carrying round his master's hat for contributions, as the case might be.

Robinson returned from his interview with old Vaiska in great good humour. His fellow conspirators awaited him, smoking his cigarettes and reading his magazines, anxiously expectant.

"Well, it's all in order," said Robinson, entering. "Jove! I thought I was going to be left at first; he was so frightened we should hurt old Mishka, his bear; he'd rather we shot his own mother, he declares!"

"Oh, of course; all that's put on to raise prices!" said sceptical Brown.

"Maybe," Robinson assented; "but I've hired the beast from Friday night until Saturday evening for ten roubles. I call that a cheap bear. Hang it all! you wouldn't get the real article under fifty; and when you'd paid for it it might chaw you up! Vaiska guarantees that Mishka wouldn't hurt a baby."

"He'll get shot at, remember!" said Jones. "He may not like that—even with blank cartridges."

"It may frighten him, but he never gets angry. Vaiska ought to know; he lives with the beast. They're both going to sleep in the keeper's room at the lodge at Lavrik (jolly for the keepers, isn't it?) on the night of Friday, and very early on Saturday they go into the

forest to the appointed place. We shall sleep at the lodge, too, and our bear will be all ready for Mr. Smith and Co. about noon, or whenever we feel disposed to sally out to the fray."

"The keepers will never carry it through; they'll give the show away by laughing or talking, or something," suggested Jones, and Brown added:—

"Besides, what if the bear growls or kicks up a shindy in the house? they're only wooden walls. Smith would want to know what it meant."

"Russian peasants are notoriously noisy in their sleep," said scornful Robinson; "we can swear at the keepers for snoring. That'll be all right. Vaiska is going to take off the brute's nose-ring for the occasion; he says he can quite easily."

Robinson's arrangements seemed so complete, and his confidence was so perfect, that the others soon caught the infection of his enthusiasm, and became as enthusiastic and as keen as he.

"It seems all right," laughed Brown; "only we must see the keepers don't give Vaiska too many drinks that night, or there may be a fiasco. Smith would be calling you out, or something, if he discovered you were humbugging him!" Robinson poo-pooed the idea.

"Smith won't have anything to complain of, unless the unforeseen occurs; he wants a bear hunt; very well, he's going to have it, and cheap too, and what's more, he's going to get a shot in: what if it's blank cartridge? 'Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise!' We are going to pay our share, and are entitled to a little entertainment since Smith is to have all the shooting."

Next night, at dinner in Jones's rooms, the four met again, when Smith was informed that all arrangements had been made. The party would leave town on Friday night, drive down to Lavrik, sleep at the club lodge there, and shoot their bear on Saturday.

"Yes, if we can find one," said Smith knowingly.

"Oh, Matvey, the head keeper, is sure to rise to the occasion," said Robinson reassuringly; "he's a marvel, is Matvey, and never fails one."

"Yes, but bears are not quite so common as blackberries!" Smith continued. "We mustn't be too sanguine."

"Of course, we may be disappointed," said Robinson; "but I don't think so. I shall see Matvey to-morrow—send for him on purpose—and tell him we are coming, and shall want a bear."

Robinson, much as he would have liked to confide his intentions to others besides the two young men, his confederates, nevertheless denied himself the pleasure, lest the "show," as he expressed it, "should be given away beforehand." Probably he was right. Some just man, a hater of iniquity, would have informed Smith that he was a simpleton, and that bears were not so common in this part of the world that any sportsman could have one at a moment's notice.

The fact is that Smith came out to Russia with certain fixed notions as to that country, which, though freely held in England, are nevertheless quite erroneous. One was that bears and wolves run about the streets of the cities like dogs and cats; another that the staple food of the Russian who can afford it is candles and train-oil; another that the Muscovite is a black man, and so on. Most Englishmen share these notions—none of which are strictly accurate—with Mr. Smith. Thus it never occurred to him to doubt the good faith of his friends. He thought he was going upon a *bonâ fide* bear hunt, and he sallied forth from the city that Friday evening equipped to do or die. He had a large knife, a revolver, and his smooth-bore gun. He was without ball cartridge for this latter weapon, but Robinson had kindly promised to supply him with a few. Smith was equipped, further, with a full measure of British determination to go through with this bear hunt like a man. It might be a bit dangerous, and he might possibly feel a little nervous when the crucial moment arrived; but, dash it, nobody should see it if he were! Smith knew he was not much of a shot; it was one of the few things he did know. Still, a bear was a goodish bit bigger than a rabbit, and even a fellow who missed rabbits pretty freely might hit a bear all right.

It was a merry party that drove down to Lavrik that evening. Bets were laid as to whether they would see a bear or not. Brown and Jones—greatly to their credit, and in the most sporting fashion—bet against it, well knowing that a bear would certainly be seen, though not shot. Robinson backed his opinion that Matvey would provide a bear, and Smith supported Robinson.

Matvey, the keeper, though primed by Robinson beforehand, and doing his best to keep the secret, was so tickled with the whole enterprise that he could scarcely speak for the great desire he had to laugh out.

Fortunately, Russian was a language entirely unknown as yet to Smith, who had scarcely been in the country a month; so that when Robinson explained this to the keeper, Matvey was enabled to let off steam by talking a little

He began by informing his master (which he did with a wide grin that reached from ear to ear) that "to-morrow's bear was asleep in the kitchen!" After this Matvey felt better. Later on in the evening there was a risky episode.

Unmistakable gruntings (unmistakable, that is, by those who knew) suddenly made themselves audible from the back premises.

"Great Scott, what's that?" exclaimed Smith. "You don't keep a pig in the house, do you?"

"Matvey's got a cold," Robinson explained, very lamely; "perhaps it's he blowing his nose and choking. I'll go and see."

Robinson left the room, and a few minutes

tingency: "What if the brute did really bolt?"

"There's plenty of snow," said Brown; "he can easily be followed. I hope he won't, though—it would be pretty expensive if he escaped."

The party did not rise too early. Had Smith been up and about at eight o'clock he might have seen old Vaiska and his companion leave the yard together, and proceed into the forest escorted by Matvey and another keeper. It was a merry party, to judge by their appear-



"THIS IS THE PLACE," HE WHISPERED.

later the noises ceased. As a matter of fact, Robinson had told old Vaiska to keep the brute quiet, or go and sleep in the stable with it.

"Of course, none of them admit having snored," he laughed, as he returned from his mission; "people never will. However, there were four men asleep there, so no wonder there was a bit of a row. I've kicked them all awake now; hadn't we better go to roost while it's quiet? We must be up in good time to-morrow in case the bear should bolt."

"Why should it do that? We can surely shoot it between us," said Smith.

"One can't always get in a shot," Robinson explained; then he added, in a whisper to Brown, that he had never thought of this con-

ance, and the genial beast, Vaiska's friend, danced as he went, delighted, as it seemed, with his change of air and surroundings. He had had an excellent breakfast, too, and, all things considered, was an extremely happy and contented animal. Perhaps, had he cherished any presentiment of the terror in store for him this day, he might have been less frolicsome.

At eleven the four sportsmen sallied out, guided by Matvey, and followed the quarry into the forest, care being taken to avoid the route chosen by the bear, lest his track in the snow should cause Smith to feel a curiosity as to its nature.

Earlier in the morning, at breakfast, lots had been drawn for "first shot," and this privilege

had fallen to Smith. It was easily arranged. Each ticket had the word "bear" written upon it; but whereas each of the conspirators tore up their papers as soon as unfolded, in obvious disgust to have drawn blanks, Smith read out his own and was forthwith congratulated upon his luck. All this pleased simple Smith very much, for he was anxious—as he expressed it—to have a look in, and, if possible, to distinguish himself. Imagine the glory of writing home and describing his bear hunt—the rush of the bear—the shot that brought him up—just in time! His frantic attempts to launch himself upon his intrepid foe—the second shot, a *coup de grâce*—congratulations—skinning the brute, and so on—oh, lovely!

"Here are a couple of ball cartridges," said Robinson, handing him the pair of carefully prepared innocuous cylinders. "And here's a couple of spare ones for your pocket. Don't lose your head if the bear rushes at you; take him in the forehead or behind the shoulder—"

"Very good," said Smith. "Be ready to shoot, in case I should miss; I hope I won't, though!" he added. "By Jove, Robinson, I'd give a tenner to kill the brute, willingly!"

"You'd have to, my friend, if you did, and more too!" thought Robinson; but he didn't say it.

The keeper Matvey now led the party nearly a mile into the wood; they went on snow-shoes, travelling very cautiously, in order to avoid making a noise and starting the bear too soon. Presently Matvey stopped and turned, finger to lips.

"This is the place," he whispered; "his

*berloga* (winter den) is in the midst of that mass of fallen timber. Spiridon is watching it; when I whistle he will poke up the sleeping bear with a pole and drive him out."

"Good!" whispered Robinson. "Are you all ready, Smith?—not nervous? Let me look at your hand? Ha! trembling a little, I see: buck up, man, and shoot straight, or we may lose him! Wait a minute; change your cartridges for luck—I always do—you've got another pair there."

Smith was, as a matter of fact, very nervous; he had to a certain extent lost his head. He fumbled in his pocket for the spare cartridges, and reloaded his gun.

"I think I'm all right now," he said. "Be ready to wipe my eye if I miss"

Now in his agitation Smith had forgotten that in his right-hand pocket were a couple of cartridges containing small shot—No. 5—which he had brought on the chance of seeing willow grouse or, maybe, tree partridges, after the bear hunt, when the party went merrily



"SHOOT, SMITH, MAN, QUICKLY!" SHOUTED AGONISED ROBINSON.

homewards *plus* the bear-skin which they had come to fetch. And, unfortunately, Smith, tremulous with excitement, now grasped these two cartridges instead of the harmless pair provided for him by Robinson, and stuffed them into his gun.

Then, all being ready, Matvey whistled.

Instantly there came from the depth of the thicket indicated by Matvey as the place where the bear lay, first a human voice, loudly upraised. The voice was a Russian voice, and the language was not of the choicest. It was followed immediately by the grunting and



moaning and querulous growling of a bear. Smith's cheek blanched; he set his teeth and held the gun ready for a shot.

But the bear did not appear.

Matvey rushed into the thicket. The shouting was renewed more loudly, even less politely, than before. The bear replied with yet louder lamentations, with moans and groanings which were even more querulous than before.

Matvey came out of the thicket and spoke to Robinson. He was grinning widely, and Robinson turned him quickly so that Smith should not see his face. But Smith was not looking; he was keenly on the watch for the bear's rush, agitated and expectant.

"The idiotic thing," said Matvey, "is dancing round its master, and won't come out; the more he swears at it the more it dances. It doesn't understand what Vaiska wants of it."

Brown retired behind a snow-laden bush to laugh. So did Jones.

"What does he say? Why doesn't the bear come? Won't the fellow inside there get hurt?" said Smith.

Just then there was a perceptible sound of whacking from the thicket; the bear set up a babel of hideous sounds, culminating in an ear-splitting howl of surprise and disgust, and in a moment the cover parted, and out rushed the brute, shaking its great head from side to side, groaning, moaning, grunting—an indignant, an amazed Bruin as ever was.

Suddenly he caught sight of the party assembled to greet him, and, answering the instinct of the moment, which was to conciliate his master by amusing the company, the poor brute rose upon his hind legs and began the ungainly movements which constituted his usual dance.

"What's he doing—what's he doing?" cried Smith. "Shall I shoot?"

"Yes, shoot—shoot quickly!" shrieked Robinson; "he's choosing which of us to attack; they always do that." Robinson hoped he might be forgiven; so does his historian.

Smith shot—and missed! The bear dropped astounded upon all fours. Smith shot again.

Instantly the unfortunate creature uttered a roar of pain or fright; it bit once or twice savagely at its hind leg, roared again, and finally, roused to fury by the smarting wound of Smith's No. 5 pellets, flung itself savagely upon the nearest of its tormentors, which happened—by a strictly proper and becoming touch of poetic justice—to be Robinson.

Away darted Robinson, skating for dear life on his snow-shoes, going well, too, at the rate of some fifteen miles an hour, dodging in and out of the pine trees, with the bear, going just

a little better, say, fifteen and a-quarter miles per hour, at his heels. Robinson heard the angry brute grunting and groaning close behind him.

"Shoot, someone, for heaven's sake!" he yelled.

But destiny was in an ironical mood. Robinson, in the agitation of the moment, forgot that he had issued no ammunition to Brown and Jones, lest, in the excitement of seeing the bear emerge, they should be tempted to get their guns off at him. He forgot also that Smith's cartridges were filled with sand in lieu of bullets, and were therefore not calculated to stop a charging bear. Whoever would have expected that this old dancing crock of a Bruin would charge?

"Shoot, Smith, man, quickly!" shouted agonised Robinson.

Smith's agitated fingers had reloaded his gun meanwhile, and he now fired both of his dummy cartridges, at short distance, point blank straight for the bear.

To his horror he saw that his shots produced no effect. Then Smith proved that he deserved a better fate than to be taken out into the forest to shoot a dancing bear with dummy cartridges. He dragged his big knife from its sheath and rushed to Robinson's assistance. Jones and Brown had seized pine branches meanwhile, and both were hurriedly fashioning clubs as quickly as horror and surprise permitted their trembling fingers to work, and both were up and after the bear almost as quickly as Smith.

Luckily for all three, however, and for Robinson, and no doubt for old Mishka also, to a certain extent—for he would have received a bang or two with the clubs, and perhaps an odd jab or so from Smith's knife before he could have destroyed the entire party—at this critical instant old Vaiska rushed from his hiding-place in the thicket, swearing, vituperating, alarmed as much for his bear as for his patrons, and, cutting off a corner, joined the hunt at an extremely opportune moment; for just as he appeared the bear had trodden upon the hinder part of Robinson's snow-shoe, pitching that sportsman upon his face in the snow, while the brute itself sprawled headlong over him, reaching, fortunately, only as far as Robinson's stout leather hip-boots, which he clawed into strips in a moment. At the same instant Smith and its yelling proprietor reached the furious beast. Smith struck at it, bravely but unscientifically, scarcely scratching the skin. Vaiska knew his bear. He stood over it, banging its face and paws with a whip, to the thong of which was attached a ring of iron, swearing at the brute

meanwhile in a manner which it understood well, having heard the language daily for years.

Instantly it struggled to its feet.

For a moment it made as though it would cast to the winds the ties of companionship, partnership, and so on, and utterly destroy its friend and master. It stood glaring, growling, menacing; then, suddenly, better counsels prevailed, or maybe the worthy creature remembered that here was the hand that fed it, or—more likely—being accustomed to fear and respect this swearing piece of humanity, to use the plainest English, it faked.

With a roar the bear turned and bolted clumsily, but rapidly, into the forest, old Vaiska courageously following without an instant's delay. Robinson regained his feet very quickly; he limped a little, and his face was pale, as it well might be. He looked after the bear and muttered something savage; then he seized Smith's hand and wrung it. "Upon my life, Smith," he said, "you are a brick! I didn't know you had so much grit in you! Thanks, you fellows, too," he added; "do you mind taking a hand in hunting the beast down? They may need help in catch—in surrounding him." Away went Brown and Jones upon the track, following Matvey and Vaiska, who had now a start of a hundred paces.

"What in the name of all that's wonderful made the brute so savage?" exclaimed Robinson, limping to a spot whence he could view the hunt for a little way ere it was lost in the dense cover. "He has spoiled my boots—just look at them!—and scarified my leg a bit as well, confound him!"

"I suppose they always get a bit angry if they're wounded," suggested Smith. "I got him pretty hard, you know, with my second barrel."

Robinson gazed a moment in Smith's face. Then he walked back to the spot in which the bear had stood when it received Smith's fire. There was a sprinkling of blood in the snow.

"Well, I'm sugared!" said Robinson. "Had you any other cartridges in your pocket, Smith, besides those I gave you?"

"Yes," said Smith; "but——" He dived his hand into his right pocket; it was empty.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "I do believe I shot him with my number fives!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Old Mishka's fury did not last. He was a broken-spirited beast, and his anger was unable to sustain itself for very long at high pressure. He led his pursuers a fair dance for a certain distance, but being out of training for hard running, he was obliged presently to stop for breath. His paroxysm of rage had now passed away, and with it his courage; they found him lying moaning in the snow, and he danced them a propitiatory *pas-seul* as they caught him and popped the nose-ring in its place.

Robinson was thoughtful and quiet as he travelled back to town. He did not speak much to Jones and Brown, but he was exceedingly kind to Smith whenever he addressed a remark to that promising sportsman. It was not Robinson's wounds that made him silent; they were trifling, for his boots had saved him. Robinson's conscience worked within him. He was debating whether he should confess. Smith had behaved so well that it seemed a shame to deceive him.

But Smith appeared to be so happy with the result of the expedition that Robinson decided to leave him in ignorance of the hoax. It was one of those cases where, ignorance being bliss, 'twere certainly folly to be wise. Smith was proud as well as happy. Of course he was sorry that his wounded bear had not been run down and shot; that would have been the crowning triumph to a happy day. For Jones, on returning from the pursuit, had told him that he had "been obliged to return without getting in a shot"—to which Smith replied that if only he had used the right cartridge "the brute wouldn't have run like a blooming hare, as it did!"

When Smith wrote home to his people a realistic account of how he had shot a bear, his word-picture of the furious monster rearing himself up and turning round and round in order to choose his victim was most thrilling.

Smith read it aloud to Robinson, and that conscience-smitten youth realised to his consolation that it would have been a huge mistake to spoil Smith's happiness by a confession.

# WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL.

## VII.—Medicine.



**T**HIS month I am going to deal with a profession which I have always felt stands upon a totally different footing to any of those about which I have previously written. The qualities that are necessary to make a successful

civil servant, engineer, farmer, or lawyer are very different to those required to make a successful physician or surgeon. The civil servant and the lawyer are concerned with facts and theories, with laws and the administration of them, with the mere surface business of man with man. The engineer is busy with mechanical contrivances, with new inventions for defying the limitations of time and space. His mind is set upon machinery, not upon mankind. The agriculturist, indeed, comes nearer to nature. He is bent upon the fertilisation of land, the breeding of cattle, and the improvement of live stock.

But with the doctor it is different. He is concerned, not with laws, or machines, or land, but with living flesh and blood. The whole body and mind of man is his field of study, and, indirectly, his soul too. Medicine, then, is a profession which, like that of Holy Orders, stands apart from the other callings.

"The medical profession," said Lord Rosebery in a speech delivered at Epsom College in July last, "brings out the supreme elements of manhood. It combines tenderness and courage in a degree which no other profession could require—tenderness in that it is used to alleviate sickness and suffering, and to help the sufferer by sympathy—and indeed, if the physician be not the patient's most welcome sight, that physician is a failure—and stubborn, obdurate, perpetual courage." The physician is always fighting one life-long battle in which he knows that he must be beaten. He is always fighting a life-long contest with the Angel of Death, and he knows that, struggle as he may, the Angel of Death must win in the end.

Now I do not think for a moment that most young medical students are in any way conscious of the nobility and sacredness of their profession. Certainly, my experience of them is that in their first and second years they are a wild, thoughtless, untamable set of animals. Whether it is the re-action from their somewhat depressing studies, the gruesome sights of the dissecting room, and

the horrible operations they witness, I do not know, but the fact remains that medical students, as a body, do not present the characteristics one would expect to find in those who are about to become physicians and surgeons. And yet I have known the wildest and most unpromising medical students turn into the most sympathetic and earnest of doctors.

Every boy who fancies he would like to enter the medical profession should ask himself these questions :—

(1) Have I an exceptionally strong and healthy constitution, a courageous, and not a nervous, disposition ?

(2) Have I any special liking for scientific subjects and medical research ?

(3) Can I obtain the sum of £1,000 necessary for my qualification and start in life ?

I need hardly insist on the importance of these questions. A doctor's life—in its initial stages especially—is always fraught with anxiety. Constant hard work is absolutely necessary, and the young practitioner must be ready at all times of the day and night to place his services at the disposal of his patients. Moreover, the cases he will have to deal with require unflinching courage and nerve, patience, watchfulness, and unfailing sympathy.

Boys of a highly-strung and nervous disposition are unfit for the medical profession. Many of those who enter it, without recognition of all it involves, find themselves unable to face the horrors of the operating theatre, and are bound to abandon their studies after spending time and money upon them.

Then, as to the question of expense. I have mentioned £1,000 as a fair average estimate of cost for the whole course of study and the subsequent purchase of a practice. Of course, it is possible to become qualified for very much less. There are many valuable scholarships in connection with most of the medical schools, which can be won by brilliant and hard-working boys. And again, where a boy's father has great influence, or is in the medical profession himself, there may be no need of capital for buying a practice or partnership.

To boys who wish to make up their minds as to whether they will pursue a medical career or not, I would heartily recommend the "Masters of Medicine" series of books just started by Messrs. Fisher Unwin. A volume dealing with the life of

Claude Bernard has just appeared from the pen of Sir Michael Foster, M.A., M.D., etc., and the list of names included in the forthcoming volumes are Hunter, Harvey, Simpson (the inventor of chloroform), Brodie, Vesalius, and others whose scientific achievements have made them famous.

And now I must return to the strictly practical side of my subject, and inform those who wish to know precisely what they have to do to become doctors.

In the first place, no one can commence his medical studies at a medical school until he has become registered as a medical student. And no one can become registered as a medical student until he has passed one of the following examinations :—

(1) The London University Matriculation Examination.

(2) The Oxford or Cambridge Local Junior Examination.

(3) The Preliminary Professional Examination of the College of Preceptors.

Any one of these examinations will do so long as *Latin is included* among the subjects taken. Of course, the boy who intends to become a doctor, should, if possible, take one of these examinations before leaving school.

If none of these exams. has been taken, the student before registration must pass an examination consisting of the following subjects :—

(1) *The English language*, including grammar and composition.

(2) *Mathematics*, comprising (a) arithmetic, (b) algebra up to simple equations, (c) Euclid, Books I.—III. with easy riders.

(3) *Latin*, including grammar, translations from prescribed authors, and easy "unseen."

(4) *One of the following languages*: Greek, French, German, Italian, any other modern language; or logic.

With regard to the modern languages, for the really ambitious "medico," a knowledge of French and German is invaluable. Some of the most important medical discoveries of recent times have been made by Germans, and to keep up to date a knowledge of the German language is absolutely necessary.

Once entered as a medical student, the next important point is to decide whether you will be satisfied with a qualifying diploma, or whether you will proceed to take your degree. Of course, a degree is the more advantageous. It gives a higher social standing, and is the best evidence of a complete medical training.

There are the various medical or surgical degrees of the Universities, and diplomas of the examining boards, e.g., the M.R.C.S. (Member of the Royal College of Surgeons) and the L.R.C.P.

(Licentiate of Royal College of Physicians) London, and the L.R.C.S. and P., Edinburgh, and L.F.P.S., Glasgow.

Of course, to obtain a degree is far harder than to obtain a diploma. In the first place, the Preliminary Examination is harder. Matriculation must precede entrance to any University course for a degree. The time required for a degree is the same as that for the diploma; the expense at some of the Universities is about the same for each. For the M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P., London, the fees are about £158. For graduates at the London University, there are several exams. to be passed—the Preliminary Scientific, the Intermediate Medicine, the exam. for M.B. or B.S. (Bachelor of Medicine or Bachelor of Surgery), and the final exams. for M.D. and M.S. The fee for each examination is £5.

At Edinburgh the medical or surgical degrees necessitate fees amounting to £23 2s. and at Durham £26 5s.

At Victoria University (residential) the total fees for a medical degree amount to about £156 (or a little over £200 including books and instruments).

To obtain the B.M. at Oxford, a candidate must have qualified first of all for the B.A. degree. He must have had his name on the college books for twenty-six terms, and must pass two examinations. The fees for the degree amount to £16 10s., and if the higher distinction, D.M., be desired, the candidate must, three years afterwards, read an original dissertation at Oxford and pay a fee of £40 to the University.

The practical knowledge requisite for the training of medical students is obtained by "walking the hospitals." This necessitates the payment of a somewhat heavy entrance fee. Particulars of expenses can be obtained by writing to the secretary of the particular hospital decided upon. At the Charing Cross Hospital the entrance fee is £115 10s. in one sum, or £126 payable in five instalments. The course extends over a period of five years, and there are four examinations to be passed in that time. At Bartholomew's and Guy's Hospitals the entrance fee is £157 10s., but there are valuable scholarships to be obtained at both these institutions. At the London Hospital and Medical College, which, by the way, is the largest general hospital in Great Britain, the entrance fee is £126 to ordinary students, and fifteen guineas less to the sons of medical men.

At almost every hospital there are appointments open to students who have obtained their diplomas, and a brilliant man can always be certain of obtaining some post immediately on qualification.

There are remunerative positions as resident

surgeon or assistant surgeon as well as appointments for clinical clerkships, dresserships, and so on. And now as to the future of the qualified doctor.

#### IS THE MEDICAL PROFESSION OVERCROWDED?

Well, the answer is somewhat difficult. Almost every profession is overcrowded with mediocre men. But there is plenty of room on top, and medicine to-day offers many brilliant opportunities for those who have the brains and energy to avail themselves of them. But the man who would succeed must never be content to rest upon his laurels. Every day medical science is advancing by leaps and bounds. New discoveries are being made, old, time-worn theories upset, antiquated methods replaced. Surgery, in particular, has been brought to a wonderful pitch of perfection, and marvellous operations are being performed daily by skilled surgeons which would have been regarded as impossible a quarter of a century ago. And it would seem that we have by no means come to the end of the marvels that can be performed.

Medicine too, although not yet out of the regions of the experimental, has travelled far from the days when "bleeding" was almost the only remedy in the physician's hands. Modern medicine recognises in a way that was never dreamt of in the past, the connection between mind and matter. Nervous complaints and diseases are now made the subject of the physician's best skill. Experiments in hypnotism and mesmerism, too, have opened up a new and unexplored field for medical men. The old conservatism that once led the highest authorities to pooh-pooh everything they did not understand is dead, and to-day the most learned physicians in the land are the ones who are most willing to be taught. Innovations are no longer things to be dreaded and trampled upon, but to be welcomed with open arms.

The modern physician, then, who is to be a brilliant success must have a very hard life of it. He must keep abreast with the times, and be ready to unlearn much he may have learnt as accepted truth. His work is never at an end.

If he be a weak man he will fall behind and gradually drop out. If he be a lazy man he will be content to make shift with the knowledge he has obtained.

But for the average man, who is not very brilliant, but who is all the same a steady-going, conscientious worker, there are plenty of prizes in medicine. Large incomes are to be made, and high social distinctions gained. A man may attain to these without any special genius. A good personal appearance, a sympathetic manner, the ability to make the most of his knowledge—these things

have before now brought a man to high eminence. There is an element of luck, too, in all prize-winning. And in medicine, as in every other profession, influence counts for much. The greatest influence will not, however, push an incompetent man to the top of the tree, but it may succeed in sending a fairly competent man high above his cleverer fellows.

Besides private practice and hospital appointments, there are good openings for medical officers in the large steamships, army, navy, and Colonial appointments.

For those who wish to go abroad the India Medical Service offers great attractions. The remuneration is good, promotion is certain, and an excellent retiring pension may be assured. Particulars respecting this service may be obtained from the Military Secretary, India Office, Westminster, S.W.

A. E. MANNING FOSTER.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**R. C. H.**—You can obtain full particulars of the Preliminary Examination for Chartered Accountants, about which you inquire, by writing to the Chartered Accountants' Institute, London.

**F. W. B.**—You ask me about the Eastern Telegraph Co. When, after reaching a salary of £144 per annum, a clerk is given a foreign appointment, he may expect to stay abroad for at least five years. The work is lucrative, however, and he may rise to a salary of £250 or £300 per annum.

**E. D. C.**—I am glad to be able to tell you that the undergraduates of Dublin University are exempt from the Preliminary Examination to which you refer in your letter. When you entered the office of a chartered accountant you would, in all probability, receive a small salary, but you would, I think, find that a premium is required, although the amount would not be large.

**A. Y.**—Under the circumstances of which you tell me, I think you would be well advised to try for a post under Government. If you go to India you must, of course, take your chance of a healthy station, but, if your constitution be good, I do not think that a few years in a bad district would harm you. It is certainly worth the risk, for the pay is good, and a pension certain.

**S. J.**—In reply to your letter, I should certainly advise you to take the Industrial and Technical Chemistry course at the City Guilds College. As you have a leaning towards chemistry, there is, I think, no doubt, that at the end of the three years you will be able to obtain an appointment as assistant analyst. The salary, at a good firm, would start at about £80 or £100 per annum. You had better apply to Somerset House regarding the qualifications for second-class analysts.

**R. H. W.**—It is not, I believe, usual to pay a premium in the retail drapery, but, unless a would-be assistant has had some experience, he is expected to bind himself for a term of two or three years, and this at a nominal salary. Not infrequently, there is no salary at all for the first twelve months, but as the assistants usually live in the house, they, of course, are provided for in the matter of board and lodging. Cannot your present employer use his influence on your behalf?

**O. R.**—With reference to your query about chief librarianships, a very good course for you to pursue would be to work up to obtain the Library Association's certificate, particulars of which can be obtained from the Secretary, 23, Hanover Square, W. This certificate, although not yet compulsory, will be of undoubted use to you. At present, as you are doubtless aware, there is an agitation amongst librarians to legalise this and other suggested forms of examination, for the purpose of turning librarianship into a profession in the future, for when the open door is closed there will follow, it is believed, a corresponding increase in salaries.

(Some crowded-out replies will be found among the "OLD FAGS." Answers to Correspondents; several have been held over till next month.)



BY JOHN MACKIE.

Author of "*They that Sit in Darkness*," "*The Last Creek*," "*Touch and Go*," etc.

illustrated by Stewart Browne.

#### SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—V.)

WALTER DERRINGHAM, an orphan, runs away from home, leaving behind him his one friend in the world, Muriel Wray. On arriving in London, Walter chases and captures a pickpocket who has stolen a gold watch from a gentleman in evening dress. The gentleman proves to be a Canadian cattle-farmer, Mr. Dunbar, who offers Walter a crib on his ranche in the wild North-West prairie country. Walter accepts the offer and accompanies Mr. Dunbar to Canada. Nearing the ranche, whilst passing through a valley, the party is attacked by hostile Indians.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### A DUEL TO THE DEATH.

My poor nag had been shot under me, and as I was hurled over its head the halter-shank with which the pack-horse was led was jerked out of my hand. The shock when I came to earth was so violent that it was as if all the life had been knocked out of my body. For the moment it was difficult to realise what had happened. The first thing that brought me to my senses was the voice of the rancher shouting :—

"Derringham—Derringham! Get up for goodness' sake, and mount the pack! It's your only chance! It's no use staying here to be killed."

Pulling myself together, I struggled to my feet and staggered towards the pack-horse. The rancher, seeing my condition, sprang from his horse, and gripped the hooks that held the saddle on the pack-bags.

"Now, up you go," cried Dunbar.

In another moment I was astride the pack-bags. Leaping into his saddle, the rancher caught up the halter-shank attached to the pack, unwound his long whip-lash, and cracked it vigorously. Like a bolt shot from a cross-bow, my steed bounded forward.

"Hold on like grim death!" cried the rancher. "It's a bit rough on you, but better to feel a little sore afterwards than be scalped by those wretches."

*Ping, ping!* And a couple of shots rang out from unseen depths as we simply tore at break-neck speed up the ravine between the dense, dark walls of undergrowth and pines. *Whiz, whiz, zip!* And a couple of bullets passed unpleasantly close to our heads and buried themselves with an ominous hollow sound in the trunks of the opposite pines.

How I stuck on the back of that pack-horse is a mystery to me now. Indeed, it could hardly be said that I was on its back, for I was perched like a monkey on top of the bulgy leather bags and blankets, where every motion of the animal was intensified four-fold.

"If one could only get those cowardly brutes out into the open," cried Colin Dunbar, "there would be no occasion to run like this. But revolvers are of no use against Indians in ambush with rifles, and, besides, we want to live to get back at them. Well done, Derringham—hold on!"

*Whiz, zip!* And a bullet struck a rock right alongside my horse; it flattened against it and sputtered off, causing the frightened animal to leap suddenly to one side. I felt myself going, but clung to the pack with the frenzy of despair. If a strap snapped it would be all up with me, and the chances were my neck would be broken.

"Hold on!" cried the rancher. "We'll be out of this in two minutes more!"

By an effort I hardly thought myself capable of I recovered my seat, and away we dashed again

up that narrow ravine. How its sides echoed with the devil's tattoo our horses feet beat on the flinty water-course! The trees and rocks seemed to fly past at lightning speed; it was a wild, mad ride, but it was a ride for life, for we did not know how many Indians were concealed in that lonely spot. At any moment a bullet might send one of us to his last account.

In another quarter of a mile we rounded the shoulder of a rocky ridge, and found ourselves at the bottom of a rather steep incline leading to the summit. Seeing we were now out of the line of fire, and that it was rather hard up-on the already reeking and overtaxed pack-horse to climb it with me on its back, I jumped off with the intention of walking along-side.

"That's right," remarked the rancher, as he drew rein; "a merciful man is merciful to his beast. Hilloa! What's that over there in that little hollow across the coulee?"

I looked in the direction indicated, but could see nothing; Mr. Dunbar being

on horseback, and having sharper eyes, had spotted something very like horses' heads in a little dip on the other side of the valley.

"The Indians' horses!" he exclaimed, with a pleased look on his face. "They've hidden them there, but I reckon we'll turn the tables on 'em yet. If we can only get these horses away we can send a messenger into the fort from Waller's ranche and have the mounted police out by to-morrow morning. If we have Waller's men stationed on the plateau to-night they'll not dare

to leave the valley. Luckily it's full moon. Just freeze on to this pack-horse until I go and have a look at their horses."

He drew a large size Colt's revolver from its pouch as he spoke, and wheeled his horse so as to cut off through the undergrowth; for at this point the pines had ceased, and in their place there was only a straggling tangle of wild raspberries and gooseberries breast high.

"Then look out!" I cried. "And don't go straight on to them. I'm almost certain I saw the head of an Indian above the bank just now!"

As it turned out, the plumed head and long, black, snaky locks that for a moment appeared to bob up over the ridge was not the creature of my heated imagination, but a stern fact.

"All right, Derringham!" cried the rancher, airily. "If anything happens to me just you mount the pack again, give it its head, and follow up the trail; you'll come to Waller's ranche in less than half-an-hour. We've got to teach these chaps a lesson somehow."



HE DASHED INTO THE UNDERGROWTH REVOLVER IN HAND.

He put spurs to the splendid animal he rode, and dashed into the undergrowth revolver in hand. Colin Dunbar was a splendid specimen of humanity, and sat his horse as if he were part of it. I ascended the hill-side, so as to have a better view of what happened. Until now I had not been particularly frightened; the shooting and our headlong race had followed so quickly upon each other that there had been no time to think of consequences. But now that I had to remain passive while my friend, the rancher, rode on to what

might be a death trap, my heart grew sick with a strange dread, and my limbs trembled with suppressed excitement. Oh, if I could only have had a revolver, and been by his side to second him, there would have been little of fear in my heart! As it was, my part was only to watch and wait.

But not for long. The rancher, fortunately for him, did not ride straight into the hollow where the horses were. Had he done so, he would have been a dead man. He galloped his horse through the undergrowth until he was abreast of it, and I saw his intention was to slightly ascend the opposite hill-side and then descend. It was quite evident he knew what he was doing, and that it was not the first time he had fought Indians. He was not to have it all his own way, however, for he had hardly begun to ascend when *puff, ping!* and Dunbar's hat went flying into the air, spinning round and round like a plate manipulated by the stick of a Japanese juggler. It was as close a call as ever I saw in my life. Then there was as smart a piece of action, both on the rancher's and on the Indian's part, as one could wish to witness.

It was an incongruous idea, but for all the world it put me in mind of the manœuvres of two antagonists in a polo match. Dunbar's blood was up. He wheeled his horse and rode down upon the Indian in the hollow at full gallop, revolver in hand, but the red man was too quick for him. I saw the latter, still grasping his smoking rifle, turn round, seize a horse by the mane, and leap on its back with the agility of a circus rider. The next moment the Indian's shaggy, wiry-limbed pony was climbing up the steep hill-side like a jack-rabbit. The rancher bent forward over his horse's neck, steadying himself by grasping a lock of his horse's mane firmly in his left hand, and cut off at an angle to intercept him. When within a few yards of him Colin Dunbar levelled his revolver and fired; but it would have been little less than chance work had he hit the Indian, seeing that the pace of the two horses was only a succession of laboured leaps. It was quite evident the rancher had missed his aim. Knowing that the latter was overtaking him, the Indian suddenly changed his tactics, turned his horse in its own length, and bounded along the hill-side in a lateral direction.

The rancher did not turn so easily, and I feared the Indian would escape. But the latter, in his excitement, had evidently forgotten his bearings, for on getting to the little clear space at the bottom of the valley, he essayed to ride right up it on to the plateau, but was confronted by the dense tangle of undergrowth. Right bravely he endeavoured to charge and force his way through, but it was too much for him; apprehensive of

being caught like a rat in a trap, he reared his horse, and in a couple of leaps was clear of it again. For a moment he hesitated. Then, catching sight of the upward trail, he turned his horse's head towards it. I was partly hidden by a little clump of saskatoon bushes, and in all probability in his excitement he had forgotten my presence.

Up the steep trail he came towards me, bending low over his horse's neck. A picturesque figure he was truly, clad in loose shirt and leggings of red flannel, covered with glowing bead-work of red, yellow, and blue, and with white ermine tails streaming from his arms, breast, and legs. A great plume stood upright amid his long, black, braided locks, and even at a distance of sixty yards I could see his black eyes glowing with a baleful light. He guided his steed in a most ingenious fashion with a single rein attached to its lower lip; in all probability he also used his hands and feet.

I had to turn that Indian if he rode me down. Picking up a couple of stones, about the shape and size of a cricket ball, I waited for his approach. On he came, and then, when he was within about ten yards of me, I stepped out right in front of him on to the trail. He sat up on his horse's back as if in surprise when he saw me. Now was my opportunity. With all the strength that was in me I hurled a stone at him as one would deliver an overhand ball on the cricket field. It struck him full on the breast, and for a moment he swayed in the saddle. I had drawn the pack-horse across the trail so as to block his progress. Quick as thought I seized my second stone, and hurled it as before. But I missed him this time, striking his plucky little horse instead. The latter, scared by the sudden and unexpected appearance of such hostile obstacles, and before the Indian could prevent it, turned right round and bolted down the trail again.

Now was the rancher's chance. His horse had missed its footing just as it reached the foot of the valley, and had come down with him, fortunately on good soft turf. He had the presence of mind to throw the revolver from him as he fell. He was unhurt, but to pick up the revolver and remount had caused a delay of a few moments. Now I witnessed as exciting a scene as ever it was my lot to behold. The Indian charged Dunbar at full speed on the grassy bottom, although he might have escaped down the trail in the direction in which he had come. The rancher checked his horse, and warily watched his approach revolver in hand.

The Indian, who had not been able to reload, seized his rifle by the barrel and came on swinging it round his head. The rancher waited until he was within five yards, and fired point-blank in his





THE RANCHER WAITED UNTIL HE WAS WITHIN FIVE YARDS AND FIRED POINT-BLANK IN HIS FACE. BUT THE BULLET STRUCK THE STOCK OF THE WHIRLING RIFLE, AND BEFORE HE HAD TIME TO FIRE A SECOND SHOT THE INDIAN WAS UPON HIM.

face. But the bullet struck the stock of the whirling rifle, and before he had time to fire a second shot the Indian was in upon him, and had aimed a terrific blow at his head. The rancher promptly ducked, and then the next thing that I saw was the two antagonists swaying together in their saddles, wrestling as only men wrestle when they are doing it for their lives. My heart was in my mouth, but they were too far off for me to render any assistance to my friend; the duel would be decided one way or another before I could possibly reach them. Their horses drew apart; they were dragged from their saddles and fell to earth, the rancher on top. Then I saw Colin Dunbar release his hold on the Indian, run a few yards to the right, and pick up the revolver which had fallen from his hand when they had been wrestling. The Indian sprang nimbly to his feet, drew a long glittering knife from its sheath on his belt, and darted in upon the rancher. But, although quick, he was not quick enough, for, before he could strike home, Colin Dunbar levelled his revolver and fired, and the Indian fell dead at his feet.

## CHAPTER VII.

### AN ALL-NIGHT SITTING.

ALTHOUGH the rancher's adventure with the Indian takes some little time to tell in detail, it all happened in a very few minutes. Doubtless, the other Indians down the valley, on hearing the firing, hurried up to find out whether or not their comrade had made a lucky shot. What they discovered could not have been at all to the liking of these would-be murderers, for when the Indian fell before the revolver of Colin Dunbar, I rushed down the trail in order to help him to secure their horses. I caught the dead Indian's horse—or pony, as it would be called by the Indians themselves—and then secured the rancher's. He leapt into his saddle immediately, as if nothing particular had happened, and said:—

"Now, then, Derringham, I'd advise you to take that mare to the other side, and try to improvise a pair of reins while I tie these other horses together. We'll drive them in front of us; they'll follow our pack-horse along the trail. You'll find riding that pony easier than sitting on top of the bags. Hurry up, my son!"

He galloped off to where the Indians' horses were concealed in the hollow. I leapt on the back of my new steed, and made for the place where I had left the pack. The Indian's saddle was one of the queerest things of the kind I ever saw in my life. It was very low and flat, and thickly studded with brass-headed nails. The stirrup-leathers were so ridiculously short that I con-

sidered it better to dispense with them altogether. Almost before my arrangements were completed there was a drumming of hoofs behind me, and the rancher appeared on the scene driving in front of him two Indian ponies with saddles on their backs.

"Just tie that halter-shank round the neck of the pack," he cried, "and let it take the lead. You stay behind with me, and we'll send 'em along in front of us. On to your broncho again! Fair exchange is no robbery. You took the Indian's middle stump with that first ball of yours, but your second was a bit of a wide. Let's get a rustle on."

And away we went again at a gallop, driving the three horses before us, our pack-horse, as Mr. Dunbar had said it would, taking the lead. In a few minutes more we were out of the valley, and, to my surprise, I found that we were on a far-stretching plateau, or bench, as it is called in North America. It was flat as a pancake; there was not a stick or a stone to interfere with the sense of weird desolation and solitude that the unbroken horizon line conveyed where it stood out sharply against the evening sky. There was a glorious blood-red sunset, and the trail that opened out ahead of us straight as an arrow seemed to lead right into that cloud-world of crimson and gold.

*Crack!* went the rancher's stock-whip like the report of a pistol, and the pack-horse, as if it really enjoyed leading such an odd procession, kicked out with its hind legs and tore along the trail like a thing possessed, the Indians' horses following, and the rancher and myself bringing up the rear.

"We'll soon be at Waller's at this rate," remarked Dunbar to me as we rode side by side; "but there's more work for us this night. Someone must ride into the fort and fetch out the mounted police. These Indians must be captured. I wouldn't have believed it possible that they would try their games on so near to civilisation. Had we been at the ranche, now, I wouldn't have been surprised in the very least. They must be particularly bad Indians; I fancy, by their shooting and horses, that there are only two of them. It was lucky for you it was only your horse that got shot that time."

"And it was lucky for you that you weren't an inch taller that time you lost your hat," I rejoined. For despite the fact that I realised how nearly the incident was allied to tragedy, there was something grotesque in seeing a man's hat go skimming into the air without any apparent cause.

The rancher raised a hand and stroked his bare head.

"By Jove, I'd quite forgotten I had lost my



FOUR OR FIVE ROUGH-LOOKING MEN CAME OUT OF ONE OF THE LONG, LOW HUTS.

hat!" he remarked, surprisedly. "But here's the dip leading to Waller's ranche; we'll head the horses to the corral—that's the word we use out here, by the way, for a cattle or horse-yard. Steady there!"

And, to my surprise, a valley with a wide, grassy bottom suddenly opened out almost at our feet. In three minutes more our horses were standing panting in the middle of a large yard. Forming the four sides of a square were a number of long, low log-huts with sod roofs. Outside them again, on the left, were two or three long ricks of hay, while in front of what I took to be the dwelling-house was a solitary clump of tall, shady cotton-wood trees. It was the first ranche I had ever seen, and to me it seemed very snug and picturesque.

As soon as we entered the yard, four or five rough-looking men came out of one of the long, low huts. They had evidently just finished their evening meal. They were indeed a picturesque-looking lot, and typical cow-boys, their chief characteristics being a superfluity of long hair, and a weakness for chaperagos—leather overalls—huge spurs, and revolvers. I sometimes wondered if they went to bed wearing the latter, for I do not remember ever having seen a cow-boy without such articles. One of these men was Waller himself, but he was hardly distinguishable from

the others. It was only on looking into his dark, thoughtful eyes that one saw the gulf that brains and energy fixed between their possessor and his less favoured fellows. He had made a home for himself out of the wilderness, and owned a tract of land as large as an English county. In as few words as possible Dunbar gave an account of what had occurred. Waller turned to one who seemed to be the youngest of the cow-boys, and said:—

"I say, Billie, you just saddle up and ride to the fort as slippy as you like, and tell 'em about this affair. Michelle, you saddle up, too, and go to the lower end of the valley. Don't let anyone enter or leave it. Pete, you stay at the top end. Both of you look out for yerselves, and don't go too near cover unless you want an ounce or two of lead introduced into your systems. Dunbar, after you've had something to eat, you can have a fresh horse, and we'll take opposite sides of the coulee. If we can only keep them Indians there till the mounted police come up in the morning, it is just possible we may be able to take them alive. Anyhow, it's pretty certain there'll be a high old time."

In less than half-an-hour the rancher's wife was giving us a most substantial supper. There were tender and juicy bear-steaks—a little rich, perhaps, but not too much so for men who had been in the

saddle for the greater part of the day—boiled eggs, beautiful butter, rich cream, the green tea so much used in North America—pleasant enough when one grows accustomed to it—fresh, home-made bread, honey, cranberry jelly, and, to finish up with, pancakes and maple syrup. It was a supper fit for an emperor, and the fresh, dry air and the ride enabled me to do it full justice. I was glad to think that the Canadians knew how to live.

After supper we saddled up, for I had prevailed upon the rancher to allow me to accompany them. At first they had negatived my request to make one of the party, Mr. Dunbar declaring that I had undergone risks enough for one day without tempting Providence further. He had advised me to retire early and have a good night's rest; as for himself and the others, they were accustomed and hardened to such like experiences. I, however, doubtless showed my disappointment so plainly that the rancher let me go.

In half-an-hour I was mounted on a good, fresh horse, and we were cantering along the trail towards the wooded valley. The moon was full, and so clear the night that, with five people on the patrol, it would be difficult for the Indians to pass out unobserved.

Arrived at the scene of action, Waller, the rancher, separated from Mr. Dunbar and myself, each party taking opposite sides. We kept well in the shadow, as otherwise it might have been a very easy matter for the Indians to have picked us off with their rifles under cover of the bank in the clear moonlight.

The night wore on, and it was as much as I could do to prevent myself going to sleep in the saddle. For the first time I realised that I could not stand the same fatigue and go so many hours without sleep as those who were so much older than myself, and whose lives were one long course of training. The rancher hardly spoke at all, but occasionally drew out his pipe and smoked. It began to grow cold, and I was glad to have taken his advice and put on an overcoat. Truly there was nothing like experience in such matters after all. It grew darker, and then the stars began to go out one by one, like lights in a great city at break of day. Suddenly in the death-like stillness there echoed out one of the most unearthly howls it was ever my lot to listen to, but the rancher told me it was only a coyote, or timber wolf.

My thoughts were straying again, and I was nodding in the saddle, when suddenly a prolonged whistle shrilled out from the opposite side of the valley, and immediately following it the sharp ring of a rifle. In another second there were two other shots. In the grey dawn-light we could see the cause of the commotion. The two Indians, on seeing Waller pass, had thought to make a run for

it, and escape from the valley unseen. But the unexpected had happened, as it generally does, for Waller, looking round, caught sight of them. He was blowing his whistle for assistance when one of the Indians drew a bead on him and fired. The bullet whizzed unpleasantly close to Waller's head, and the latter, forgetting that it was desirable, for the sake of making an example, to take these Indians alive, grew wroth, and promptly fired two shots from his Winchester at them as they scuttled back to cover. His shots evidently did not take effect.

"They are in the coulee, anyhow," remarked Dunbar, "and that is satisfactory. I wonder if one of them can possibly be Make-Thunder?"

"Who is he?" I inquired.

"A bad Indian," replied the squatter. "He used to be the terror of the Saskatchewan district, he shot a policeman who tried to arrest him in the spring, and, knowing that his capture means death, he swears he will kill at least half-a-dozen before he is taken. I'm afraid, though, that he'll not see the scaffold; he'll either be shot or shoot himself. It can't be long now before the mounted police come up. They'll soon make short work of him—it's their trade."

A streak of luminous greyish-green showed itself in the east. It stretched itself along the flat horizon line of the plateau, and crept upwards into the heavens. It became clearer, and a sickly, wan dawn-light took its place. Then a pale lemon-glow struggled into the eastern sky; a little bird awoke among the pine boughs in the valley and called sleepily to its mate; then another awoke, and another, and another, until there was a glorious burst of song. The lemon-glow changed to tawny yellow, the yellow to pink, and then the sun peeped over the edge of the plateau like an orb of burnished gold, and the dew sparkled on the grass as if a shower of fine diamonds had fallen during the night. Another day had dawned in that great lone prairie land.

Suddenly Mr. Dunbar sang out:—

"Hurrah! Derringham, here they come, the Riders of the Plains—the North-West Mounted Police. Look! they are riding up in sections on either side of the valley, and posting a man here and there."

I looked, and, surely enough, two bodies of horsemen were approaching at a canter. In five minutes more a little band of ten mounted policemen and two Indian scouts had halted hard by, and an officer came forward to speak to Mr. Dunbar. These policemen looked for all the world like dragoons, only they wore the more sensible and picturesque broad-brimmed felt hat of the cow-boy. I had never seen men so magnificently mounted. They carried Winchester

repeating rifles at "the carry." Round their waists were belts filled with gleaming brass cartridges. On these same belts, and at the left side, were slung Enfield revolvers. Across their breasts were bandoliers, also full of cartridges. Their brown kharkee coats were relieved by a neat brass regimental button; blue riding breeches with a yellow stripe and long riding boots reaching to the knee completed their picturesque costumes. They were a bronzed, soldierly, wiry-looking lot—as smart a set of men as one could wish to see.

"A couple of the detachments happened to have arrived at the fort for special duty," remarked the officer, after some conversation with the rancher, "and as I knew that Make-Thunder was in the neighbourhood, and I wasn't exactly sure how many Indians were on this job, I thought I'd give them all a little trip. We'll surround the valley, and close in upon them on foot. I'd like to take Make-Thunder alive, if I can. I've left a mounted man here and there, so we'll picket out the rest of the horses, and begin at once."

He turned towards his men:—

"Squad! 'tion! Prepare to dismount!" he cried.

## CHAPTER VIII

### "MAKE-THUNDER."

THE horses were picketed at intervals, and two men left in charge. Then the officer, who was an inspector, and bore the rank of captain, addressed the troops and gave them his instructions. They were to the effect that every man was to observe the greatest caution, and not to expose himself rashly, as the Indians, being desperate, would in all probability fight to the bitter end. At the same time, as he had told Mr. Dunbar, he wanted to take them alive if possible. The party would spread out and descend the valley, at the mouth of which were four mounted men. He then gave them orders to extend.

I did not understand till afterwards why he found it necessary to warn his men against being over-zealous. It seemed that these mounted policemen were such dare-devils, and took such a pride in the efficiency of the force to which they belonged, and its unparalleled reputation for bravery, that they were continually running the greatest risks.

Mr. Dunbar would not hear of me accompanying the troopers and scouring the pine wood. I begged of him to let me go with himself and the officer, and promised to keep well in the background, but he was obdurate, and told me to proceed with my horse to the head of the valley,

where I could look down it and see all that was going on. Remembering my promise of obedience on the previous night, I at once obeyed. Then the men spread out in the form of a horse-shoe on either side of the valley, and commenced closing in upon it. Arrived at the brink, they cautiously looked around and began to descend. I followed up, and ensconced myself in the shadow of a little clump of choke-cherry bushes, where I could see right down the rugged, pine-clad ravine. Some of the men would have pretty stiff climbing to do to keep in line. Indeed, I wondered if it were not possible for the mocassined Indians to scale one of those precipitous rocks and hide in some hole or crevasse until the mounted police had passed, and then endeavour to make good their escape. But there were still one or two mounted men stationed at intervals on the brink of the valley, and they surely would be more than a match for Indians on foot.

The first thing I saw on looking down the grassy bottom, and not more than two hundred yards from where I stood, was the dead body of the Indian who had so nearly killed my friend, the rancher, on the previous day. I noticed that the body lay face downwards, with hands outstretched. The sight made me shudder, there was something about it so rigid, so uncanny. The inspector went down and glanced at it hastily; Mr. Dunbar, would not, however, as much as look upon his late foe. Despite his bluff, brusque ways, he was in reality one of the most tender-hearted men I ever met.

In a few minutes the searchers were lost sight of in the thick scrub. No one was allowed to travel down the trail, as there they might prove an easy mark to the Indians. Ten minutes passed, and there was not a sound from the valley; only once or twice I saw a policeman climbing like a cat to skirt the steep face of a ledge of rocks so as to have a good look around. It seemed to me that this appeared very like taking chances on one's life. There was one tall, almost precipitous, peak which resembled a sugar-loaf, on the south side of the ravine, with an odd split at the top, as if some Titan had hacked it with a mammoth knife. At the foot of it, where no pines grew, I observed a policeman and an Indian scout. They looked upwards, but, naturally enough, deeming that even a Rocky Mountain sheep could not climb such a formidable wall of rock, they passed on and were soon lost sight of in the pine wood.

Whether it was from the want of sleep, or the excitement of the preceding day, I cannot tell, but I found my mind drifting from the present, with its stern surroundings, and gliding into a by no means unpleasant series of day dreams. There

was one dream or picture that captivated my fancy immensely, and which stood out in the mirror of the mind with a realistic force that was almost as convincing as actuality. It was that of Muriel Wray, and I thought I could see her as on one occasion she had sat in the old summer-house, looking out in the dim depths of the pine wood, a stray shaft of sunlight creating a glory in the silky mazes of her hair. Until I had met her I had hardly thought a girl worth speaking to. Yes, she was something like a girl—a sweet-tempered, big-hearted, glorious girl. I believe she would have lived on bread and water for a week rather than unwittingly hurt the feelings of the veriest waif. I knew she often denied herself things she had set her heart on to relieve the needs of others. I thought of the £20 she had lent me, and wondered how long it would be before I was able to pay her back again.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Ping! ping! ping!* and my dream shivered as the sharp ring of rifles broke on the stillness. *Ping! ping!* again and again, and the ravine rang with horrible echoes. From a little knoll half-way down the valley, and close to an overhanging cliff, with an open space all round, I could see little jets of flame spurt, and then wreaths of smoke rise, floating lazily into the sunlit air. Then from certain points among the pines came more pale-blue columns sagging among the tree-tops. It was evident that the Indians had been discovered behind that little knoll under the overhanging cliff, and had opened fire on the police. It was a point of vantage from which deadly execution could be done. To rush it would be certain death to many. It would be an easier and better way to wait and starve them out; they could not possibly make their escape. And now the police had formed up in a complete half-circle, but as yet no attempt was made to rush the enemy's position.

The Indians had not even been sighted, for their natural little fort was fringed with thick masses of sage brush, and from behind it they could see without being seen. From where I was I saw that the other men, who had been stationed at various points of the valley, came hurrying up, seeing that now the Indians were located, perhaps they would have a chance of rushing them with the others. I noticed that even one of the men in charge of the long line of picketed horses had, contrary to orders, left his post and sneaked away to the edge of the ravine to have a good look at what was going on. If the officer, or any of the non-commissioned officers saw him, he stood a very good chance of being put under

arrest for neglect of duty and a breach of discipline.

My first impulse was to rush down the valley and join the others, but I remembered Mr. Dunbar's injunctions, and thought it would be but a poor return for all his goodness to disregard them now. To break an order one has agreed to observe is not only dishonourable in the extreme, but a direct insult to those in authority. And, perhaps, we can seldom guess at the pain such an action may occasion others.

It was indeed a lucky thing for me that I remained at my post, for had I gone down the trail just then, under that tall pinnacle of rock, the chances are I would have experienced a surprise fraught with dire results. As my eyes happened to wander towards the rock in question, to my surprise I saw an Indian skirt its base and leisurely make for the pines on the up side of the valley to where the horses were picketed; he carried a rifle at the trail. My first impulse was to raise an alarm, thinking he was one of the pursued Indians making good his escape, but then I remembered there were only two of them, who were now hemmed in, and that the mounted police had brought with them two Indian scouts. Of course, this was one of them going back to the horses, probably to carry some message into the fort. But what were the police going to do about the Indians? Were they going to rush them, or starve them out? Then my eyes wandered from the scene of action to the obelisk-shaped rock with the odd split on the top, and from it to the brink of the valley.

Suddenly I saw something that startled me considerably and filled me with puzzled conjecture. The Indian who had rounded the rock a few minutes before had reached the top of the valley, and, crouching, was warily scanning the plateau. Being clad in sober, dun-coloured shirt and leggings, probably buckskin, just as the police scouts were, it was only by the merest accident that my eyes had detected him. Why should he observe such extraordinary precautions, seeing there was no earthly necessity for him to do so? But the man was an Indian scout, and could, doubtless, no more help himself behaving in such a fashion than an actor can bring himself to believe he is not walking the boards when in private life. A desultory fire was being kept up down the valley, so as to tempt the Indians to exhaust their store of ammunition. The Indian scout had now stepped boldly on to the plateau, and was walking leisurely towards the horses. The remaining policeman left in charge of them was at the far end of the line, driving in a picket-pin with a wooden mallet.

It seemed to me that the scout looked up and down the long line as if to find some particular

animal. He was looking for the best horse there, but I did not know it at the time. He went over towards the serjeant-major's short-backed, bony, spirited broncho, with powerful hind-quarters, the sort of animal that looked a "stayer." The serjeant-major was evidently going back to the fort to take charge, and the officer was remaining in command; the scout had evidently been sent to fetch the horse.

Suddenly I observed that the trooper who had been driving in the picket-pin had finished his work and turned to come back down the row of horses again. At first he did not seem to take any particular notice of the Indian, but, as his eyes rested on him, he suddenly came to a dead stop, and the mallet dropped from his hand. Then he shouted at the top of his voice, and ran to the nearest horse. What on earth was the matter? For a moment I hardly realised the situation. Then the truth flashed upon me—the supposed Indian scout was no other than one of the Indians, who had somehow made his escape, and, having seen the scouts from some point of vantage, was trying to pass himself off as one of them.

At the same moment as the Indian ran towards the serjeant-major's horse I fired six shots out of my revolver, so as to attract the attention of the others down the valley, and galloped off, so as to frustrate, if possible, the obvious designs of the Indian. But he was too quick for us, for, with his sharp jack-knife, he cut the leather strap of the picket-rope attached to the horse's leg, caught up the reins, flung himself into the saddle, and, with

a wild whoop of triumph, was off like the wind westward. He had taken Fandango, the best and swiftest horse in the whole troop; there was not one left that could even keep him in sight. But I did not know this, and, trusting to luck, made straight for him. By the time he had cut the picket strap there was not sixty yards between us. The Indian still stuck to his rifle. Doubtless,

being afraid of starting his horse, he did not fire at me before mounting. Had he done so he could have killed me easily. He waited until he was tearing off at full gallop, then, turning in his saddle with an ease and agility that spoke of long practice, he levelled his rifle at me and fired. The bullet whizzed past my head. The trooper had worse luck; his horse, contrary to the habit of bronchos, put its foot in a badger-hole, stumbled, and threw its rider heavily. Fortunately no bones were broken.

I followed the Indian, who easily out-distanced me, to the brink of a steep and dangerous valley. It had been my intention to keep him in sight, but when he tore down it, leapt the creek in the rocky bottom, bounded up the opposite bank, and disappeared over a ridge, I knew I had followed in vain. When the four policemen who had been

told off to follow came up, I pointed out the direction in which the fugitive had gone, and they went off in pursuit. They stopped out two days and nights without food, and rode right into Montana, but they came back to Waller's ranche with knocked-up horses and the serjeant-major's steed as well, to report that they had stuck to the Indian's trail over the wildest and roughest



TURNING IN HIS SADDLE WITH AN EASE AND AGILITY THAT SPOKE OF LONG PRACTICE, HE LEVELLED HIS RIFLE AT ME AND FIRED.

country imaginable, until, on the edge of a great pine forest, they had found poor Fandango standing dead beat, but otherwise unhurt. It was impossible to follow farther, so they had returned. The policeman who was thrown had recognised the Indian as the redoubtable Make-Thunder, one of the most daring and dangerous outlaws in the Territories. His name was a terror to outlying settlers until at last he was brought to book—but of that anon.

When I rode back to the valley I found the two policemen very wide-awake indeed, looking after their diminished band of picketed horses. One of them at least was liable to get into trouble, but I was not going to say anything about him if I could help it. As yet the officer very properly would not let his men rush the knoll, although they were simply dying to do so. But in the course of the afternoon he gave the order, and with a wild rush the men swarmed up the steep incline. But to their great surprise they did not meet with the slightest resistance. What was the matter? When they closed in, stood on the brink of the little dip, and looked down into it, they were amazed to find only one Indian sitting calmly on the ground, smoking with that stolid indifference which is peculiar to the red man. On the ground lay his rifle, and the reason of his inactivity he coolly explained to one of the Indian scouts when questioned, by saying in the Cree language that he had unfortunately, without knowing it, expended his last cartridge. His rifle was a Winchester repeater that he had stolen, which accounted for the police imagining there were two Indians behind the knoll. He also volunteered the information that Make-Thunder and he thought it best to separate, and that the former climbed what the scouts had considered the unscaleable column of rock, and lay flat in the cloven peak until the police had passed. The prisoner and would-be murderer actually held out his hands for the gleaming handcuffs to be put on his wrists. Such are the strange ways of the red man.

All this, however, was only a foretaste of some of the adventures yet in store for me.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE LAND OF THE LOST SPIRITS.

THE Indian prisoner, who bore the strange and rather inappropriate name of Young-Man-Afraid-of-the-Rain, admitted he had fired upon the rancher and myself on the previous day, but would not say why he had done so. In all probability he could not; a red-skin goes on the war-

path for the same reason that a tiger with a taste for blood goes man-hunting. On seeing that the police had captured their man, I rode down the trail and met Mr. Dunbar at the place where my horse had been killed. I had very little pity in my heart for the captured Indian on looking upon the poor brute, done to death for no reason whatever save to gratify the lust for blood and hate. I am not ashamed to say the tears came into my eyes when I helped to remove the saddle and bridle; the bullet that killed it had doubtless been meant for me, and even to the beast of burden God-given life is sweet. I would not care to be the man who makes that life a burden also.

We went back with Waller to the ranche. The inspector and a sergeant of police came with us; the others made a camp in the valley, and before we left a light spring wagon belonging to the police, with four splendid horses in it, had driven up, and a much-needed and substantial meal was under way. What splendid, jolly, gentlemanly fellows those policemen were! They seemed to enjoy every moment of their adventurous outdoor lives. I was almost sorry I was neither old nor big enough to become one myself. But I could not afford to spend my years in a police force, however fascinating the life might be. I had to make my way in the world, and prove that there were the makings of a man in my composition.

After the pleasant and much-needed meal which Mrs. Waller prepared for us I lay down and slept as I had seldom slept in my life. Next morning early we borrowed a saddle-horse from Waller, and, saying good-bye to the kind people at the ranche, we "struck the trail," as they say in North America, and continued our journey to Mr. Dunbar's ranche, which we reached about six o'clock on the following evening.

The buildings at Mr. Dunbar's ranche were not unlike Waller's, only there were more of them and mostly as large again. They nestled snugly in a little meadow that cut into a hill-side, and as a creek described a half circle round them and flowed within a hundred yards of the rancher's house, fringed with a wealth of cotton-wood trees and wolf-willow, it was decidedly a pretty place. Mr. Dunbar said that as there was no room for me in the men's quarters I would have to be content with the dwelling-house. It is my belief that he merely said this as an excuse for keeping someone in the house whom he could talk to, for the only other occupant was old Ben, the cook, whose sole topic of conversation was the glory of the old days and the decadence of the new.

The cow-boys, of whom there were several, were known by some of the most extraordinary nick-names I ever heard in my life. There were Broncho



Pete, Bar H Bill—referring to the cattle brand of some herd with which he had once been associated—Woolly Ned, Boko Jack, and others of a like incomprehensible character. These gentlemen ran to much back hair, leather overalls, strange forms of speech, and revolvers, after the manner of most cow-boys, but otherwise they were a hard-working and steady lot. It is only the sham, shoddy article who preys like a parasite upon civilisation in the little frontier towns, and the cow-boy of penny dreadfuls who indulges in unaccountable and indiscriminate shooting and blackguardism. With them at first I was naturally an object of some curiosity, but as I went to the ranche dressed in a pair of moleskin trousers, a broad-brimmed cow-boy hat, and a checked shirt rolled up at the sleeves, my personal appearance at least escaped comment. When they found that I did not "put on side," and was anxious to make myself efficient in the usual duties connected with a cattle and horse ranche, they treated me very considerably indeed, although not infrequently betraying a disposition to practical jokes and romancing.

It was now October, and the Indian summer lingered still in the pine-clad valleys, on the breezy, heaven-girt plateaus, and the brown, sun-dried prairies, where the dim horizon line and the sky became one. We had been over to Waller's to assist him in his big annual round-up, and he with his men had come over to assist us in ours, and a busy time of it we were having. As our cattle roamed over a tract of country several hundred square miles in extent, of course it meant a few weeks' work; for at various points they had all to be gathered into bands, and the calves and such young animals as had escaped previous round-ups lassoed, thrown, and branded. We had been shifting camp every day for about a fortnight on the prairie and in the valleys that ran far into the mountains. Our spell of hard work was nearly over, and we had branded an unusually large number of calves. It was Sunday, and we were at the extreme western limit, if not beyond it, of Mr. Dunbar's country; and wild country it was with its "bad lands," upon which nothing grew, yawning canyons piercing the mountain sides, belts of thick pine forests, and network of deep, still lakes.

Sunday on the prairie was a well-earned day of rest, for Colin Dunbar wisely would allow no work to be done on that day but what was really necessary. We were camped in a beautiful valley, close to a shady grove of cotton-wood trees; the men had finished breakfast, and were scattered about engaged in certain little domestic duties peculiar to bachelors who have no womankind to mend their clothes or sew on

buttons; the horses were picketed hard by; the cook was overhauling his spacious wagon to find the ingredients for the ever welcome and invariable Sunday's duff, and the rancher and myself were sitting on the grass outside our tent talking about the difference between a Sunday morning in dear old England and a Sunday morning in that primeval wilderness. I had been up early washing my spare clothes, and so was practically free for the day. Somehow that far-stretching canyon which presented a wall-like barrier to our further progress west fascinated me; what sounded like a fairy tale concerning some long, inaccessible lake that lay on the other side of it, roused in me afresh all the old spirit of romance and adventure in my nature. I longed to look upon those mysterious and silent waters which even the red man shunned, as certain islands in it were looked upon as the haunts of lost spirits, the place where all bad Indians were condemned by the Great Spirit to wander after death. I asked the rancher if he thought it possible for me to get there and back before evening; I could take some bread and meat with me by way of dinner. He hesitated for a minute before speaking, then said:—

"I've only seen the Lake of the Lost Spirits once, and then it was merely by accident that I dropped across it. You see, the existence of the lake is generally accepted as a myth because it is practically inaccessible, and only one or two white men have ever seen it. The Indians regard it with superstitious dread, and can hardly be got to acknowledge its existence. There is no such thing as approaching it on horseback. It is hemmed in by precipitous cliffs, and no one knows whether it has an outlet or not. I saw it three years ago, when I set out to look for it from this very camp. It is actually not more than three miles from where we are now. There is only one place in the face of that high cut bank by which you can get to the top, but I can't let you go alone. I myself have to ride back to the ranche to-day."

"Then, sir, I'll get someone to go with me," I replied. "There's Broncho Pete; he's never seen the place, and is dying with curiosity to prove that it really exists. I know he has grave doubts about it. We had a long talk regarding it yesterday, and he told me how he had tried several times to find a passage over these mountains, but had always failed. With your permission I'll go and ask him."

The rancher gave his consent, and I went over to where Broncho Pete was engaged in spreading out a shirt which he had just washed on a raspberry bush. He was a typical cow-boy in appearance, with this difference, that he was of a much more intelligent and inquiring turn of mind than

the generality of cow-boys. He had lived all his life on the prairies, and, like most thoughtful men who have been much alone with wild nature, and have carried their lives in their hands from day to day, there was a certain rugged dignity and air of self-respect about the man, because he recognised a higher power than himself. He was one of the cheeriest souls one could possibly meet, and although he was forty years of age he had the fresh spirits of a boy. We had struck up a friendship shortly after I had arrived on the ranche, and, in return for the many things I had to tell him about England, and what I had learned at school, he gave me many valuable hints in regard to my duties. He was one of the most successful "broncho busters"—i.e., horse-breakers—in Assiniboia, which accounted for his odd cognomen. He had a strong love of the wonderful in nature; the spirit of adventure also ran hot in his blood. When I got over his brigand-like appearance, his fierce mustaches, his long hair, and expressive, if idiomatic, form of speech—simplified in this story—I found him a capital fellow.

Would he go with me to the Lake of Lost

Spirits if Mr. Dunbar showed us the way? Of course he would, and in less than two minutes he had divested himself of his great jangling spurs and leather chaperagos—why he should have had them on just then is one of those things that only cow-boys can explain—and we were talking softly to the cook in order to secure as good a lunch as possible for the occasion.

Mr. Dunbar led us up the valley for about a quarter of a mile, then ascended the thickly wooded hill-side until he reached the great precipitous cliffs of clay, which, like a mighty wall, ran north and south far as the eye could reach. It was honeycombed and tunnelled in a most

fantastic fashion. Gigantic pillars of clay stood in front of the caves, reminding one of the fluted columns that guard the portals of tombs in eastern lands. The cliff was at least 200ft. high. How was it possible to scale it? But the rancher followed it along for a few hundred yards due north, then, stopping at the mouth of a cave, the floor of which shelved upwards in a most peculiar fashion, he remarked with no little animation:—

"Here it is; I was just a little afraid I might not recognise it again; one cave is so like another. But this one is merely a sort of watercourse, as you see; the water in the country above has gradually worn its way through fissures and the soft clay until it has struck this cave, and you can guess with what results. If you follow it up you will reach daylight and the Land Mysterious in several minutes. Whatever you do, for goodness' sake don't lose your way, or perhaps you'll not be able to get out of it again in a hurry. I see, Pete, that you've got a tomahawk—a wise precaution, for you can blaze your road."

He gave us certain directions how to reach the lake. We then thanked him for his goodness in



LIGHTING A CANDLE WHICH WE HAD BROUGHT WITH US WE AGAIN CONTINUED OUR STRANGE JOURNEY.

taking us so far, and he went back to the camp.

Then we turned inwards to the cave. We walked up its shelving, water-worn floor for some twenty yards or so, then found that, doubtless since the rancher's visit, a huge boulder of clay had become detached from the roof and effectually blocked our way. But we discovered a hole, hardly of greater width than our bodies, through which the water had forced a passage, and crawled through to the other side, where we found ourselves in utter darkness. Lighting a candle which we had brought with us we again continued our strange journey. It gave one a curious, eerie sensation to be thus, as it were, groping our

way into the bowels of the earth. The passage turned and twisted about in a most bewildering fashion, but always led upwards. At one place we had to skirt a deep pool of water, at another we had to dig steps in what looked like the face of a miniature waterfall, and then we passed into a long gallery where there was a semi-twilight. Immediately our candle was blown out, and the air was filled with a most unearthly shrieking and flapping of wings. For the moment I was inclined to think that we had found our way into the underground haunt of the lost spirits. Broncho Pete gripped me by the arm.

"Stidly, thar!" he remarked, in his usual easy and nonchalant way. "It's only the bats; we shan't be long before we strike daylight again, and, to tell you the truth, I won't be sorry. There's summat very uncanny about critters that won't face the light o' day."

I quite agreed with him as we passed out of the long passage amid the deafening turmoil our

unexpected entrance had created. Turning a sharp bend we came to a spherical chamber, which tapered towards the outlet at the top, reminding one of the neck of a bottle, and knew that we had passed through the face of a cliff, and were once more in touch with the outer world. A fallen tree and some drift-wood lay across the mouth of the opening. Pete cleverly lassoed a short, projecting limb, some several feet above his head, with a short, supple rope of green-hide he had taken the precaution to bring with him, and swarmed up it hand over hand. He managed with some difficulty to get astride of the fallen tree, and then I also followed his example. I had no difficulty whatever in doing this; few public school-boys would have had any. We scrambled off the tree on to the bank, and found ourselves at the bottom of a deep, dry pool in a darkened pincled ravine. We were now in the Indian's dread Land of the Lost Spirits.

(To be continued.)

*John Macbr*

## CHESS COMPETITION FOR NOVEMBER.

THE game for Competition this month is subjoined:—

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P—K4	1. P—K4	12. Castles	12. P—KR4
2. Kt—AB3	2. B—B4	13. B—KKt5	13. P×B
3. P—B4	3. B×Kt	14. Q—B6ch	14. K—Q2
4. R×B	4. P×P	15. Q×BPch	15. K—Qsq
5. P—A4	5. Q—R5ch	16. Q—B6ch	16. K—Ksq
6. P—KKt3	6. P×P	17. Q×Rch	17. K—K2
7. R×P	7. P—KR3	18. Q—Kt7ch	18. K—Ksq
8. Kt—Q5	8. K—Qsq	19. B—Kt5ch	19. P—B3
9. Q—KB3	9. Kt—KB3	20. QR—KBsq	20. Kt—Q2
10. Kt×Kt	10. P×Kt	21. Q—Kt8ch	21. K—K2
11. B—K3	11. P—Q3		

White now wins easily. In the actual game the winner, Mr. Blackburne, was blindfolded.

The answers must be sent on postcards, addressed to "The Chess Editor," THE CAPTAIN, 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London. (No coupons required.)

First Prize, 10s. 6d.; Second Prize, Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN Age limit: Twenty.

# THE GAME OF RUGGA FOOTBALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GAME OF CRICKET-MATCH."

MR. THE EDITOR,—It has some time that I have write you of the Game of Cricket-match—of its follies, its perfidies, its savageries. At that time, as to me, it was impossible to figure myself a game more terrible, more ferocious. But regard then your Game of Rugga Football! Ma foi! Is it that your Cricket-match is rude? Your Football is brutale! Is it that your Cricket-match is complicated? Your Football is one veritable enigma!

Your Cricket-match is a game of some savages, but your Football is of more than that! Of some Fanatiques?—No! Of some Lunatiques?—No! Of some Wild Beasts?—No! Of what then? Of some Demons!

Me who speak you, I have seen it and I know well. Listen! I will tell you.

One day I meet my English friend: but what damage! He has the eye poached, the head trussed, the arm in a scarf, his figure has cut and swelled itself. "Ciel! my dear friend," I exclaim, "what has arrived? You have had an accident! Perhaps a collision on the Railway Road!" He smile in shaking the head. "It is then the Bicycleette?" "No!" "A blow of Lightning?" "No!" "How then?" "Oh! nothing, M'sieu, only Rugga!" "How Rugga? I comprehend not!" "Oh! Rugga, you know! Football, that is all." "But, milles tonnerres! Football is a game, is it not?" "Yes, M'sieu, and a joli good game too." "Joli! ma foi! sans doute! To have the eye poached, it is joli, n'est pas? To have the arm braked, it is joli also! I know not your Football, but I have no envie to play him."

"Oh, nonsense! Come along, M'sieu! I go to see a game now; come with me; you shall amuse yourself."

"There shall be danger?" "Danger, not a bit! Come along!" We go. It is cold; it rains always, but it imports not. We pass beyond the town; the houses are more seldom, they are new, they are vacant. But how these English are droles! They have all the same notification. "For' sale." Is it then a recommendation that they shall be for' sale, how you call it—ver' dirty? I ask my friend, but he put himself to clatter in laughing, he give me no answer, he only mock himself of me.

Behold us arrived! There is a large field of herb, very humid, there are spectators in thousands. At each end a gibet, gallows what you

call. At the middle some men all striped, they are some Hyænas—some others all covered with spots—they are some Leopards. Good! the Hyænas and the Leopards shall fight together. It is simple, it is not like Cricket-match.

I ask my friend what they are, the Gallows? He say, "They are not Gallows—Gôles." It is a word strange for me. I know it not. I ask how it spells itself. He tell me—"G-a-o-l." I search it in the dictionary at my return. It is a prison. From the prison to the gallows is not but a step.

My friend touch me. "See! here is the Ball!" "The Ball! ma foi! that is not a ball! It is a citrouille, a pumpkin as you say: a ballon, if you will, but a ball—Never!"

Messieurs the Hyænas and the Leopards arrange themselves, the pumpkin is in the middle. The combat will commence. But there arrive a man of consequence: he is tall—square—big—heavy—he has a siffle. He confers with them. He tries perhaps to persuade them to not fight. I ask my friend what he is, the big man with the siffle. He reply, "He is a Reverie!" "Ciel! A Reverie! but it is impossible! A Reverie is not but an idea, a fantasie! Never I see a so much solid Reverie! But for why he has a siffle? Has he, perhaps, some dogs?" "No, no, he siffles to the players." "Ah! and they shall run after him?" He laugh in saying, "It is not impossible." Now the game commence: the ballon rise in the air, one runs, the mud flies, the peoples shout. The Captain of the Leopards has the pumpkin. He give it a little blow of foot, the ballon run a little way; he try the other foot; then the first, but he is uncertain; he cannot tell which is the better, the ballon runs always forward. He will try again, but one rush at him; he falls, the ballon rise again high in the air; a Hyæna catch it and run with it in his hands ventre a terre. He is seized by a Leopard; the people cry "Pass! Pass!" but the Leopard will not permit him to pass. The Reverie siffles, the Hyæna throw away the pumpkin. "To the Gaol?" you will say. But no, to some other place.

The pumpkin escape to the side of the field, one takes it up, the Reverie siffles again, the players surround it like a wall, their heads are close, their arms are round each other. Within it is dark, they cannot find the pumpkin, they

feel for it with their feet, one falls down, they feel for him also; he utters a cry, they have found him perhaps—that is well. The Reverie siffles again—always the Reverie siffles—the peoples roar, the pumpkin rolls, the players are covered with mud; they are no more some Hyænas and some Leopards, they are some Pigs! All is confusion and tumult; the Pigs grunt, the peoples roar, the Reverie siffles continually, he shout, he wave his arm. One heeds him not, the poor pumpkin roll far beyond the Gaol of the Leopard and fall into a ditch. "How, then," I ask my friend, "is it that they have won—the Hyænas?" "Won!" he say. "Not much—the duffers!" "And the poor pumpkin?" "It is dead." "Ah, what wonder! The game, then, is finished—let us go." "No; attend a moment, there will be some fun. Regard the Reverie." The Reverie speak very high, the Hyænas and the Leopards exclaim, the peoples roar like wild beasts, they shake the fist, the Reverie tries to speak, he cannot be heard, they run towards him, he turns and all at a blow he rush from the field at full speed towards a Cabaret, what you call a Housepublique. The whole assembly follows with tumult. He has no need to siffle any more. He reaches the Housepublique—he rush in and shut the door after him. The crowd arrive at his heels, the

door is barred, they cannot enter; they batter the door, in throwing piercing cries.

"But what is it," I ask, "that it is? I do not understand. Who has won?" "Who won?" say my friend. "Why, you can see for yourself, the Reverie won; he arrive first, they have not catch him."

"But the Football is not, perhaps, a race?"

"It sometimes look very like it," say he.

"But I cannot comprehend. If it is a race, for why the ball?"—"Oh, that is part of the game."

"What, then, are the Gaols?"—"They are part of the game, too."

"But——" "Oh, bother!" say he. "Come and have a whiskey-soda."

That is all—he will not tell me more. But what of Rugga? Is it a Game? Who knows? Is it again a Race? Who can tell? Regard it for a moment as a Game. The poor pumpkin! What a sad fate!—my heart bleeds for it.

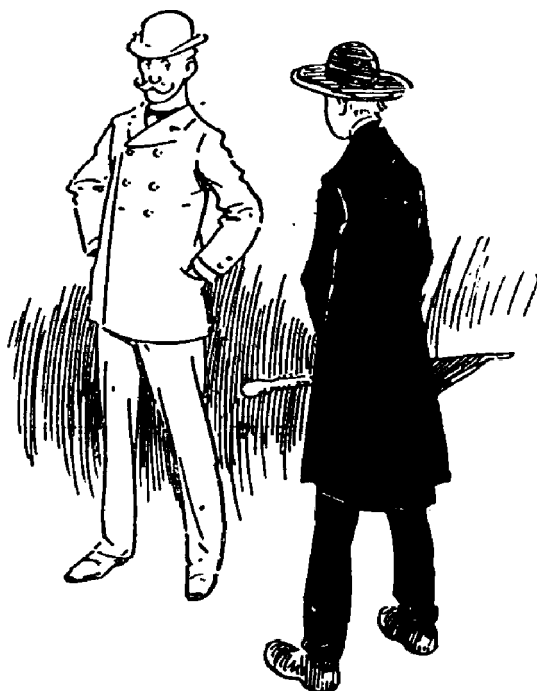
But, au contraire, regard it as a Race. The poor Reverie! If he do not win, what shall be of him?

I know not, but I have my idea.

*A Reverie very scarcely exist longtime.*

Agreez, Monsieur, etc.,

VIVE LA FRANCE.



"DID YOU EVER THINK WHAT YOU WOULD DO IF YOU HAD THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S INCOME?"

VILLAGE CURATE: "NO; BUT I'VE OFTEN WONDERED WHAT HE WOULD DO IF HE HAD MINE."

*Drawn by Tom Browne.*

# THE LITTLE DON.

BY

HERBERT  
DUDLEY  
LAMPEN.

Sketches by

T. W. Holmes.



**S**ISTOS was a Spaniard, and absurdly proud and sensitive. He retold the deeds of his ancestors until we were weary of listening to him. They had fought under Alphonso against the Moors, they had stormed the heights at Badajos with Wellington, they had won the glorious victory of Salamanca against Marmont, they had shed blood like water in a thousand battles. Particularly in the Peninsula War had their bravery been exhibited; indeed, Sistos more than hinted that without them the result of that campaign would have been very different.

For two terms he continued to jaw about his rotten old forefathers. Their daring had been the theme of the romancists, and their deeds of valour countless. The flower of the grandees of Spain had been numbered in their ranks. Dons could be counted among them by the bushel. The oldest of "your Eengleesh" titles was but of yesterday compared with the family from which Sistos was descended.

He had a rough time of it. Fellows punctuated his yarns with slippers. Bully Dobson stared when Sistos disdainfully refused to black boots, and then thrashed him unmercifully. Sistos even

refused to fag for good old Burrows, and of course the captain was compelled to make him sit up. The blue blood of his ancestors became one of the stock jokes, and Don Narvarez Ortega del Castillo, a prominent figure in the aforesaid yarns, was scandalously libelled by the Lower School.

At last he became haughtily silent, and brooded round the playground alone, but a speck of light in his coal-black eyes whenever fun was fired after him showed what a volcano of rage boiled in his heart.

"He'll murder someone before term ends," affirmed Chuckster.

"Not he," replied Barnes, nervous, and unwilling to believe.

"He will. Watch him now. Well, Donna Narvarez Ortega del What-d'ye-call-his-name, and who licked the Spanish Armada, eh?"

Sistos made no reply, unless the bright speck in his eyes be counted as more than equal to the most furious outburst of English anger.

"Come away," said Barnes.

"Not I," replied Chuckster. "He'll go for Sprowle before he tackles me."

A perky, confident youth, above the usual age of admittance, had arrived early the previous term. He was duly interrogated in the Fourth Form room.

"What's your name?" asked Chuckster.

"Elijah Sprowle."

"Golly! Who's your pater?"

"I guess that ain't none of your business."

"I guess you're some son of a pork butcher," remarked Chuckster, through his nose. "I say, you chaps, what is Roundle coming to? I must write to my pater to remove me."

"Who's your pater?" demanded Barnes.

"My popper cud buy up the whole show of ye, an' hev a pile over," retorted Sprowle. "I guess you ain't never heard, then, of Mister Sprowle, the Oil King?"

We collapsed, and the son of the Oil King escaped.

Being amply supplied with money, the recipient of fat hampers at short intervals, and glad to buy popularity and a position, Sprowle soon established himself comfortably. He was helped by the political situation. America and Spain were preparing for war, The *Maine* had been blown up. We were, to a boy, enthusiastic supporters of America.

"My gov'nor's goin' to give a pile," bragged Sprowle.

We listened, and steadily munched at Sprowle's cake.

"Thanks awfully, Sprowle; I *will* take another hunk," said Chuckster. "No, thanks. After you with the pop."

"My gov'nor's goin' to buy an ironclad an' give it," boasted Sprowle.

"Your pater's a brick to send you jam like this," remarked Barnes, who had emptied half a pot on his cake.

"We'll lick them Spaniards, I guess, inter old rags," continued Sprowle.

"Don't let Sistos hear you," whispered Barnes, looking round.

"I don't care if he do," said Sprowle. "Have some sardines, you chaps?"

"You wouldn't dare to tell him so to his face, would you?" asked little Parr, timidly.

"Wouldn't I jest! I guess I would. I ain't afraid of no beggarly Spaniard."

We applauded the courage of Sprowle, but we politely hinted our doubts whether he really would defy Sistos, and we proceeded in close order to unearth our prey.

He was not far distant. He was still moping round the inner playground. A few kids watched him in a frightened sort of way, but no one spoke to him or joined him.

"I say!" bawled Sprowle.

Sistos looked up.

"We're going to thrash you, I guess."

Sistos disdainfully turned away.

"We're goin' to teach you to blow up our ships. You're a lot of beggarly liars."

Sistos might not have heard. He slowly walked away from us as we followed him at a safe distance.

"That'll do," remarked Barnes.

Sprowle was much bigger and stronger than Sistos. The Spaniard had a bold face and an erect figure, but he was extremely slight.

"Ef you are all afraid of the little Don, Elijah Sprowle ain't. Stay you there'n see ef I'm afraid then."

We stood. We watched the overgrown American pursue Sistos. We saw them face each other. A

word or two was exchanged. Then Sprowle struck Sistos in the mouth. To our surprise the Spaniard only regarded his adversary with a flame in his black eyes, replied in a short, scornful sentence, and walked proudly away.

"What did he say?" we eagerly asked.

"Supposed I would not settle the matter as a gent."

"What did he mean?" inquired Barnes.

"With swords an' pistols, I guess. Said something about it being the only fit way for gentlemen, an' he hinted I wasn't none of that. He says he'll hev his revenge."

"So he will," whispered Barnes to young Parr.

The twin marks of suppressed rage burnt like danger-signals on the cheeks of the little Don



"THANKS AWFULLY, SPROWLE. I WILL TAKE ANOTHER HUNK."

until Saturday. On that day the Lower School paper-chase was run.

We learnt with some interest that Sistos was included. He had refused to join us in footer, making some scornful reference to it, and the captain at last left him to mope about. When he appeared among the starters on Saturday most of us fancied he would soon fall behind.

Burrows himself timed the start. The trail led us at once out on to the Roundle moors, and we knew we had our afternoon's work cut out.

Heather makes heavy running. Soon the ruck of kids spread out into a long, straggling tail, with Sprowle and Sistos leading. The latter showed a light, springy step, as if his legs were steel wire, while the American ploughed heavily forward a pace or two ahead. But Sprowle possessed endurance, we all knew that. He did not understand the feeling of fatigue.

Moorland freshened into grass, and the meadow ran rapidly down to a swollen stream, at which the majority halted. While they walked down the bank to find a bridge, Sistos and Sprowle struggled through the discoloured water, picked up the trail immediately, climbed the railway embankment, and found the paper thick and white over the sleepers and between the shining rails.

They considered themselves the champions of their countries. Each held the honour of his native land in his keeping, and refused to allow the other a foot of advantage. Doggedly, level, breathing hard, they ran round the bend.

Only when the black mouth of Roundle Tunnel yawned a couple of hundred yards away did Sprowle hesitate and stop. With a brief smile, which unpleasantly displayed his white teeth, Sistos bounded ahead and shot into the darkness.

Sistos ran on until the tiny circle of daylight in the far distance grew and touched the grimy roof, and made it dimly visible. Then he sat down in an alcove, and searched for, and produced, a long, thin, razor-edged knife, like those in use in Spain, and called a *faca*. He passed his thumb along the blade, and even through the

twilight his face appeared vindictive in the extreme.

At least, Sprowle thought so, and stopped. He had suspected some trick, and advanced cautiously. When he saw the glint of the knife, he paused.

A long echo resounded above the boys. It increased until the uproar was deafening. Then a train thundered past Sistos as he sat in his alcove, and left a cloud of dust and a choking smoke.

Another ten minutes passed, and Sprowle had not appeared. Sistos cautiously felt his way along the wall, and tumbled over Sprowle's body.

The dim light showed him blood on Sprowle's whites and a great rent in Sprowle's shirt. Without delaying longer, Sistos lifted the American and staggered towards the entrance. Another train in pursuit hastened him, but he managed to reach the bank just as the engine burst forth in a tempest of wind and noise.

All the angry light in the eyes of Sistos vanished. He laid Sprowle down, ran to a puddle, soaked his handkerchief, and washed the wound.



THE AMERICAN PLOUGHED HEAVILY FORWARD A PACE OR TWO AHEAD.



He made the broken arm comfortable in a sling, using his tie for the purpose. He stripped off his coat and wrapped it round his rival. He made another journey to the puddle, where he soaked his handkerchief again and filled his cap with water to bathe the bloodless lips.

Sprople moved a little.

"I guess I feel queer," said he.

"All right, you old fellow," said Sistos.

"Hullo! Where am I?"

"You're hurt. Are you not comfortable? Rest your body against me. That is it. Lean against me."

"I'm all right," replied Sprople, faintly. "Why, this is your coat! Why, you are Sistos!"

"No matter. I do not take it. It is for your use."

"You'll be chilled through?" exclaimed Sprople.

"I'm well. I am not wounded. Please keep it," begged Sistos.

The sunset faded from orange into a pale green, and night descended on them. At intervals trains roared out of the tunnel in a blaze of glory. Later, heavy luggage wagons lumbered along the trembling ground, crowned with a nimbus of gold above the furnace.

Sometimes Sprople moaned and wandered. Sistos clasped him closely. In brief snatches the American slept. Sistos refused to permit

his own eyes to close, lest he might fail to support Sprople's broken arm and shaken frame.

At last—at last morning reluctantly crept down the dew-soaked hills, and stole with cold, feeble, steps across the valleys. The weak rays of the sun could not comfort the chilled limbs of Sistos. His teeth chattered; his feet were benumbed; his nerves were painfully awake. Sprople slept in comfort beneath the Spaniard's jacket.

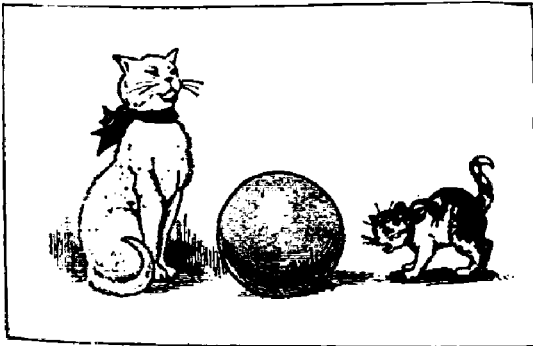
"What's that?" exclaimed Sprople, wide awake in a moment.

Sistos lay in a stupor. He heard the shout, but he was unable to respond.

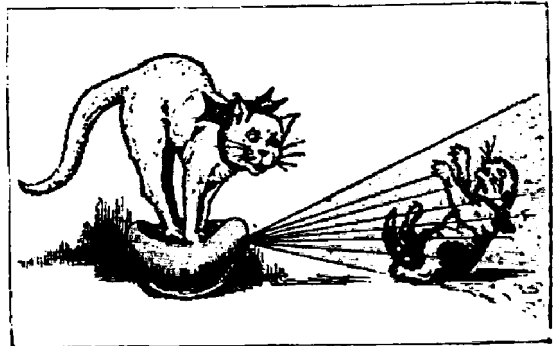
"It's good old Burrows!" cried Sprople.

They were carried home in a farmer's cart, smothered in blankets, and embedded in hay. Popular rumour affirmed that Sistos shook the cart crazy to the "tune of three-pun-ten."

For two months Sistos wrestled with rheumatic fever. Before those weeks ended enthusiasm on behalf of the little Don rose to a high level, and when he reappeared, leaning on Sprople's arm, he was surprised to find himself a popular hero. This was strange, because America and Spain were in the ring, and we considered ourselves sort of sponge-holders to our Yankee cousins, and the little Don still showed a speck of flame in his eyes if his beloved Spain were ridiculed.



"WHAT IS INSIDE, MOTHER, DEAR?"



"WIND, MY SON, WIND"



Pictures by T. M. R. Whitwell.

a vacancy occurring at a convenient time in the office of Messrs. Rice & Compton, he left the clean little Bankshire town in which Egerton College was situated for the office in the city and the dingy Peckham lodging.

For the first month or two the novelty of the change was rather pleasant than otherwise; and he put aside his school-boy ambition, and resolved to make the best of things. But as the weeks went by he learnt more of Mr. Rice's propensity for finding fault, and the office work went hardly so smoothly as at first; and then the ambition recurred more strongly than ever. Then came November and its cold fogs, making London the dreariest place in the world, and the novelty of everything having by this time worn off, he began to feel his loneliness. He became sick of it all. When he awoke on Monday mornings after the welcome break which the Sundays afforded, the prospect of another week in the city caused him a good deal of misery. He was tired of his monotonous work, of the cheap bread-shop lunches, of the noisy streets, and the drab sky. He longed for the clean little Bankshire town again. His last sight of it had been in its full summer beauty; and one day when he saw a boy in a short jacket and Eton collar carrying a strapful of school books, a lump came in his throat—though he would not have confessed it—and he envied the fellow with his whole soul, and wished he were back at Egerton with his lesson-books and the delightful school fun and companionship—the footer and the hockey. Yes, he hated London! Sometimes he would look up from his work and glance at his watch, and amuse himself by thinking what the fellows were doing at that moment. Lucky beggars! whilst here was he, compelled to sit on an uncomfortable stool, engaged in dismal drudgery.

Palmer's arrival in London made things a little easier to bear. They had ignored each other at school, but were now the fastest of friends. Palmer, however, lived at Brixton, and being employed in a department of the Post Office, was continually working up for exams., so that



“GOOD are you if you cannot be trusted with an easy thing like that?” asked Mr. Rice angrily. “Upon my word, Blake, if you can't do simple addition you ought to go to school again!”

“I wish I could!” said Blake.

For a moment Mr. Rice was so possessed with rage and astonishment at his junior clerk daring to answer him so pertly that he could not speak.

“What, sir!” he exclaimed at last. “What do you mean by answering me—I will not have it. Such insolence, indeed! Go!—I will talk to you to-morrow. Tut-tut! Impertinence! D'you hear? Go!”

Now to be insolent was far from Blake's intention. He was, indeed, too frightened to think of uttering a word against the torrent of anger which poured from his employer.

Blake was junior clerk to the firm of Rice & Compton, in the City of London. He was just sixteen. His father had long been dead; his mother, out of a scanty income, had been able, by pinching and scraping, to send her son to a good school, where he was more than ordinarily successful. It was not unnatural, therefore, that there should have grown up in him an ambition to go to Oxford. But, alas! when Blake was fifteen the state of funds compelled him to leave school, and

the two friends could rarely meet oftener than once a week. Another consolation to Blake was his bicycle, and on Saturday afternoons he and Palmer were school-boys again, and scorched along the Kentish lanes with never a thought of office or work.

One fine Saturday afternoon the two boys had got well away from the suburban houses, and had come to the junction of two roads.

"Which way shall we go?" asked Blake.

"Oh, we've been to the left—let's take the other road. I don't know where it leads to, but it looks all right."

As they whizzed past the finger-post, Palmer glanced up at the name on the board.

"Beltham, five miles," he called.

"Beltham?—Beltham?" asked Blake, repeating the name. "Why, I believe it is Beltham—yes, I've got some sort of relation living at Beltham," he said.

"Oh! Shall you call?"

"Hardly!" said Blake with a laugh. "In the first place I've never seen him—he's a crusty old fourth or fifth cousin or something of my father's, I never quite understood what; and in the second place he hasn't any great love for our branch of the family, and we have less, if anything, for him. When I was a kiddie he had an awful row with the pater, since when we have had no dealings with one another. You see, he's rich, and we're poor—and that makes a difference, doesn't it?" Blake spoke somewhat bitterly. "I have an idea that if he had been as honest as he ought, the riches would have been ours, and he would have had to work for his living. But, as I say, I never understood the business, and the fact that he lives at Beltham makes no difference to me. Look! See that rabbit? *Pshoo!* Can't they scoot?" And so the conversation turned, and no more was said—or thought—about Blake's undesirable relation.

"I say, Palmer, don't you wish you were back at Egerton again?" said Blake, after a while.

"You are for ever asking me that—I never saw a fellow like you, Blake. It seems to have got on your mind."

"Well, I can't help it. I'm just sick of the office, and old Rice is—if you had to work with him you'd want to be out of it pretty quick, I know. There's Harkell, and Radman, and Snape, and a whole crowd of fellows who'll stay at Egerton until they're eighteen or so, and then go to Oxford or Cambridge. Why? Simply because their people are well off. Mine being poor, I left at fifteen, and am doomed to spend the rest of my days in an office, tied to a ledger and a typewriter. I wish we grew gold-mines in this country!" he added with a sigh.

"Oh, shut up, Blake! You've got the blues! No, I wouldn't go back to school if I had the chance to do so to-morrow, and for that reason I am rather glad that my people, like yours, are poor. Not that I'm particularly fond of my work! But now I've got used to London I should simply die in a sleepy hole like Egerton, and it would give me no sort of pleasure to go back and be bullied and nagged at by old Tubby Lowther. He was a beast, was Tubby. D'you remember that time in 'prep' when he reported me to the Head? And it was Barker's fault all the time, only Barker was a bit of a favourite with Tubby. No, thanks! I'll stay where I am!"

"But——" Blake began, and would have enlarged on the advantages of school over office, and the insignificance of Tubby's temper compared with Mr. Rice's. But Palmer interrupted him.

"Now do stop—there's a good chap! Try and be cheerful and contented." So the subject was dropped.

They had passed through Beltham, and were leaving it well behind, when, on rounding a bend in the road, Blake exclaimed:—

"Motor-car ahoy!"

It stood outside a lodge gate. It was a large affair, a kind of wagonette, roomy and heavy, and its only occupant was a little boy of about five or six.

"Swagger affair, eh?" said Palmer. "Cheeky-looking kid on the box."

"Yes, very nice. But, ah, I don't think I shall go in for one yet, Palmy. At any rate, until they make the things with less shiver and smell."

Here the road ran straight for a quarter of a mile, and half-way to the next bend Palmer and Blake, catching sight of blackberries in the hedge, dismounted and clambered up the bank.

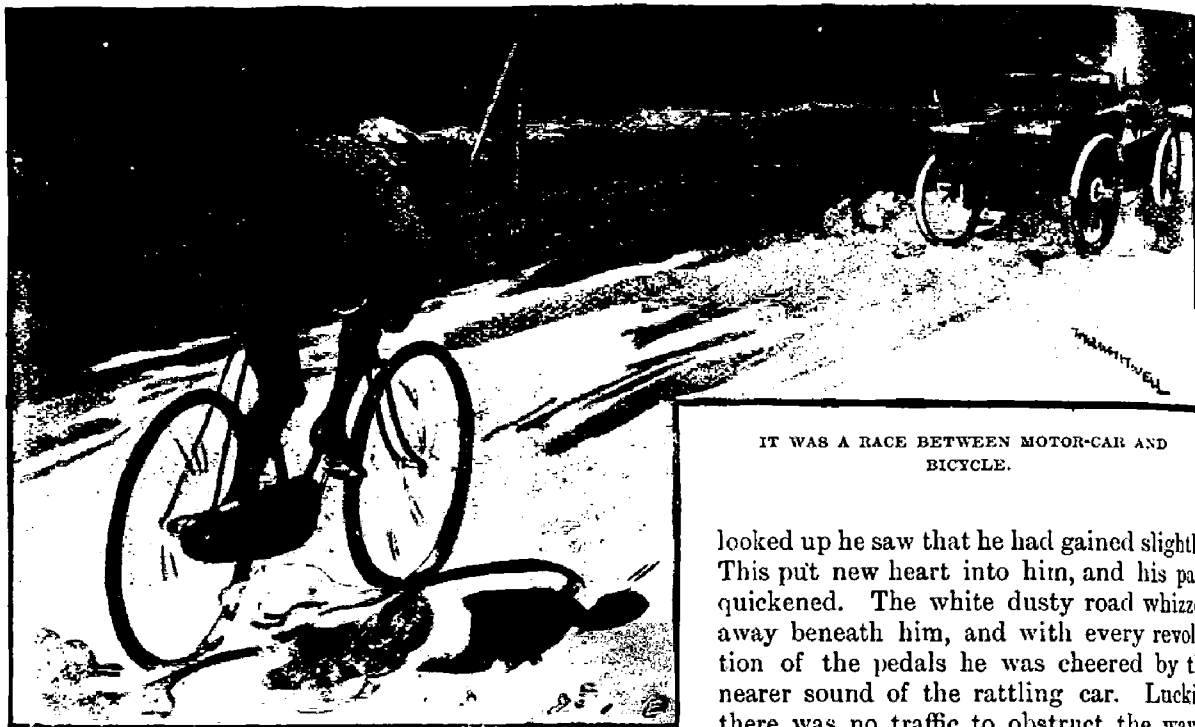
They had only time to taste and comment on the excellence of the fruit, when they heard behind them a child's frightened cry, then a throb and a rattle, which, as they listened, came nearer and nearer. They slipped down into the road again and looked back.

"It's the motor-car!" said Blake, with some alarm. "It has run away!"

Then, looking in the opposite direction, his face paled, for running along the outside of the bend in the road there was a stone wall.

"Heavens!" he cried. "It will run into the wall, and the youngster will be killed!"

The car was upon them, and they could see the scared, white face of the boy on the front seat. Without any definite plan, Blake jumped on his bicycle and rode at highest speed after the runaway. Then he saw how helpless he was to



IT WAS A RACE BETWEEN MOTOR-CAR AND BICYCLE.

prevent the smash. The car was rapidly nearing the wall; he could not possibly reach it in time to save it. Even if he did catch up with it, what could he do? He slowed up in despair as he saw the heavy vehicle close on the wall, and waited fearfully for the crash.

But, almost miraculously, there was no crash! The motor-car seemed to strike against something in the road, then it staggered a little, and altered its course, so that it continued its career round the slight bend and along the road. Blake quickened his pace, wondering at the escape which afforded him a hope of catching the runaway. At the spot where the car swerved he saw a large stone against which the wagonette must have run with sufficient violence to jerk round the front wheels just enough to guide the car away from the wall and along the roadway.

Blake hoped that he might be able to get alongside of the fugitive carriage, and in some way obtain control of it—he knew not how. Glancing ahead, he saw that fortune was on his side, for the road now ran straight for a considerable distance. His quick action had given him the start of Palmer, who, unable to equal Blake's speed in riding, was left far in the rear.

It was a race between motor-car and bicycle, and Blake knew that to catch the car he must ride at the rate of at least seventeen or eighteen miles an hour, a high speed for his heavy machine. With head down, and curved back, and a firm grip of the handles, he flew along with every nerve and muscle strained to a high tension. When next he

looked up he saw that he had gained slightly. This put new heart into him, and his pace quickened. The white dusty road whizzed away beneath him, and with every revolution of the pedals he was cheered by the nearer sound of the rattling car. Luckily there was no traffic to obstruct the way.

Nearer and nearer! Now it was but fifty yards ahead, now thirty, now not twenty! A spurt! he was close on it! Another, and he was within a yard of the car! Now with a plunge he drove the steering wheel well under the back of the vehicle. Hurrah! Here was his chance. He let go of his bicycle, and with a quick upward movement of his hands, grasped the back of the wagonette, and, swinging clear of his machine—which fell in the roadway with a crash that spoke of complete ruin—he pulled himself up with a mighty effort, and toppled over into the bottom of the car, jubilant if somewhat exhausted.

Without staying to regain his breath, Blake scrambled up on to the seat beside the child, who was obviously comforted by his presence. Now—how to stop it? He did not understand the working of the car, and had not the remotest idea what the various wheels and levers were for. But he succeeded at once in picking out the steering gear, so that, with his hand on the wheel, they would at any rate be able to keep to the road, however far they went. But he must stop it if possible, and here was his difficulty. The child was equally ignorant of the manipulation of the works; he “just touched one of the wheels,” he told Blake tearfully—he did not know which—and the car set off on its wild career. The only thing for Blake to do was to fiddle about with the different wheels and levers until he hit upon the right one. He was fortunate in his experiments, and in a couple of minutes the wagonette was at a standstill. Having found how to stop the car, Blake was able to make an accurate guess as

to the way in which it might be set going again ; and presently they were on their return journey, and Blake was enjoying his first experience of driving a motor-car.

First they met Palmer, who was relieved to see them alive and the car intact.

"Well done, old chap !" he called, as he rode along beside them. "What's it like ?"

"Ripping !" said Blake, with a saucy "toot-toot" of the horn.

Then they met a scared and mournful group of people hurrying along, headed by an old gentleman who appeared frantic with anxiety, and on seeing the runaway car and its occupants safe and sound was even more demonstrative in his delight.

"My boy," he said breathlessly, as he ran up and grasped Blake's hand, shaking it vigorously, "you've done a big thing—I'm very grateful.

Bless me ! What a relief to see the child alive and the car unhurt !"

"Brave lad !" echoed one of the ladies of the party, presumably the little boy's mother, who by this time was clasping the child in her arms and sobbing happily over him. "He has saved my boy's life !" she cried, thankfully.

"Yes, and he's saved my motor-car from being smashed to pieces, too ! You're a plucky youngster !" said the old gentleman again. "Now you two boys must come back to dinner. By the way, where's your bicycle ?" he said to Blake.

"Down the road—I caught sight of it as we came back, but I'm really afraid it is too much damaged to be worth fetching," said Blake.

"Leave it there—we'll make that all right. Now come along ; it's only a short way back, but we may as well ride." And the whole of the party, with the exception of Palmer, who rode on



"MY BOY," HE SAID BREATHLESSLY, AS HE RAN UP AND GRASPED BLAKE'S HAND, "YOU'VE DONE A BIG THING—I'M VERY GRATEFUL."

his bicycle, mounted into the wagonette, and so returned to the old gentleman's fine house, outside whose lodge gates the boys had first seen the motor-car.

As dinner would not be ready for some time, their host took Blake and Palmer almost at once into the library.

"My boys, I—I can't say how indebted I feel to you," he commenced, when they were comfortably seated.

"Oh, I did not do anything—you must not include me, sir," Palmer interrupted.

"No, perhaps not—I forgot. But you would have done something if you had had the chance, I have no doubt. Yes, I suppose we owe most to your friend. Now, do you know, I bought that motor-car only a month ago, and gave a pretty penny for it—it ran well into three figures, I may tell you," he said impressively, and with some pride. "You, sir, gallantly saved that valuable motor-car from being sold to-morrow as old iron; and it's every bit worth twenty pounds—and cheap at the price—to have my car safe in the stable. So we will put down £20 to your credit, young man, on account of the—"

"But—" Blake began in protest. He did not, of course, dream of any such reward, and was taken aback at the old man's haste to be generous.

"Don't interrupt me, sir!" said the old gentleman, in fierce tones, which, however, were softened by the kindly gleam in his eyes. "I shall not give you a penny more than I owe! Twenty pounds, I say, for the car! Then there's the boy, the meddlesome young scamp! Always up to mischief, that child is! There's my grandson, I say—he would have been killed beyond question. But I hardly suppose we can put him down in figures, eh? His mother thinks him priceless, but I should sometimes reckon him dear at two-pence-halfpenny! Now, to get to the point. My daughter wants me—and I want as well—to do something handsome for you, my lad, for your services."

Blake began again to protest. He would have felt uneasy in accepting any payment; his success in saving the

child's life was sufficient return, and he had really run but very little risk.

"No 'buts'! Just tell me what you want—what you would really like. Understand—I will not be refused," said the old gentleman, firmly. "Every boy wants something special. My daughter and I want to give you that something special. I am rich—what is it? You must not refuse."

"Well, I—I really don't know. You see—"

"Then perhaps you happen to know what your friend might like," said the owner of the motor-car to Palmer.

"I can only think of one thing, but I fancy that is hardly what you mean."

"Why not? Tell me. What is it?"

"He's always wanting to be back at school, so that he may go to Oxford. But, as I said—" and Palmer broke off abruptly. The old gentleman looked thoughtful. Palmer was right—it was not quite the kind of thing he meant.

"Um, yes," he said presently. "Very good ambition, to be sure. That certainly might be rather a difficult thing to arrange, however—but we shall see. Shouldn't want to interfere with your parents' wishes in any way, you know, Mr.—'pon my word, I never asked your name! How forgetful!"

"Blake."

"Eh, what? Oh, yes, 'Blake'—common name, of course. Happen to have any friends living down in Bankshire, at a place called Egerton?" he asked, casually.

"That's my home," said Blake, with some surprise. "Do you know Egerton, sir?"

"Not Simon Blake's son, surely?"

"Yes, I am," Blake replied briefly, with increased astonishment.

"Upon my soul! was all the old man could say.



And that is how it came to be that the beginning of next term found Blake in his old place in the Fifth. For the grateful old gentleman was none other than Blake's "fourth or fifth cousin, or something," and, that's how the family quarrel ended!

# THE STAMP COLLECTOR.

CONDUCTED BY H. M. GOOCH.

## TRANSVAAL STAMPS WORTH OBTAINING.

I HAVE been asked to say something about South African stamps this month; but where am I to begin? One could write a book on the issues of the South African Republic alone, while the neighbouring British colonies abound in interesting stamp stories and pretty stamps.

If I begin recommending anything but a "general" collection to the beginner, I shall probably be subjected to criticism by some readers; and yet, considering certain points, the aspiring collector will do well to seriously consider confining his energies to either a continent, group of countries, or even a single country.

South African Philately will be found to include some of the most interesting of all stamp-issuing countries.

Let us be quite sure of the scope of such a collection. First and foremost we shall be occupied with the study of that country whose destiny may be said to be at the moment in the balances—the Transvaal. Now Transvaal stamps once appealed to me as being exceptionally uninteresting, to say nothing about being difficult, until I began to learn more about the transitory nature of its past governments. In 1870 the Republic issued its first stamps. In 1876, owing to British annexation, the stamps of the First Republic were overprinted "V. R. Transvaal" in a multitudinous array of colours, types, and other varieties. In 1882 Majuba Hill placed the Republic for the second time in the hands of the Boers; and, although the Convention of 1884 apparently recognised British suzerainty, the Republic has been self-governing ever since.

Now, I am prepared to admit that collectors will find some difficulty in acquiring Transvaal stamps of either the first Republic or the British occupation, but from 1882 to the present time the stamps are numerous, cheap, and, what is more, considering the present complications and possible future changes, well worth special attention.

We will see just what we have to get together to complete the issues since 1885. First, we have type 1, which, in 1885, was first issued perforated, and continued in use until 1894. I give a list of

the values with their approximate worth unused and used:—

	Unused. s. d.	Used s. d.
½d. grey - - - - -	0 1	0 0½
1d. carmine - - - - -	0 2	0 0½
2d. purple-brown - - - - -	0 8	0 2
2d. bistre - - - - -	0 4	0 0½
2½d. violet - - - - -	0 5	0 2
3d. mauve - - - - -	0 9	0 3
4d. bronze-green - - - - -	0 10	0 2
6d. blue - - - - -	1 0	0 1
1s. green - - - - -	2 0	0 2
2s. 6d. buff - - - - -	—	1 0
5s. slate-blue - - - - -	—	2 0
10s. fawn - - - - -	—	3 6
£1 deep-green - - - - -	—	30 0

So that, remembering how easy it is to pick up stamps from approval sheets and elsewhere, regardless of catalogue value, the whole of this issue from the ½d.—2s.6d. values can easily be completed.

Provisional or surcharged stamps always carry special interest, and we have



FIG. 2.

some interesting, but cheap, surcharges on type 1 to consider. These are (Fig. 2) the 3d. mauve stamp overprinted "2d." in black, the provisionals being made further interesting by the fact that the printer, in setting up the type, inserted two varieties of the numeral "2," one with a straight tail,

and others with a curly tail! Of course, one is rarer than the other, the values being:—

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
2d. on 3d.. mauve, curly tail -	0 6	0 6
" " straight tail	2 0	2 0

Which variety have you got?

Then, in 1893, there was quite a stamp famine at Pretoria, several surcharges being issued. The 2d. bistre stamp suffered first, being overprinted "Halve-Penny" in two lines in red (Fig. 3). I was lucky in getting a copy with the surcharge *inverted*, see illustration! Then the colour of the surcharge was altered to black, followed by the 6d. blue, surcharged "1 Penny" in black. And

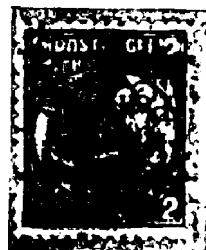


FIG. 3.



TYPE 1.

then came the 1s. value, surcharged, to supply a temporary dearth of 2½d. stamps, "2½ Pence" in black:—

- (a) With the surcharge in one line.  
(b) " " " two lines.

The values are as follows:—

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
½d. on 2d. bistre, red surcharge	0 4	0 6
½d. " " black	0 9	1 0
1d. on 6d. blue	0 4	0 4
2½d. on 1s. green (a)	0 8	0 9
" " " (b)	0 9	1 0

Only one other surcharge on type 1 was made when, in 1894, the 2½d. value was overprinted "1d." in green; the value of this is 4d., unused or used.



FIG. 4. "SHAFTS."

In the same year a new design was adopted for the stamps, illustrated by Fig. 4, but the engraver of the design committed the enormity of drawing the wagon contained in the coat-of-arms

with two shafts (Fig. 4) instead of with a "pole," or "dissel-boom" (Fig. 5). The values from ½d. to 1s. had already been issued before the error was discovered, whereupon the stamps were withdrawn, and the plate, after being corrected, was again put into use. Of course, the errors are well worth looking for, and, with the aid of a microscope, can soon be found. The difference in value is considerable. I append a table:—



FIG. 5.  
"DISSELBOOM."

	Wagon with Shafts.		Wagon with Pole.	
	Unused.	Used.	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
½d. grey	0 4	0 4	0 2	0 2
1d. carmine	0 9	0 3	0 3	0 0½
2d. bistre	0 9	0 3	0 6	0 2
3d. mauve	—	—	0 6	0 4
4d. olive-black	—	—	0 9	0 8
6d. blue	3 0	1 0	1 0	0 6
1s. green	10 0	10 0	4 0	0 8
5s. slate	—	—	7 6	5 0
10s. brown	—	—	15 0	7 6

The only surcharge made upon the 1894 type was the 1s. green overprinted "Halve-Penny" in red, the value being 3d., unused or used. In 1896, owing to an agreement between the South African States to use stamps of similar colours all through, a new issue took place, being the type of 1894 (Fig. 5), with the value printed in a separate colour to the remainder of the design. These are

in use at the present time, and should be obtained before they become obsolete.

The values are:—

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
½d. green	0 1	0 0½
1d. carmine and green	0 2	0 0½
2d. brown	0 4	0 0½
2½d. blue	0 5	0 1
3d. mauve	0 6	0 2
4d. sage-green	0 7	0 2
6d. lilac	0 10	0 2
1s. ochre	1 6	0 3
2s. 6d. purple	3 9	3 0

This completes the Transvaal issues to the present day, and if readers take my advice they will at once commence collecting all the varieties described.

A new issue is now in preparation, the chosen design being a bust of President Kruger for the values up to 1s., and the Arms of the Republic for the higher values.

I have said nothing about other South African countries, which, as mentioned before, abound in interesting stamps. These must be a subject for some future date.

## THE NEW CUBA STAMPS.

Just as these pages are going to press Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. have sent me a set of the new Cuban stamps. They are simply splendid, and, as a large number of New England collectors will be longing to see the designs, all the six values are illustrated. The 1c., in deep green, shows the statue of Columbus, located in the courtyard of the captain-general's palace at Havana. The 2c., in rose, depicts local vegetation; 3c., violet, a representation of Cuba, after the allegorical figure known to the Cubans as La Cubania, now situated on the plaza at Havana. The 5c., in deep blue, represents Commerce and Ocean Penny Postage. The 10c., an agricultural scene, depicts a sugar mill, towering palms, and tobacco plantation; colour, brown. The Special Delivery Stamp is quite up to date with the messenger on his bicycle; colour, orange. *Floreat Cuba!*

## SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

*Note.*—The Editor will be glad to receive from correspondents, at home or abroad, reports of new issues, for description in these pages.

Due acknowledgment will be given, and whenever possible the information should be accompanied by a specimen or specimens of the stamps referred to, which will be returned.



**British South Africa, or Rhodesia.**—

A new series of stamps, engraved and printed in London by Messrs. Waterlow & Sons, is being introduced into the Company's territory as fast as the various values of the old type are used up. The accompanying illustration speaks for itself. The design is modest, but dignified. The values run from ½d. to 10s.

**Canada.**—Messrs. Whitfield King & Co.

have sent me two provisional stamps which have been issued. These are the 3c. with and without the numerals in the lower corners, each surcharged "2 CENTS." I am illustrating both, as the blocks will also serve to explain to the uninitiated the two varieties of the 1898 type which exist. The first was issued with maple leaves (the emblem of the Dominion) in all four corners. Then, on account of complaints as to inability to quickly tell the value, numerals were added in the lower corners,



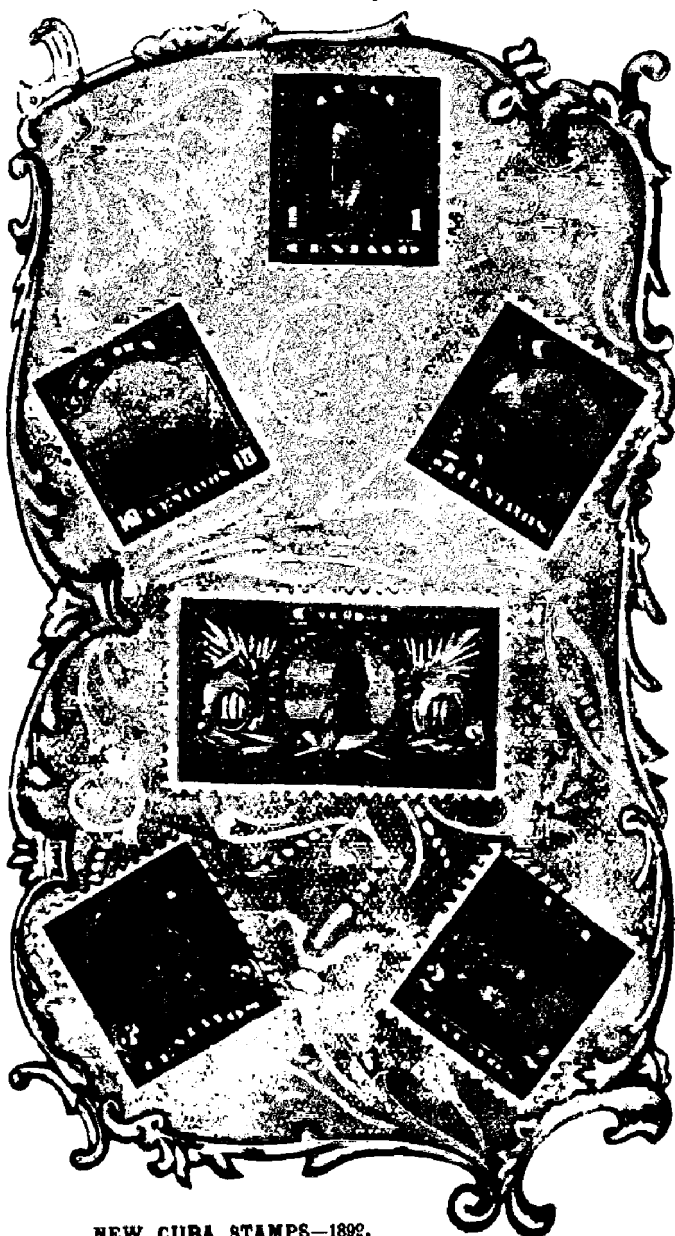
CANADA PROVISIONALS OF 1899.

the latter being the current permanent set. Certain values of the first type should become scarce, suggesting the advisability of procuring them while cheap.

The blocks illustrate the new provisionals, so there is no need for me to further refer to them. I also have the permanent 2c. stamp printed in a new colour—rose-red—and the 5c. has only just been issued with the numerals in the lower corners. 2c. on 3c. (provisional, two varieties); 2c., rose-red (permanent); 5c., deep-blue (re-drawn type).

**Chili** is an ideal country for the stamp collector. A very little trouble and expense, and the whole of the issues can be completed. For forty-seven years the profile of Christopher Columbus has adorned the postage stamps. Hence, it is surprising to hear that a new series of stamps is coming out minus Christopher's features. By the way, I suppose you know of the two

varieties of the current 1c. and 2c. stamps? These two values were re-engraved some time back. They can be distinguished by the numerals at the base of the stamps; in the re-engraved 1c. the numeral is fully half-a-millimetre *thicker* than the old, and the top is broader. The re-engraved 2c., instead of ending in a ball at the top, has a thin crescent-shaped line; this numeral is also thicker. The



NEW CUBA STAMPS—1892.

two varieties of each value are worth looking out for.

**Cook Islands.**—The 1d. stamp has been surcharged "One Halfpenny" in three lines of roman capitals. Halfpenny in black on 1d. blue.

**Holland.**—I have been simply longing to come down to Holland. While away in Norway

this summer I heard of the magnificent new set of stamps which had been issued, and now the stamps are before me. They certainly are very pretty. It will be seen that the values from  $\frac{1}{2}$ c. to  $2\frac{1}{2}$ c. are oblong, and the higher values show the same portrait of Queen Wilhelmina as appears on the "Coronation" stamp (see illustration on page



HOLLAND NEW ISSUE.

72). A specimen of each type is contained in this month's packet. The colours are as follows:  $\frac{1}{2}$ c., lilac; 1c., rose; 2c., stone;  $2\frac{1}{2}$ c., green; 3c., orange; 5c., pink;  $7\frac{1}{2}$ c., brown; 10c., mauve;  $12\frac{1}{2}$ c., blue; 15c., bistre-brown; 20c., green;  $22\frac{1}{2}$ c., brown and sage-green; 25c., pink and blue (an unsightly combination); 50c., bronze-green and lake-brown.



HOLLAND NEW ISSUE.

**Queensland.**—This is another country which, à la Canada, U.S.A., etc., has been undergoing fearful and wonderful changes in the Philatelic line. First there was the badly-printed type with Queen's head in an oval, and all the multitudinous minor varieties—long P's, LA joined, etc., etc. Then the local printer started tinkering the plates, and made the profile of the Queen show up on a white background. Then came the addition of numerals of value in the lower corners; and, finally, the numerals were added in all four angles. We advise Queensland to have a first-rate design engraved in England once and for all, following the example of New Zealand. In the meantime we have a new 1s. stamp, with numerals in all angles; 1s. mauve, watermark Crown and Q.

**Russian China.**—A set of stamps which may be highly interesting in the future has just been issued by Russia. The Celestials are fast being portioned out to the Powers. Germany has issued her stamps surcharged "China," and now Russia follows suit with the current Imperial stamps surcharged "KNTAN," which, being interpreted, means "China." The values so surcharged are the 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, and 10 kopecs.

**Samoa.**—Two changes of colour here—the  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. from mauve to green, and the 1d. from green to red-brown.

**Uruguay.**—Here, also, three new colours, 1c. green, and 2c. orange, type of 1890; 10c. red-violet, type of 1897.

**Victoria.**—New colours have been adopted for the three low-value stamps— $\frac{1}{2}$ d. green, 1d. rose-pink, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. marone on yellow.

**Zanzibar.**—The entire series of stamps, from  $\frac{1}{2}$  anna to 5 rupees, has been issued, bearing a portrait of the new Sultan. We illustrate His Highness. Excepting for this change the new set remains as before.



ZANZIBAR.

## OUR MONTHLY PACKET OF NEW ISSUES.

The November Packet contains exceptional value, and some very interesting stamps, including Canada 2c., on 3c., the two varieties; ditto 2c., carmine, and 5c., blue, as described; Gwalior 3 pies; Hawaii 1c., green, new colour; Holland,  $\frac{1}{2}$ c., 1c., 2c.,  $2\frac{1}{2}$ c., and 3c., new type; Japan, new type, six values; Luxemburg, official, perforated, 1c., 2c., and 4c.; Samoa,  $\frac{1}{2}$ d., green, and 1d., red-brown, new colours; Straits, 3c., brown; and Zanzibar, with head of New Sultan,  $\frac{1}{2}$ a. and 1a. All, except the Japan, are unused. Twenty-five varieties in all. The packet is provided specially for THE CAPTAIN readers, and can only be obtained direct from the office, for which postal order for 2s. 7d. should be remitted.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**F. Allingham.**—I have replied to your letter per post.

**C. L. Barrett (Victoria).**—We gave a list of the principal philatelic journals in the July issue (Answers to Correspondents). I advise you to join the local society, the secretary being Mr. D. S. Abraham, of Melbourne.

**J. B. Beaumont.**—Very glad to receive your letter. The Costa Rica stamps are quite genuine. You should be able to get the Newfoundland stamp in Leeds and from a stamp dealer; there are two or three in the town.

**Kruger.**—Certainly, I consider all stamps of the Transvaal worth accumulating. The present series is about to be replaced by a new set, so complete, while you have the chance.

**D. R. A.**—Your query will have been fully replied to by the review in our October issue. I will endeavour shortly to say something about British plate numbers.

**A. Dewar.**—(1) Either under Portuguese Africa, or, if no space for this, put them under Portugal; at the foot of the page. (2) No, not surcharged officially. It is probably a private bank cancellation. (3) A forgery. (4) The green one is Jhalawar; the red, Faridkot. (5) Certainly, Puttiala is the same as Patiala. Always glad to hear from and help you.

**F. J. Webb.**—We do not sell stamps described in the new issues column, except as contained in the monthly packets at 2s. 7d. each. I advise you to communicate with one of the firms advertising in THE CAPTAIN.

**A. F. B.**—We shall be glad to advise you if you will let us see the stamps you speak of. In all cases stamps for identification should be sent, with a stamped envelope for reply.

**"A Soldier's Daughter."**—Many thanks for your kind letter. Write to Messrs. Whitfield King & Co., Ipswich, and say we recommended you to do so for the special purpose you mention. Get a good catalogue as a guide.

**J. H. T.**—The approval sheet business is a good way to add to your collection if you discriminate between the stamps offered. Get a reliable catalogue, and steer clear of torn or damaged specimens, reprints, remainders, or forgeries.

**W. Fuller.**—A good find! Value 10s. at least. It demonstrates the ability to pick up good stamps cheap when one's eyes are open. Calculate the profit on your outlay of 8d.

# A MATCH AND A MARRIAGE

By G. RAVEN DALE.

Illustrated by George Soper



“KNOW, sir,” began Stanton, when we had both settled down to our pipes, ‘soon after you left the regiment football became a regular rage. We took one or two bad beatings from the MacKenzie Highlanders—the ‘Jocks’ they called them—and that fairly crazed the men. What was more annoying still was the way the ‘Jocks’ took their victories—it was just a matter of course to them. Then I’m blessed if the women and children in the regiment did not take on and jeer us about it, and Sergeant MacPherson, the captain of the Highlanders’ team, walked Miss Meadowson out every Sunday, whilst I was nowhere.

“In March that year Lieutenant Tufnell joined us, with a great reputation as an Association player. I think he had belonged to the Old Carthusi—something club in England, and was thought a lot of. Before a week was over he knew every man in each of the company teams, not to mention the band, the drums, and the boys, and he worked and worked away at the men from morning to night. It was practice—always practice; the forwards altogether, then the half backs, then he would take and drill the backs by the hour at a time. He upset all our preconceived notions of the game entirely, and told us a lot we never knew before.

“Meanwhile I had seen a good deal of Miss

Meadowson, and now that Sergeant MacPherson was out of the way it seemed as if I had a fair chance of success, for by the time that she went up to Simla as nursery governess to Major Swanley’s children we pretty well understood what we were after.

“We entered for the Durand Cup, and the next thing to be done was to get the team up to the hills, for it takes a man some time to grow used to the difference of the air. You seem to be out of breath at once when you first go up. We had a depôt for sickly men at Kasauli, and when June came the regimental authorities considered that, amongst others, there were fifteen men who required change of air. Those fifteen, curiously enough, were our regimental eleven and four reserves. There was not much the matter with them, but when regimental authorities say a man requires change of air, why, he naturally does want it. So off we went.

“‘Take it easy for the first fortnight or so,’ said Mr. Tufnell to us. And easy we took it. Then we went hard to work at practice again, and from the beginning of August we began regular training. We did a lot of Khud climbing, as being good for the wind and strengthening to the legs, but we knocked that off a couple of weeks before the tournament, as too much of it might have made us muscle-bound, and cramped our speed and

activity on the flat. Then we went to Simla, and were encamped down at Annandale, where all the other teams were.

"Mr. Tufnell stayed at Major Swanley's, and the day after we arrived I thought I would go up and see him. Now I come to think of it I'm not sure that it was not a chance meeting with Miss Meadowson that I wanted more than anything else. However that might have been, I got it, and when I did I did not like it either.

"Just as I was going away, and had turned the corner of the little hill path from the house, I came face to face with Mary, and alongside of her was Sergeant MacPherson. She blushed a bit, and did not look over-comfortable.

"'Good evening, Miss Meadowson,' says I.

"'Good evening, Corporal Stanton,' says she, sort of catching her breath.

"'Helloh !' says Sergeant MacPherson. 'What are you up here for?'

"I don't know what I said exactly, but I suppose it was something about football, for Sergeant MacPherson laughs, and then says :—

"'Why, what's the use o' you coming here? You fellows must have forgotten all we taught you last cold weather at Umballa!'

"'Maybe we have, sergeant,' says I. 'And maybe it hasn't done us any harm.'

"I saw Mary blinking at me under her eyelashes. It was a sort of trick she had, and I used to think it very pretty, but I was not going to take any notice of it then. I turned off and went down the path feeling real mad, and it did not improve me to hear the sergeant say, 'I must see you home now,' just as if she belonged to him.

"There were fifteen teams in for the cup, and, speaking generally, those sent up by the different Scots regiments were much the best of the lot, and of these the Mackenzie Highlanders were considered the pick. We had a bye the first round, and so could look on and see how all the others performed.

"In the second round we had to play the Rutland Fusiliers; but outside the two regiments there was very little interest taken in the match. Neither of the teams was considered likely to have much to do with the final, and the fact of our winning the game did not cause us to be thought at all dangerous. The Mackenzie Highlanders beat a Lowland Scots regiment by five goals to one, which made them very strong favourites, and also more cock-a-hoop with themselves than ever.

"When the draw for the penultimate round was published the Mackenzies had to play the Scottish Rangers, whilst we had the Orkney Highlanders as our opponents. The Mackenzies played their match first, and came out victorious fairly easily.

The next day we caused general surprise by beating the Orkneys.

"As we were coming off the ground I heard Sergeant MacPherson say: 'That will make it all the easier for us. This lot won't get two flukes running, and they won't have the wet ground to help them.'

"The final was to be played on Wednesday evening, and on Tuesday we had a terrible misfortune. News was sent to the camp that Mr. Tufnell was down with very bad fever, and the doctors said there was no chance of his being able to play.

"It would not have mattered half so much if it had been anybody else! Mr. Tufnell sent down word that I was to captain the team; whilst young Higson, one of the reserves, was to be brought in as centre half-back.

"I went up to Major Swanley's that evening, and coming away I again met Sergeant MacPherson with Miss Meadowson. She looked sort of sorrowful at me, but the sergeant he ups and says :—

"'What price the Durand Cup? Do you think you are going to beat us?'

"'Don't know,' said I; 'but we'll have a dashed good try.'

"'Pretty try you'll make,' said he, 'with your only football player laid up.'

"'Well, sergeant,' said I, 'one player don't make a football team.'

"'No. And a lop-sided lot o' timber-toes like you chaps don't make one either.'

"After they had passed on I stood still in the pathway feeling real vicious, when suddenly Mary comes running back to me.

"'Corporal Stanton,' says she.

"'Miss Meadowson,' says I, very stiff-like.

"'Bill,' says she—and it was the first time she had ever called me so—"if you don't win that cup to-morrow, don't you ever ask me what you have been wanting to ask. Don't you ever open your mouth upon it. The sergeant has got a box made to take that cup away in, and if it goes you know what to expect.' Then she turned round and ran away.

"'Mary !' I shouted; but she would not stop, and there was nothing for it but to go back to camp again.

"When the match began it was easy to tell who were the favourites. The 'Jocks' came in by scores from Sabathu to back their men, and the general public up at Simla seemed to care a lot more for the Highlanders than for us. The men of the different English regiments cheered as we came on the ground, but most of the spectators had come to see the Mackenzies make rings round us. They started trying to do it, too, and got the

ball under way at once. But there it was: though they bothered our backs a lot, and kept the ball in our half, they did not seem to get much nearer our goal. Backwards and forwards, little short passes, the ball always with them, but no great amount of ground covered. Then we got a look in. Off on our right, then sharp across to the left, and then up in the centre; our forwards took the ball right down to the opposite goal, where it went behind, only just missing the post. What a cheer there was! There was no loitering about that bit of play; no pretty, tricky little passing to please the crowd, and to give time to the other side to get back and defend their goal. Then the ball was kicked off and taken back again into our half, where it remained for the next ten minutes. Time after time they were very dangerous, but also time after time they missed splendid opportunities by too much caution. Our backs and halves had to work like Trojans, and they needed all the training they had had, for against such tricky opponents it was fearfully tiring. Still, I can't help thinking that if the Highlanders had gone more for our goal and played less amongst themselves they would have done better.

"Our men seemed to settle down towards the end of the first half, and we several times took the ball down with a well-combined rush, and at last one of these culminated in a clever goal, shot by our left inside. Our display had soon brought us friends, and as the game went on people began to shout for us almost as much as they did for the others. So when we got a goal and were actually leading from the champions, the cheering was tremendous. For the rest of that half, however, we had a very bad time. The 'Jocks' seemed determined to wear us down by their dodges, but we kept them out somehow, and crossed over, still having the lead.

"We were very glad when the interval came. I saw Sir Mortimer Durand talking to Mr. Tufnell, who had been brought down in a rickshaw to see the match. Just as I passed them another gentleman came up, and I heard him say:—

"Well, Durand, I suppose your cup is going north of the Tweed again? The Mackenzies have got these fellows dead tired now, and will put on four or five goals. You see if they don't."

"I'll bet you a hundred rupees they can't," said Mr. Tufnell in a weak voice. "Oh, I beg your



GEORGE SOPER,

"IF YOU DON'T WIN THAT CUP TO-MORROW, DON'T YOU EVER ASK ME WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN WANTING TO ASK."

pardon, sir,' he added, as he saw it was Lord Roberts.

"My word! How the Commander-in-Chief did laugh.

"Well, we began again, and the same sort of thing went on. Our opponents were just as slippery as eels, but again and again they wasted time. We almost began to think we should get through without any further score, till pop went all our hopes by their driving the ball into our goal out of a scrimmage from a corner kick. One all! Ten more minutes to time—the 'Jocks' jubilant and confident, and ourselves grimly determined.

"The ball was once more started, and we went with a rush to their end. Then they worked it back to mid-field, then on into our half, then close up to our goal. We got away again the full length of the ground, but only to see them gradually work back as before. Still they could



I SHOT AS HARD AS I COULD AT THE MOMENT THAT MACPHERSON SENT ME CRASHING TO THE GROUND WITH MY LEFT LEG ALL DOUBLED UP UNDER ME.

not get through our defence, and they seemed to fear our rapid rushes. They were becoming very rough, and, indeed, I think there was a good deal of force put into the play by both sides. Sergeant MacPherson was going for his men as if he meant to stretch them out flat on every opportunity. He had hurt both of our left forwards, and had already been cautioned by the referee. Then the 'Jocks' got a corner within the last four minutes. It was beautifully placed, but we managed to clear and were off half-way down the ground, where I got grassed. Then the ball was returned, and another corner resulted.

"Swoop came the ball—then a stinging shot, which our goal-keeper just managed to fust out, the ball coming straight to me. I headed out to the right, saw our outside get it, and off we went

down the ground as hard as we could pelt.

"Don't get yourselves offside!' I yelled to the left wing, who were going down a bit too fast. Then click, came the ball to me, and back again right forward. The opposing backs were drawn off to that side, and then the ball was over on the left—a lovely pass. Going as hard as I could, I was within ten yards of the goal, when I received a pass right to my feet, and I shot as hard as I could at the moment that MacPherson sent me crashing to the ground with my left leg all doubled up under me. I saw the goal-keeper stop the shot, and other players dash up. Then the ball trickled back towards me. My left leg I knew was broken, but I managed to wriggle a foot or two and get another kick with my right as I lay on the ground, and—whoo!—the ball went slap into the net, and I don't remember any more.

"When I came to I found my head was pillowed in Mary's lap. Time was up within a second of scoring that goal, and they told me

afterwards that she had run all the length of the ground to see if I were hurt. Well, it did not matter that I was. We had won the cup, and the Commander-in-Chief and Sir Mortimer Durand said all sorts of nice things about us. But my part of the win was what pleased me most, for I asked Mary—and she said 'Yes.' She is Mrs. Stanton now, sir, but she would not be if I had not kicked that goal."

"Oh, yes, she would," said a voice behind us.

I turned round and saw the lady in question, who had come to fetch her husband.

"Why, Mary," said Stanton, "you said you would never let me ask you if we did not win."

"No more I should," said Mary; "but in that case, I think, just to make up for your disappointment, I—I should have asked you myself."



BY THE REV. E. E. BRADFORD, B.A.

Sketches by H. S. Greig.

**A**WE all know, the finest diamond in the British crown jewels bears the famous name of the Koh-i-Nur, or, "Mountain of Light."

But perhaps everyone is not aware that in the East there are numbers of gems which, though far from

being as celebrated as the Koh-i-Nur, are yet considered remarkable enough to merit the honour of special names.

The Sultan of Turkey possesses many such stones, and among others he had a wonderfully brilliant diamond, called the "Star of Muhammad," because it was said to have formerly flashed in the turban of Muhammad the Conqueror.

While my father, Lord Augustus Portlyn, was First Secretary at the British Embassy at Constantinople, it happened that for a short time, after the death of one ambassador and before the appointment of another, he had to act as *chargé d'affaires*.

Now, precisely at this time, diplomatic relations between England and Turkey were somewhat strained, and the Sultan was particularly anxious to obtain our good-will. One night at a State ball my mother chanced to express great admiration for the "Star of Muhammad," which the Sultan was wearing in a ring. Not long afterwards, I forget on what occasion, it was sent to her, beautifully mounted in the form of a brooch. A year or two after this my mother died, and I believe my father prized the "Star of Muhammad"

quite as much on account of its associations with her as for its intrinsic value.

You can imagine, therefore, our consternation when we discovered one day that it had been stolen! The first thing I did when I heard it was to rush off to communicate the news to my special chum, Wynn Elton, the Chaplain's son.

Mr. Elton was a widower and a bookworm, and Wynn, who was his only child, was left pretty much to his own devices. I found him sitting on the low wall of the neglected parsonage garden, with his feet dangling in the air. His sun-burnt and rain-stained straw hat was tilted on the back of his head, displaying a shock of fair, untidy hair beneath. Little as he was, his shabby sailor suit was several sizes too small for him. In a word, his whole appearance reminded me of what my father always called him—"a dirty, good-for-nothing young scamp."

How I did wish that Mr. Elton would dress his son like other boys, or that my father could be brought to look below the surface, and recognise that in spite of all Wynn's exterior disadvantages there was not a fellow in Constantinople who could be compared with him, either in brains or heart! But I had no time to waste on such regrets now; I was in far too great a hurry to deliver my exciting news.

"I say," I burst out, as soon as I had breath enough to speak—for I had run all the way—"What do you think? The 'Star of Muhammad' has been stolen!"

Wynn gazed at me in speechless amazement

"It has!" I went on, "and I feel pretty sure I know who has stolen it—that scoundrel Yusuf!" Yusuf was my father's valet, a mongrel, half-Arab, half-Jew.

I had already detected him in several petty cheats, but my father prided himself on being a judge of character, and Yusuf, who had been adroit enough to win his confidence, was pronounced a thoroughly honest, trustworthy servant, and quite above suspicion.

"If Yusuf has stolen it we can get it back," said Wynn, quietly.

"Can we? I should like to know how!" I retorted irritably—Wynn takes everything so coolly that he sometimes aggravates me. Wynn laughed.

"Why, if Yusuf has stolen it, he won't keep it for his wife, will he? He'll be sure to sell it, or get someone to sell it for him. Very well; we've only to keep our eyes on him. *I'll watch him!*"

If any fellow but Wynn had said this I shouldn't have thought much of it. I should have known well enough that after a few days he would get jolly sick of watching, if he found nothing came of it, and would give up in despair.

But Wynn had the tenacity of a bull-dog. When he said "*I'll watch him,*" he just brought his little sharp-pointed teeth together with a click, and clenched his white, dirty little fist with an action which, without being melodramatic, was decidedly impressive. It said, just as plainly as words could have done, "*I'll watch him every hour of the day, and of the night, too, as far as I can. I'll devote my holidays (it was the summer vacation) to no other purpose than this. I'll hurry over meals, and I'll get up*

early in the morning, and remain out as late as I dare in the evening, to keep my eye on him. I may succeed in finding out something, and I may not; but, in any case, if I fail it shan't be from want of trying." And it was as if he had said all this aloud that I answered: "After all, is it worth while, old fellow?"

"I think so," he replied, thoughtfully. "I know Lord Augustus doesn't think that I am up to much, but he'd think better of me if I brought him back the 'Star of Muhammad,' and I'd do a great deal to make your father like me." And he gave me a look out of his big, dark-rimmed grey eyes that made me grasp his thin little hand with a grip that I am afraid must have almost hurt him.

It was about a fortnight after this that one day when I was out for a stroll Wynn ran up to me. "I've found out something about Yusuf," he began at once. "This past

fortnight I've watched him like a cat. Yesterday he went down by the steamer to Stambûl." (We were now at Therapia, a little village on the Bosphorus, where all the embassies remove during the summer months, but small steamers continually ply between Therapia and Constantinople, the old quarter of which is called Stambûl.)

"On board the steamer was an old Jew, with whom I have seen Yusuf talk two or three times before. This time I managed to get quite close to them without their perceiving me. They were leaning against the partition which divides off the part reserved for the Turkish women. I slipped inside, and put my ear close to the shutter. They spoke in Turkish in a very low voice, and at first I could only catch scraps, such as '*Kash ghrush?*'"



"KASH GHRUSH?" "CHOK." "I STEMEN."



*Chák.\** 'I stemen.'† But this, of course, was enough to show me that Yusuf had something to sell, and the old Jew pretended he didn't want to buy it. Then all at once I heard Yusuf say quite distinctly: 'Meet me at the Greek Theatre in the Grande Rue at Galata to-night, and I'll show it you.'

"Are you certain you heard this?" I inquired with trembling eagerness.

"As certain as I am standing here," replied Wynn.

"Then I vote we go to the Greek Theatre to-night, and as soon as Yusuf appears, have him arrested. He'll be sure to have the brooch on him somewhere, and no matter where it is hid, we'll manage to discover it."

My father was away from home for a few days on a short yachting cruise in the Black Sea, so it was impossible to consult with him. As to taking Mr. Elton into our confidence I don't think it occurred to either of us to do so. I daresay he was a very learned old gentleman, but a more helpless creature in all practical matters never existed. He would just smile at our story, and do nothing at all. So we determined to cut off all by ourselves, without saying a word to anyone.

As soon as dinner was over, I ran off to meet Wynn, whom I found patiently waiting by the garden gate. We hurried down to the quay, and boarded the steamer that was to take us into the town. The sun had just set over Stambûl as we entered the Golden Horn. A soft pink glow still bathed the Seraglio Point, the palace, Santa Sofia, and all the wonderful mass of towers, mosques, domes, and minarets which clothed the hills on our left. But on our right the Galata Tower alone caught a gleam of rosy light, while the cold purple shadows of an Eastern twilight already veiled the

narrow winding streets below. We got out at the landing stage, and hurried over the crowded outer bridge, jostled by Arabs in dirty white bernouses, Armenian porters, crawling under burdens such as no three Europeans could carry, Turkish women veiled to the eyes, Greek banditti, negro slaves, Jewish money-changers, picturesque types of every nation upon earth.

But Wynn and I had no eyes for the picturesque just then. We flew over the bridge with feverish impatience, and presently threaded our way to the Grande Rue of Galata.

It was thronged with what seemed a judicious selection of the basest rascals of the most vicious capital of Europe. The *cafés chantants*, as they are called—in reality a species of low music-hall, in which the only diversions are smoking and dancing to the strains of a barrel organ—were the favourite places of entertainment.

But up and down the whole length of the street did we pass before we could find the Greek Theatre. When at last we discovered it, its modest appearance explained why we had not seen it before.

The entrance was through a small door, just like those of any of the other houses around, which opened on a narrow, greasy, wooden staircase. The only thing which proved that this must be the theatre was a small poster,

which announced in Turkish and modern Greek the name of the performance and the price of the seats. The latter was not exorbitant—about tenpence in English money for any part of the house except "private boxes." Moreover, rather to our indignation, when we had paid for our places we saw several little beggars in rags and with bare feet quietly push in with us without paying anything at all. The dirty old gentleman who took our money seemed to regard this as the most natural thing in the world, and made not the slightest protest.



YUSUF WAS CLEARLY IN A DEEP, DRUNKEN SLEEP, AND IT WOULD TAKE A GOOD DEAL OF HANDLING TO WAKE HIM.

\* Too much. † I do not want it.

The theatre consisted of a fair-sized, oblong room, furnished with wooden chairs.

There was a stage at one end, and a gallery ran round the three other sides. The gallery apparently contained the "private boxes," but there was no one in it. The performance, which had already begun, was a very melo-dramatic pantomime acted in dumb show, while an orchestra of four or five trumpets and a big drum brayed and pounded away at a dreary, monotonous, tuneless air. The audience paid but little attention either to the music or the acting. Some had drawn their chairs round in a circle, and were carrying on an animated conversation with each other.

Many were sound asleep. The most luxurious of these had formed couches by putting two or three chairs together; others lay on the ground wrapt in their cloaks. The air was thick with tobacco smoke, and redolent of the fumes of spirits. I was appalled when I saw what a low sort of place we had got into, and I do not know if I should not have beaten a precipitate retreat if Wynn had not whispered to me:—

"Look! There is Yusuf!"

True enough, there sat my respected father's valet, but so disguised that I should have hardly known him. He was wrapped in a long, loose cloak that covered him from top to toe, with the exception of his head, on which he wore a cap something like an enormous Scotch bonnet. He was fast asleep, and the inflamed appearance of his face suggested that he had been drinking heavily.

"By Jove! We're in luck!" I whispered excitedly, "I vote we just go and get a policeman, and have him arrested at once."

"No, no!" cried Wynn. "Take care what you're about. What proof have we that he has stolen the jewel, unless we find it upon him? And even if he has it, what would be easier than for him to slip it into the hand of one of these rascals as soon as he caught sight of the police? I tell you what we must do—we must try to steal it back while he is asleep!"

The plan seemed to be a terribly daring one, yet I could not but confess that the circumstances of the case were singularly favourable. Yusuf was clearly in a deep, drunken slumber, and it would take a good deal of handling to wake him. Then

there was nobody quite close to him, and nearly all present were too occupied with their own concerns to pay much attention to us. And, lastly, the whole theatre, with the exception of the stage, was in almost complete darkness.

We strolled over to where Yusuf was lying, and seated ourselves close by. Wynn gave one stealthy glance around to see that we were not observed, and then I divined rather than saw that he was beginning operations. At the end of about five minutes he whispered to me:—

"I have it! It was in his waistcoat pocket."

And a moment or so later we moved quietly out of the theatre. But as we were going down the stairs a brawny, red-headed Greek youth overtook us.

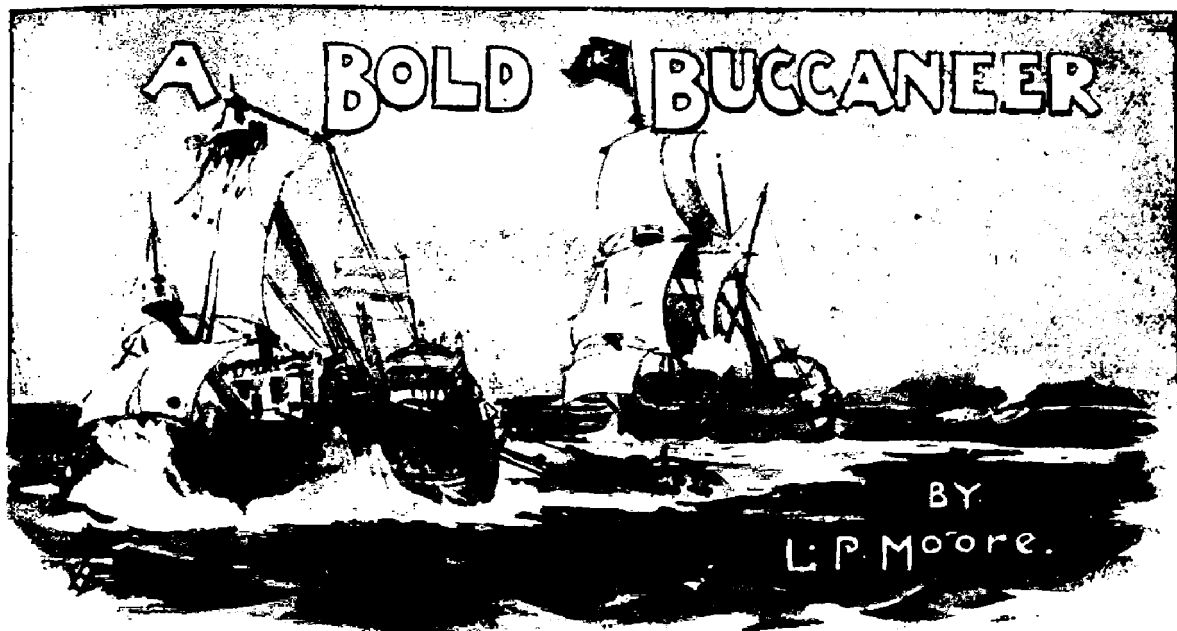
"Hullo, you kid!" he said to Wynn, in a low voice, in Turkish, laying a heavy hand on his shoulder. "I saw what you were up to! You've been priggling! You just show us the swag, and we'll go shares. If not, I'll tell!"

"Very well," answered Wynn, in the same language, and then he added, in English, to me, "You can box, old fellow; I can't. While I'm humbugging this rascal you just take him off his guard with a jolly good right-hander, and then we'll cut."

No sooner said than done. While Wynn fumbled in his pocket, and the Greek youth leant eagerly forward, I suddenly let out with my left, straight from the shoulder, and dealt the red-headed ruffian a tremendous blow on his nose, and followed this up with the right dead on the "mark," as a boxer would say—i.e., on the pit of his stomach—doubling him up in a ball at the foot of the stairs. Then—how we did run! In a few moments we were on board the little steamer for Therapia, where we arrived safely without any further adventures.

When father returned, and saw the "Star of Muhammad," and heard how it had been stolen by his "honest, trustworthy servant," and how cleverly and pluckily it had been recovered by the boy he had thought "a dirty, good-for-nothing young scamp," you might have knocked him down with a feather. And from that time forwards my father had almost as high an opinion as myself of my chum, Wynn Elton.





ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HAWLEY.

Being the true history of Bartholomew Portugues, a famous buccaneer who infested the West Indies in the seventeenth century.

THE wild adventures of the buccaneers have been the theme of innumerable stories for boys, and successive generations of youngsters have read, with breathless interest, accounts of how the pirate ship, flying a signal of distress, approaches the unsuspecting treasure galleon, and, when close aboard, runs up the "Jolly Roger," fires a broadside, and finally takes the vessel by boarding. But if the buccaneer of fiction is a wonderful fellow, the buccaneer of fact was scarcely less wonderful.

Though invariably a great scoundrel, of course, we cannot but admire his dauntless courage, his hardihood, and even some of his questionable adventures. Take, for instance, the exploit of Bartholomew Portugues; it reads like a chapter from romance.

In a little vessel, carrying only four small guns, and with a crew of thirty men, Bartholomew set sail from Jamaica, and, when off the coast of Cuba, sighted a large Spanish ship bound for Havana. The Spaniard mounted twenty heavy guns and carried seventy men, but, in spite of this superiority, Bartholomew at once attacked her. The Spaniards, however, fought bravely and beat off the pirates, but inflicted so little loss upon them that Bartholomew decided to attack again, more vigorously than before, and he did this with such determination that, after a long and bloody

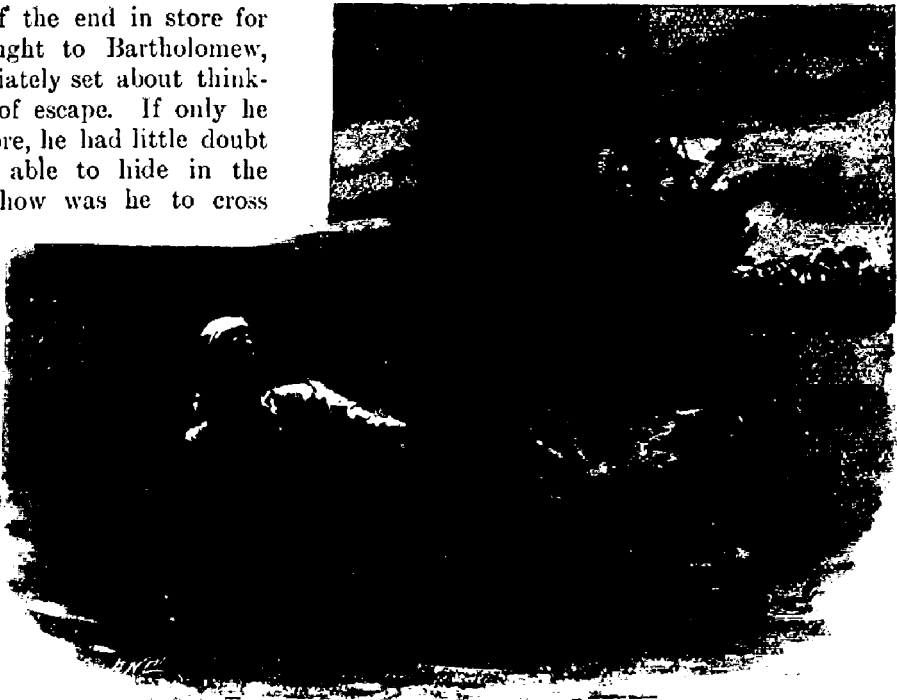
fight, he, with his handful of men, overpowered the Spaniards and took possession of their ship. The pirates' loss amounted to ten killed and four wounded, but although thirty of the Spaniards had succumbed to the fierce attack of the pirates, they still outnumbered the latter by two to one. Disarming and securing his prisoners, Bartholomew then searched the vessel, and found that it contained 120,000lbs. of cacao-nuts and seventy thousand pieces of eight; so, well pleased with his prize, he set sail for Cape St. Anthony, on the west coast of Cuba, the wind being adverse to their return to Jamaica.

But when they had almost reached St. Anthony, luck went against them, for three large Spanish ships hove in sight, and Bartholomew's lately acquired vessel, having received some damage in the recent fight, was in no condition to run away, and, consequently, fell an easy prey to the Spaniards. The pirates were transferred to another vessel, which at once sailed off to Campeachy.

So Bartholomew Portugues, who, by a stroke of luck, had become possessed of a fine ship with a valuable cargo, now found himself a prisoner, with very little prospect of regaining his liberty, for some merchants of Campeachy, coming aboard the vessel on its arrival at that port, instantly

recognised him as the most dreaded pirate in those seas, and quickly informed the authorities of his presence on board the ship. On the following morning the magistrates of the city sent an officer to take into custody all the prisoners with the exception of Bartholomew Portugues; him they deemed it safer to leave on board, for he had once before been a prisoner in Campeachy, and had escaped, and they did not wish to run the risk of losing him again. In the meanwhile, they erected a gibbet on which to hang him on the following day, for they did not propose to give him any form of legal trial, as his crimes were so well known to the citizens of Campeachy that they were unanimous in demanding his immediate execution.

The news of the end in store for him was brought to Bartholomew, and he immediately set about thinking of a way of escape. If only he could get ashore, he had little doubt of his being able to hide in the woods. But how was he to cross the strip of water which lay between him and the land he would give so much to reach? He could not get a boat without arousing his captors, and he was unable to swim. At last he hit upon a plan. Near to him stood two



WITH A JAR UNDER EACH ARM KEEPING HIM AFLOAT, BARTHOLOMEW SUCCEEDED IN REACHING THE SHORE.

empty earthenware jars, of the kind used by the Spaniards for carrying wine to the West Indies, and he carefully stoppered the mouths of these, so that the water could not enter them, for he hoped that, with these jars to keep him afloat, he would be able to reach the shore. By good fortune he found a knife, which he concealed carefully, and, being thus prepared, he waited patiently for nightfall.

All on board the ship were asleep save Bartholomew and the sentry set to guard him, and, seeing that it was impossible to elude the man's vigilance, the pirate did not hesitate to stab him to the heart. The poor fellow died without a groan, and Bartholomew hastily and quietly scrambled down the ship's side into the

sea, and, with a jar under each arm keeping him afloat, succeeded in reaching the shore. He at once ran to the shelter of the forest, and, finding a hollow tree, he climbed up to the top of the trunk and lowered himself into it. When morning came he saw, through a chink in the rotten wood, parties of Spaniards searching the forest for him, but they passed by his hiding-place unsuspectingly, and after hunting for him for three days without success, they returned to the town. Seeing this, Bartholomew hastily quitted the tree, and set off through the forest in the direction of Golfo Triste, which lay some forty leagues distant from Campeachy. It was a long and perilous journey for a man to under-

take alone and unarmed, but Bartholomew Portugues was a bold fellow in a desperate situation, and although he had no provisions with him, and only a small calabash of water, he preferred to run the risk of the journey rather than to fall again into the hands of the Spaniards. He suffered

much from hunger, and also from thirst, for his little store of water was soon exhausted, but he sometimes found fruit and nuts, which served to keep life in his body.

It was nearly a fortnight ere he reached the sea, but even then his troubles were not at an end, for he had to walk many miles along a wild, uninhabited coast, and there was a river to be crossed. It was this river that was Bartholomew's greatest difficulty, and he had no empty wine jars to enable him to overcome his deficiency in the art of swimming. But he was not the man to give way to despair, and while turning over in his mind various plans for crossing the river, he saw, lying on the beach, a plank—a fragment of some lost ship—and driven through it were some large nails

He took these nails and, grinding them against a stone, converted them into a queer-looking instrument which he proposed to use as a knife. With this clumsy tool he cut down some branches from the trees, and, joining them together with twigs and reeds which grew on the river bank, fashioned them into a raft. The little raft was a terribly cranky thing, but he managed to cross the river upon it, and was able to continue his journey.

At length he arrived at the Cape of Golfo Triste, where, to his great delight, he saw a pirate ship riding at anchor. The pirates turned out to be old comrades of his, and they listened sympathetically to the story of his capture, escape, and subsequent adventures.

It might be thought that, having twice been a prisoner in Campeachy, with death staring him in the face, Bartholomew Portugues would have no desire to return to that town, unless, indeed, he had with him so strong a force as to insure him against falling again into the power of the Spaniards. But it was not so. The same day on which he found himself safe among his comrades, he asked them to provide him with a boat and twenty men, and he vowed that, with that small force, he would return to Campeachy and attack and capture the ship on which, but a fortnight since, he had lain a prisoner. The pirates willingly lent him the boat and the twenty men, and the little vessel started off towards Campeachy, where it arrived in eight days.

The ship still lay off the town, and the pirates, who were lugging the shore, turned the boat's head and rowed towards her. Those on board thought that it was a boat from shore, bearing contraband goods, and the pirates were able to approach without being suspected. Coming alongside, they suddenly sprang aboard, slashing right and left among the dismayed Spaniards, who soon surrendered. Quickly the pirates set sail on the ship, and steered for the open sea, fearing that some of the vessels lying off the town might dis-



COMING ALONGSIDE, THEY SUDDENLY SPRANG ABOARD, SLASHING RIGHT AND LEFT AMONG THE DISMAYED SPANIARDS.

cover them and recapture the vessel. But the luck was on Bartholomew's side this time; he got safely away from Campeachy, and found himself captain and owner of the identical vessel on which only three weeks before he had been lying a prisoner, with the imminent prospect of death before him.

Bartholomew set sail for Jamaica, but when sailing along off the southern coast of Cuba a tremendous storm arose, driving the ship before it on to the rocks known as the Jardines, where she split, and was swallowed by the waves.

The pirates escaped in a canoe, but never again did fortune smile upon Bartholomew Portugues. We cannot pity him, for he was a great scoundrel who plundered and murdered whenever and wherever he could, but we must at least admit that his hardihood, daring, and resourcefulness were qualities which, in an honourable cause, might have raised him to the topmost pinnacle of fame.

# NATURAL HISTORY NOTES—(AUTUMN).

## Out-door Work.



**BIRDS.**—Summer visitors are on the eve of departure, if not already gone, and the winter immigrants are arriving. Fieldfare and redwing are due from Northern Europe, as is also the fierce hooded or Royston crow from the Orkneys and Hebrides. The rooks are back again in their nest trees; woodcock, snipe, and wood-pigeon are once more upon the scene; and the wild note of the ring ousel should be listened for upon the moors. It is a good and very useful plan to keep a record of all arrivals and departures noticed.

**Beasts.**—The majority are engaged in the favourite occupation of Caesar's legions in Gaul, and are going into winter quarters. Viper and grass snake are alike retiring with the lizards; the hedgehog, duly fattened, is casting about for a suitable hole in which to hibernate; dormouse and squirrel are withdrawing to their storehouses; and up in the steeple or the loft the bat has chosen a convenient rafter from which to hang, head downwards, until the return of the warm weather wakes him from his lethargy.

**A word** here as to general out-door work. *Keep a note-book.* Jot down in a diary all your doings and observations. If you are a collector, note particulars as to locality, time of year, etc., relating to your captures. Never mind how laborious the work seems at first; the information amassed in this way will prove invaluable later on. Above all, study your subject at first hand. Go out into the woods, and see things for yourself. Only set about it the right way. Learn to sit still—absolutely not-stirring-a-muscle still—and to observe the wonders of the teeming animal life all around you. In half-an-hour you will learn more from the open Book of Nature than half-a-dozen encyclopædias and dictionaries can teach you.

**Butterflies and Moths.**—Butterflies are, of course, becoming scarce, but there are nevertheless several late comers to be watched for. As an instance, you *may* come across in the late season a Camberwell Beauty, or a Queen of Spain Fritillary. The Pale Clouded Yellow is another prize to look out for, and the following are all to be found during the autumn: Brimstone, Clouded Yellow, Wall, Scotch Argus, Small Tortoiseshell, Small Heath, Painted Lady, Red Admiral, Peacock, and Brown Hairstreak.

The moth collector has plenty of opportunities before the close of autumn. A little attention to suburban lamp-posts in the morning will often be repaid, and sugaring will also be found productive. For the latter purpose we recommend a mixture of beer and sugar, with a few drops of rum or apple flavouring added, to strengthen the odour. This should be applied to the tree-trunks a little before dusk, and a visit paid with a dark lantern an hour or two later. The simple device of a light at an open window is not to be despised.

**Beetles.**—"Where am I to look for beetles?" asks the novice. The answer is, "Everywhere—on the ground, in the ponds, under the stones, in the hedgerows, in the leafy branches above, in dung and fungus, under the bark of trees—anywhere and everywhere, and at all times."

During the autumn the ponds should be thoroughly worked. The net used must be strong and serviceable, *with no corners*, attached to a wrought-iron ring, on a stout stick. A cast-iron ring is no good, and the same remark applies to those patent concerns in which the ring screws on to the stick, and can be taken off at will. The thread of the screw is almost certain to get worn immediately, and the apparatus thereby rendered useless. A clear pond is practically of no avail; the weedier the better. The white sheet is another excellent device. It must be spread beneath bushes or under the branches of a tree, while the latter are shaken vigorously. The beetles drop off, and can be easily spotted on the white ground. "Sweeping" should also be indulged in, for which the water-net, when dry, can be used. A patch of long grass or weeds is selected, and the net passed to and fro over it three or four times, with a long, steady sweep. A plentiful haul of plant beetles is sure to result. Fungus should be carefully examined, as well as the bark of trees. Elm is particularly popular with the small *Scolytus destructor*, which burrows and lives between the bark and the wood.

**Killing bottle**, containing cyanide of potassium, obtainable from any naturalists' dealer, must be used for slaying soft-bodied or hairy beetles. In the case of hard-bodied ones, a sudden plunge into boiling water is clean, effective, and instantaneous.

## In-door Work

**When out-door work** is no longer possible, the spoils must be arranged and classified. Identifying specimens is generally the hardest job of all. Especially is this the case with the egg-collector. Birds' eggs vary so much in markings, size, and

general appearance, that the coloured plates in books are almost worse than useless. The best, and, in fact, only safe method, is to have recourse to some authentic collection, such as that in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. Even so, it is sometimes difficult to put names to certain eggs. Careful note should therefore be made of the nest when an unknown egg is taken. This will assist materially in the subsequent work of identification.

With butterflies the difficulty is less, owing to the comparative absence of variation. Coleman's "British Butterflies" will admirably suit those whose purses are limited. It has excellent and accurate plates and sound general information.

With respect to the setting out of specimens, there is little to be said. Perfect symmetry and regularity should be aimed at, and the antennæ—too often neglected—should have proper care bestowed upon them.

Beetle collecting makes a considerable demand upon leisure time. Classification is more laborious, and the setting out is often a delicate process requiring considerable tact and patience. Books are inadequate for identification purposes, it being obvious that no ordinary volume could contain the three thousand odd plates necessary. Verbal descriptions are not to be trusted, and the collector must perforce again go to the museum.

Beetles of, say, more than  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. in length can be pinned. They should be transfixed through the

right elytron, or wing-case, and the legs and antennæ fixed with pins in the correct positions, while relaxed. The specimen should then be left to dry. Smaller beetles must be mounted on white card (old visiting cards are very useful) with a solution of *gum tragacanth*, procurable at a low cost from any chemist. In the preparation of this everyone has his own method and ideas. Personally we prefer a solution of a rather slimy consistency. Put a dab of this upon your card and dump your insect into the middle. Then, by the careful manipulation of a couple of pins, get the legs, which are generally clasped under the body, pulled out, and set them in position with the antennæ. When the gum dries, which it will do quite cleanly, the specimen will be found firmly fixed upon a spotless card. Some beetles, notably the Whirligigs and Tortoises, are a sore trial, from the peculiar formation of their bodies, to the patience of the operator. The extra trouble taken to secure good settings, however, is well repaid by the neat appearance of the collection.

In arranging a collection of butterflies, beetles, or any other insects, we strongly advise the adoption of a strictly scientific classification. It is, in fact, the only thing to be done, if the collection is to be of any value. Catalogues of the different orders, printed on one side of the paper only, can be bought cheaply. These will show the order to be preserved, and can also be cut up and used for labels with very neat effect.

A. E. JOHNSON.

## A "How-to-Make" Competition.

A PRIZE OF £2 : 2 : 0.

Readers skilled in  
Carpentry, Fretwork, Carving, Cardboard Designing, Boat Building, &c.,  
are invited to enter for  
**COMPETITION II.**

See "CAPTAIN Competitions for November."

Two readers may enter together for this competition and halve the prize, as it is possible that, though a boy may be clever with his fingers, he may find some trouble in describing the way he goes to work, and may like to get a friend to help him. Carefully drawn and numbered diagrams should be sent with the competitions. In addition to the prize awarded to the most skilful competitor, there will be Six Consolation Prizes, age being taken into consideration.

# A Hard Case



*By William MacMillan.*

Illustrated by J. Littler.

**G**OING to school "out back" in Australia, and going to school in the Old Country are two very different things. In the latter, I suppose, there is no question whatever about getting there, while in the bush to have to ride ten or twelve miles there and back every day is by no means uncommon.

Perhaps I should make some sort of excuse for introducing a heroine into a story that is supposed to be written mainly for us superior creatures of the opposite sex; but as I have had ocular demonstration of the fact that girls are good patrons of boys' magazines, I shall make no apology.

She was our new school-mistress at Berrindoran, twenty miles from nowhere in particular in New South Wales. The school-house stood at a place where two roads met, and was at least three miles from the village. This was to accommodate the children of the small farmers in the neighbourhood, "cockatoos" we called them. There was a paddock close to the school-house for us to turn our horses and ponies into, and no house nearer than a couple of miles. There were all sorts and conditions at our school, from the children of well-to-do squatters—who one day would be sent to swell boarding academies in Sydney or Melbourne—to the children of bush-hands and teamsters. This might have had its disadvantages, but there was this about it; we soon found out it was not money or the position one's parents held that

was to give us a position at school—everything depended on what we were ourselves.

When Miss Mackenzie, our new teacher, first came to Berrindoran we laughed in our sleeves, and reckoned that in the future we would have things pretty well our own way. Why the powers that were should have been so silly as to send a little, delicate-looking, gentle-voiced creature like her to teach and keep in order a dozen or more wild bush-boys, some of whom were quite big enough to earn their own living, and as many girls, some of whom were not much better than the boys, was past understanding.

Opinions were divided as to her future success in the new position. The louder voiced—and coarser natured—ones said they would give her four weeks to stay, at the end of which, if not, indeed, before then, she would throw up her billet in despair, and, packing her slender belongings, take herself off. I think that what some of the pupils most objected to was the fact that *she was a gentlewoman*, poor, very poor perhaps, but *still a gentlewoman*. It was not that she ever mentioned the fact, but when anyone out of their perversity seemed to forget that respect which was due to her as such, Miss Mackenzie very soon reminded them of it in a way not likely to be forgotten. The first few days she did not say much; she seemed taking us all in, separating, as it were, the grain from the chaff. Tony Walsh, the stupidest, but, in his own eyes, the smartest boy in the school, went from bad to worse the first two days, playing all sorts of tricks on those who were



least likely to retaliate ; but he received a severe check on the third. Miss Mackenzie had seen him stick a pin into a boy ever so much smaller than himself. She shut her book, and went quietly over to him. When she had done speaking to him it seemed extremely unlikely that he would ever repeat the operation. The other boys were more careful after that.

But perhaps the girls gave her most trouble. Girls can annoy in a hundred petty, galling little ways that a boy knows nothing about. Some again, like my sister Mary, declared that within a week or so those who did not learn to love her would certainly learn to obey her. I admit—though, of course, I never told her so—that Mary saw as far through a weatherboard wall as most boys. Within the week the truth of her words was proved in a truly remarkable way.

It was about half-past two o'clock in the afternoon, and we were all seated at our respective desks listening to what, I admit, was a not altogether undeserved lecture Miss Mackenzie was giving us on the subject of cruelty to animals—it was quite evident that she thought some of us more thoughtless ones needed it—when the door suddenly swung open and a man walked in.

And such a man ! When some of the girls saw him they uttered little hysterical shrieks, while the lower jaws of some of the boys dropped appreciably. Nor was it any wonder. He was in his shirt sleeves—as most bushmen usually are—but he was covered with dust, his shirt hung in

shreds from his back, and a handkerchief was tied carelessly round what seemed to be a wound of some sort just below the left elbow ; it had been bleeding profusely. He was not altogether an ill-looking scoundrel, but his manner was keen and excited. He had a pair of fairly good grey eyes, regular features, but a heavy moustache concealed his mouth, which, perhaps, after all, expresses more than any other part of the face. He had evidently been riding hard, as his flushed

face and travel-stained condition indicated.

Now, it had been reported that some of the Kelly gang of bushrangers had lately been seen in our neighbourhood, and what with the unexpected manner of the stranger's entrance, his suspicious, hunted appearance, and the wounded arm, it was not at all to be wondered at that some timid one should gasp in an audible whisper, "The bushrangers !" In the dead silence that followed this revelation, there was not a boy or girl in the school who did not mentally speculate as to whether it was



WE WERE ALL SEATED AT OUR DESKS WHEN THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN, AND A MAN WALKED IN. AND SUCH A MAN !

the redoubtable Ned or Dan Kelly who stood before us. There was hardly anyone in Australia who did not know most that was to be known about those "knights of the road" through their daring robberies and murders. The sight of the belt, full of gleaming brass cartridges, and the butt end of a revolver peeping from its pouch, confirmed our worst fears.

The stranger stared about him for a moment as if taken aback. Doubtless he had not expected to find himself in a school-room. So surprised, indeed,

was he that he forgot to remove his broad-brimmed felt hat. Those of us who were not too much engrossed thinking about our own safety, looked at our new school-mistress, expecting to see her faint or go clean off into hysterics. We had always understood that town-bred people—she hailed from Sydney—resorted to one or the other on the slightest pretext. She did neither; she did not even rise from her seat. We could not say that her cheek paled, even when—as she must have done—she realised who her dangerous visitor was. She merely looked him up and down with her big brown eyes—there was no denying the fact that she had fine eyes—and waited for him to speak.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, looking around him with reprehensible disapproval, "thought I had struck a shanty where there would be a man I could press into my service!"

He seemed tired or faint, and seated himself on a bench close to the door, which he carefully closed.

"Because there are only women and boys here, is that any reason why you should keep your hat on?" she asked.

We stared open-mouthed when we heard little Miss Mackenzie say this. Surely the bushranger would retaliate by sending a bullet through her body. But he did not.

"Oh! I really beg your pardon," he exclaimed, as if in confusion, hurriedly taking off his hat. "You see, I'm hardly myself just yet. Had such a beast of a ride—got shot through the arm—came an awful cropper when my horse fell on taking that last snake fence—left the police behind somehow, and here I am."

"You seem to have had a good stiff ride," again remarked the little woman, as easily as if she were talking to a mere casual acquaintance. "And may I ask what your programme is now?"

"Certainly—but hang me if I know!" he remarked, laughing uneasily. "Feel that a good square rest would be about my ticket now, but am afraid that circumstances will oblige me to push on."

The villain, for he was evidently a hardened case, showed a good set of white teeth as he smiled, and his grey eyes lit up in a way that made him look almost handsome. It must have come somewhat in the nature of a shock to most of us—the exception being, of course, some of the romantically inclined girls—that a man whose life was steeped in wickedness and crime could look as free from guile as a saint.

"You see, it's this way," he continued, unconcernedly nursing his arm with one hand. "I haven't had any sleep these last two nights—been lying watching in the bush, and on the go the whole time."

"Judging by your appearance I should say you had," remarked Miss Mackenzie, resting the first finger of her right hand meditatively against her chin, and with her left hand clasping her right elbow. Her gaze was distinctly meant to be judicial, but there was a momentary look of pity on her face for his fallen state. Why should one to whom nature had been kind in the matter of looks, and who had youth and strength, and doubtless ability on his side, choose a life that could only have one possible ending—an ignoble death? Such a course was either the result of inherent wickedness or madness; doubtless both. It was folly to pity him. He deserved none, and would have none.

"Do you intend stopping here till they come for you?" she suddenly asked with a start, as if in a hurry to say something. They had been watching each other in a curious fashion for a minute or two.

"Upon my word I hardly know," he replied with a little laugh. "It would look silly, wouldn't it? Afraid I'll have to borrow one of those horses in the paddock."

He turned to us pupils who were sitting too much impressed by the gravity and the unique character of the situation almost to speak or move, and asked smilingly:—

"Who's got the best horse?"

Now, my sister Mary undoubtedly had, but as I—simply to tease her, I admit—disputed this honour with her, she did not speak at once, doubtless from some mysterious motives peculiar to a woman's mind. Suddenly, however, her eyes lit up, and I saw she had got an idea. In a slow, hesitating manner, as if the admission were being wrung from her against her will—I should like to have seen anyone get anything out of Mary against her will—she said to the bushranger:—

"I believe I've got the best horse. It's a bay with brown points, and a white blaze down its forehead; it's a little fresh, but it's a stayer."

Mary was a tall, bright-eyed slip of a girl, with a cheek that was brown as a berry with the sun's kiss, and an expression that was innocence itself. I had never before dreamt there were such depths of dissimulation in her nature. The bushranger eyed her with a cynical little air, as of amusement, for a moment.

"Then I propose that we change horses for the time being," he said. "I daresay mine will carry you home—it wouldn't carry me where I intend going."

"Then I'll go and fetch it up for you," said Mary, moving towards the door.

But the villain was too quick for her, and put his foot against it.

"Oh, no," he declared, laughingly. "It wouldn't

do for you to go for that horse—you'd never come back again! I understand your little game perfectly. Dear me! The perfidy of some women is deplorable. And you really don't look like a female Judas, either!"

"You're a brute!" cried Mary hotly, and flushing violently as she found he had divined her intentions.

Contrary to the expectation of the scholars, the desperado seemed rather to enjoy being called names. I noticed that while all this was going on, it was the bullies and braggarts of the school who evinced most fear. The quiet and kindly ones had begun to take quite a lively and natural interest in the proceedings.

"None of you must leave the room," remarked our visitor.

He was going to say something further, when we noticed he had turned white to the lips, and looked sick and anxious. He took his hand away from his left arm, and it was covered with blood.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, feebly. "Expect I'll have to get to a doctor's or bleed to death after all. Better turn your heads the other way, children—it isn't a pleasant sight."

His air of *sang froid* was after the most approved style of the immortal Starlight.

The manner of the young school-mistress, when she saw the real condition of the bushranger, underwent a change very sudden and complete. It was the human being and not the sinner she saw before her now; she sprang from the easy attitude she had hitherto maintained, and went

right up to him. The pupils wondered at her temerity. She turned to Mary.

"Quick, Mary—run outside and get a dish with some water in it—there's lots in the zinc tank"—she turned to the bushranger—"and you—you've got to sit quiet while I make a tournaquet and stop the bleeding. If you don't you'll soon be beyond needing a doctor."

"Don't you think it would be a good thing for society if you did let me turn up my toes?" asked the shameless one, with a return of his old levity.

The woman looked at him with reproach and indignation in her eyes. It dawned upon me that she was decidedly pretty when she looked like that. She would not deign to answer him.

She took his wounded arm gently, and rolled up the stained coat-sleeve to the elbow. The man watched her with an odd expression on his face. She took some clean linen from a drawer, and deftly made a tournaquet with the aid of a pen-holder above the wound so as to stop the circulation. Just at that moment Mary returned with a zinc pail three parts full

of water in one hand, and a pannikin of water in the other.

"Here, drink this," she said unceremoniously to the stranger, offering him the pannikin. "You don't deserve it, you know, and I don't even suppose you appreciate kindness, but it needn't interfere with you taking it."

"You're not a bad sort," remarked the ruffian, after he had greedily drained the pannikin. "I hardly expected you'd come back with that



"HERE, DRINK THIS!" SHE SAID UNCEREMONIOUSLY TO THE STRANGER.

water—thought you'd take the opportunity to slope, so's to catch your horse and be off for the police."

"Brute, again!" hotly and haughtily exclaimed Mary, with her head in the air.

"Mary, help here, and don't chatter," cried Miss Mackenzie, as she removed the reddened bandage from the wounded arm. The man held it out so as to facilitate matters. The pupils stared in blank astonishment as they saw their school-mistress, with her dainty cuffs and sleeves rolled up, sponge the desperado's arm, while Mary held the basin in position. No one else had volunteered to assist. I thought that, anyhow, the women seemed to know best what to do. I am sorry to say it, but I'm afraid boys would only have bungled the operation. Miss Mackenzie was as deft and considerate with her patient as she would have been with the most respectable member of society. She did not seem afraid of

him in the very least. With Mary's help she dressed and bound up the wound. I carried out the pail, and went to get some more water for the women-doctors to wash their hands. The bushranger seemed to pay no attention to me.

"I say," he remarked, with the nearest approach to being in earnest he had yet observed. "It's been awfully good of you two ladies to have taken so much trouble with my arm." It is more than I deserved, as one of you very properly observed, and you've done it so well. I hope you'll believe I'm grateful. It was a merciful act."

"Then I hope that in future you'll remember it as such, and be merciful in your turn," rejoined the school-mistress.

She rose from her seat and went to the window. We could not see her face. Suddenly she turned, and it was very white.

"I can see the police coming over the hill," she cried meaningly. "They are at least a couple of miles off yet."

But the man sat still.

Then Mary sprang to her feet. I had not thought she was so full of silly romance, but then one never can tell what girls are until the right time comes.

"Oh, take my horse and clear out," she cried to the bushranger. "They may hang you if you don't! I'll go and get Highflyer myself."

He stopped her in the doorway.

"I suppose I'll have to hang," he said moodily.

"Oh, go!" cried the school-mistress, almost beseechingly, and pushing him from the room.

But he would not go, and we stood there with white faces and throbbing hearts.

In a few minutes more there was a drumming of horses' hoofs, and the clatter of feet in the verandah; three or four policemen and a couple of squatters rushed into the room. The officer who entered first stared at our bushranger as if in amazement, and cried:—



"HELLO! IT'S YOU, BOSS, IS IT? WE HEARD IT WAS DAN KELLY—AND YOU'VE BEEN WOUNDED!"

"Hello! It's you, Ross, is it? We heard it was Dan Kelly. How in all the earth did you lose us?—and you've been wounded!"

The supposed bushranger rose to his feet.

"Yes! I followed Kelly up," he exclaimed. "He plugged me in the arm; then my horse played out. But the ladies here have been goodness itself to me"—he turned to them somewhat shamefaced it must be confessed. "I owe you a thousand apologies, ladies. But you would have it, you know, that I was a bushranger. If you

just think a moment, you will admit I never said I was. It really was very bad of me not to explain, but it struck me that appearances being against me, you might not believe it. I never could stand being thought a liar."

After that our teacher was voted the greatest success Berrindoran had ever seen. She, however, did not remain a teacher long, for next year she married our bushranger, Alan Ross, a wealthy squatter from the Jérilderie district, and Mary was one of her bridesmaids.

## "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

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. Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

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, Burlington Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by November 16th.

No. 1.—**One Guinea** for the best poetical extract on "The New Year." Age limit: Twenty-five.

The Editor's idea in offering this prize is to encourage a study of good poetry. Often the same extract is sent by numbers of competitors, who, it is clear, have lazily contented themselves with just turning up a book of poetical quotations. *Try to find new and unhackneyed passages for yourselves.* In future the prize will be awarded to the competitor who gives proof of having "hunted" his poets thoroughly for a good extract.

No. 2.—**Two Guineas** for the best "How to Make" article. Two readers can go in together for this, each enclosing a coupon in the same envelope. For further particulars see page 195. Age limit: Twenty. Of course, all work sent in must be *strictly original*.

No. 3.—**Half-a-Guinea** for the best essay (not exceeding 400 words) on "Good Resolutions and How to Keep Them." Age limit: Nineteen.

No. 4.—**Half-a-Guinea** for the best pen-and-ink or pencil drawing of "A Fireplace." Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 5.—**One Guinea** for the most lively account (not exceeding 500 words) of an Association football match played by two teams composed of your favourite authors. Draw up teams, choose a captain for each side, assign the players their places, then describe the match, and give the result. Choose a fancy name for each side. Age limit: Seventeen.

No. 6.—**Half-a-Guinea** for the best copy, in coloured or plain printing, of the following verse: Age limit: Sixteen.

I hold it truth, with him who sings  
To one clear harp in divers tones,  
That men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things.

No. 7.—**Half-a-Guinea** for the best description of "My Favourite Picture" (not exceeding 400 words). Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 8.—**Half-a-Guinea** for the best copy of the first-thirty lines of "Natural History Notes." Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 9.—**Same Prize and Subject.** Age limit: Twelve.

No. 10.—**Same Prize and Subject.** Age limit: Ten.

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—In order to encourage competitors I am giving additional Consolation Prizes, which will be awarded in every competition—age being taken into consideration.]



*"Hæc olim meminisse iuvabit."*

**The Bramptonian** (SEPTEMBER), though slightly discomfiting as to colour, is more than usually good as regards its contents. Passing over a set of very sentimental verses, signed "Sum Wun"—I believe I have met that writer Sum Ware—I note that the results of the cricket season are not nearly so bad as they look on paper. Here is the way the sporting editor puts it:—

On examining the summary of matches, our past cricket season may only appear fairly satisfactory at first glance, and may seem to compare very poorly with the previous year. Sixteen matches in all were played; 5 were won, 7 lost, 3 drawn, and there was one tie; whereas in 1898 17 were played, 9 were won, 7 lost, and 1 drawn.

On going more closely into details, however, a different tale is forthcoming. The three drawn matches were all in our favour, two of the matches we lost by under double figures, and the match we made a tie of was due to the kindness of our captain in putting on the small boys to bowl against the St. George's small boys.

We may therefore say the past season was a season of improvement and great promise, especially among the younger members of the team, and that when the long term came to an end, and the summer holidays were upon us, we felt a good term's work had been accomplished in the cricket field, at any rate.

The patriotism displayed in these lines is beyond all praise.

**The Clayesmorian** (August) devotes one of its six columns to an article on the "Decay of Minor Games." I have not read the article, because it does not come within my province, but the title assures me that the subject is not of personal and domestic interest to the members of Clayesmore School. Another column is taken up with a few criticisms of school magazines. I have no fault to find with "Notes and News," and I must congratulate Fairlie on breaking the school record for the hundred (10 3-5secs.) and for the long jump (18ft. 10½ins.). Both of these are distinctly good performances, and I shall keep my eye on the *Clayesmorian*, which will, of course, keep its eye on Mr. Fairlie.

**The Droghedean** (September) is bright and up to date, but contains a good deal of matter not altogether necessary for the existence of the journal. My experience is that the average Fourth Form boy

will not go mad with delight over a dull article on "Recreation," nor will he forget to chew his stick-jaw on account of the fascination exercised over him by the "Legend of Kingscote Hall." However, the school news is always of interest, and I am sure all the readers will treasure the number in which the portrait of their school captain is reproduced.

**The Hurst Johnian** (August) leads off with a sensibly written editorial, commenting briefly but pithily on the events of the term. I would rather see the editorial split up into short notes, but I leave the matter to the decision of the gentleman responsible. The first of a series entitled "Scenes from the Life" is distinctly good, and the "College Annals" are well put together.

**The Mill Hill Magazine** (July) is a model of what a well-conducted school journal should be. The editorial is to the point; due prominence is given to the account of New Foundation Day, and "Notes and Jottings" is just such a column as fills my soul with joy. Sorry to hear, though, that one subscriber owes for fifty back numbers! I'm not at all sure that I should continue to send him the journal. Let me, in conclusion, congratulate A. E. Davis on his success throughout the cricket season, and on the masterly way in which he appears to have handled his team.

**Prince Alfred College Chronicle** (July) hails from Adelaide, and the editorial is one of the most sensible articles I have yet seen in a school magazine. Talking of a boy's last term at school, the writer says:—

Some fellows seem to think it is a fine thing to loaf during the last half, especially at those lessons "they don't see the good of," and to worry the masters they don't like, and to leave a bad name behind them. The head master has told us sometimes in the "Assembly" that he finds it hard to give such boys a "character" when they come to him after finding that somehow they can't get work without one. However, there have not been many P.A.C. boys like that, and we hope there will not be any this year.

The rest of the number is also excellent. I hope the Australian mail will bring me the *P.A.C. Chronicle* as regularly as clockwork.

**The Reptonian** (August) leads off with the editor's farewell to his readers, but the knight of the critical chair only gives his grief three lines. He then passes on to elaborate accounts of cricket matches and sheets of scores that fill some twenty or thirty pages, but whether Repton did well or ill I am quite at a loss—so far as the *Reptonian* is concerned—to know. I hope the season was a successful one, but really these editors—Ah, well, never mind! A day will come when every one of them will take the advice of **THE CAPTAIN** and lay it to heart. I only live for that day. For the present, these verses will appeal to many of my readers:—

Break, break, break,  
O classics, my heart in twain!  
And I would I could utter the blessings,  
That surge in my hard-worked brain.

O well for the modern side,  
That at Shakespeare they gibber and play;  
O well for the army class  
That they mathematicise—(as they say).

But the prosers and cons cease not,  
And I toil in pyjamas, and rave;

And O! for the touch of thy  
breast, Mother Earth,  
When I sink to a lunatic's  
grave!

Break, break, break,  
Friends grant me your sym-  
pathec;  
For the terrible itch of a brain  
run down  
Is worse than a Gaddarene  
flca.

**The Scribbler** (July and August) is quite the smartest home-made magazine that I have yet struck. The cover alone, which is reproduced here, is quite sufficient to make the publication remarkable, but the contents are more striking still. Mock advertisements, delightfully "displayed" and appropriately worded, fill the inside pages of the cover; with the July number there is given away as a supplement a complete index to Vol. III., with a list of contributors, and the name of the firm is there set forth as "The Holwood Publishing Company, Holwood, Grove Park, Lee, S.E.; and printed by the Holwood Press." Perhaps I ought to explain that the Holwood Press means a pen, a reproducing machine of some kind, and a very industrious pair of hands. The August number contains a striking portrait of Maitre Labori (from a photo), and a thrilling description of the attempt to assassinate that gentleman. The office boy contributes a smart article on the Dreyfus question, dealing particularly with the life of the unfortunate captain on Devil's Island, and concluding with these heart-breaking sentences:—

Tee woz much the same as brakefast, only wuss; he woz sent to bed without anny super, so perhaps he enjoyed this meel leest of oyl.

His bed was 2 fote 2 short, and he woz chained to it by ion chains, so that he kood not move or smak the moskytoes as they bit him, which, praps, was the most truly orfuly worst part of the lot.

Deer readers, let me harrow yore blud no more, at leest, not for a month. Neggst time I will deal with his return to France, his recepshun, and the grate trile.

**EDITORIAL NOTE.**—As the staff's holidays occur during the next few weeks, the September number may be slightly delayed.

**St. Peter's School Magazine** (June) wears a pretty little blue dress, and is conducted by the members of St. Peter's Collegiate School, Adelaide. Whether it was quite necessary to include that brilliant trifle on "The Casual" I leave to the editor to decide, but the rowing notes are very well done, and the accounts of the races form quite sensational reading. This magazine is not so flippant in tone as most of the colonial productions forwarded to me, and I must confess that I am glad to note the difference, for flippancy in a school magazine is very apt to develop into burlesque; and when everything about the school is burlesqued in the school mag., what will be the result? Therefore I say, keep your pen temperate, Mr. Editor, and the comic relief will take care of itself.

**The Truro College Magazine** (July) contains an excellent group of the cricket eleven, and a large number of notes deeply interesting to all connected in any way with the college. The roll of members belonging to the Old Boys' Association is

also given, and I am glad to see that the movement is evidently finding much favour. The examination successes make a goodly show.

**The Way College Boomerang** (JUNE) would doubtless have given me a nasty knock had it not lost most of its force during the journey from Adelaide. As it was, I was somewhat taken aback by the very learned article entitled "The Signs of the Times." Mr. "F. W. R." ought to try his hand at a *Times* leader. After this we dropped down with startling rapidity to football, and then, quite without warning, shot up again to that rarefied atmosphere in which dwell the members of the Literary Society. Then came a little gem of poetry, written in honour of Dr. Torr's visit to Eng-

land. I gather that Dr. Torr is the head master, and about to take a holiday:—

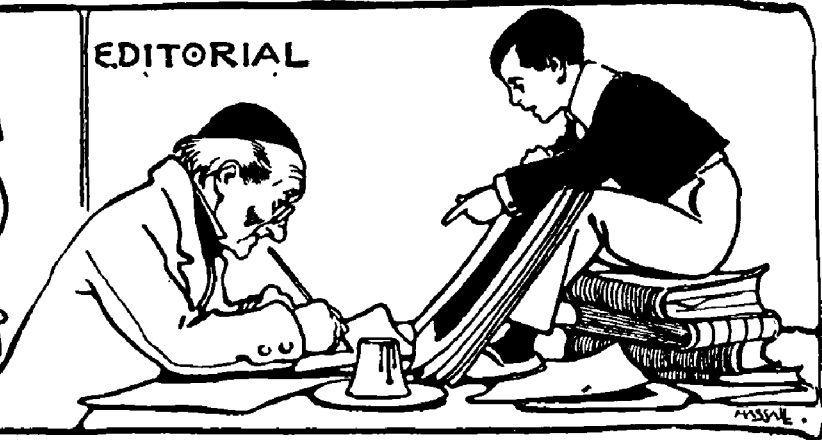
We're all assembled here once more to bid farewell to Dr. Torr,  
He's going across the briny deep, at glorious sights to have a peep;  
The people there will shout with joy when they see it is the dear old boy,  
The Queen will say "Who is it here?" until she sees our learned seer;  
"What, Dr. William George Torr, you're welcomed on this mother shore!"  
Fancy meeting you! Fancy meeting you!"

Which is about the quaintest send-off to a "head" I have ever seen. What would the head master of Eton say if he were referred to in the *Eton College Chronicle* as "a dear old boy"?

**The Wesley College Chronicle** (JUNE) contains excellent views of the front of the college and the main dining hall. Every member of the college must feel proud of these splendid buildings.

# THE OLD FAG

## EDITORIAL



"I'm going to put some portraits of you in your pages, sir," said the Art Editor. "Indeed,"



AGE FIVE.

said I. "What sort of portraits?" "Representing you at different times of your life, sir," replied the Art Editor. "Dear me," said I, "how very interesting! I have no idea what I looked like when I was a boy—if I ever *was* a boy. Er—by the way, Mr. Springs, I can't be made fun of in my own magazine, you know. I trust the—er—portraits are quite—er—proper?" "Oh, yes, sir," replied the Art Editor, "they are most

respectful, I assure you." He was moving away when I called him back. "Er—Mr. Springs!" "Yes, sir?" "I have a large number of—er—lady readers, pray recollect, and so I hope the—er—the portraits you speak of represent me as being as—er—as *good-looking* as possible." "Sir," said the Art Editor, "they would flatter you—if that were possible."

I suppose I looked gratified; at any rate, the Art Editor slid out while I was smiling, and presently came back (imagining that I was still in a good temper) and asked me if I would be good enough to give him a slight increase in salary. As it happened, I was struggling through a very badly written story, and so I hastily bade him begone about his business. However, Springs is a worthy fellow, and so we will see what we can do in the way of raising his salary after we have got the Christmas number out. Now, what next?

**Oh, yes!** Our old friend the Idea Merchant

called up the other day. It was a wet day, and he absent-mindedly laid his dripping umbrella across my papers. That was a bad start. "Well, sir," I said, sharply, "more absurd suggestions?" "Just a little one, this time," he replied. "Ever heard of Dreyfus?" "Yes," I said. "I have heard more about Dreyfus than of any other Frenchman that ever lived, not excepting Richelieu, Robespierre, or Napoleon." "Well," said the Idea Merchant, "what I have to say has nothing to do with Dreyfus—at least, not much. See here, Mr. Fag—it's a brilliant idea. Suppose it gets about that I have been giving our War Office secrets away to the Boer Government. Then I shall be arrested, condemned, imprisoned; at the end of six months facts will come to light which will prove me innocent. I shall be released, *jédo*, and paid a handsome pension for the rest of my life—subscribed by my fellow-countrymen. There—what do you think of that?"

"But where do I come in?" I demanded. "Why, don't you see?" cried the Idea Merchant, "*You will discover that I am innocent!* Think what a tremendous advertisement it will be for **THE CAPTAIN!**"

There was an ominous silence on my part. Then I broke it—and the Idea Merchant's nose as well.



AT TWENTY-FIVE.

*These portraits of the Old Fag were drawn by F. Holmes (aged sixteen), winner of September Competition No. 17.*



Now I will 'e'en don my spectacles and see what my readers have to say. A gentleman called "Scottie" says he wants a point settled, and this is it. "Does 'age limit' so-and-so—fourteen, for instance—mean up to your fourteenth birthday, or during your fifteenth year. I'm fourteen and a-half; can I go in for 'age limit fourteen' comps.?"

The answer is: "Scottie" may go in for "age limit fourteen" until he has actually turned fifteen. Same with all the other age limits. Now I hope "Scottie" understands.

I can't make out why nearly every girl who writes to me starts off with "I am only a girl, but," etc., etc. Why do so many girls lament the fact that they are girls? They ought to be proud of it, instead of sorry. Now, here's a correspondent, "Olive," who starts off by saying that "she has the misfortune to be a girl, but," etc., etc. However, it's very certain that "Olive" will have to make the best of it. She's a girl, and a girl she must remain. Strange to say, I have never yet received a letter beginning, "I am only a boy, but——"

Bernard J. Bell, who writes in pencil (don't do that again, B. J. B.) from Trinity Church Choir Camp, United States of America (he doesn't say which), observes that this magazine is a peach, and there I agree with him. He also asks some questions, to which I beg to reply as follows: (1) Send our publisher the equivalent in dollars of 9s. if you want *THE CAPTAIN* mailed to you regularly. (2) Yes, once in a while we'll have an American story. (3) Two competitions for foreign readers were announced in the October number. (4) If you send 65c. we'll mail you a packet of stamps. Enclose that amount with your subscription to *THE CAPTAIN*.

The following letter makes me rub my spectacles, and — yes — actually *blush*. Why? Well, read it for yourselves:—

DEAR OLD FAG,—I love you! There! Are you *really* such an old darling alive as you are in your counterfeit presentment? Please send me a photo at once if you are. But, my dear, you are very thin, aren't you? Never mind; people with great minds often are. Go on helping the dear boys, Old Fag, and I will love you more and more. Good-bye, and mind you have jolly holidays, and

get your clothes mended as soon as you come home.

HETTIE.

Now do you wonder why I blush?

A gold brooch was in due course forwarded to the brother of the prettiest sister—a twist bow, with pearl hoop, manufactured by Messrs. Streeter & Co., the well-known jewellers, of Bond Street. I understand that the winner carried out the conditions of the competition, and gracefully handed over the brooch to his sister. I hope that the next time Miss Avice Alureda Langdale-Smith is passing this office she will be so good as to come up and see us—with the brooch on.

"Sunburnt" sends me two contributions, and asks me to tell him frankly what I think of them.

In the first contribution my correspondent asks a number of questions. He wishes to know why I prefer "a beautiful sister to a muscular brother," and suggests that I give prizes to girls because I "like them better than boys." I can only assure "Sunburnt" that when a girl gets a prize it is because she has sent in the best competition. In every case the best competition is awarded the prize. Instead of making such absurd suggestions, "Sunburnt" should brisk up his wits and try and beat the girls. "Sunburnt's" second contribution is a poem addressed "To the British School-boy." I like the sentiment of the following verse, but I do not think "Sunburnt" will ever be Poet Laureate. This is the verse:—

But if thou hast been led astray  
From duty's bell to undue play,  
Take heart, my English lad!  
Make up thy mind, in bull-dog way,  
That work comes first and then comes play.  
But still, don't cease to play

The last verse is a somewhat curious one:—

To thy health, and to health of Queen,  
Most gracious ruler that has been,  
Here we drink.

(Ginger-beer, I hope.—O.F.)

The Adventures of Louis de Rougemont, let me remind you, may now be had in book form. Price 6s. I must confess that M. de Rougemont's story holds one from start to finish. If ever you have the "blues," this book will cure you. It is a wonderful narrative.

I have also to recommend to you Mr. Ascott R.



FORTY-FIVE.

Hope's latest volume, "Ready-Made Romance," which is cheap at five shillings. All the chapters deal with the adventures of boys. The book is published by Messrs. Black.

**A Falkirk Reader** sends me the following anecdote:—

Professor Blackie had a large share of pugnacity in his composition, and a curious instance of it is given in this account by the late professor himself. "As a boy," he said, "I was always antagonistic to school fights; pugilism had no fascination for me. I well remember a lad, over some small squabble, saying to me, 'Will you fight me?' 'No,' I replied, 'but I will knock you down!' And I did it, amid great applause."

**A Young Reader** is going to another school, and wants to make himself popular with the other chaps. I append the concluding paragraph of an essay, written by the winner of a competition we recently had, dealing with the subject of "How to Become Popular with One's Schoolfellows":—

Be frank, open, honest; not a sneak, nor a coward, nor a bully—and you are sure to take with the other fellows. That is the best recipe I have to offer, and I think it is the universal one.

**The winner** of the "Photograph of School Tuck-shop" competition informs me that the photo he sent was of Oundle School tuck-shop, and not of Winchester College, as we announced.

**"A. N. Other"** (MERCHISTON CASTLE) objects to a statement which recently appeared in this magazine to the effect that "Loretto was the home of Rugby football in Scotland," and appends the following list of victories in the SCOTTISH SCHOOLS RUGBY CHAMPIONSHIP:—

1880—81 Merchiston	1870—91 Merchiston
1881—82 Loretto	1891—92 Loretto
1882—83 Merchiston	1892—93 Blairlodge
1883—84 Merchiston	1893—94 Blairlodge
1884—85 Fettes	1894—95 Not decided
1885—86 Fettes	1895—96 Merchiston
1886—87 Not decided	1896—97 Fettes
1887—88 Merchiston	1897—98 Merchiston
1888—89 Merchiston	1898—99 Loretto
1889—90 Fettes	

**"Tom Browne's Comic Annual"** will be published by Messrs. Geo. Newnes, Ltd., about

the end of November. Mr. Browne informs me that the "Annual" will contain eighty-four pages, and that the majority of these will be filled with pictures by himself. There will be Christmas stories by R. S. Warren Bell, Arnold Goldsworthy, Keble Howard, the "Frenchman" who sends such funny letters to THE CAPTAIN about cricket matches and things, and others. The price will be only 5d., and the "Annual" ought to have a "roaring" sale. Don't forget to order your copies in advance.



AS YOU KNOW HIM.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**A. J. D.**—You are quite right when you talk about "the thousands who trouble my brain." Your question is a real poser. I really don't know the market value of "Chinese pocket gods." Why not ask a dealer in curios? Can any reader tell "A. J. D." what he can get for a Chinese pocket god, fifty years old, in good condition, and warranted genuine?

**Græme, D. W.**—See answer to "B. S. T."

**A Couple of Patients**, "suffering from THE CAPTAIN fever," inform me that Bombay has caught it badly. Poor old Bombay! First the plague, and then THE CAPTAIN fever! And there's no cure for the latter complaint!

**H. H. H.** (EAST ST. KILDA) gives me some interesting information about School Sports in Australia. As regards his queries, I hope to publish in THE CAPTAIN, when I have the space, some statistics of "times," and other particulars, of English School Sports. I congratulate "H. H. H." on jumping 18 ft. 9 ins. in an "under sixteen" event.

**"Aboriginee,"** like "H. H. H.," is at the Caulfield Grammar School, East St. Kilda, and sends me a very pleasant letter. (1) By this time he will probably have seen the "foreign competition" announcement in the October number. (2) I am told that there is no such snake as the "Serpentivore," but then, some folks say "there ain't no sea-serpent!"

**B. S. T.** is "mad over stamps and autographs," and wants to know whether I am going to publish an article on autographs. Yes, I hope so, some day. "B. S. T." can probably get an autograph album at a good fancy goods shop or stationer's. He should always remember to enclose a stamped addressed envelope when writing to a celebrity for his or her signature.

**Miles.**—Lord Kitchener was born in 1850. His father was a soldier.

**L. Marchant.**—A man attains his maximum weight when he is about forty.

**A. B. C.**—You need not have your MSS. type-written if your handwriting is distinct.

**G. A. D.**—(1) Dr. Gordon Stables' story will run through Vol. III. (2) It will be called "In Ships of Steel." (3) I had a good holiday in Cornwall, and came back, as you suppose, "with all sorts of good ideas for Vol. II." (4) We are going to use stronger paper for the cover, and then it won't come off.

**D'Artagnan** wants to know "who were really the parents of the Vicomte de Bragellone, a young man of Duménil's 'Twenty Years After.'" As I read the book many years ago, I cannot remember, and as I haven't time to read it again, I must ask some member of the crew who has, to give "D'Artagnan" the names of the Vicomte's parents.

**A. Crawford.**—I have never heard of jumping giving a boy indigestion before. However, you may have overdone it. Better consult a doctor.

**Old Etonian** points out that in our "Chat with Lord Hawke," it is stated that in one afternoon, in 1878, his lordship won the quarter, hurdles, and mile, and finished second in the 100 yds., steeplechase, and walking race. This was "Old Etonian," was impossible, as at Eton these events are contested on different days.

"**Mine Sincerely, H. A. M. F.**" is a girl, and a very nice girl, too, I should think, judging by her letter. To obtain a "CAPTAIN" reading case, "H. A. M. F." should send eighteenpence in stamps to this office. The magazine is put inside it, and thenceforth becomes a book with hard covers.

**J. H. (HORNSEY).**—I do not know anything about the "Scottish Amateur Literary Association," and so I fear I cannot instruct you in regard to its *boni fides*. As you live at Hornsey, I should say that you would find the free library there quite sufficient for all reading purposes. I do not put much faith in associations which offer to criticise MSS., as you generally find that the person who is competent enough to advise upon and criticise manuscript, has far too much to do himself to have time to bother about other people's work. As you seem to be in some doubt about this association you speak of, I should advise you to keep your 2s. in your pocket, and, if you want to join a literary association, join one a little nearer home than "Edinboro' toon."

**Geo. G. Corbie.**—If you will tell me what part of London you intend to live in, I think I can find out the name of the gymnasium in that district. Or you might write to the Secretary, Y.M.C.A., Exeter Hall, Strand, W.C., who could probably tell you all you want to know. Enclose a stamped envelope.

**C. B. H. (HONG KONG).**—(1) Ah! So we have caught on in China, have we? (2) By this time, O "C. B. H.," you have probably gone in for the "Foreign Competitions," which I announced in the October number. (3) Always glad to hear from readers in China, India, and all parts of the globe, not excepting the North Pole!

**Scottie.**—I will think over your suggestion. Don't apologise for your "composition." I don't think it is your weak point, whatever other people may say. Perhaps you are prone to lay too much stress on "what other people say."

**A Constant Old Reader.**—So many years have elapsed since I was cased that I am afraid I cannot give you the information you require.

**Bumpy.**—To cure round shoulders use the dumb-bells vigorously for ten minutes every morning (consult the article we recently published on this subject.) Go in for volunteering when you are old enough. Carry yourself as erectly as possible, and get all the drilling you can.

**One of the Crew** (hasn't somebody used that *nom de plume* before?) is of opinion that "THE CAPTAIN's going to be the success of the coming century." Well, I hope so, I'm sure, for all our sakes. I will give my worthy mariner's suggestions my best consideration.

**L. M. Gill (BOGNOR).** wants to know "whether it is bad for children to eat mustard, pepper, pickles, etc."—Yes—too much of 'em. A little won't hurt.

**F. P.**—"Public School Crests and Mottoes" is an article in course of preparation.

**W. A. G.**—You can obtain full particulars regarding the London County Council clerkships by applying at the offices, Spring Gardens, W.C., by letter. I note what you say about your heart being weak, but I do not think that this would prevent your passing the doctor, unless it be seriously affected. You cannot do better than study under a good "coach."

**A Girl Reader (WEST HAMPTON).**—"My dear Dorothy, you may always be quite sure that I intend to stick up for girls. I am glad to hear that you like cricket. So do I. I often play—I mean, I often *umpire*, being rather slow on my legs now for out-fielding, you know. Hoping you'll have a merry November,—Ever yours, THE O. F."

**Fagite (PORTSMOUTH).**—You have grown rather fast, that's all. Don't worry. The trifling facial decorations you mention will go away when you are a little older. Live a healthy life, avoid smoking and alcohol, take plenty of exercise and an occasional dose of fruit salts.

**A Reader from No. 1.**—(1) You must feed the chameleon with insects; perhaps you could let it roam round the garden from time to time, when it will make a very good meal for itself. (2) The influence of light and of the nervous system have a great deal to do with the changes of colour in your curious pet. Many thanks for your letter.

"**Stroud Green**" is a girl, but knows I won't despise her for that. Certainly I won't. "Stroud Green" knows very well that both boys and girls are nice enough in their way, but there is not much to choose between them. She prefers boys to girls—probably because she has no sisters—and concludes by saying that every girl ought to be able to sew. I must say that I agree with her.

**R. T. B. G.**—I do not think a story about foreign politics would be quite suitable for this magazine.

**W. M. B.**—Certainly, we will have an article on the navy some day. If you are interested in the subject you will find heaps about it in the "Navy and Army Illustrated," which is crammed with photographs of the insides and outsides of big guns and ships.

**Phyllis Innes.**—You seem to be the right sort of girl. I must congratulate you on your birds'-nesting achievements. A good name for your St. Bernard would be "CAPTAIN"—eh?

**Christine M. A.**, is another young lady whose bright little letter has made the Old Fag feel years younger. If Miss "Christine" could see the stack of letters awaiting my attention she would understand how difficult I find it to give an answer to everybody.

**J. C. J. C.**—I have already published a letter correcting certain misstatements in the article you refer to.

**Materfamilias.**—I do not know what class of school you desire to send your son to. A very good school for boys of the upper middle class, in London, is the University College School, Gower Street, W.C. The City of London School, Embankment, S.W., is also spoken of very highly. Dame Alice Owen's Boys' School, Owen's Row, Islington, N., offers a splendid education for a very moderate fee, owing to the fact that it is endowed. The Merchant Taylors' and the Charterhouse are also excellent.

**T. H. Heath.**—I'll think it over.

**Shires Brothers.**—(1) Glad to hear THE CAPTAIN sold so well at that bazaar. (2) You'll find some portraits of me in the editorial. Won't those do instead of a photo?

**Anti-Exaggerationist** says that in the letter we recently published "from a remarkable young lady," the writer's "time" for the mile was better than that recorded at the Public School Sports! Not to be outdone, "Anti-Exaggerationist" states that he has just completed his five thousand runs for the season (his letter is dated August 27th), with an average of three or four hundred. All I can say is that he is evidently "a remarkable young gentleman."

**W. Gordon Turner.**—When we have space to spare we will certainly have an article on "How a Great Newspaper is Printed and Published." At present my chief concern is how to get these answers finished so that the November number of THE CAPTAIN can be printed and published.

**John Ryan** says that when he read "The Game of Cricket-All-Games," and came to the score sheet at the end, "he thought he would burst." But he didn't!

**Gordon Everley.**—I am obliged to you for your suggestion, but I do not care to start clubs such as you mention. It would be far too big an undertaking.

**T. A. Mac.**—Horrible!

**Winifrede A. E.**—No doubt we shall come to a better arrangement some day. At present I can't make any change.

**R. B.**—Side-drums vary in price from 17s. 6d. to £2 2s., according to quality. They can be obtained from the Stainer Manufacturing Co., 92, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C. Write for their list.

**H. Page, junr.**—What photos? Negatives or positives? Your question is too vague.

**E. J. G.**—Get "British Birds and their Nests," from Messrs. Denny & Co., Booksellers' Row, London, W.C. Price 2s. 8d.

**James Weir.**—You are too kind! Sorry cannot find room for the hints on gilding, lettering, etc., but am obliged to you all the same for sending them along.

**Englishman.**—Thanks for your congratulations, my friend. You seem to give that typewriter of yours a lot of work.

**A. C. P.**—Thanks for correction. It is of very little importance. "Teddy Tales" will appear at intervals.

**H. O. W.** has taken the trouble to write me eight pages of criticism on THE CAPTAIN. I think his remarks are very sensible. "H. O. W." ought to succeed in life, as he evidently doesn't do things by halves.

**The Ship's Boy.**—Wait—that's all I say.

**A Reader of Nos. I, II, III, IV, V, VI, & VII.** (nice little *nom de plume*) thinks a good-looking boy "knocks a pretty girl into the shade." I don't think "A Reader of Nos. I, II, III, IV, V, VI, & VII." is at all chivalrous—do you?

**Porter.**—So much depends in these matters on a man's constitution and physique. I should say ten minutes of each after your bath. Your ordinary work ought to make you very strong and fit. It is a mistake to overdo dumb-bell exercises. Alternate the bells with clubs morning after morning. Have a talk with a gymnastic instructor when you get the chance.

**Arthur J. King, "Tomboy," "A. B.," "J. M. B.," "C. L. B.," "Spider," Harry Burton and Stewart Davenport** will receive replies in our next issue.

**H. Penny, W. A. G., A. Hill, Percy F. Turner, James E. Adam, "Two Lady Admirals," Lottie C. Bowder, R. C. Woods, Elijah Brown, "Dick," Ivanhoe (SOUTH AUSTRALIA), F. G. Bristow, and many others,** are thanked for their kind letters and suggestions.

# Results of September Competitions.

## No. I.—Girls' Names.

£1 is. divided between: FLORRIE LAING, Costello Lodge, Galway, Ireland, and OWEN MAWSON, 54, Abingdon Villas, Kensington, W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: MISS T. WEIR, St. Leonard's, Cheltenham, and MARJORIE GORDON DALLAS, 9, Victoria Street, Aberdeen.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Charles Mawson, Mostyn Owen, Austin Nimmo-Smith, T. J. Eamer, Alfred Scott (Ontario), and Alfred James Clode.

(The correct list according to votes, in order of merit, is as follows: Dorothy, Irene, Edith, Lilian, Hilda, Beatrice.)

## No. II.—Best English Team of Fourteen Players to send to Australia.

£1 is. divided between: WALTER E. DIXON, 84, Lee Road, Blackheath, S.E., and WILLIAM R. EDWARDS, 56, Lyndhurst Road, Peckham, S.E.

(These were the only two who gave an absolutely correct list.)

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: CECIL DAVIS, 1, Park Villas, Weston-super-Mare, and HUGH H. SKILLEN, 173, University Street, Belfast, Ireland.

(Twenty-one made only one mistake. Consolation prizes were awarded to the two of these who sent the neatest lists.)

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edwin Strange, James Lennic, Norman Sutton, Martin Richards, and R. B. Mowat.

Nearly 600 voting lists were sent in. The following, in order of votes polled, is the team:—

- |                        |                  |
|------------------------|------------------|
| 1. K. S. Ranjitsinhji. | 8. Lilley.       |
| 2. C. B. Fry.          | 9. Lockwood.     |
| 3. A. C. Maclaren.     | 10. Rhodes.      |
| 4. F. S. Jackson.      | 11. Young.       |
| 5. Hayward.            | 12. Abel.        |
| 6. C. L. Townsend.     | 13. A. O. Jones. |
| 7. W. M. Bradley.      | 14. Storer.      |

## No. III.—Best Poetical Extract on "Duty."

£1 is. divided between: WINIFRYDE A. EVANS, Inglewood, Stroud, Gloucestershire, and JAMES WEIR, 544, New Keppockhill Road, Glasgow.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: H. S. FOX, Le Bas, Haileybury College, Herts., and EDWARD H. NEIGHBOUR, 7, Hanover Buildings, Robert Street, London, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frances Bernard, Dorothy Owen, Thomas Watkins, Ethel M. Denning, William Armstrong, Eleanor W. Stiff, Norman R. Taylor, H. B. McMinn, Alex Lingford, Aymer Edward Cookes, Hedley V. Fielding, Jane Winifred Robb, and Dorothy M. Billingham.

## No. IV.—Best Set of Drawings representing "The Old Fag" at the ages of Five, Twenty-five, Forty-five, and Sixty-five.

WINNER OF £1 is.: F. HOLMES, Rose Terrace, Sherburn-in-Elmet, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION (in order of merit): Dorothy M. Reed, Vernon Harry Smith, Charles Haworth, J. Tranby, W. Bridge, John R. Muggeridge, Herbert Ball, Percy J. Bartlett, Victor C. Glenmore, J. R. Sykes, F. Meredith, W. K. Clay, D. G. Barnsley, W. Caton Woodville, F. Baron, Francis G. Duckworth, Ernest W. Carter, Francis L. Bickley, G. Wainwright, A. J. Judd, Charles E. Lee, Horace Brittain, H. Penny, C. F. Norman, Maud L. Taylor, H. Kershaw, Wilson Fenning, H. A. S. Ferris, J. W. Hicks, W. P. Clough, C. B. Canning, M. G. B. Reece.

## No. V.—Best Amateur Photograph.

So many excellent photographs having been sent in, this Competition was very difficult to decide. Every point taken into consideration,

THE PRIZE OF £1 is. has been divided between: CHARLES

GERRARD DEANE, Carlow Lodge, Clevedon, Somerset (Landscape), and EDWYN A. FINDLAY, 7, Wallace Street, Kilmarnock, N.B. (Interior).

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: KITTY D. WALKER, 11, Church Street, Tetbury, Gloucestershire (Portrait), and HOWARD S. BROWN, 25, Silverdale Road, Oxton, Birkenhead (three landscapes).

VERY HIGHLY COMMENDED: Joe Connor (Ohio), W. F. Medlock, G. Ormrod, J. Keane, A. Hall Hall, N. C. Furlong, C. B. D. Fox, John R. Dyson, F. Tomlinson, C. H. Dixon, David Mountfield, C. S. Brown, E. Gordon Worlock, H. J. Henderson, A. Prescott, Ernest A. Kemp, Walter M. Best.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. Forsyth, R. F. Higgins, A. J. Roberts, Owen S. Timms, C. Kimpton, J. D. W. Ball, E. P. Davy, H. J. Roberts, Arthur Burr, P. H. Oakley, James A. Bennett, C. A. Smith, C. L. K. Peel, Frank Manley, W. S. Simpson, Frank Overton, Lewis Earp, G. F. Saunderson, E. D. Wilmot, Noel R. P. Hammond, F. F. Davies, J. W. Adams, J. F. Collins, H. B. McMinn, J. Howden, Mary Whyte Johnstone.

## No. VI.—Correct Answers to Geographical Conundrums.

£1 is. divided between: ARTHUR CONST and JAMES CONST, 99, Victoria Buildings, Clerkenwell Road, E.C. (Each had sixteen out of twenty right.)

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: HUGH L. DAVIES, 18, North Parade, Aberystwyth; JAMES H. FORRESTER, 13, Rupert Street, Glasgow; GEORGE JONES, 55, Belmont Drive, Newsham Park, Liverpool. (Each of these had fourteen right.)

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. E. Knowles, T. W. Art, Guy B. Cockrem, Trevor Maxwell, Dora Theakston.

## No. VII.—Neatest Coloured Map of Ireland.

WINNER OF £1 is.: LESLIE MACDONALD GILL, "Strathmore," Bognor, Sussex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Katie F. Willce, Edward Gordon Worlock, F. Wellington, Herbert W. White, Basil Brown, Winnie Thompson, O. J. Chambers, F. Howard Watt, T. R. Davis, W. E. Saunders, F. Marks, J. F. Harlow, A. E. Andrews, Reggie Faulkner, Margaret A. K. Drayton, Hugh E. Muir, W. Macaulay Parkins, Evelyn C. S. Macandrew, May Waghorn, Eric Morley, Dorothy H. G. Light, D. Edge, Arthur H. Smith, R. Keith Brown, Wallace Lightbody, Margaret Iveson, and A. Leslie Snow.

## No. VIII.—Best Letter Written by a Lion.

£1 is. divided between: MARGARET PARKER THOMPSON, 120, Tufnell Park Road, Holloway, N., and VERA GOATBY, 33, Klea Avenue, Clapham, S.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: R. BUTLER, The Rectory, Eaststoke, Wareham, Dorset; EDWIN S. E. TODD, Stoney Bank House, Musselburgh, Scotland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Marjory H. Briggs, Nellie Olley, Bernard Minton-Senhouse, Marjorie Wolstenholme, R. M. Sheppard, Norman G. Hadden.

## No. IX.—Best Essay on "What I Want to be when I'm a Man."

WINNER OF £1 is.: TOM RILEY, 10, Marlborough Villas, Marlborough Road, Richmond.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) has been awarded to STEWART DAVENPORT, 15, St. Peter's Road, South Croydon.

## No. X.—Handwriting Competition.

WINNER OF £1 is.: EDWARD JEFFREY, High Ham, Langport, Somerset.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: L. A. SMITH, Hinckley Grammar School, and FRANCIS THEAKSTON, Bellfield, Masham, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ursula Harding, Douglas Wyand, J. A. Collingridge, Ralph Gibson, Honor M. Wolstenholme.



*From a photograph by H. S. Mendelssohn.*

*Edmund*

# CHRISTMAS

## WITH MANVILLE FENN

By KEBLE HOWARD.



kind of qualities that go to make up the life and character of a great author. And this character, mind you, is not merely a matter of heredity. Don't run away with the idea that there was one day born into the world a baby Manville endowed with unflagging energy, temperate habits, kindly thoughts, and a wealth of knowledge. Far from it. The young Fenn had not one-tenth of the chances that you have had, or will have. It was a steep and rugged path that lay before him, but—he has climbed it.

Now, it was to hear from Mr. Fenn's own lips how he climbed this path—the ultimate

idea being that I should, in my turn, inform the readers of this magazine—that I journeyed down to Isleworth on the last day in September, and sought out a house named Syon Lodge—well known to all the dwellers in that suburb of London as the severest-looking abode, standing in the most delightful old-world garden, in the neighbourhood. A great iron gate was the first obstacle in my way, but I pulled valiantly at the clanking bell,



SYON LODGE, ISLEWORTH.

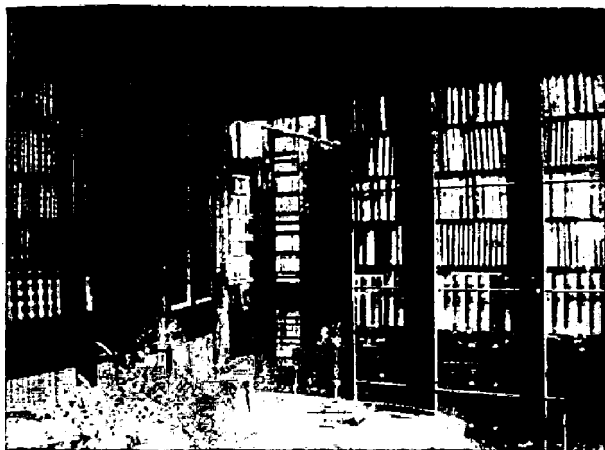
and was presently admitted into the house of the famous writer.

On entering the hall, the first thing I saw was a mighty array of books. From ceiling to floor and from wall to wall they stretched, row after row of beautifully bound volumes that proclaimed at once the home of the really

**H**ALLO! hallo! hallo! Here's Christmas come again, and fathers, mothers, uncles, aunts, brothers, sisters, and cousins are hurrying hither and thither to select a suitable present for "the boy." "What on earth can I get him?" they are saying. And then the eye catches sight of a bookseller's shop, and in they go to make a selection from the works of G. A. Henty or Manville Fenn.

About one of these chums—for they are chums to each other as well as to you—something was said in the very first number of *THE CAPTAIN*. Let me tell you now about the other—about that celebrated Manville Fenn, who has written such heaps and heaps of boys' stories, and whose fifty books for boys are to be found, particularly well thumbed, in every school library.

With regard to Mr. Fenn's appearance, I cannot do better than refer you to the frontispiece of this number. Mark the well-shaped head, the lofty brow, the keen eye, the studious and thoughtful cast of countenance, and then you will be able to estimate for yourself the



SOME OF MR. FENN'S TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND BOOKS.

literary man. Then I was ushered into the study, and here were more books, two huge cases being filled entirely with the bright covers that bore the magic name of the man I had come to interview. And there, in the midst of it all, seated at the very desk upon which he writes, day in, day out, was Mr. Manville Fenn himself.

"Ah!" he said, cheerfully, at the same time sizing me up with a piercing glance from behind his glasses, "THE CAPTAIN, I believe. Draw up to the fire, do. It's a wretched day. Have a cigarette?"

"Thanks," I said, taking one. "But, before we go any further, will you let me have some pictures?" For the art editor is always so particular to impress this upon me that I feel uncomfortable until it is done.

"Pictures?" said Mr. Fenn. "What sort of pictures?"

"Personal pictures," I replied. "Photos of yourself, your house, your family, your dogs, cats, garden——"

"Right!" He interrupted me with a satisfied sort of exclamation, and I knew that I had hit upon the proper spot when I mentioned the magic word "garden." For Mr. Fenn loves his garden almost as much as he loves his books, and that is saying a great deal. Every tree, every plant, every herb, he knows by heart, and he would know every weed, if there were any; but there aren't. That is to say, in the garden; but the orchard—such a fine old orchard, with such crowds of apples, pears, and everything

else—is allowed to run wild under foot, and a better place to lounge about in on a hot summer's day I cannot conceive.

But this was the end of September, and the apples were looking very rosy.

"Tell me, please," said I, "all about yourself, beginning, as the kiddies say, at the beginning."

"When I was a little boy," said Manville Fenn, "my father's house was in Buckingham Gate, and I used to watch from the window the drilling of the Guards at Wellington Barracks. Of course I fell in love with soldiering, and made up my mind to wear a red tunic and kill the Queen's enemies all my life."

"Always a red tunic?"

"Perhaps not always red. The 17th Lancers in blue and white looked very smart; but, on the whole, the scarlet tunic satisfied my ideas of what a real hero should wear. Once, however,

I met a gentleman belonging to the Madras Light Horse, who wore light blue and silver, and rode an Arab steed. I was fascinated, and offered him my services then and there."

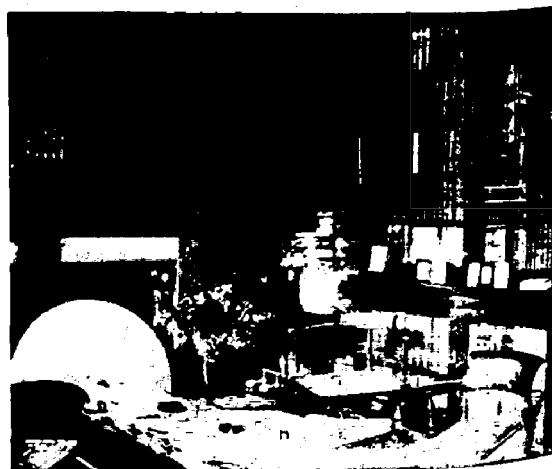
"Of course, they were promptly accepted?"

"Not promptly," said Mr. Fenn. "As a matter of fact, there was some difficulty about the age. I was just about eight at the time. I tried persuasion in the shape of toffee and cocoa-nut chips, but the recruiting-sergeant said his doctor wouldn't allow him toffee, and his wife had put her foot down as regards cocoa-nut chips.

"A little disappointed, I waited until I



MR. FENN AT SEVENTEEN.



MR. MANVILLE FENN'S STUDY.

was a big boy, and then went about peering into barracks, but returned home an ardent—civilian."

"But this spectacle of military life came in useful afterwards," I suggested.

"Every atom of it. In fact, everything that he ever learns is useful to a writer. I was destined to learn a good deal of the world and its ways, for at the age of thirteen I was thrown entirely on my own resources. My father met with troubles, and I had to fight my own way."

I remained quiet, hoping that I should hear how this famous author fought his battle as a boy. But this was not to be. A look of pain came over Mr. Fenn's face as he continued:

"The years of my life between the ages of thirteen and eighteen I never talk about. I want to forget them. Some day, perhaps, I may write an account of those years, or I may leave notes for the guidance of others who wish to do so, but I never enter into the subject now."

"However, I found time to attend to my own education, and one of the first men I read was Shakespeare. I can say conscientiously that even at the age of thirteen or fourteen

I could read his works with great pleasure, although I will not pretend to say that I always appreciated him to the full."

"What made you begin writing?"

"Why, reading things that other people had written, and thinking I could do the same."

"Did you have the usual troubles of the young literary man?"

"No, I can't say that I met with very serious reverses, although, mind you, the payments in those days were not nearly so good as they are now. I began writing in 1864, and published my

first book—a collection of stories—in 1866. My first novel appeared in 1867. It was in three volumes, and entitled 'Bent, not Broken.' The publishers were Messrs. Tinsley Bros., of Catherine Street, a firm that has now ceased to exist. They brought out some excellent people in their time, notably Miss Braddon.

"Were you ever on the regular staff of a paper?"

"Certainly. I worked for the evening *Star*, under Justin McCarthy—parliamentary sketches and that kind of thing. I did the same kind of

work for the morning *Echo*, and was also dramatic critic for that paper for twelve years. Then I edited *Cassell's Magazine* and *Once a Week*."

"Wilkie Collins worked for you, did he not?"

"Yes, and very particular he was that his work should not be altered at all. Even a comma inserted or omitted brought down his wrath upon the unfortunate editor's head. But, talking about particular men, I think the most exacting editor I ever knew was Charles Dickens. I worked for him when he had *All the Year Round*, and, though he was good enough

to let my stuff alone, I have seen the way he used to treat some people's. I remember, on one occasion, catching sight of a proof that was lying on his desk, and which he had just been revising. I calculated that half of the author's original work was allowed to stand; the other half was the work of Charles Dickens."

"And so, by degrees, you became a well-known author?" I remarked, getting Mr. Fenn back to the subject in hand.

"Well," he replied, glancing at the shelves containing his own books, "by degrees I wrote



"I OFFERED HIM MY SERVICES THEN AND THERE."



a hundred novels and fifty books for boys, so I haven't wasted much time, you see."

Mr. Fenn's first boys' book was written in 1866 for the *Boys' Newspaper*, and was named

landing. Now we come to what I call the back library. This room is devoted to plays."

"Plays?" I echoed in amazement. "Why, how many are there here?"



"THE MOST EXACTING EDITOR I EVER KNEW WAS CHARLES DICKENS."

"Hollowdell Grange; or, Holiday Hours in a Country House." He wrote it to oblige the editor, an old friend, and its success meant good fortune to thousands and thousands of boys in the present day. Musing upon the happy hours I had spent over his works, it occurred to me to ask Mr. Fenn how many volumes of different kinds he had in his possession.

"Twenty-five thousand," was the startling reply. "I've got a way of picking them up. There are about five thousand, I suppose, in this room, and they run all over the house."

"Well," I said, "it isn't every day that one visits a private house containing twenty-five thousand books. May I see some more of them?"

"Certainly; come along. There are a few here, you see, in the hall. More on this

"Five thousand volumes," said the owner calmly. "You see," he added, taking pity on my amazement, "in days gone by everyone who wrote at all wrote plays. It doesn't follow that they were all acted, or worth acting, but, such as they were, I've collected 'em."

"I suppose there are some very rare editions here?"

"Some, certainly. Here are Nathaniel Lee's works, dated 1694. Look at the curious old print and binding. Then I have——"

"Any more rooms?" I interrupted, thinking of a certain engagement I had in the evening.

"Oh, yes. Here's the room I used to work in during the summer. Nice and pleasant, isn't it? One window looks over my own garden—that's the old mulberry tree—and the other on to the Duke of Northumberland's private

*Syd Belton*  
or

*The Boy Who Would Not Go To Sea*

*By Geo. Manville Fenn*

*Author of "The King's Name," "Dick of the Fens," "Pirate's Treasure," etc. etc.*

*Chapter I*

*Henry Waggart*

*"Here I am, Syd, I am the part"*

*Sydney Belton took care of the silver decanter stand and this it carefully, and then pointed to the book on the table to - was it here? At him as he then out he at in the chair*  
*"Aunt!"*

*The red-faced old gentleman, would not it be a mistake in as the man said, saying that the mud-looking boy was was in the room. He then plates and*

FIRST PAGE OF ONE OF MR. FENN'S STORIES.

grounds. You wouldn't know you were so near London, would you?"

And then we fell to talking on men and things, and I discovered that Mr. Manville Fenn was a shrewd critic as well as a popular author.

"Thomas Hardy," he said, "is a great writer. He writes of what he knows himself and has seen—he doesn't get it out of books. But his women are all of one type, and his tone is very gloomy. Then there's Anthony Hope. It struck me when I read the 'Prisoner of Zenda' that he ought to write for the stage. His work is full of dramatic situations. Now, who else is there?"

"Seton Merriman," I suggested.

"A capital writer. Sharp, clear-cut, telling. Yes," continued Mr. Fenn, "there are plenty of good men, and more coming on. But now let's have some tea."

"Do you work on tea?" I asked, as we went downstairs to the drawing-room.

"I work on nothing," said the man of one hundred and fifty books. "I drink tea, but not to make the brain act. I write in the morning and at night, but never in the afternoon. Smoke? Yes, I smoke, but not when I am at work. I find the smoke gets in my eyes."

"And how do you work—regularly?"

"If possible, but I don't force myself. If I write at all, I must write quickly. Otherwise, I know I am not in the vein, and put the pen down."

"Talking of work," I said, "how much work do you think a boy ought to do?"

"Well," said the author, "that's a hard question; but, if I had a school, I would make the boys do an hour before breakfast, four hours before dinner, and then play for the rest of the day."

"I hardly think it would answer," I replied; "and I hardly think the boys themselves would like it. But let me ask one more question. What advice would you give to boys generally as a rule of life?"

"I would tell them," said Manville Fenn, "not to be priggish; to do their level best, and, in short, to be MANLY."

And nobody could give better advice than that, could they?



MR. MANVILLE FENN IN 1870.

# Public School

# Football Captains



R. N. HANCOCK,  
TONBRIDGE.



W. H. ROBERTS,  
GROCERS' COMPANY  
SCHOOL.



J. E. RAPHAEL,  
MERCHANT TAYLORS'  
SCHOOL.



WESTMINSTER.



F. T. COLLINS,  
DUBLIN.



H. S. BARBER,  
DENSTONE COLLEGE,  
RUGBY XV.



W. B. GRIFFIN,  
PORTSMOUTH.

# CHRISTMAS.

SOME say, that ever 'gainst that season comes  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
This bird of dawning singeth all night long ;  
And then they say no spirit dares stir abroad ;  
The nights are wholesome ; then no planets  
strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,  
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

SHAKESPEARE.

.. ..

I heard the bells on Christmas Day  
Their old familiar carols play,  
And wild and sweet,  
The words repeat,  
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men !

Then peal'd the bells more loud and deep  
"God is not dead, nor doth he sleep!  
The Wrong shall fail,  
The Right prevail,  
With peace on earth, goodwill to men!"

LONGFELLOW.

.. ..

Ye who have scorn'd each other,  
Or injured friend or brother,  
In this fast fading year ;  
Ye who, by word or deed,  
Have made a kind heart bleed,  
Come gather here !  
Let sinn'd against, and sinning,  
Forget their strife's beginning,  
And join in friendship now,  
Be links no longer broken,  
Be sweet forgiveness spoken  
Under the holly bough.

MACKAY.

.. ..

Christmas comes ! He comes, he comes,  
Ushered with a rain of plums,  
Hollies in the windows greet him,  
Schools come driving post to meet him,  
Gifts precede him, bells proclaim him,  
Every mouth delights to name him.  
Wet, and cold, and wind, and dark,  
Make him but the warmer mark.

LEIGH HUNT.

.. ..

Hark ! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born King !  
Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled!"

CHAS. WESLEY.

This is the month, and this the happy morn  
Wherein the sun of Heaven's Eternal King,  
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,  
Our great redemption from above did bring

MILTON.

.. ..

England was merry England, when  
Old Christmas brought his sports again.  
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale ;  
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale ;  
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer  
The poor man's heart through half the year.

SCOTT.

.. ..

Bright and blessed is the time,  
Sorrows end and joys begin,  
While the bells with merry chime  
Ring the Day of Plenty in !  
But the happy tide to hail,  
With a sigh or with a tear,  
Heigho !

I hardly know—  
Christmas comes but once a year !

HOOD.

.. ..

While from every tower and steeple,  
Pealing bells were sounding clear  
(Never with such tones of gladness,  
Save when Christmas time is near).  
Many a one that night was merry,  
Who had toiled through all the year.

A. A. PROCTER.

.. ..

In December ring,  
Every day the chimes ;  
Loud the gleemen sing  
In the streets their merry rhymes.  
Let us by the fire,  
Ever higher,  
Sing them till the night expire.

Nuns in frigid cells,  
At this holy tide,  
For want of something else  
Christmas songs at times have tried ;  
Let us by the fire,  
Ever higher,  
Sing them till the night expire.

LONGFELLOW (a translation).

Elk Water Lake.

Canyon.

Smugglers' Island.

Cypress Hills.

Head of Mountain.

Dense  
Forest.

Medicine  
Lodge  
Coulee.

Police  
Camp.

Fort  
Walsh.

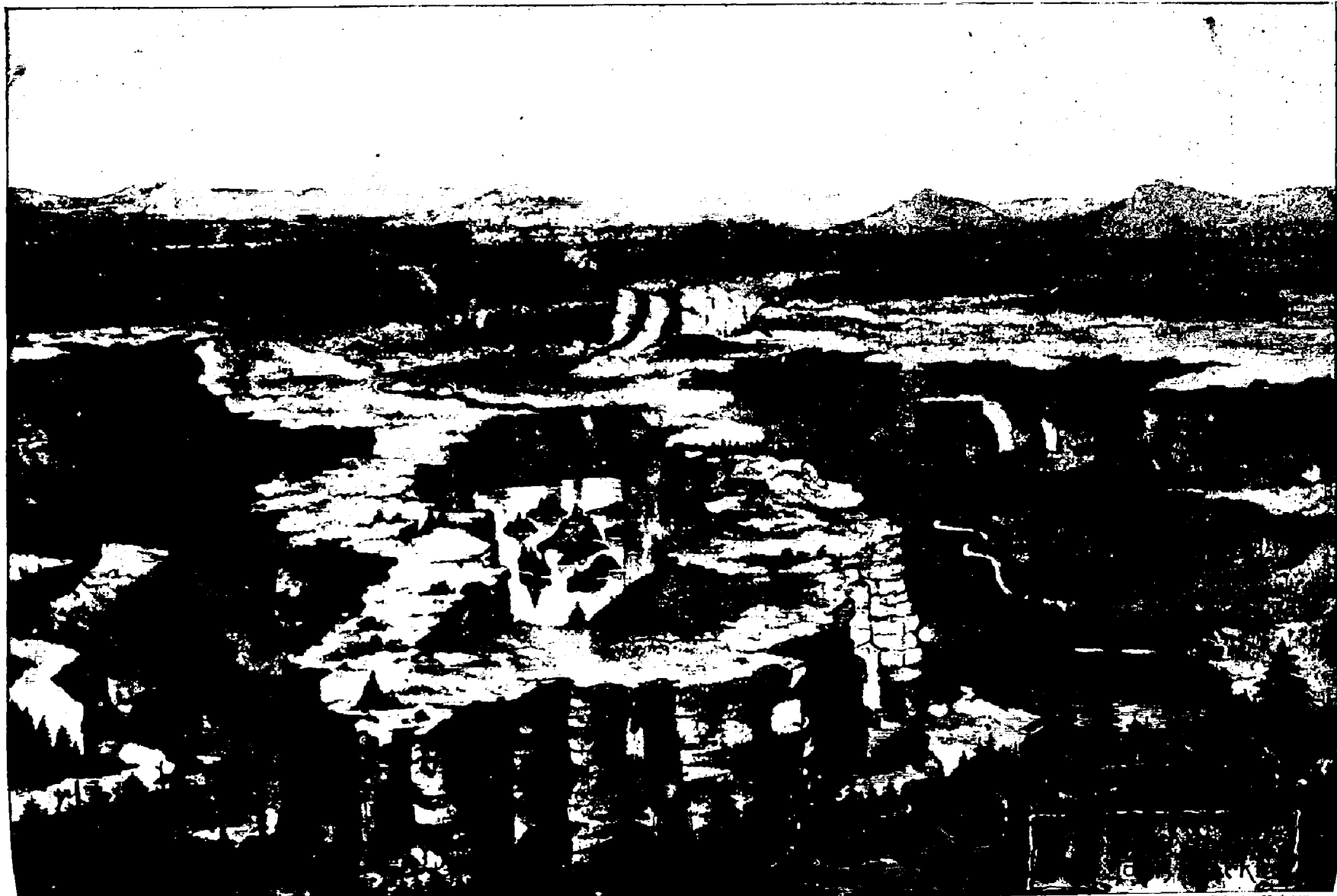
Dense  
Forest.

Great  
Plateau,  
or  
"Bench."

Great  
Cliffs.

Wild  
Horse  
Creek.

The  
Cowboys'  
Camp.



Willow Creek. Milk River Lodge.

THE LAKE OF THE LOST SPIRITS.

Missouri District.

By W. H. H. H. H. H.



BY JOHN MACKIE.

*Author of "They that Sit in Darkness," "The Last Creek," "Touch and Go," etc.*

Illustrated by Stewart Browne.

#### SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—IX.)

WALTER DERRINGHAM, an orphan, runs away from home, leaving behind him his one friend in the world, Muriel Wray. On arriving in London, Walter chases and captures a pickpocket who has stolen a gold watch from a gentleman in evening dress. The gentleman proves to be a Canadian cattle-farmer, Mr. Dunbar, who offers Walter a crib on his ranche in the wild North-West prairie country. Walter accepts the offer and accompanies Mr. Dunbar to Canada. Nearing the ranche, whilst passing through a valley, the party is attacked by hostile Indians. Dunbar and Derringham, after a savage encounter with the red men, obtain the assistance of a neighbouring rancher and his cow-boys and also that of the mounted police. After various tactics have been employed by both sides, one Indian is captured, but the notorious outlaw, "Make-Thunder," escapes. Derringham accompanies Dunbar to the latter's ranche, and settles down to his work. One Sunday, Derringham goes off with Broncho Pete—a cow-boy—to explore a mysterious locality in that neighbourhood known as the Land of the Lost Spirits—this being the place, according to the superstitions of the red men, to which "bad" Indians are consigned when they die.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### IN THE LAND OF THE LOST SPIRITS.

It was as if we had found our way into another world, and that a weird one, for when we had scrambled out of the deep, bracken-lined, pine-shrouded ravine, the trees and plants, and even the formation of the country, were quite different from anything we had ever seen before. There were giant trees of spruce and pine everywhere, and a medley of strangely fashioned boulders piled one atop of the other in the most fantastic manner possible. We ascended a long, narrow ridge that the rancher had told us to look out for, and had a good look around before starting on our journey west. There to the east, in

the direction in which we had come, was the brink of the great precipice, with here and there a gaunt, scraggy pine, either dying or dead, leaning in a sickeningly perilous fashion over the nightmarish depths below.

In some places the ridge we walked on was so broad that two or three coaches could have driven along it abreast. At other places it became so narrow that it put me in mind of walking upon the top of a wall.

Pete, who was unaccustomed to walking, was limping on ahead valiantly—he would have died rather than give precedence to me—when suddenly he turned, signing to me to crouch and approach with caution. Wonderingly I did so, and reached the rock behind which he had ensconced himself.

"Look thar," he observed, with a look of animation in his dark eyes, pointing to something in the hollow. "Isn't it a purty sight?"

I looked, and I confess the "purtiness" of the sight made my heart leap into my mouth, and set me for the moment wishing that I was anywhere but in that neighbourhood. Climbing the opposite side of the hollow was an immense cinnamon bear—a bear which is so large and fierce that it is often confounded with the grizzly—with two cubs following close at her heels. I knew only too well that a she-bear with her young was one of the most dangerous animals to meet under the sun. We would not have the ghost of a chance to escape from her rage if once she smelt or sighted us. I wondered what Broncho Pete seemed to find amusing in the situation. He took up a stone about the size of a cricket ball and poised it for a moment in his hand. What on earth did he



THE OLD LADY HERSELF AT THAT VERY MOMENT POKED HER NOSE ROUND THE CORNER OF THE LEDGE.

intend doing? Was the man mad that he was thus going to reveal our presence to the fierce brute?

Before I could stop him he had hurled the stone fairly at the bear, and struck her sharply on the hind-quarters. Then something happened which even now as I write makes me laugh, although I could not but think at the time that it was a mean trick to serve Mrs. Bruin and her young ones. In all probability this bear had never seen a human being in her life, so, not taking any foreign intruder into her calculations, she naturally supposed that one of the cubs was forgetting itself, and playing a little practical joke upon her all on its own account. It was an occasion for prompt reprisal. She turned quickly, and not knowing which of them was the probable culprit—they both looked so very innocent—she gave each of the surprised youngsters such a sounding smack on the side of the head with a brawny fore-paw that they were knocked head over heels and rolled to the bottom of the hollow. We promptly ducked at the same moment, but Pete seemed so tickled over the success of his little joke that, to my horror, he fairly exploded with laughter, and rolled over on his back. I shook him in annoyance and dismay, and, quite forgetting that my own voice was just as audible as his laughter, I cried:—

"Pete! I say, Pete, you silly ass, can't you keep quiet? If you don't we'll have the old bear on to us, and then we'll be in a jolly nice fix. I

say—now then—get up, for goodness sake, man." And I shook him again in order to bring him to his senses.

"Fancied it was the young 'uns!" he gasped between his bursts of laughter. "Great Caesar! if that old bear ain't a caution! She——"

But he did not finish his sentence, for the old lady herself at that very moment poked her nose round the corner of the ledge, and stood within a few paces of us, the cubs bringing up the rear, but at a more respectful distance than they had hitherto observed. The change of expression on Pete's face was ludicrous in the extreme; still even then, with the huge fierce brute looking at us, and probably unconscious of the real state of affairs, I could not help laughing. Pete sprang to his feet, seized the Winchester, and, facing the bear, cried:—

"Git up a tree, partner, just as slippery as you like. I'll stand the old lady off."

"Then you get up one, too," I rejoined, and turned to obey his orders with all possible despatch. But just at that moment Mrs. Bruin stood upright on her hind legs, and with great ungainly strides came towards us.

"Keep off, you old fool!" cried Pete, with a coolness for which I had hardly given him credit. "I don't want to use force to a lady, 'specially when she's got sich an int'risting family, but—now then, not an inch farder, please!"

Nine men out of ten would have fired at the

bear then and there, but under the circumstances Pete did not care to shoot. He understood bears by reason of a long experience with them. I was just preparing to climb a pine tree, when, fearing that Pete was taking uncalled-for risks by his tender-heartedness, I turned and caught up what once before had stood me in good stead—a stone half as large as my head. I had heard that a judicious poke in the ribs will double up the biggest bear that walks. With this stone I would double up Mrs. Bruin. It was an ungallant action, I admit, but there was nothing else for it. In another moment I had done it, and, with a hoarse growl, the bear fairly hugged herself with dismay, and came down on her knees. I turned my attention to the tree, and cried to Pete to make himself scarce also.

But a bear is one of the most knowing creatures under the sun, and it had no intention of letting me escape so easily. Before I had got three feet from the ground Mrs. Bruin had recovered herself and made a dash at me. I swung my feet clear of her great claws just at the same moment as there was a flash and a roar, and she spun round swiftly, snapping at an unget-at-able part of her body. The bullet had only stung her up a little, and embedded itself harmlessly in a thick layer of fat. I looked at my companion as I swarmed up my particular pine, and saw with satisfaction that he was preparing to follow my example. But the bear turned her attention to Pete, and made a rush in upon him. With an agility that did the cow-boy infinite credit he put the tree between himself and the bear, and watched her narrowly. There was no time to put the rifle to his shoulder and fire. Suddenly, and before the bear could divine his intentions, he had sprung into the air, caught a branch over his head, and was pulling himself up. The bear arrived just in time to grip the stock of his rifle. She pulled it from his hand, and then favoured us with a little exhibition of a bear's strength when it is inclined to be nasty. Mrs. Bruin caught the barrel between her great jaws, and with one great lever-like paw gripping the stock, and another gripping the muzzle, she snapped and doubled up the rifle as if it had been made of *papier-maché*. Pete's rifle was now, as he himself ruefully described it, "an ilygint wreck."

"Bad luck to you!" he cried, looking down with disgust and chagrin depicted on his face, and addressing the bear. "If I'd suspected as how you couldn't take a joke,

I'm blowed if I'd have played with you, that's all!"

When Mrs. Bruin had crunched up the rifle into something unrecognisable her feelings seemed relieved. She leisurely made for the foot of the tree which contained Pete, and gazed upon him with her small, cunning, dark eyes in a way that was irresistibly comical. She seemed to ask him which of the two had the best of the joke now.

As for the cubs, they came to the foot of my tree, and went through quite a nice little acrobatic performance as if for my special benefit. Queer little creatures they were, looking for all the world like animated balls of fur. They gambolled and rolled over each other like puppy-dogs amusing themselves, every now and again pausing to look up at me with sly side-glances. I verily



SHE SNAPPED AND DOUBLED UP THE RIFLE AS IF IT HAD BEEN MADE OF PAPIER-MACHÉ.



believe they wanted me to come down and play with them. To tell the truth, I would have liked nothing better, but I was afraid that their mother might object to their playing with other children, so stayed where I was. When I looked at them and then at the broken gun, I thought it was a great pity that bears ever grew up at all. However, Mrs. Bruin evidently did not care about wasting her time at the foot of trees which she could not climb, so a few minutes later she trotted off in a southerly direction, trying to look as if she had an appointment to keep, the cubs reluctantly following her.

"S'long!" yelled Broncho Pete after their retreating forms, and kissing his hand. "Sorry you couldn't stop to dinner. Guess your old man don't git fooling round you much."

We got down from our trees.

"Pete," I ventured, "let's bar bears next time."

"You bet, boss," he remarked sadly, with a wan smile playing upon his thoughtful countenance.

We were now utterly without firearms; the only weapons we had were the knives in our belts. As the bears had evidently gone for good, there was nothing to fear on their account; but, strangely enough, as we pursued our way eastward my fancy converted more than one blackened rock and tree-stump into something that looked very like a bear.

At last we lost the friendly ridge altogether, and continued our journey over some of the roughest country I ever had the ill luck to tackle. We clambered over rocks, and forced our way through thorny undergrowth until our clothes were only fit for the ragman. At last, when we had begun to think that somehow we must have gone astray, we came to an untimbered ridge running north and south. Ascending it, we came upon one of the most remarkable scenes it was ever my lot to witness. It was the Lake of the Lost Spirits!

We stood on the brink of a mighty encompassing cliff that fell sheer away without a break for 400ft. and more, and at the foot of it lay the still waters gleaming coldly in the sunlight like a great band of burnished silver. With a lordly, crescent-shaped sweep, it stretched out and on to the far south-west until a great, dun-coloured precipice, streaked fantastically here and there with dull furtive reds and glaring yellows, cut it off from our sight. Away to the north it opened out and assumed the form of a bay, thickly studded with wooded islands. But always hemming it in there were those stern, inviolable cliffs, crested with giant sombre pines. But perhaps the most uncanny feature of this weird, isolated scene was the utter stillness that prevailed; it was a silence which suggested that of the grave. There was no

song of bird or sound of rill in that wild spot—it might have been a landscape in some dead planet whirling in illimitable space.

"No wonder the Injuns won't come within miles of this place," remarked Broncho Pete after a pause. "Hark! what was that? I'm blessed if it didn't sound like a gun!"

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed. "There's not a living soul nearer than the camp, and that's four miles off at least."

Nevertheless, I had heard something, but ascribed it to some loose rock falling from the cliff into the lake.

We followed the edge of the cliff round to the north for over a mile, and came to a place where it was possible with care to descend to the beach below. We had halted and were scrutinising the steep, broken slope, when Broncho Pete suddenly seized me by the arm, and, pointing to a little cove far below, whispered:—

"Do you see anything down thar?"

I looked keenly for a minute or two before replying.

"Yes, I do," I said. "I believe I see a boat!"

## CHAPTER XI.

### A MYSTERY REVEALED.

*A boat!*—how could there possibly be a boat on the Lake of the Lost Spirits, a place practically inaccessible to the outside world, hidden away in one of the wildest spots in the Great Lone Land; the very existence of which, indeed, was doubted by many? Had there been any white men in that part of the country for any length of time, the rancher or the police would surely have heard of them.

But a boat it was, and that a goodly-sized one; we could even see the oars lying across the seats from where we were. It was only by the merest chance that we had caught sight of it, for being moored behind a projecting rock it could not be seen from any other point. Our astonishment on seeing such a proof of occupation was just as great as if we had suddenly come upon a party of Cockney picnickers among the rocks.

"I guess we'll go and investigate," said Pete.

We had to exercise considerable caution descending the so-called shelving terrace, for at times it was so steep that the slightest slip would have precipitated us into the yawning depths below. At last we stood on the rocks alongside the boat, the painter of which was simply slipped over a narrow, upright boulder.

We decided to continue our exploring in the



"PUT UP YOUR HANDS, OR WE'LL BLOW YOU BOTH INTO LITTLE BITS!"

boat, so we took our seats. The oars were rather heavy, but I had always been fond of rowing, and on that still, calm surface it was not difficult to make headway.

We made for the largest of the islands.

In a few minutes we were in a tiny bay, with steep, gravelly shores. To our astonishment we found a small landing-stage and a number of empty cases lying about. We made fast the boat and followed a small footpath that led up into a thicket of pine. Then all unexpectedly we came upon a small, circular hollow, and in the centre of it a collection of log-huts with sod-roofs. From the rude chimney of one, smoke was issuing. I caught myself rubbing my eyes in astonishment, for to find such signs of human habitation in a place that was supposed to be the headquarters of the Indians' ghost-world was something for which no one could expect to be prepared. Pete gripped me by the arm.

"Let's go back," he said. "I don't quite like the look of things! 'Pears to me thar's summat

fishy 'bout all this. If I had only my shootin'-stick now it might be different."

But I pointed out to him that there was evidently no one on the premises—the owners were, doubtless, on the mainland. Seeing we had their boat, there could be no harm in having a peep into that shed, since we were here.

Somewhat reluctantly Pete consented, and we walked over towards the building in question. It was of such ample proportions, and so peculiarly black and grimy, that instinctively I divined it was used for purposes other than human habitation. I looked at Pete, and he looked at me. There was an odd grin upon his face, and he winked his active-service eye. We entered by the low doorway, and the minute we did so I knew we stood in the bothy of whiskey smugglers and illicit distillers. A large copper still stood on a raised stone platform in the middle of the room, and all around were bags

of raw sugar, kegs of molasses, and others that evidently contained raw spirit. On shelves ranged round the walls were two-gallon stone jars, which we afterwards learned contained spirits that had been smuggled in from the States, while on the earthen floor various large tubs were scattered about in various stages of use, indicating, as Pete hurriedly whispered, that preparations were being made for an early brew. Indeed, in a small furnace a fire had evidently been only recently lit. In short, all the necessary requisites and appurtenances of the distiller's trade were here gathered together before our eyes.

We realised that we had solved the mystery that had baffled the authorities and the mounted police so long—the main source from which the constant supply of smuggled and illicit spirits came that flooded that part of the province. Here was the smugglers' headquarters, but where were the smugglers? We rightly guessed that if they had all gone ashore it was only for a very short

time, for on a bench lay one or two articles of wearing apparel, as if they had but recently been cast off.

"Pete," I exclaimed, "it's easy enough now to understand what the police inspector said to Mr. Dunbar about the smuggling mystery. This is the half-way house and hiding-place of the smugglers between the United States and the belt of civilisation alongside the Canadian Pacific Railway line."

"That's so," observed Pete, "and that boat must take the goods from one end of the lake to the other, where you can bet they've got some secret passages in and out of their own. But I guess the sooner we get out of this the better. If any of them should happen to catch us here they'll pot us, sure as little apples."

"What! Shoot us?" I exclaimed in some surprise. "What would they want to do that for?"

"Waal, you air jest green!" was the cool explanation. "Do you suppose for one single second that these 'ere crooks er going to show us perlately back to the camp so's to let us blow the gaff on them! Waal, you do take the cake! Come on—let's clear."

*"Just one moment, please. But first put up your hands, or we'll blow you both into little bits before you can say Jack Robinson!"*

We wheeled round in consternation on hearing these words, which were uttered in a hard, dry voice. And there, standing in the doorway, were three men, each of them looking at us from behind a rifle or revolver!

## CHAPTER XII.

### A GRIM ALTERNATIVE.

THE three men who stood in the doorway with their respective weapons levelled straight at our heads were desperate-looking customers. They were all in their shirt-sleeves, and two of them were bareheaded. They were not unlike cow-boys, only there was a determined and wideawake look about them that hinted at the dangerous nature of their calling. The third man, who had acted as spokesman to the party, and was evidently the leader of the gang, filled me at once with wonder and aversion. He was tall, clean-shaven, pale, and put me for all the world in mind of a priest. His cold, grey eyes were inscrutable, but there was determination and something very like asceticism in the indrawing of his hollow cheeks and the firm set of his thin lips. He wore his pale-brown hair rather short, and

there was a hint of intellect and cold-bloodedness about him that plainly denoted he was not to be trifled with. To look into his keen, calm eyes was to recognise a master spirit.

With something like an exclamation of disgust Broncho Pete raised his hands above his head. But still, he took the whole affair so coolly, and so much as a matter of course, that I concluded it was not the first time he had been by force of circumstances compelled to perform the same feat. I was more surprised in another minute on discovering that the tall, ascetic leader of the gang had been recognised by my companion.

"Campbell," said Broncho Pete, "guess as how you've got the drop on me this time. Now that you hev got it, what's your little game?"

"Before I can answer that we'll have to tot up old scores. I don't forget you were on the Vigilant Committee that time on the diggings in Dead-horse Gulch when I and a few more of the boys had to quit in the dead of winter, and just when we were making a tidy little pile. Yes, I think I owe you something for that, Broncho!" and the ascetic one smiled in an evil fashion.

"Yes, that's so—I remember," coolly rejoined Pete. "You were as crooked a lot of purfessional rooks as ever used marked cards or loaded dice. I don't mean to say that some o' them who played with you weren't quite as bad as yerselves an' didn't deserve to be took in, but you were a tough crowd, and if you kin rekelect, it was lucky for you they didn't lynch you over that Simons racket. If it hadn't been for me you'd have got strung up, and you owe me something for that, Mr. Man!"

"Jim," said Campbell, turning to one of his followers, "keep Broncho Pete covered with your shooting-iron and blow his blooming head off if he moves a finger. Bill, you give me your revolver and secure that cub. Tie his hands behind his back with that piece of rope you see in the corner."

Quicker than it takes to write it, the man called Bill had handed over his revolver to his chief, picked up the rope, and prepared to seize me.

"Now thin, you young whipper-snapper, just give us your paws, will you?" And Bill, catching me by the nape of the neck, twisted me round before I could quite make up my mind as to whether he really meant to use force or not.

I admit I did wrong in losing my temper. Had I only remained quiet it is unlikely that they would have attempted any further violence. As it was, Bill's sharp, humiliating action fairly took me by surprise, but with a sudden wrench I freed myself and struck out with both fists. As I stood on the defensive expecting him to seize me, he suddenly raised his hand with the rope in it and bringing it down sharply, I realised that I was lassoed;

the noose settled down over my shoulders. There was a sharp, unexpected jerk, and my arms were pinioned firmly to my sides. Another jerk, and I found myself lying face downwards on the earthen floor. A twist of the rope, and it was obvious to me that I was securely bound and utterly powerless. I was chafing with rage, but realised that I had brought it all upon myself. It was a lesson I was not likely to forget for many a long day.

"Now then," remarked the ascetic one, "lay him across that bench and give him twenty with the rope's end. Youngsters who don't give in quietly want to be taught how to."

Before I could wriggle clear of them, Bill and the other ruffian picked me up and placed me across the bench. I kicked out with my feet; in another minute they also were made fast. It was an awkward predicament to be in, so awkward indeed that someone had to hold my legs to keep me in position. Being face downwards, it was impossible to see what preparations were being made for my punishment. It was not long before those preparations were made plain enough to me.

*Swish!* and the bitter end of a rope descended on my back with no slight force. The pain was terrible, and though my first impulse was to cry out, by a strong effort of will I kept silence.

"One," sang out Bill with unction.

*Swish!* Again the rope descended, and this time it was as if the hemp were cutting into my flesh. It was more than I could bear, and something like a groan escaped from my lips.

"Two!" cried Bill again.

I awaited with dread cut number three, and

thought it must surely knock all the life out of me. But there was an interruption, and I realised that it was Broncho Pete who spoke.

"Campbell," he cried, "for God's sake stop! You hev got down low. I've known you to do many a shady thing, but I'm blest if I thought you'd condescend to revenge yourself on a youngster."

Again the rope descended, and it seemed to me as if I must faint with the pain. As it was I could only moan feebly.

"*Three!*" cried the ghoulish Bill, with a ring of satisfaction in his voice.

"Oh, you infernal coward!" gasped Pete. "Why can't you flog me, as is tough and can stand it? And I suppose you call yourselves men?"

"Shut up, Broncho," said Campbell, "or I'll bore a hole in your thick skull! You can lay off now, Bill," he concluded.

So they unbound me, but so great was the pain of the cuts, and the unnatural, cramped position I had occupied, that it was as much as I could do to stand upright.

"Well," asked Pete, "what now? Better row

us ashore again, and I'll guarantee we'll not split."

"There's an old saying," grimly remarked Campbell, "that 'Dead men tell no tales.'"

"Phaw!" snorted Pete; "what're ye givin' us? You've got queer ideas of satisfaction. Do you think it 'ud be worth the facin' of a brand-new wooden scaffold behind the barracks at Regina, and a drop of six feet?"

For a second—only for a second—I thought a sudden flash of fear came into the desperado's eyes, and for the first time he lost his apparently indifferent manner.



SWISH! AND THE BITTER END OF A ROPE DESCENDED ON MY BACK WITH NO SLIGHT FORCE.

"Shut up, you fool! If you keep jawing me like that, Pete, I'll give you an ounce of lead right now," he cried angrily.

He paused for a moment as if considering, then, in a determined but somewhat calmer manner, said deliberately:—

"Now look here, you two jokers! We're wastin' time, and time's valuable to us just at present. We've got to put through another brew in a few minutes, and must come to an understanding. You'll admit that when you came here it was on your own invitation. You ran your own heads into this bees' nest. Of course, it's not likely we're going to be such fools as to row you ashore again. You stole that boat from my mates, by the way, and they'll have a bone to pick with you when they get here. You'd only blow the gaff upon us. Oh no, I'm not taking any man's word. You know what the Scriptures say: 'All men are liars.'"

He paused, and smiled upon us, as if he were merely imparting some humorous information to boon companions. His reference to the Scriptures, and his obvious callousness, made my blood run cold, despite my efforts to keep quiet. He continued:—

"There's only one way out for you, and that's to join us. You won't be asked to do any of the risky night work on the prairie—running our supplies and commodities in and out. That's for us old hands. But you can have a jolly good time here if you want to. You can have all the booze you want in moderation, Broncho; we live like fighting cocks, and the youngster here can have all the literature he wants from Fort Benton or the cars on the C.P.R. This island's eight acres in extent, and is big enough to hold us all; there's good shooting and fishing, and, besides, there's money in the business. Eighteen months at this game, and I'll guarantee you £1,500 apiece. Intend to quit the game in that time myself, and going down south. You'll not make that in ten years on the ranche, Broncho. As for you, young man"—he looked at me with less of vindictiveness in his eyes, and spoke pleasantly enough—"I guess you've got to make your way in the world, and it's one chance in a thousand for you. To have fifteen hundred pounds at the end of eighteen months to go into civilisation with, and to start yourself in some good-going business, is not to be sneezed at. Now then, Pete," he concluded, "what do you think of it?"

"If I say 'no' for both of us, what then?" asked the cow-boy, quietly.

"Well, I'm not quite sure," replied Campbell, with that curious pursing of his lips again; "but you can hardly expect us to hamper ourselves

with you. We've got the drop on you, and there's the lake," he concluded, significantly.

Then I saw for the first time in my life how under an eccentric manner, and rough exterior, the soul of true nobility can burn. Pete threw one arm over my shoulder, and, with a flush on his rugged, sun-browned face, exclaimed:—

"Let me speak for us both, Wally, my boy. I've lived longer in the world than you, and I know what I say is right. Campbell, a clear conscience and our honour is worth more to us than your money. We will have none of it! Shoot us down if you dare, but remember there is a God who will call you to account if man does not."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A MAD SMUGGLER.

IT is difficult to know what the desperado would have done had not at that very moment a couple of rifle shots rung out in the far distance. Such a remarkable series of echoes followed close upon them that one could have imagined the island was being bombarded from every point of the compass. Campbell listened attentively.

"It's the boys," he remarked, turning to his rough-looking mates; "they've missed their boat, and are signalling to us. Bill, you'd better take the boat across to them and pick them up. Tell them we've got visitors who took the loan of the dinghy."

Bill disappeared, and I breathed more freely. It seemed as if we were to have a respite. Campbell turned his attention to us again.

"On second thoughts," he said, "I'll not give the fishes in the lake a treat just yet. You may come to take a more sensible view of the situation after a bit."

Half-an-hour elapsed before the boat appeared. In it were four white men and an Indian. They jumped ashore and came up the narrow path, while Bill took the boat round to the little natural harbour among the rocks. They had evidently been on an expedition to replenish their larder, for slung on a pole, which two of them bore upon their shoulders, was a splendid black-tail deer. Another carried several brace of prairie chickens. They came into the hollow, and entered the building.

Instinctively I scrutinised them to see if there would be a grain of mercy thrown on the scales in our favour when our court-martial came off. Two of them were ordinary looking men, of good physique and self-possessed, so different from the cow-boy one may meet on the prairie at any time,

only theirs was that look of keenness and resource that one may see in the faces of those who have been accustomed to carry their lives in their hands. The third white man made me more hopeful. He could not have been more than four-and-twenty years of age, and was, upon the whole, a rather good-looking fellow.

When his bright brown eyes rested upon me for the moment it struck me that there was a mute greeting in them, and that he looked rather sorry to see us in such a position. The others called him "Alan." But it was the Indian who took me by surprise. As soon as my eyes rested on his face it seemed as if my blood ran cold. It was Make-Thunder, the red-skin who had shot at Colin Dunbar and myself in the valley on our way out to the ranche, and who had escaped so cleverly from the clutches of the Mounted Police! There was no mistaking him; his was the high aquiline nose, the hawk-like, proud glance, and the lithe, athletic figure. But, surer sign of all, he instantly recognised me.

"Ough, ough!" he exclaimed, grinning down upon me in a way that made me feel decidedly uncomfortable.

"You two seem to have met before," remarked Campbell, whose sharp eyes missed nothing.

"Oh, yees, by gar! We bin meet way back yondaire," glibly explained the Indian, to my no little astonishment. "He try keel me, an' maybe so I try keel him."

"Hello!" exclaimed Campbell, who with the others now stood a few paces off watching us; "this is interesting. How did he do it, Make-Thunder?"

"Ough! I was near forget now. Eet was in Fish Creek Coulee, an' I was look out black-tail

deer to take to tepee when nudder man Dunbar and dis boy come up 'long trail. I shoot pony b'longing to dis boy, an' den nudder man he keel Crooked-legs who look out pony b'longing to Enjun and take dem 'way. Dis boy I was see 'im peek up stone an' throw it at Crooked-legs fir's

time. Nex' day Sher-moganish-peleece, she was come out an' come down coulee. But you bet my medicine she goot, I was lay low 'longa rock lak as wile cat. Den I come out on to de prairie all same as peleece scout, an' peleece she no know. But dees boy she see me an' make big pow-wow an' geet hees gun. I catch pony an' ride 'way. Eet was de bes' pony I evaire have, by-gar! Dis boy he chase me lak he chase buffalo, an' one time he shoot, but he mees; den I shoot, an' I was mees. Den I clear out, an' was come here, by-gar!"

Then for the first time I heard Campbell laugh. Something in that hard, soulless cackle startled me. It was not the laugh of a sane man.

"Well, young fellow," remarked

Campbell, when he had relieved his feelings, "it seems you're a bit of a terror, but it's only what I would have expected from you. Now, I've got an idea. I owe that chap Dunbar a grudge; he's too enterprising by half, and more than once he's been perilously close to our trail. He wants warning off. Do you know what the brigands do in Corsica and other lively places when they want the friends of captives to hurry up with a ransom? No? I'll tell you. They just slice off a part of the captive's ear, or chop off a finger, and send it through the post to his relatives with the intimation that delays are dangerous, and that generally makes them hurry up. Now, if we sent something of the sort with an intimation to the rancher to keep at



IT WAS MAKE-THUNDER, THE REDSKIN WHO HAD SHOT AT COLIN DUNBAR AND MYSELF.

a distance, I fancy Colin Dunbar would lay low and not trouble us."

Again he laughed, and for the first time I noticed that the others exchanged furtive and significant glances. Pete gave me a sharp nudge with his elbow, as if to enjoin silence. For a minute there was a painful stillness. It was Alan who first spoke, and he did so without looking at me, and as if the subject were a matter of indifference to him.

"That's all very well, boss," he said, "and wouldn't be a bad idea if it were practicable, but it ain't, and would simply mean Stony Mountain Penitentiary, and Sing-Sing afterwards, for every mother's son of us."

I looked up into his face gratefully; I had thought the man had the feelings of a human being from the first. But he would not look at me, and I thought I divined the reason. Two of the other men seemed to consider Alan's speech favourably. Campbell seemed to be pondering over the matter. Suddenly he said:—

"I'll tell you what, boys, we'll settle their fate with the dice. There's nothing like a little gamble now and again."

He left the building, and the others followed him.

To me the next ten minutes seemed an eternity. The cow-boy sat with his arm passed through mine, but neither of us spoke a word. Where were all my bright dreams for the future now? Was it not an odd fate for an English boy only fresh from a public school, to have an ounce of lead, or imprisonment in a lonely island with a gang of desperadoes, hanging over his head? But my life had not been a particularly happy one. My uncle Gilbert Derringham had at one time been kind to me, and there were some other boys at Harrow whom I liked immensely. The girl Muriel Wray was surely the one human being of whom I had the brightest memories; after her came the rancher, Colin Dunbar, and my present companion.

Just then Alan entered the room, and handed two pieces of paper to Jim. I thought he whispered something in his ear, and the latter nodded his head. I could hear the murmuring of voices come indistinctly from an adjoining room. Were they never going to decide upon our fate? The delay in itself was a living death.

Then Campbell, the smuggler, entered the room, and stood in front of us.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### A STRANGE PRISON.

"WELL, gentlemen, I've come to tell you that you've got some little time to put in yet in this

miserable vale of tears," drawled the gentleman smuggler chief, as if he hardly expected that the matter would interest us. "And I may as well tell you, by the way, that you just escaped the fishes by the skin of your teeth. The throws were even, so we let Make-Thunder chip in. We said we'd let him decide about you, and the noble savage said that unless we were prepared to torture you—crucifixion, or fire, or something of that nature—he elected to bide his time, and operate upon you in a tonsorial way—scalping. I fancy he meant—when opportunity offered in fair fight. There's no accounting for the tastes of some people, especially bad Indians."

He addressed us in such a communicative and friendly fashion that, but for the cold-blooded import of his words, one would have imagined he was the best friend we had. The others now returned to the still-room, and the strange being continued:—

"Now," he said, "I want you clearly to understand your position here. I can't exactly say how long circumstances will oblige us to avail ourselves of your services, but one thing is certain that until things get too hot you've got to keep us company. You'll be allowed a good deal of liberty, and will live just the same as we do ourselves, but remember, an attempt at escape means instant death." He turned to the others: "You hear, boys, an ounce of lead apiece if you find them up to any monkey tricks, a four-bushel bag with a big stone in it, row them a mile or two out into the Lake of the Lost Spirits, close to where the outlet pierces the mountain, and there'll be no chance of them spoiling the water for domestic purposes. Jim, you keep an eye on them to-day until we make more definite arrangements. Now then, let's have dinner, for I feel rather peckish. Broncho, and Master—er—?"

"Derringham," I said.

"Well, Master Derringham, I'm sorry that we can't exactly invite you to dine at the same table as ourselves. It would be *infra dig*, you know, to have gaolers and prisoners messing together—one's got to study the conventionalities more or less. Jim, you take them into the old mess-room alongside Pierre's kitchen, and see that they get plenty to eat . . . And I say, Jim, you *are* a dirty beggar, and no mistake! Did you wash your face this morning? Now, honour bright, did you?"

"I don't see what it matters to you," was the sulky reply. "What's the use of washing every day? I washed yesterday mornin'. You're allus on the scrubbin' racket."

With something like a snort of contempt, Campbell left the room.

Our gaoler was a curious-looking customer, truly, and I was by no means surprised that a

smart and seemingly fastidious man like Campbell had taken him to task on the score of cleanliness. He had a luxuriant head of hair and an immense beard, and what could be seen of his face, neck, and chest was the colour of mahogany. The shirt and trousers he wore were of a dull, earthy hue. But still the man was not ill-looking—rather easy-going and good-natured, I thought.

"Jimini!" he now remarked to us. "I guess the boss is concernin' hisself 'bout things that don't count no-how. What on earth has it to do wid him whether I washes or not? He's sich a crank on soap and wather! It's a waste of time, sez I to him when he gets jawing. I reckon a wash every three days in hot weather in them parts is plenty good enough for any respectable man, an' once a week in winter, when it's maybe ten below zero. What d'ye think, mates?"

I think Pete must have been meant by nature for the diplomatic service, for he replied that every man was supposed to know best what was good for himself. It was probably, he explained, a matter of early training. He was afraid, speaking for his friend—myself—and himself,

that we had been rather recklessly brought up, for we had contracted the rather unfortunate habit of wasting a good deal of time, not to speak of good soap and water, in washing ourselves.

"You must be precious dirty blokes!" remarked Jim thoughtfully. "It's them as is clean who don't require to wash. Whoever heerd of a clean man hevin' to wash hisself?"

I came to the conclusion that Jim's mental calibre was of a delightfully original nature, if it did take a somewhat unpleasant turn so far as the prejudices of his comrades were concerned. Pete merely remarked that there was a good deal in what he said, and showed a disposition to change the subject. Jim rose from the upturned keg on

which he had seated himself, and for the first time I realised what a burly giant the man was.

"Now thin, gintlemin," he observed, "I guess grub-pile's about a fair thing. Jist walk ahead of me, if you don't mind, out of that there door, or the boss is sure to come down wallop. He's been gettin' precious cranky of late—a goin' bahmy on the crumpet, I reckon."

We made no comments upon his rather unguarded remarks, but thought that what he said was extremely likely. Pete and I passed together out of the doorway, and entered the kitchen indicated. Pierre, who was a French-Canadian, and a dapper, middle-aged, shrewd-looking fellow, made

a little bow as we entered, which Pete and I at once acknowledged by removing our hats—a proceeding which seemed to intensely amuse Jim—and took our seats at the table which the cook pointed out to us.

"Gentlemen," Pierre said, with a politeness that seemed to be misplaced, "pray be seated, and I shall endeavour your requirements to meet."

I thanked him, and asked if I could assist him in any way. This mutual exchange of civilities

seemed to grate on Jim's susceptibilities.

"Borack!" he grunted. "You're not in the 'Windsor Hotel' at Montreal now, Froggy. What hev' you got to eat? That's the main point. Black-tail steak! Well, I guess them steaks be sufficiently done for any Christian. You know I likes mine half raw, I does. See here——"

Without asking the cook's permission, he lifted the grill from the wood fire with the evident intention of tossing the steaks with his dirty fingers into a tin dish that stood on the table. With a look of horror and indignation on his face, and with his black beady eyes protruding from their sockets, Pierre caught hold of the grill with one hand and Jim's right hand with the other.



"WHAT ON EARTH YOU DO? YOU ARE AN EXTREMELY DIRTY FELLOW!"



"*Mon Dieu!*" he exclaimed. "What on earth you do? You are an extremely dirty fellow! You will be good enough to seat yourself, and I will myself serve. Your manners remind me of the pig-sow!"

And to my no small surprise the little cook wrested the grill—which was merely an ingenious contrivance of fence wire—from the hands of the in no way abashed giant, and pushed him into his seat opposite us. It was quite evident the cook was not apprehensive of reprisal.

"I reckon as how you've got much the same silly notions as the boss, Pierre," remarked Jim resentfully, "but I bears no malice." He looked at and addressed us. "He's a queer chap, Pierre, he be, a-washin' of hisself three bloomin' times a day and a eatin' of frogs and snails—Faugh! Some people be mortal dirty and disgustin', and no mistake!"

Pierre merely shrugged his shoulders as if in contempt, and proceeded to dish up the dinner, while our gaoler placed his two brown hands upon the table in front of him and regarded them admiringly. Pete suggested to me afterwards that probably he wished to spoil our appetites so as to have all the more food for himself.

I was surprised at the quality and variety of the food placed before us. There were deer-steaks, and cold bear's meat, which I considered excellent; eggs, good potatoes, spinach, yeast bread, fresh butter, and cheese. Pierre also offered us a little whiskey and water. We thanked him, but declined the whiskey and took some tea instead. If we were to escape we would have to keep our heads always clear so as to seize our opportunity. Pierre eventually joined us in our meal, which proceeded in harmony, Jim's mouth being generally too full to speak, save when he had finished what was on his plate and was obliged to ask for more.

"Now, them eggs," remarked Broncho Pete to Pierre, in whose good graces he seemed anxious to stand, "if it's a fair question, where did you get them? You ain't got no cocks and hens here so far as I kin see."

"Ah, *non!*" exclaimed the little cook, "and it is no cocks and hens we do want here. The crowing of a cock in the morning one would hear for miles. We get them as we get most other things; when we have delivered our cargoes and otherwise would be empty-handed. But we a good garden cultivate on the island. I think it would amuse you to work in it while you are here."

I told Pierre it would give me very great pleasure indeed to do so. After dinner, Pete and I, unasked, assisted him to clean up the things, which simple office seemed to find favour in his eyes. Then we were marched back to an empty

shed where we seated ourselves on an old tarpaulin spread along the ground. My companion smoked, while I watched Jim, who some paces off had seated himself on the mud-floor, and with his back to a post, and his pipe in his mouth, watched us fitfully with eyes that every now and again closed as if in sleep, only to open as suddenly again and glare at us apprehensively. The rest of the smugglers were evidently resting, for a deep stillness brooded over the little island. The sun beat down on the lake with a fierce white heat, and the shadows lay black as jet, cleanly cut, palpable. Our surroundings seemed steeped in an air of unreality. It took an effort of will to realise that we were prisoners on a lonely island, the haunt of smugglers and desperadoes, in an almost inaccessible and mythical lake—the dread Lake of the Lost Spirits. How well that sheet of water was named! for surely Pete and I were now well lost to the world. Then I caught myself wondering how long it would be before my uncle and Colin Dunbar would forget that such an unimportant person as myself had ever crossed their paths.

And Muriel Wray! It was odd that a girl should enter into my thoughts at all; but she was something more to me than a mere girl; she had been a friend to me in the truest sense of the word; she had been so good and taken such an interest in me—why, goodness only knew, for I realised that in the knowledge of most things she was my superior. Would she soon forget me? I hoped not. If she did, and by some occult process I were to become aware of it, that, I thought, would be the most distressful phase of the situation. And the £20 she had lent me? It galled me to think that I had not paid it back. To anyone with a spark of honour in him, debt ought to be the greatest menace to peace of mind. Truly, my schemes to get on in the world seemed doomed to be shelved for an indefinite period. The thought of this enforced idleness was almost unbearable.

"Pete," I whispered to my companion, "what do you now think about it? Have you got any idea in your head as to how we can get out of this?"

"I'm a-thinkin', Wally, I'm a-thinkin'," he replied, puffing hard at his pipe, and with a far-away look in his eyes, "it'll be a precious hard thing to do to get out of this 'ere place, seein' as how we're allus pretty sure to be watched. Them two loats are certain to be kept so's it'll be impossible for us to get at them. If we do break that there dunjin-cell—where we're safe to be clapped in every night—it would hev to be a raft. We must take stock of the material for it, and what logs we can lay our hands on through the day, so that we can put 'em together quickly

during the night. But I'm afeard we may hev to wait days and weeks before we gets our chance."

"I've just got an idea, Pete," I remarked. "Wouldn't it be a good thing if we could only send word to our friends, or the police, and let them know our whereabouts?"

Pete looked at me sharply, and then, I thought, with pity, as if he suspected I had taken leave of my senses.

"I'm afeard, Wally—I'm afeard," he remarked gently. "You see, there's no Royal Mail in them parts, and, as that feller Kippler sez in his song, 'There ain't no 'buses runnin' 'twixt the Bank and Mandalay.' No, Wally, old stocking, that won't cotton on; and as for bribing one o' them chaps to carry a message, they knows such a thing would mean death if discovered. No, thet won't do, neither."

"Easy, Pete; of course I know that. What I thought of doing was to write a few notes, and stick them into bottles and slip them into the lake. They would in all probability drift on to the mainland, if the wind was in the right direction, and the chances are that some search party would pick them up on the beach. I've read in books and in newspapers of people doing such things."

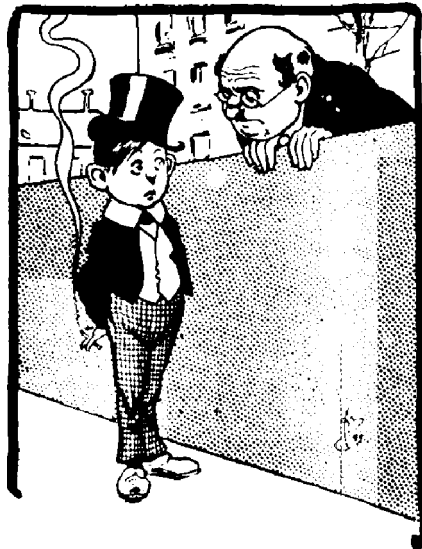
"Bully for you, pardner! bully for you!" whispered Pete admiringly. "There's a lot o' bottles lying 'round, and I think the sooner we does it the better. But you'll hev to do the writin' part, as bein' last at school. Broncho-bustin' and the 'three R's' ain't got much in common."

As luck would have it, I carried a tiny note-book in my belt, which they had not thought of taking from me. It had been part of my work on the round-up to keep tally of all the cattle branded, and it had been used by me to do so. Jim still kept but a half-wakeful look-out upon our actions. It was an easy matter to write out these notes. I did so at once, and placed them in the lining of my hat for fear of accidents. We furtively secured some corks, and managed to hide a flat pint bottle apiece in the bulgy folds of our shirts. Luck was in our way, and before dark we had managed to launch a couple of messages on the Lake of the Lost Spirits without any particular trouble.

Being late in the fall of the year the days were short, and night came on apace. We had supper with Pierre and Jim, as before, and then were taken to our prison-house for the night. I confess my heart sank within me when I saw it. It was the dread dungeon cell the strange-mannered smuggler chief had spoken about.

*John Macbr.*

(To be continued.)



"WHAT HO! HE JUMPS!"

# CHRISTMAS

## AT THE ASYLUM

By HAMILTON WILLIAM.

Illustrated by  
TOM BROWNE



DEAR SIR,—Hush! Swear you won't tell! *We've been keeping up Christmas!* But They mustn't know it, or They might interfere. Of course, you know who They are. They are paid to wait on us, and yet They give themselves all sorts of airs. Goodness knows why! There isn't a titled person among them. And then, look at *us!* You could hardly shut your eyes and heave a brick in any direction without hitting a duke.

Well, I was going to tell you. The Hereditary Grand Prince of the Undiscovered Islands had a letter from abroad giving him secret information that Christmas was coming; so he made everybody pay sixpence, and promise not to tell the others; and then he imparted the mysterious news to each individual in strict privacy.

But somehow it leaked out (the envelope was one of those thin foreign ones, and was

gone at the corners), and we soon found that we all knew it; but, all the same, we kept up the idea, because it is so nice to have a secret all to one's self, isn't it? So at last we called a meeting "*on very secret and important business,*"

and a very delightful meeting it was. All were deeply excited and interested, and many came provided with suggestions and arguments of a most persuasive nature.

The Captain brought his half-brick with him, concealed in the foot of a stocking — "for decency," he said. When asked why, he said that he had hung up his stocking at the foot of his bed

when he heard the mysterious news, and that Santa Claus going his rounds had dropped a half-brick into it, he supposed. He said he imagined it was Santa Claus' joke. Anyhow, he brought it along, as it "might come in handy."



THE CAPTAIN BROUGHT HIS HALF-BRICK WITH HIM CONCEALED IN THE FOOT OF A STOCKING.

The Sultan of Turkey, who claimed the post of chairman by virtue of his seniority, was again furnished with his yataghan. At least, that is what *he* called it, but to most of us it looked suspiciously like the kitchen chopper, over the loss of which the cook has been making such a row for the last month or more. He wore on his head an enormous "ratty" old topper, which fitted him like a dish-cover. He said it was an "Imperial Hatt." He admitted, when pressed on the subject, that he had got it off a scarecrow in a neighbouring field, but he said there was nothing unusual in that; nobody could tell how Imperial Hatts were produced; they simply occurred, "like mushrooms," and he knew this was one the moment he saw it—said he had a mental conviction. (I don't mind telling you privately that some of us think he meant a mental affliction.)

On assuming the chair he said that we had been summoned to consider the most suitable method of keeping Christmas, which, he might tell us (in a hoarse whisper) *was coming*. (Sensation!) In fact he could hear it by placing his ear to the ground—and that he begged to propose a general massacre, to commence at once, if not sooner. He was in the act of drawing his yataghan when the Grand Vizier, rising, as he said, to second him, tipped up the chair, and the motion fell to the ground. So did the chairman, and a very lively debate at once took place, in which the Captain, with the aid of his stocking, convinced the Sultan and his supporters of the inadvisability of violent measures. When the subject had been thoroughly thrashed out Lord Macaulay rose from beneath the table, where he had taken shelter during the debate, and addressed the meeting. He said that, in his opinion, the old ways were the best, and that, for his part, he advocated a return to the ancient customs of Merrie England. He begged to propose, therefore, that we should commence by roasting an ox alive, and he would call upon the Glee Club to sing the "Roast Beef of Old England" in parts during the process. He said it would be peculiarly applicable, as the beef itself would probably only be roasted in parts. This suggestion was greeted with intense enthusiasm, and plans were eagerly discussed for procuring an ox (which one member proposed to compass by the aid of a mouse-trap and a piece of cheese, while another suggested "ferrets"), and a grid-iron to roast him on. As it was considered only too probable that he would prove a *pièce de résistance* if he got the chance, it was decided to have him on toast as an *entrée*.

A plum pudding was next suggested, but met

with considerable opposition from the gardener on the ground that plums were all over long ago, and that there was not time to raise any from seed. However, he admitted that mixed pickles were then very plentiful, and would form an excellent substitute. This seemed so rational a solution of the difficulty that it was unanimously agreed to order the cook to make a plum pudding of mixed pickles, with a preference for onions. But I must tell you about the gardener. He's a splendid fellow—one of us, you know. He has more original ideas on gardening than anyone I ever met. He always grows his carrots, and parsnips, and such things upside down, so that the roots stick up in the air, and you can see at once what you are gathering. Saves a lot of trouble, don't it? He says that as long as you stand on your head when you are planting them they don't notice the difference. Then you should see his fruit trees! All arranged alphabetically. First a row of apple trees, then a row of axle trees, and so on for the A's; next a row of box trees, followed by a row of boot trees, etc., etc., for the B's; then cabbage trees, and crab trees, and cross trees, and so on, so that anyone can at once find the fruit he wants as long as he knows the alphabet.

It was a first-rate idea, planting boot trees. You see, we were very hard up for boots in the establishment, and it occurred to him that if he could get some good cuttings of boot trees and plant a row of them, in a couple of years he would be able to supply all our demands, and perhaps make a profit on the misfits.

Unfortunately, in spite of all his care, the crop was a failure, as the trees got the blue fly or the red mange, or whatever it was, and the fruit never got further than the infant worsted stage, so he told us. He said that one or two of them might have done for bedroom slippers, but even then they were rather down at the heel.

Well, when we had settled the question of the plum pudding, he added that he supposed we should be wanting some Christmas trees. Now, wasn't that clever? Nobody had ever thought of such a thing, but *he* did, you see. Comes of being familiar with trees. He said he had a whole row of Christmas trees in the orchard, planted between the crab trees and the cross trees, because they were always interfering with each other, and "the influence of the Christmas trees was so good." He had tried grafting a shoot of box on to the stem of one of his Christmas trees with a view to growing Christmas boxes, which, he understood, were a very paying variety, but he said the boys were so troublesome they got them all before he was

up. He assured us that there was nothing like a Christmas tree for a buttonhole, so we ordered one apiece all round. Then, all of a sudden, like a streak of lightning, or a kick from the off hind leg of an ostrich, an idea occurred to me. It is not my fault. I can't help it. It's like fits.

I said, "Blow all this jaw! Let's have a ball!" That *did* it, you know. Before you could say "knife" we had forgotten all about the ox, and the plum pudding, and the Christmas trees, and everything, and, clasping each other round the waist, or the neck, or by the hair, we began to dance as hard as we possibly could. The Great

It was jolly! They turned up at last at the cry of fire, and, as we expected, threw cold water on the whole thing. We never can have a little harmless amusement without their interfering. When the gas was lit again we found our chairman at the bottom of the stairs, moaning. He said his neck was broken in three places, at which we all shrieked with delight. The Grand Vizier, who had been sitting out the last dance on the stairs with the Sultan, was so altered that we should hardly have known him; somebody had mistaken his face for a doormat. The Great Mogul was with difficulty extracted



NEVER HAD SUCH A BALL IN MY LIFE!

Mogul, with wonderful presence of mind, turned off the gas; Massa Johnson and one or two professional people supplied some temporary music on the fire-irons and the fender, with the aid of a brass waiter or two, and we spun round and round in the dark among the tables and chairs in the fireplace, down the passage, over the stairs, by twos, by threes, by dozens! Capital! Never had such a ball in my life! In a short time we were knee-deep in bits of furniture and pieces of partners, and in the middle of it all, to add, if possible, to the hilarity, someone raised a cry of "Fire!" and then we fairly boiled over with delight.

from the furniture. He made a great fuss over one of his legs, which he said was smashed, but the gardener assured him that it did not matter, he could easily chop it right off and take some cuttings from it. I came off with very little to show—only a tooth or two loose and my right eye in a sling; but my head's a bit swollen—can't get my hat on without a shoe-horn, you know. But it *was* jolly while it lasted. I wish you'd been there—you *would* have enjoyed it. Well, good-bye. Merrie Christmas, etc., etc., etc.

"YOU KNOW WHO"  
(Or if you don't you ought to be ashamed of yourself).

# PANTOMIMES.

BY A SCHOOL-BOY.



THERE are two kinds of pantomimes—there is the grand pantomime that tries to be funny, and the funny (?) pantomime that tries to be grand.

We will first of all say something about the grand pantomime.

Our masculine parent books seats for us weeks before the holidays, and keeps the tickets safe until the night we are to go, when he will forget where he put them. He will begin by saying that he remembers giving them to mamma, but mamma assures him that she has never seen them. He will then declare that someone has hidden them, or that the housemaid has thrown them away, or burnt them. At last someone asks him what clothes he wore when he booked the seats. After a great deal of arguing, he thinks he wore his light overcoat (which has been put away in camphor for the winter), and when it is found the tickets also are found in one of the pockets.

The tickets found, a start is made (there should be six to go to a grand pantomime—papa, mamma, Jack, age twenty, who is sure to miss the train, Mary, age eighteen, Will, age fourteen, and Baby, age eleven). But before half the journey is over someone is sure to ask who has got the opera glasses, and just as sure as one asks that question so sure is it that every one has forgotten them.

But let us pass on to the panto., as it is called in these days of telegrams and motors,

when one has not time to use long words. On arriving, the tickets are torn by a cross-breed between a footman and a railway guard, who hands them on to a glorified sort of parlour-maid, who, in her turn, will find the right numbers, knock down half-a-dozen uncomfortable seats, give away programmes, and expect at least a shilling. A large orchestra is playing selections best known to the organ-grinder. Loud choruses are shouted from the gallery, and a fragrance of Spanish and Jaffa fruit arises from the pit. Gradually the music quickens, a bell rings, the gas goes out, the curtain rises, and the show has commenced.

Now, the panto. is always the same—it does not matter at all about the name. First there is the wicked fairy in red fire, who threatens everyone and everything, followed by the good fairy with lights turned up, who declares war against him. Secondly, there are two funny men (one dressed as a woman), who sing topical songs with everlasting encore verses. Thirdly, a ballet. Fourthly, a procession, which is cheered, clapped, hissed, or hooted, as the different representatives march down the centre of the stage; a song or two by the leading boy and girl; a sleepy sort of transformation scene; and a silly harlequinade, finished off with the National Anthem, a rush to get outside and home, when watches are stolen, and last trains and tempers lost.

There is not much to be said about the funny panto. except that the funniness is quite unintentional. Time is precious, but, nevertheless, go to your local theatre, and there you will see a funny pantomime.

C. HUBERT WOLFF.





TAKING THE MAN IN ITS BRAWNY ARMS, THE BRUTE HELD HIM OVER ITS HEAD FOR A MOMENT, THEN, WITH ALL ITS FORCE, DASHED HIM TO THE GROUND.

# A MATCH FOR A MILLION

BY HAROLD MACFARLANE

ANGLE

CHARLES SPER/.

## A CHRISTMAS EVE ADVENTURE.

"THE most remarkable match in which I ever played?" repeated "Ell-Bee," and without hesitation he counterqueried: "Need you ask?"

"Personally I never saw you play better than when you scored that eighty-seven at Trent Bridge on a half-baked wicket," I replied; "but a single innings does not constitute a match."

Du Cane laughed.

"How about single wicket matches?" he asked.

"Even then a second innings is customary," replied.

"To be sure! Nevertheless, the most remarkable match I ever took part in was a single wicket, decided by a single innings, and it was played on Christmas Day."

"In Australia?" I asked, my thoughts immediately turning to the famous tour in which L. B. Du Cane's team went through the season without defeat.

"In Yorkshire, a couple of years ago," was the unexpected answer.

"As a county," said I, "the 'Tykes' acknowledge no superior for sport, therefore the circumstances under which this match was

played must have been extraordinary, for the true sportsman, however keen he is on a game, observes the close season, albeit the same is a matter of custom only. I should like to have some particulars of that match."

"I have no objection to giving them to you," he replied. Then, stirring the fire into a cheerful blaze, the great cricketer leaned back in his chair and related the following experience.

. . . . .

"The chief object I had in view on leaving school for the University was the obtaining of my 'blue'; after that, if I had any time, I determined to have a shot at a pass degree. I did not tell my father my decision, as he had set his heart on the one thing, and he had the strongest objection to anybody having two objects in view at the same time.

"My dear boy," he said, just before I left for Alma Mater, 'I'm comfortably off, as you



know. Nevertheless, I'm making several sacrifices on your behalf in giving you a university education; in return I expect you to attend carefully to your coaches, practise assiduously, and go for every chance that comes your way. Write regularly to your mother, and—harken to my last words on this subject—ever play with a straight bat, and cultivate your glance to leg—there's no knowing if it may not be the making of you. By the way, you had better find out at once the minimum number of lectures you are obliged to attend, and, for goodness' sake, confine your head-work to matters appertaining to scientific cricket.'

"By great good luck I obtained my blue in my first year, and, that anxiety off my mind, was able to devote that portion of the winter days in which I was not engaged in keeping myself in condition to a little mental recreation, such as is furnished in the lecture room by the Greek, Latin, and philosophical professionals engaged on the ground. Hence it came about that I did sufficiently well in examinations to justify the examiners in putting my name in the list, and so, in the course of time, when not engaged on serious work at Old Trafford, or other

cricket grounds, I found myself putting in some reading, with the idea of being called to the Bar, in the chambers of Austin Clocker—he is now a Q.C., and will be a judge some day, but when he dies he will always be remembered for his famous innings against time and Surrey during the early 'eighties. No worthier epitaph could he have than: 'He scored 121 in ninety minutes.'

"It was at Clocker's country residence, 'The Willow,' that I met his niece, Miss Wilhemina Grace Eden, and, straightway falling in love

with her, proposed, and was accepted. For a time the course of true love ran smoothly. I scored five centuries during the season, and we were champion county, but then two misfortunes happened to us in rapid succession. First, our best and only fast bowler broke down in health, and, said the doctor, would never play again; second, Mrs. Eden lost the bulk of her fortune through the failure of an Australian bank, whereupon Grace broke off our engagement. She further said that she should always follow my cricket career with the

greatest interest, hoped that I should have plenty of happy lives given to me by the opposing field, and that we should continue to be friends.

"Taking heart of grace from the latter part of the letter, I jumped at an offer to spend Christmas with the Spences at Battwell House, for I knew that my friend's estate adjoined the comfortable though small house occupied by the Edens, and that the possibility of meeting Grace on several occasions was assured. It was a crowded train that left King's Cross on the morning of December 24th, but on changing at York I found that off the main line the passenger traffic was very moderate, and

when, late in the afternoon, on changing for a second time, I examined the carriages of the waiting train that would carry me up to Battwell—which is situated at the further end of Wisedale—I discovered that there was only one passenger beyond Cevale, and that one myself.

"The day was not of the description that one would elect to travel upon if one had any say in the matter. A thick fog enveloped London, betokening a black frost, which only gave way when we were well out into the country to dull leaden skies, threatening a snow



"A BLIZZARD WAS RAGING WHEN I CHANGED FOR A SECOND TIME AT NORTHATTERICTON."

downfall. At Huntingdon, sure enough, it began to snow, and York—when we reached it—was seemingly wrapped in swansdown. A blizzard that was raging when I changed for the second time at Northattericton did not hold out any promise of fast scoring on the part of our engine, and I gathered that not only should I arrive at Battwell after the bell had rung for the clearing of the ground preparatory to dinner, but there was just a possibility of my not doing so before stumps were drawn, or, rather, the house locked up for the night.

"I knew the Wisedale stations off by heart, having passed through them in happier days when, after a big match on the Headingley ground, Leeds, or at Bramhall Lane, I had gone to Battwell to spend Sunday with the Edens. One off day, indeed, I had assisted Maybrook against Cevale, but that was not exactly a happy day, for I was yorkeed by Haigh for a single. I took a melancholy interest in looking out on the scene of my downfall, or as near as I could get to the scene, considering it was pitch dark and the railway ran in a cutting, and I was so lost in thought, considering how I ought to have played that ball, and would have played it had I not observed Captain Lashingley leaning over Grace's

chair, that it was not until some time had evidently passed that I recognised that my mode of locomotion had developed stone-wall tactics which had reduced its rate of scoring to nothing per hour. We were at a standstill.

"Presently the door opened, and a cold blast and a man's head appeared through the aperture, the latter of whom delivered himself of the remark, 'Very sorry, sir, cannot get any further to-night; the snow has drifted into the cutting. One cannot get backwards or forwards. You're the gent as was going to Battwell, sir, I suppose?'

"I assented.

"Then your best plan will be to get out of this, climb the bank, and make for Wiseby yonder. It's only in the cuttings that the snow

has drifted; you may get a conveyance to take you on. Straight up the bank and across these fields—you cannot go wrong,' he added.

"That's the sort of remark that the old hand, who is not playing, makes to the colt who is about to make his *débüt* on a wicket that Briggs would always like to carry about with him in his cricketing bag. Anyone can 'go wrong' in that sense; it is the easiest thing you can do, and in the present instance I did it most successfully.

"What on earth induced me to attempt to find Wiseby without a lantern I cannot say. At the best of times it is most diminutive, and at the worst, such as on the occasion I sought it, it resembled the proverbial needle in the bottle of hay, and was not to be found by anyone but an Andrée or Nansen.

"For some little time I wandered on, every now and then falling into a snow-drift, or tripping over some object hidden in the snow, but always getting wetter and colder whatever I did. It was, therefore, with the greatest relief that I saw looming before me a building that might have been a barn, but was decidedly not a dwelling-house, which, in the event of its possessing a roof, would be a veritable haven for me. It had no



"I ASKED IF IT HAD SOME HISTORY ATTACHED TO IT."

roof, and, considering how the wind swept about it, could not be regarded as a haven, though it was the means of discovering one to me. As I walked round the building I espied a red light, which conjured up visions of a comfortable farmhouse, of red blinds, and ham and eggs. The barn-like structure had no further interest for me, and I made a march that Cæsar himself would have approved of, so undeviating was it. What did it matter if I stumbled over a stone wall and fell into a sty? What did it matter if I heard ice cracking beneath my feet as I recognised that I was crossing a pond, and, more ominous still, the crack of glass as I inadvertently put my foot through a cold frame, when in the end I arrived at the cottage of the red blinds, and—

knocking—was admitted to its comfortable shelter?

"The door was opened by a woman, but my request for a night's lodging was answered by someone—undoubtedly a man—in a room opening off the passage. 'You are gladly welcome, sir,' said the unknown cheerily, and my heart bounded just as if I had won the toss and the wicket was hard and true.

"You have heard of Yorkshire hospitality? It is famous all the land over, and I found that, at Redridge Farm at all events, its extent had not been exaggerated. Such kindness to an absolute stranger was almost unparalleled. My host, whom I speedily discovered to be one of the best, was between sixty and seventy, but one of those well-preserved 'tykes' that you meet in the northern dales, who seem to have, and doubtless do possess, more energy than is to be found in the ordinary run of men two-thirds their age. Besides his vitality, he possessed a fund of anecdote that rendered him a most amusing companion; moreover, he, too, like myself, was a cricket maniac. I really do not remember passing many more enjoyable evenings than that one at Redridge, chatting over the heroes of the cricket field past and present.

"Above the mantelpiece, I noted on entering the parlour, was a glass case in which a bat reposed after some hard usage, judging from the condition of the blade, and in the course of the evening I asked if it had some history attached to it.

"'Hardly history,' said my host, 'though it's done some good work in its day. Try it.'

"I took the bat, and, having extolled it for its excellent balance, without thinking made a variety of strokes at imaginary balls, as one generally does when a bat is put into one's hands for approval. Presently I heard my host murmuring, 'Good! Dead on the wicket and shooting. He can "hook" 'em and "glance" 'em, and no mistake! A sweet cut indeed! Um, fond of opening his shoulders to the slows—don't blame him either with that reach!'

"I was about to put the bat down when I noticed a flat groove round the bottom of the blade, and remarked upon it, but the enthusiast passed my query over, saying, 'You handled it like a master—might I ask if you play much?' And on my telling him who I was—having omitted to do so before—I had to submit to much hand-shaking, the old gentleman making very flattering remarks the while.

"'I've watched your career with interest since your first century in the parks, sir,' said

he, 'but I rarely leave the farm, so I've never seen you play.' He paused, and then somewhat excitedly continued, 'I'd like to see you play Chinn's bowling—that I would. That would be a treat—eh! it would.'

"'I don't know his name—is he a local man? Fast, medium, or slow?' I inquired, innocently. The man undoubtedly knew something about cricket, and even local enthusiasm would not in him evoke over-praise, and I confess I hoped Chinn would prove to be fast, for then he might be worth qualifying for my county, and, eventually, take the place of our lame duck. 'How is it the Yorkshire Committee has overlooked him?' I queried.

"'Whom?' he asked, surprised.

"'Why, the man you spoke of—Chinn?'

"His face clouded as if he were annoyed at something, and he made a sound expressive of contempt.

"'Oh! he's no good, really—no good. Doesn't bowl with his head. Well, sir, if you are ready I will show you to your room; we go to bed early at Redridge,' and rising, he took up a candlestick and conducted me to my cosy apartment, in which a gorgeous fire crackled in the hearth.

"I fell asleep whilst thinking over the mysterious bowler, and dreamed that I was standing at the wicket awaiting his attack; the wicket-keeper appeared to be in the neighbourhood of the screen, and, with the exception of the bowler, every fieldsman stood somewhere behind the wicket. Chinn was a giant in my dreams, and, after taking an inordinate run, he delivered the ball with force sufficient to knock the bat out of my hands; but, although I could see it looming, it never got nearer, and I woke ere it reached me.

"'There will be no getting out to-day, sir,' said my host, after the usual Christmas greetings on my arrival in the parlour; 'a regular blizzard is blowing, and the snow is too deep for any conveyance. I'm sorry you should be disappointed, but, personally, I welcome any agency whatever it may be that gives me the pleasure of your society.'

"The meal over, my friend went to look after his live stock, but on his return I noticed that his manner had changed and that he was once more nervous and excited.

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the snow lay thick, I added, 'but that, I think, would be a bit too soft.'

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"'But where could we play?' I asked, quite ready to humour the old man who had treated me so courteously.

"'Well, there's the crypt,' he replied, to my complete astonishment. 'It's dry and warm enough.'

"'The what?' I gasped.

"'The crypt of the abbey,' he answered stoically. 'You noticed the remains of the abbey as you came along—it's Eccleshaw Abbey.' Undoubtedly that was the barn-like structure in which I had hoped to have found a haven. 'Only the refectory remains above ground, but below there's the crypt.'

"'And the light?'

"'Come and see, sir—you'll be surprised.'

"I was—not only with the light, which was electric, but with many other things. The old man

chuckled at my expression of astonishment.

"'Those old monks knew a thing or two,' said he. 'Their kitchen was just outside there, and for culinary purposes they diverted a stream that rises in the hill behind, until it ran under the floor. I find that stream useful in running the turbine that works the dynamo that charges the cells which supply these lamps and keep 'em steady. You couldn't keep lamps like them steady if you ran 'em straight from the dynamo—it's secondary batteries that do the trick.'

"I had hardly listened to his enthusiastic

jargon about his electric light instalment, for my attention was taken up with the appearance of the chamber in which we stood, and which we had gained by descending through a trap-door in the floor of the farmer's parlour.

"In the centre of this lengthy underground chamber, and sunk into the floor so that the top was just on a level with its surroundings, stretched a strip of green felt the length of a cricket pitch; at one end stood three stumps, with bails complete, placed in a brass receiver, which, in turn, was embedded in concrete

floor; at the other, a single stump stood alone. The pitch, it may be remarked, was accurately marked out.

"On a level with the wickets, and close to them, was a box-like arrangement I could not understand the object of; behind the stumps, and exactly their breadth and height, an iron erection, which also seemed to me objectless.

"I walked on to the pitch, under the impression that it would feel to the tread like a matting wicket over concrete; I was mistaken,

however; I could hardly tell the difference from ordinary turf. It was then that I observed behind the erection of iron a short length of chain fixed at one end to the ground in front to the brass receiver for the stump; the other end had an oblong link with a practicable catch, and I immediately thought of the shallow groove at the bottom of the bat I had seen on my host's mantelpiece; but why should the bat be chained, I asked myself? But I could not answer the question, or any other, for I seemed to be in a dream.

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on that very pitch,' said the farmer reflectively. 'There was Jeffrey's 102 in three hours—a fine innings, but Chinn got him in the end.' Jeffrey was before my time, but I was well enough up in cricket history to know that he was a magnificent player, and that there was something mysterious about his end. 'You wouldn't have expected it, sir, but the first ball Trickett received on this pitch was the last—or the last but one. He mistimed it all the way. Yes; I believe he did die rather suddenly—fell down a crevice in these parts and broke his neck. Poor Pilchard, too—shot himself through the head by accident, or was murdered, no one ever found out—played a sweet forty-seven, but he was too eager to score, and Chinn bowled him with a "yorker."'

"But how did they make any runs—the ball couldn't be hit far enough to make a run safe?" I asked.

"A straight drive to the bowler's wall counts two; a square cut, or any hit to the off wall, three; and hits to leg, one; whilst hits to anywhere behind the wicket, nothing. Extras don't count, and the only way you can get out, except l.b.w., is by being clean bowled. You would like to know what inducement I had to make them play, eh? Well, sir, what do you think of *that* for talent money to be paid on the completion of an innings of two hundred runs? It's fine, isn't it—but no one has earned it yet—Chinn's too good.'

"As he spoke, my host, concerning whose sanity I was getting a trifle apprehensive, pushed at the seemingly solid stone wall behind us, with the result that a portion of the masonry swung round as if on a pivot, revealing an inner chamber and a sight that made me draw in my breath with astonishment.

"There, lying on the floor or on shelves, were piles of ecclesiastical accessories, such as gold altar plates, crucifixes of gold, golden croziers studded with precious stones. I noted also some ancient volumes, one at least, a Mazarin Bible, worth almost £4,000, and one, a 'Psalmorum Codex,' that would sell for a thousand more. Candelabra of gold, and sacks—one of them had burst, and its contents were scattered over the floor—of gold coins, which I imagined to be nobles and angels, and divers heavily iron-cased coffers, promising to contain further riches, greeted my eyes.

"Whose property is this?" I gasped.

"If possession is nine points of the law, it is mine," replied the farmer, 'for I discovered it many years ago. If there is any justice in the land it rightfully belongs to the lord of the manor, but doubtless the Treasury would claim it all with the exception of the fraction they

give according to custom to the informer, but I have no fear of informers when Chinn's about—nobody can play Chinn's bowling for long.'

"Who on earth was this Chinn? what had he to do with the treasure? and what on earth was I to do with the raving lunatic, whose remarks, innocent though they were, had so sinister a sound?"

"They little thought they would have Chinn guarding their treasure, did they, sir?" he asked irreverently.

"Who?" I asked.

"The monks, of course," he answered querulously—"the monks of Aquadix, of Rivers, of Rivemont. The monks of Leaby Abbey, of Eccleshaw Abbey, and of Barton Priory. When Henry parcelled out their property in the sixteenth century, do you think they left their dwellings in a tenable state of repair, with all their furniture and effects for the new comers? Not they; they knew a thing worth two of that: they evidently held a meeting and secretly brought the contents of their treasuries to Eccleshaw, and placed the same in this secret vault, and waited until better times came round for them, and they could claim their property with safety. It's worth a million, sir, every penny of a million. But, there—no man alive can score two hundred off Chinn, so what's the good of it?"

"But do you mean to say that you would give this property to anyone who did score that number? I don't think it is yours to give, by the way. However, it is a very tempting offer, for, after all, the player has everything to win and nothing to lose."

"Only his life," was the laconic response.

"I looked at him askance, but the immobility of his features and the calm tones of his voice showed that he was undoubtedly serious, and was not cracking a somewhat morbid joke at my expense.

"The stumps are fixed in brass receivers, which are on hinges. When the wicket falls the hinged portion releases a trigger, and the batsman receives a bullet about the height of his heart; if two stumps fall, then he receives two bullets—one through the heart and one through the brain; and if all three are disarranged, he is pretty well riddled. The apparatus is contained in a box placed at about the position point would occupy—you may have noticed it? I don't do anything myself but watch—it's grand sport, sir! Are you ready to play? You will soon get accustomed to the light chain on the bat, which is to prevent too hard hitting and to put Chinn on equal terms with the batsman. He's a grand bowler, sir, if there ever was one.'

"‘Rather hard luck,’ said I, trying to avoid his question and gain time whilst I thought of some plan of escape, ‘to be bowled by a “no ball” under these circumstances.’

"‘Not at all. I am the fairest of umpires, and if Chinn delivered a “no ball” I should call the same and throw the firing apparatus out of gear by means of a lever, upon which I always keep my foot in readiness; but, as a matter of fact, his action is above reproach. You will find these pads and gloves will about fit you.’

"‘But my status as an amateur—it is quite impossible for me to play for a wager, let alone the immorality of staking my life against your treasure.’

"My host’s face changed, and an ugly look spread over it.

"‘Lucius Odell, the Oxford smiter, urged the same excuse—poor fellow, he was never heard of again, from the time he left Redmont to cross the fells to gain Yoredale. He preferred to wrestle with Chinn than to play against him. Chinn!’

"He raised his voice, and the noise of a rattling chain was followed by the appearance of an apparition from a cavity in the far wall that caused me to recoil in horror. *Chinn was a huge ape of the genus Chimpanzee!*

"‘Shall the chain be loosened, or will you play?’ queried the maniac.

"A full report of that remarkable match can never be given, for the only being left who witnessed it—myself—is unable to recall the incidents of what seemed like a terrible nightmare.

"I had always been under the impression that it was a characteristic of the anthropoid apes to possess a malformation of the arm that would preclude round-arm bowling. I found, however, in the case of Chinn, that I was mistaken, and that he bowled in perfect style, his tremendously long reach, as in the case of the great Australian bowler, Trumble, rendering the flight of the ball most deceptive. Another impression I had to correct was in connection with the capacity for headwork on



CHINN BOWLED IN PERFECT STYLE.

the part of my opponent. I expected on taking my stand at the wickets to be bombarded with balls possessing cannon-ball-like velocity, and I was not disappointed, the first delivery being a ‘yorker’ that I only got down to in time, and which realised a couple of runs to my credit, and a complimentary remark on the part of the scorer and umpire. The second ball was almost a wide, and rebounded with such force from the wall behind that the wickets would have been shattered but for the iron shield. The third ball utterly deceived me, and, playing at it too soon, I gave the easiest of catches to the bowler, whilst the fourth broke in with tremendous velocity, and it was only at the second attempt that I prevented it going into my wicket.

"To describe the game in detail would only weary you, and it will suffice to say that at seventy-six we adjourned for refreshment, and at ninety-two my off bail was sent flying by a beautiful ball that beat me all the way, but without the wicket being disarranged or any catastrophe happening. Having lost my wicket in the only way possible, except by getting my leg in front of a straight one, I waited developments in fear and trembling, but apparently the spectator, not being satiated, and quite satisfied that the inevitable would happen later on,



decided to give me another chance, and, replacing the bail, bade me continue my innings. At this point of the match I changed my game, with the result that before I scored my first century I had given twenty chances, and caused the umpire to groan aloud at the terrible display. Nevertheless, runs came with tolerable rapidity, and I played with greater confidence than before.

"The century took me three hours to compile, but the next fifty came in forty minutes, chiefly from forcing strokes to the on, but more than once I was in difficulties, and the umpire significantly remarked that the penalty for 'l.b.w.' was the loosening of the chain—not that of the bat, but of the bowler.

"After that I played more carefully for a time, with the result that the rate of scoring fell off, and I had time to remember the fatigue that almost overpowered me. Recognising that, unless the innings came to a rapid conclusion, my physical weariness would be the cause of my discomfiture—for Chinn was bowling like a machine, without showing a sign of exhaustion, and I was not in condition—I, figuratively speaking, took my heart in my hands and went for the attack in a manner that caused my score to leap forward. At 192 Chinn bowled a succession of 'no balls,' stepping over the bowling crease in his eagerness; from two of these I scored, but the third bowled me neck and crop, with no fearful result, however, as the umpire had, as he promised, thrown the firing apparatus out of gear.

"I stuck at 199 for what appeared to me to be weeks, the agility of Chinn in stopping the balls I managed to get away being marvellous; at last an express came along which I entirely missed and which just missed the bails. As I played at it I heard a confused murmur and a dreary, horrible shriek.

"'No ball!' repeated the umpire, and then, shaking his fist at the trembling chimpanzee, he added, in a voice full of concentrated bitterness, 'for throwing!'

"I had won the match.

"Then the concentrated excitement overcame me, and I felt my legs give way beneath my weight, whilst simultaneously I heard the rattle of the chain and saw the hateful shadowy outline of the monster bound forward, on realising that it was free. Whether the creature received its liberty by accident or design I do not know; but, if the former, then the author of the treachery soon received his punishment, for, halting half-way down the pitch, the ape stopped, turned, and then bounded to its master, who a moment later was struggling for his life. Powerless to intervene, or

even to separate the only weapon at hand—the bat—from its chain and band, I was the spectator of the terrible fight between man and beast, which ended in the only way one could expect. Taking the man in its brawny arms, the brute held him over its head for a moment, then, with all its force, dashed him to the ground—a sickening sight.

"I was not left long in doubt as to the intention of the animal towards me, for, finding that its opponent no longer thwarted it, Chinn advanced on hands and feet in my direction—with what object I could easily guess. I noted that when the farmer lay still, strangled by his quondam favourite, the beast no longer affected any interest in him; I, therefore, determined to simulate death, hoping that it would also favour me with its indifference, and lay stretched at full length on the pitch between the creases.

"The ape advanced stealthily, and possessed itself of the bat, the chain of which it snapped with hardly an effort; then, raising itself to its full height, with the bat over its head, it aimed a terrific blow at my recumbent figure which would have smashed in my ribs with the greatest ease had I not, with a tremendous muscular effort, moved out of the way just in time to avoid the blow. Disappointed of its prey at the first blow, the beast did not intend the second to fail, and a moment later I found myself lying with the monster standing directly above me in a threatening attitude. For a moment nothing happened; then, as with a tremendous sweep of the bat the ape seemed to assure my death, I closed my eyes, and simultaneously three shots rang out, and I fainted.

"When I came to myself I found the monster lying at my feet, and the most cursory glance revealed that it had been shot in three places. Undoubtedly, when sweeping the bat over its head for the second onslaught, it had inadvertently hit the stumps, knocking them out of the perpendicular and releasing the triggers of the shooting apparatus. To this lucky accident alone I undoubtedly owed my life. And that, my friend, is the history of my most exciting match."

"But the treasure!" I urged—"what became of it? Did the Government claim it?"

"No; when the property was allocated by the Eighth Henry to a certain favourite of his, the treasure, which could not be found, but was known to be hidden on it, was also awarded to him. And so from generation to generation the land was handed down until the present owner came into possession, together with the treasure which could not be discovered, but was specifically mentioned in the ancient title-deeds."



"The owner of the land, or the heirs of the sportsman who received the allotment from the bluff monarch—or whoever was entitled to the find—must have been jolly thankful to you for discovering it."

"She was, indeed; and as a reward gave me herself."

"Why——"

"The favourite of Henry, who received the gift of the abbey lands from him, was Sir Godfrey Eden, great-great—to the ninth power—grandfather of my wife, *née* Wilhemina Grace Eden, sole heiress of the Eden estate."

"That *was* a match," said I thoughtfully.



FINIS.

## MORE SCHOOL CRICKET RESULTS.

SCHOOL.	PLAYED	WON.	LOST.	DRAWN	BEST BATTING AVERAGE.	BEST BOWLING AVERAGE.	HIGHEST INDIVIDUAL SCORES BY
Carpenters Company's Institute, Stratford	13	10	2	1	W. Lawson, 17	W. Lawson, 2·7	W. Lawson, 108 G. W. Bower, 89
Christ's College, Brecon	22	8	7	7	L. Griffiths, 26	E. Morgan, 7·2	L. Griffiths, 96 W. E. Jones, 56 F. H. E. Nicholls, 40 H. E. Powell-Jones, 40
Denstone ... ..	15	8	4	3	H. S. Barber, 19	G. T. Berry, 6·8	H. S. Barber, 100* G. T. Berry, 31
Lampeter ... .. (College School)	10	5	3	2	Austin Davies, 14·3	H. A. Thomas, 9·4	S. Thomas, 57 Austin Davies, 50* H. S. Thomas, 38 T. J. Rees, 30
Llandovery ... ..	18	3	9	6	A. H. Owen, 14·5	J. R. Snape, 8·3	A. L. Green, 67 A. H. Owen, 55 H. S. Vinning, 37
Manchester* ... .. (St. Bede's College)	16	14	1	1	J. H. King, 29·27	C. S. Flynn, 7·26	J. H. King, 68* C. Dunleavy, 64 C. Radcliffe, 52*
Merchant Taylors' ...	21	9	4	8	M. B. Tasker, 36·5	J. E. Raphael, 14·5	J. E. Raphael, 117 M. B. Tasker, 110* O. C. White, 85* T. Dennis, 83* H. E. Crawford, 74
Merchiston Castle School...	16	7	3	6	A. W. Duncan, 32·61	S. Forsyth, 7·74	A. W. Duncan, 175* J. M. Brown, 130* L. de Villiers, 68 S. Forsyth, 63
Portsmouth Grammar School...	13	4	8	1	A. H. Wood, 35·4	W. R. Ames, 12·2	A. H. Wood, 104* W. R. Griffin, 64 E. A. L. Nickerson, 32
Prior Park, Bath ...	15	7	7	1	A. Griffiths, 23·7	J. Brooks, 6·57	A. Griffiths, 81 E. Power, 62
Sexey's School, Bruton	10	7	3	0	R. J. Knight, 24·14	R. Sharpe, 2·86	R. J. Knight, 69 R. Sharpe, 51*
St. Paul's Cathedral Choir School ...	9	4	4	1	C. E. Winn, 25·88	R. H. L. Tinney, 4·87	C. H. Pym, 68* C. E. Winn, 48
Wantage ... .. (King Alfred's)	18	11	5	2	A. E. Cox, 27·6	G. Hefford, 4·2	A. E. Cox, 125* E. W. Whittington, 86
Woolston ... ..	31	14	11	6	Parmiter, 15·37	J. Methuen, 7·11	C. Methuen, 37 R. S. Eady, 36 Parmiter, 35

\* Not out.

# ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL, and How to Play It.

## (SECOND ARTICLE.)

DOUBTLESS most of you have noticed the marvellous knack some first-rate players have of always being in the right place at the right moment. In their own spheres, G. O. Smith, W. J. Oakley, and Needham, for instance, seem always on the ball—it follows them about. More often than not “G. O.” gets the ball without having to work for it, Needham without having to tackle. The reason is they are always anticipating, and with such consummate judgment that they are nearly always right. This knack is one of the distinctive features of really great players. Its value is obvious, for how much easier to take the ball when free than when engaged by an adversary? The best and surest way to get the ball is to be

ON IT BEFORE ANYONE ELSE.

Just think that out.

Judgment comes from talent, intelligence, and experience. No one can give it you, nor can you win it from books. But you can do what is very helpful towards gaining the power of anticipating; watch the game with the closest and liveliest attention. Keep up with the game, keen, quick-witted, and full of an intense desire to anticipate all its moves; then you will find yourself gaining this power till it becomes a habit. Watch the ball, and on to it instant. This is possible without leaving your place. Stick to your own sphere, but in it be ubiquitous—and always in time.

AS REGARDS TACKLING,

your aim should be, not only to dispossess your adversary, but to do this in such a manner that the ball passes completely into your control. The first thing, of course, is to get the ball, but you should have an eye to being able afterwards to dispose of it as you like. If you cannot get the ball you must cause the possessor to pass; this will give one of your own men a chance of intercepting the ball, or, at any rate, of tackling the receiver at an advantageous moment.

Effectiveness in tackling depends partly on timing your effort properly, partly on adopting a good method. As to timing, judgment alone

WILL TIP YOU THE RIGHT MOMENT.

But remember that the possessor is an easier victim on receiving, or having just received, the ball than when he has got hold of it and is

under way. Hence, nothing pays better than to reach him as soon as the ball does, or immediately afterwards. When you have to deal with a man who is well off with the ball, you should get close to him, and snatch the first instant in which he and the ball are, by some slight mistake of his, at all separated. You must nip in when the ball and the man are apart, or else you must create this separation by impeding the man.

Roughly speaking, there are three ways of tackling: you may pay more attention to the man than the ball, *i.e.*, stop him, and trust to subsequent skill and luck to get the ball; you may pay more attention to the ball than the man, *i.e.*, try for the ball with your foot, and chance the man; you may combine these methods, *i.e.*, impede the man with your shoulder, and hook the ball away from him with your foot.

Circumstances must guide you in your choice of method,

BUT THE THIRD IS THE MOST EFFECTIVE  
AND COMPLETE.

By the first, the possessor has almost as good a chance as you of nipping on to the ball; and, in any case, you are not left free to dispose of it, as he may, if quick and determined, impede and perhaps dispossess you. By the second, if smart and neat, you can obtain the ball, and dispose of it unhampered, but there is always a chance of the possessor eluding your foot, or rushing the ball past it. By the third, you not only stop the man's way, but have a very fair chance of getting free with the ball; and, even if he eludes you, you have probably delayed and hampered him.

You must be quick, decided, and energetic.

MAKE UP YOUR MIND THAT YOU SIMPLY WILL  
HAVE THE BALL.

There is a vast difference between vague-minded and determined tackling. At the same time you should avoid wild rushing. Occasionally it pays to rush; that is a matter for judgment. But in general you will find it more effective to get well alongside and in touch with the man, and then choose the most opportune instant to impede and dispossess him. Board him rather than ram him. That does not mean you should delay or wait on him, only that you should get well to him before tackling.

In trying for the ball, be sure and put your foot stoutly and determinedly behind it, so that your leg be not brushed aside. Make your engaged leg a very pillar of resistance.

In impeding the man, use your weight to the best advantage—

#### RATHER BY LEANING, HOWEVER, THAN BY CHARGING,

especially, by the way, as most referees nowadays give a "foul" in the case of a hard charge, however fair.

Be sure and watch your man closely, with a view to anticipating his movements. But in the actual tackle you must keep your eye on the ball. In a foot-to-foot combat the party who watches the ball the more intently generally manages to obtain possession of it. Wild, vague shoving is at a discount. The ball is what you want, therefore keep your eyes on it; you can at the same time see a lot besides out of the corners.

#### THERE IS ONE MOST IMPORTANT POINT TO GRASP.

You must always so regulate your most determined tackle that if you miss it you can return to the man with the least possible delay. If you rush too much you are liable to be carried right out of action for some fatal seconds. A worrying style of procedure can be made just as decided and strong, and never leaves you so that you cannot turn and at him again. This applies particularly to half-backs, but also, as a general rule, to backs.

As a corollary, be sure never to leave the man you are tackling; if you miss him, round and after him again. Half-backs especially should stick to their man like glue. If your man passes the ball, and you can do nothing but impede him,

#### BE SURE AND IMPEDE HIM EFFECTUALLY,

so as to keep him out of action for the repass: that is, supposing you need not leave him to go after someone else. Remember that the whole theory of combined defence depends on not allowing the enemy to out-number you at any point. If you miss and leave your man, one of your units of defence is likely to be opposed to two of the hostile forwards.

The best way to learn the mechanical part of tackling is to practise it "on the slow." You can pick up much from watching the methods of good tacklers, and from trying experiments in games. But if you find you do not improve, get one of your pals who can tackle to come and give you a lesson. Dribble the ball up to him slowly, and let him tackle you slowly and gently,

so that you can see each step of the process. Then let him run the ball towards you for you to have a go. If you are intelligent, and work things out, you will soon find where you are wrong, and how to correct your faults. Notice especially how your teacher disposes of his weight and places his feet.

#### AIM AT BALANCE

and at being strong on your legs. It is well-nigh impossible to reduce the whole art of kicking to words or to system. But a few scattered remarks may be of use to you.

Perhaps we had better consider a few typical sorts of kick, and see how they are done.

The short pass, or pass of moderate distance, such as from one forward to another, or from a half-back to a forward, or between the half-backs, or occasionally between the backs and half-backs, may be made in almost any way. The one thing needful is that it be accurate in strength and direction. It is made with any convenient part of the foot, but you will notice that good players use almost entirely the outside of the instep of the foot nearest to the prospective receiver. This is found to be

#### THE MOST ACCURATE AND CERTAIN METHOD—

a fact worth noting. The action is rather a push than a kick. The great thing, however, is to be able to make a short pass with certainty and accuracy however you are going and whatever your position. Nothing but practice can give you this power.

The long pass along the ground from any part of the field by forward, half-back, or back is probably best made with the full front of the instep. The centre of the ball at the moment of impact should be on the lower part of the foot that shows when you are wearing dancing pumps; sometimes, perhaps, a little lower, on the place where the bow is sewn. The toe must be bent well down so that no lift is given to the ball. The force is got from the swing and muscular action of the leg. It is as well to keep the body rather forward and over the leg. This helps to avoid lifting. But when extra force is required you must get some body-weight behind the ball.

#### FOLLOW THROUGH AFTER THE BALL,

keeping the foot low along the ground, and let the weight of the body help behind. The pace you are going when you kick no doubt adds force. One can merely hint how the thing is done; accurate description is too intricate, even if possible. This low drive is also used in shooting at goal. The difficulty is to keep the ball down, to be accurate in direction, and yet

impart sufficient force. Here again it is practice, practice.

Long-kicking in the air is confined almost entirely to the backs. Occasionally a half-back finds himself obliged to kick hard in pure defence, and the goal-keeper, of course, has some punting-out and place-kicking to do. For convenience, however, we will consider only the case of the backs.

A back's most important duty is to clear, *i.e.*, to get the ball away from the region of his goal. His kicking must therefore, as an essential, be safe and strong. The worst mistake he can make is to miss; the next worst, to fizzle his kick. But in addition to this all-important defensive work, he has to use his best endeavours to feed his forwards, *i.e.*, give them chances of getting away. This means he must avoid, as far as he can, wild, erratic, high-soaring kicks, and what is termed over-kicking, *i.e.*, sending the ball too far.

#### CONTROL OF THE BALL.

In a game the ball comes to you in all sorts of ways, on the ground, bouncing, in the air, fast and slow, straight and curling, and so on. You often have to make the best you can of a difficult position. But the art of certainty in kicking consists in making everything as easy as possible by getting in the right place and choosing the right instant. Judgment and timing, in fact. Always be as dead behind the direction of the ball as is possible. The direction you wish to make the ball go makes it impossible to kick always straight down the line from which the ball is coming. But the straighter the ball is coming the easier is it to kick; the more it is crossing you, the more difficult. Always, therefore, be well behind the ball. Often you have time to stop the ball and arrange an easy kick for yourself. Do this when you can, but be sure never to risk being rushed.

You will often have to kick for home and glory with no idea save to clear as best you can. But

#### ALWAYS TRY TO AIM SUCH KICKS OUT TO THE WINGS

rather than straight down the ground.

In making a hard, long kick try to keep the ball from soaring. The best kicks of this kind travel about the height of a cottage. You should kick with the full front of the instep, as aforementioned, and get all the body-weight you can into the effort. Urge after the ball, as it were. The engaged foot should, I think, be close to the ball at the moment the disengaged foot meets the ball. Any form of sprawl diminishes your leverage. Moreover, if you meet the ball

too far in front of yourself the difficulty of keeping it down is increased; while if you let the ball come too much on to you power is lost.

#### FEEDING FORWARDS.

Ability to feed your forwards depends on accuracy in strength and direction. This accuracy can be acquired in one way only—by continually trying to put the ball where you want to every time you kick. You can improve yourself no end by organising practice with three or four friends. Stand at various distances apart and kick the balls to one another, aiming at accuracy every time. Remember it pays to practise under adverse conditions, such as wind, rain, and mud; or with a light ball on a hard, rough ground.

If you can command such a thing as a dis-used racket-court, or a yard with a high wall on one side, there is no better practice than a species of football-fives. With tennis shoes and a small ball you get the feel of nicety and accuracy more readily than with heavy boots and a full-sized ball; and when you once get the feel you know what to try for, and gain confidence.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**C. M'C.**—(1) In sprinting, the head ought to be somewhat bent forward over the chest. If the head is held back the trunk tends to incline backwards, which is a wrong position. The trunk ought to lean forward; if it leans back its weight is poised in a contrary direction to that in which you are going, and thus not only acts as dead-weight drag on your pace, but makes your action high-stepping and pump-like, instead of low and sweeping. American trainers who excel at producing and developing sprinters make a great point of "head down and forward." At the same time, several first-rate sprinters keep their heads back, but they would be faster if they adopted the position advocated.—(2) The editor tells me that he has an article on cross-country running in hand for publication early in the New Year.

**W. R. C.**—I do not believe in strict training for football. All you need is to be in good condition and have a couple of games a week—one match and one practice game. To get into good condition I advise you to do Sandow's dumb-bell exercises for half-an-hour every morning before breakfast. You must do the lot. You will find a chart and all instructions in Sandow's book, "Strength, and How to Obtain It." The exercises recommended in Alexander's "Physical Training at Home" are also excellent. If you follow Sandow's course for a month you will be surprised at your muscular fitness. The best way to improve your wind is to take a bit of a run every day. The best time is about half-past five. You need only run about a quarter of a mile. You will soon lose the "pumped" feeling. Do not over-do either dumb-bells or running.

**M. J. Hart.**—Two wickets with the last two balls of one over and another with the first of the next counts as a "bat trick."

**Ernest Williams.**—If you consult the rules of Association football you will see that the case you mention is specially provided for. The side that is not kicking off may not cross either the circle-line in the centre of the ground or the half-way line till the ball is kicked off, and the kick-off is not when the whistle blows, but when the ball is set in motion by the side kicking off. The referee should have ordered a fresh kick-off.

C. B. F.

To the Editor of  
 "The Captain".

29. 9. 99.

Dear Sir, Why not ask your readers who want information about Football, Cricket or Athletics to write down shortly; clearly and precisely what their difficulties are, what they do not understand, and what they want to know.

I could then pick out the points that need elucidation, and write reasonable articles giving practical advice in time to be of use.

My articles are likely to be of more value if I know beforehand what your readers want. I can also consult "other eminent scholars". The extra trouble involved I will give to "The Captain" as a Xmas present

Yours truly

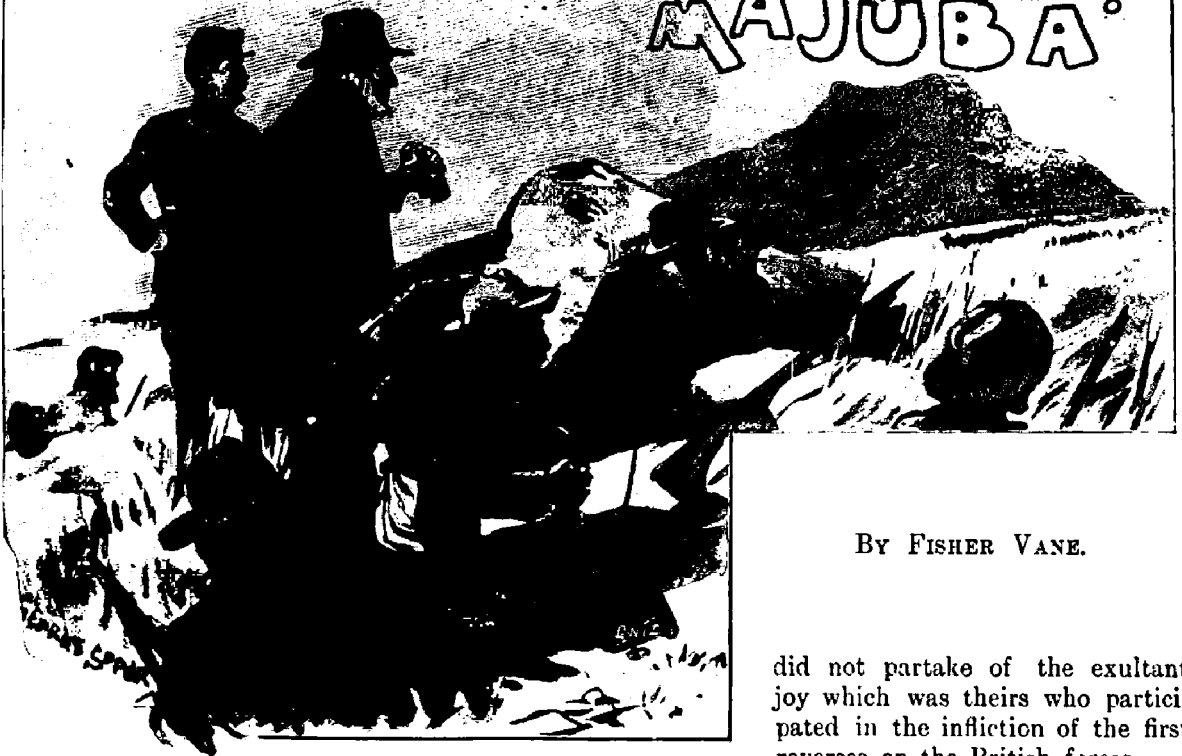
C. B. Fry.

[I am sure my readers will be delighted to avail themselves of Mr. Fry's kind offer. Let all who require advice on Football, Cricket, or Athletics put down their wants on paper, and address their letters to "C. B. FRY, Esq., c/o the Editor," in the usual way. Do not run to unnecessary length, and stick to one subject on one sheet of paper.—ED. "CAPTAIN."]



THE BRITISH HAD NOT THE LEAST COVER WHERE THEY STOOD, YET NOTWITHSTANDING, THEY FORMED IN ORDER AS COMMANDED, AND FIRED WHEN THEY WERE TOLD.

# A BOER'S ACCOUNT OF MAJUBA



BY FISHER VANE.

did not partake of the exultant joy which was theirs who participated in the infliction of the first reverses on the British forces.

Their tardiness in responding to the appeal to come to the front did not pass unnoticed. They received a further command to present themselves at headquarters without delay. Failing compliance by a certain date, they would be treated as traitors for refusing to take their place in the ranks of the patriots, and would be liable to be shot down at sight. This message quickened their pulses, their steps, and their patriotism. They made for the scene of action. On their arrival they were summoned to the tent of the general. While closeted with Piet Joubert a heated altercation arose. Joubert on his part severely animadverted on the dilatoriness of the transport riders in taking up arms for their country; Jooste, on his part, gave the commander a bit of his mind regarding the war and its causes, and the absurdity of the republic measuring strength with the English.

Such an unheard-of scene could not have taken place before a commanding officer of the British Army, but the Boers are all an independent lot; each thinks himself as good as his neighbour—and, of course, as good as his general. Jooste's free speech went unpunished; and he stalked forth from his superior's presence unabashed.

When I was out in the Transvaal a year or two ago, I prevailed on Carl Jooste, one of my mining mates, to give his experience of the late Boer War—that is, the 1880-1 trouble. As I do not profess to be *au fait* with all the ins and outs of these stirring times, the reader must not hold me answerable for any historical discrepancy which may creep into the following account. Let him attribute the errors to the narrator, and not to the writer, of this episode.

Carl Jooste had been a transport rider between Kimberley, the Free State, and the Transvaal, and was engaged in this service on the outbreak of hostilities. Being a burgher of the Transvaal, he was called upon to place himself in the field to afford gun practice for the invader, or to avail himself of the gun practice the latter afforded, as the case might be. Carl was not a fierce anti-Britisher, nor was he enthusiastic at the prospect of sport—transport riding was more profitable. A mate of his, likewise a burgher, held similar views on this point, so they both disregarded the brotherly call to arms. In consequence they

Bronkerspruit had already become historical, but Jooste had his share in the engagements of Laing's Nek and Majuba. His account of the latter was so interesting that I may well be excused telling a well-worn tale.

The little army of Boers was encamped about the hill. They were momentarily expecting the arrival of the British in force, eager to avenge the slaughter of their comrades; and they were beginning to think their victories might prove dearly bought. The leaders were gathered together on the kopje to catch the first glimpse of the avengers and take steps for their safety accordingly. The majority of the burghers, too, had taken up positions on the hill, and were examining the horizon for the first signs of the enemy.

When Colley and his men came in sight the Boers were in mortal terror. Oom Paul called on them to kneel down while prayer was offered to the Almighty for guidance and deliverance. After prayer it was freely debated whether fight should be offered or safety secured by flight. Many of the men were already preparing to retreat. Those in charge of the wagons at some distance from the hill began at once to make tracks, and the more faint-hearted followed.

Kruger earnestly exhorted the men to stand firm for their country. They had on previous occasions been in as great danger, expecting utter defeat from the enemy; but Providence had always saved them, and God would yet come to their aid. They knew not in what manner, but let them only trust in God, and all would come right in the end. His words were reassuring, and not without effect.

Some, however, urged that the force approaching was only the advance guard of the main body, and it would be madness to attempt resistance. This was practically the opinion of everybody. They were firmly convinced that a much larger body of troops was behind, and they would have an army to combat. That five or six hundred men would attempt to conquer them never entered their heads.

The chiefs held a council of war. Piet Joubert was asked whether he was willing to fight or not. He told them he did not care whether he fought or retreated, he was as ready to do one as the other, and would abide by whatever decision was come to. Paul Kruger thought that, as the English were yet a long way off, they could not injure their chances by waiting to see what the enemy's intentions might be. If they had to run, there was plenty of time, and the little delay would not entail much more risk. It was agreed to wait and act according to circumstances. Groups of burghers, without awaiting the result of

the consultation of their leaders, were gradually disappearing, most of them no doubt thinking that the rest would immediately follow. They did not follow. They awaited the advance of the British with mingled feelings—and trusted in Providence. The little band they saw in the distance consisted of barely six hundred men. They halted, apparently to decide on their next step.

After nightfall a surprising thing occurred. The English divided into two bodies; one remained behind, the other advanced to the hill round which the Boers were posted. What possessed the English general to divide his mere handful of men was more than the Boers could divine; but it raised their hopes, and their spirits revived. Dispelling now all thought of retreat, they determined to make a stand.

It seemed to be General Colley's intention to take the Boer position—a position they had not the slightest intention of maintaining because of its exposed situation. He made a slight détour, during which the mass of Boers reoccupied the slope, and scattering, concealed themselves among the sparse bushes and behind the boulders which studded the hill-side. Nothing was further from their thoughts than occupying the summit as a position of offence or defence, so that when Colley and his men scaled the hill, they met with no opposition. When they reached the top, not a soul was visible of the many who were there but a few hours before. There was no greater mistake made—except that of staying on the top when they got there.

Of course, the firing began at once. The British had not the least cover where they stood, yet notwithstanding, they formed in order as commanded, and fired when they were told. The absolute lack of common sense displayed in trying to hold such ground, or effect any blow upon their opponents from such a point, would have been ludicrous if it had not been so serious.

The whereabouts of the Boers was only indicated by the little puffs of smoke which continually arose from their places of concealment, to the accompaniment of the crack of the rifles. As Jooste remarked, "The engagement was not a battle; it was a pigeon-shooting. The Englishmen simply stood on the hill-top and made cock-shots of themselves for us." I may as well continue here in Jooste's own words, simply smoothing down his rugged English. Here they are.

"The only order that they appeared to get, was to fire a volley; and they fired the volley—over our heads. They had nothing but puffs of smoke to aim at. All they had to do was to obey the word of command and waste their ammunition;



and they wasted it while we cut them off one after the other. When the volleys rang out the bullets whistled past us, and buried themselves harmlessly in the ground. As opportunity offered, our men moved cautiously from rock to rock, getting nearer and nearer the rapidly diminishing party to improve the prospect of potting their game.

"Still, it was wearisome fighting under cover; there was no excitement in it. We had just to watch our chance, and fire when we could—round the corner. The English kept dropping one by one, and we kept creeping closer. If they had run I should not have blamed them—for there is a sight more sense in running away than in standing up to be shot down by a lot of men you cannot see.

"As for their straight shooting, I had some chance of judging that. We diverted ourselves by putting our hats on the ends of the guns and raising them just above the tops of the rocks which sheltered us. If the soldiers made any mistake, it was in supposing that there was a

head inside the hat; for if the hat did not go rolling down the hill, it never missed getting two or three bullets through it. That shooting was quite good enough for me and those that were with me. We took care not to expose ourselves needlessly—or for the fun of the thing.

"So far as I recollect, only two or three of our men were killed. One of them fell at my side, but it was his own fault. There were seven or eight of us lying behind an enormous boulder. A hot-headed youth of about eighteen we kept in the middle. The outside men popped away round the corners of the rocks whenever they could, and the youngster chafed against being kept right behind the stone, unable to get in a shot. He made several attempts to get up, but we pulled him down, telling him he was a young fool. He fumed and swore because he could not shoot any of the *verdomde rooineks*, and at last he said he would have a go, whether he was shot or not. We tried to dissuade him, but it was no use—he would not listen; so we stopped bothering and let him have his own way.

"He jumped up with flashing eye, and looked defiantly over the shoulder of the rock. He brought up his rifle pretty smart, and took aim at the hated *rooineks*. He was not quite smart enough. Before he could pull the trigger, a discharge rang out, and he toppled over with half-a-dozen bullets in him. He did not want to have any more shots.

"As to the action of the English in standing so long on the hill-top without the least protection, it is quite beyond me. Whether it was Providence or imbecility that ordered it, it is not for me to say; but it must have been one or the other. I am inclined to call it darned tomfoolery myself. At last Colley stuck a white handkerchief on his sword and held it up. Then we scampered up the hill and surrounded what were left of the brave fellows who had stuck so well to their gallant but woefully



GEORGE SOPER.

"I SAW A YOUNG BOER RAISE HIS RIFLE AND TAKE DELIBERATE AIM AT SIR GEORGE COLLEY."

misguided general. They had laid down their arms. They were beaten again, but no one will get me to say they were disgraced. Some were squatting on the ground, some kneeling by their fallen comrades, while others stood sullenly by, either gazing furiously at us—a lot of ignorant farmers—or wearing a don't-care-a-hang sort of expression. The ground was thick with dead and wounded. As General Smit ran forward, he called on his men to cease firing, while the other leaders rushed hither and thither telling their men the battle was over, and no more blows were to be struck.

"In the midst of all this confusion, as Smit was advancing to the English commander to receive his sword, I saw a young Boer raise his rifle and take deliberate aim at Sir George, at a distance of about eight yards. Before the act of submission was completed, Sir George Colley fell dead. He had been wounded, I believe, in three places, before the fatal shot was fired, and had lost a deal of blood. Whether his death was a merciful deliverance for him is a matter of opinion, but the fact remains that he was brutally murdered. His assassin was a youth of seventeen. He escaped the immediate punishment of his crime, but he got his deserts. Little

more than two years after, he was killed by a Kaffir up country.

"The biggest surprise to me was that the English troops who were left behind did not stir a foot to help those who were being shot down—obeying orders most likely. Probably the general's pride prevented him sending for them—he wanted to retrieve his former defeat, and gain additional credit by employing only half his troops.

"There was nothing whatever in this affair to make the Boers cocky, for they had really little better than a parcel of fools to deal with. If any of them say that the English are not good shots because they did not kill many—well, don't believe them, that's all.

"The reason the English did not kill more of us was that they could not see anybody to kill, and I defy any man to kill what he cannot see.

"Our men, now, could not help but hit; they had every chance, for they had a crowd to fire into the middle of, and the rocks gave them support for their rifles into the bargain. The number of killed on each side was no criterion of their merits as marksmen.

"Now that was the fight—if you like to call it a 'fight'—at Majuba."

## BLACK ART.

For many weeks the chemist plied  
His brain in cellar murky.

I raised my hat, and  
stept inside,  
And asked, "What  
make you?"—  
He replied,  
"My friend, I  
make a turkey."



Pestle and mortar night and day,  
He thumped in manner jerky.  
Vermilion acids, gases grey,  
He bottled up. "That's not the way,"  
Said I, "to make a turkey!"



"This sovereign dye for cleaning hats,"  
Said he, now looking perky,  
"I sell to simple plutocrats  
Like you for twelve-and-six—and that's  
Enough to buy a turkey."

*Microbi*

# THE NEW GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.—III.

By W. W. MAYLAND

Illustrated from Photographs by Alfred Johnson.



USED TO DRAG THREE TRAINS ABREAST.

HAVING settled the Boer question by effectually frightening all the war-like spirit out of Oom Paul, I returned to England to find that it was winter-time. The ground was covered with snow; fog was causing frog-in-the-throat. Winter said he'd be hard to us this time.

I caught a cold whilst clearing the snow off the top of St. Paul's, and, as the doctors said I had better put my feet in mustard and water, I hired for that purpose the biggest swimming bath in London, and obtained several van-loads of mustard from *Coldman & Co.* (Ha, ha!—Atishoo! Joke!) A special heating apparatus was laid on, the water was boiled, the mustard was thrown in, and thus I cured my cold. As I had to put my legs through the roof, however, the rest of me caught a chill while my feet were getting warm. However, I swallowed a barrel of ammoniated quinine, and GOT WELL AGAIN VERY SOON.

About this time they needed some additional assistance at the G.P.O.

"We," said the Postmaster-General, "need your help almost as much as the army did, Mr. Gulliver."

I said I would go along and see what I could

do, and they found me very obliging (they declared, indeed, that I was as useful as ten elephants) until, being in a hurry one day, I began to chuck vans and horses about a bit recklessly. Upon this the postmen said I was taking the bread out of their mouths, and drew up a petition against me. Hence I received THE SACK—I, William Orange Gulliver!

Never mind; I took care that they paid me, and I soon got another job. A railway company approached me, and offered me a large sum to help them with their Christmas traffic. I

accepted their terms, and used to drag three



BEGAN TO CHUCK VANS AND HORSES ABOUT RECKLESSLY.

trains abreast when there was room. When there wasn't, they simply made up a train about a mile long, and I pulled that until the engine-drivers went on strike, when, of course, I HAD TO LEAVE.

It was shortly after this that Her Majesty consented to lay the foundation-stone of a new suburban theatre on one condition only—"if Mr. Gulliver will hold his umbrella over everybody—that being so much better than a tarpaulin, which shuts out the view."

I hastened to comply with Her Majesty's behest, and the Queen KNIGHTED ME FOR MY TROUBLE.

Now, a plain "Mr." can exist on a few thousands (say thirty) a year, but when he gets a title he must live up to it. You see, I always had a very expensive appetite—couldn't eat anything except larks' brains. You can imagine what a lot of larks they had to catch to supply



"IF MR. GULLIVER WILL HOLD HIS UMBRELLA OVER EVERYBODY."

a man of my bulk with sufficient food for one meal—let alone a month.

I spent all my money on larks' brains, and having come to the end of my resources, hit upon a brilliant idea. Such an idea—such a pretty, little, simple idea! I went down to the Minories (in the East of London, you know), and, having dug a trench round the Mint, and undermined it in all directions, I lifted it up and carried it bodily away in my arms.

They wired down to Aldershot and told the army to come up and catch me. Away I raced to the coast—it wasn't far for a man with my legs—and then, determined that they shouldn't have the Mint if I couldn't, I flung it into the sea. Then, hastily rolling up my trousers, and taking off my shoes and stockings, I paddled away from my native shores—away—away—away—with the British fleet in hot pursuit.

Now comes the curious part of my adventures. I had just reached the Eddystone Lighthouse—in fact, I was asking its keeper if I might light my pipe by the revolving lamp at the top, when I felt myself GRADUALLY GETTING SMALLER.

Have you ever experienced such a feeling, gentle reader? I assure you it is a most uncomfortable one. The first thing

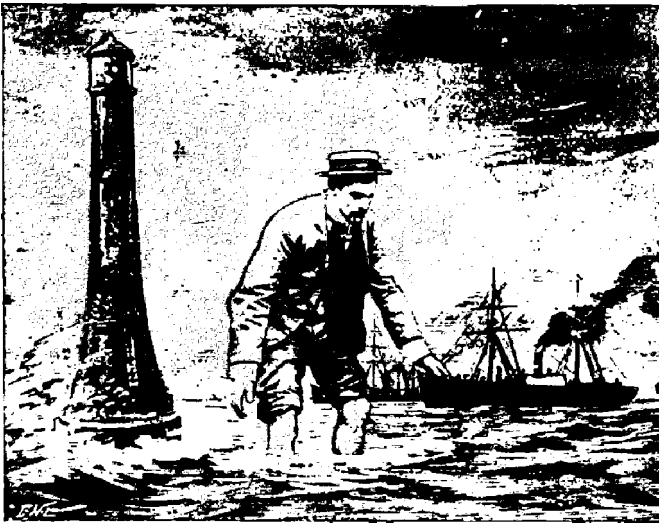


I CARRIED THE MINT AWAY IN MY ARMS.

I knew was that my hat was growing very much too large for my head—I mean—well, you know what I mean. Then I seemed to be shrinking up inside my clothes. I assure you, it was a truly awful sensation. My appearance must have been screamingly funny—a gigantic suit with a man inside it growing feet smaller every second.

Swiftly my height decreased. Tinier and tinier I

grew, until at last, just as a boat from a man-o'-war reached me, I had dwindled into a thing hardly as big as a lead-pencil! And I must hasten to inform you of another very extraordinary thing. As I was slipping down my right coat-sleeve, hey! presto! my suit melted into a thing as diminutive as its owner. But I'll tell you more about my new little self next month.



HAD JUST REACHED THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

(To be continued.)

## “WHAT SHALL I BUY FOR BERTIE THIS CHRISTMAS?”

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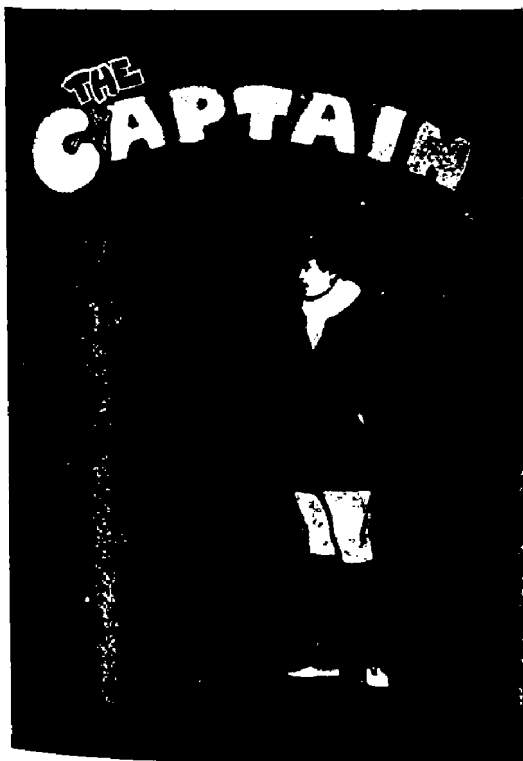
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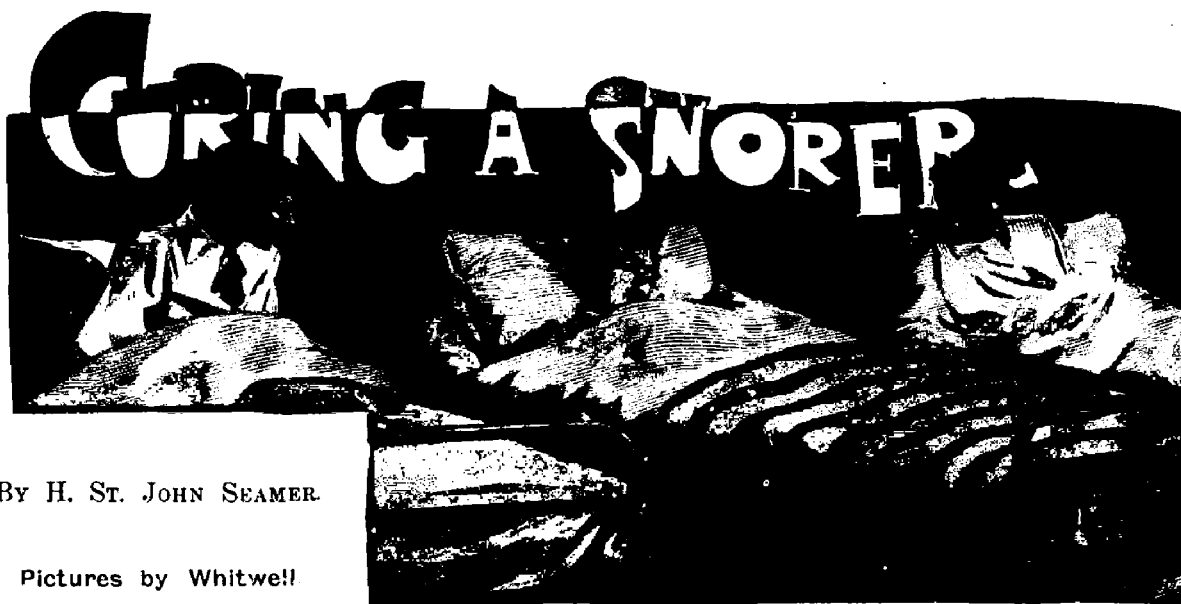
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BY H. ST. JOHN SEAMER.

Pictures by Whitwell

**Y**OU know how Bailey snores in Dormitory C, and what an awful nuisance he was to us until we got used to him, because we daren't punch his head, or try to make him stop it, since he was cock of the room at that time. It was jolly different, I can tell you, when I was a new boy, and slept in Dormitory A. We soon put a stopper on a chap there who snored, though I don't know that we should have been able to do it then, if it hadn't been for a paper called *Crumbs*.

Old Timson, you know, is awfully down on papers like *Crumbs* and *Shreds and Patches*, and so on, though I can never quite see why. He calls them "pernicious rubbish," and says they "encourage desultoriness in reading." I always remember those two phrases, because of the long words in them—"pernicious" is bad enough, but "desultoriness" is a regular tongue-twister, and no mistake; but you can get a lot of information out of them which is jolly useful to you sometimes, as you'll hear it was in this case.

For my first term, as I said before, I was stuck into Dormitory A with two or three other new boys, and nine or ten older fellows. Perkins was cock of the room, and not half a bad sort, either. When we were sent up to bed I was feeling shy and awkward, for I had not been used to sleeping in a room with a lot of other fellows; but nothing happened in particular until we had got into bed, and the house-master had come in and turned out the light. Then we didn't take long in discovering that Raydon *tertius*, a new boy like myself, snored, and that is jolly awful in a dormitory, I can tell you, because there's no getting away from it.

Some of us had already gone to sleep all right, when he began to wheeze a bit. The older fellows did not seem to mind that, but as I was new to

the sort of thing, it was quite enough to keep me awake. He wheezed harder and harder, and then, all of a sudden, he gave a tremendous snort, and starting wheezing again.

Everybody was wide awake in a moment. I heard two or three of the fellows turn over in bed, as though it had disturbed them, but nobody said or did anything at first. The wheezing continued for a minute or so, growing harder and harder; then came that fearful snort, and the wheezing began again as before. It was impossible to get to sleep with that going on, and Perkins wasn't the sort of chap to put up with it.

"Who's making that row?" he asked.

"It isn't me," answered several of us together. Old Timson says that isn't grammar, but it is sense, and it is what we said, anyhow.

"I didn't want to know who it wasn't. I want to know who it was."

Nobody spoke, so Perkins went on:—

"It comes from that end of the room. Now, which of you fellows is it?"

"I think," said young Smallwood, "that it comes from the next bed to mine."

You couldn't call it sneaking, for he was another new boy, and didn't know any better.

"And who is sleeping there?" asked Perkins.

"I don't know," replied Smallwood.

"You don't know?" repeated Perkins. "What rot! You must know!"

"I'm a new boy," explained Smallwood, "and I don't know the fellows' names yet."

Just then there came another frightful snort from the bed in question.

"I can't stand this," said Perkins solemnly. "Wake him up! Wake him up—do you hear?"

Young Smallwood sat up, leaned over, and

shook the chap in the next bed by the shoulder. He turned over, and rubbed his eyes.

"What's the matter?" he asked sleepily. "It isn't time to get up yet, is it?"

"What's your name?" asked Perkins, taking no notice.

"Raydon," said the boy, waking up properly.

"Raydon, eh?" (It was just the way old Wolff talks.) "Well, what do you mean by making all this row, and keeping the whole room awake?"

"What row?" said Raydon.

"That snortling row," explained Perkins. "Shut it, do you hear?"

"It couldn't have been me," said Raydon, in great surprise that such a charge should have been brought against him. "It couldn't have been me—I've been asleep all the while."

"Yes," replied Perkins, "and you take care to let everybody know it. We can't get to sleep for your beastly snoring. You've got to shut it, or I'll come and punch your head."

Raydon didn't say anything more, and, taking advantage of the silence, we tried to go to sleep. But it was no use. We had scarcely time to shut our eyes properly before the wheezing from the other end of the room began again.

"Ff-f-f-f — Pp-p-p-p — Ff-f-f-f — SN-R-R-R-R!"

It certainly was jolly awful.

Perkins raised himself in bed, leant over, and reached round for something to shy. He found his slippers, and, aiming carefully at the head of the bed whence the fearful sounds proceeded, sent them flying across the room. They were beautiful shots, for the snorer started up with a smothered cry, as they struck him.

"Shut up, you fool!" said Perkins. "You'll get us all into a row next. And, look here: if you begin that snortling again I shall get up and punch your head for you. I shan't warn you any more."

"How can I help it?" whined Raydon.

"That's your own look-out. If you can't do it any other way you must keep yourself awake. But you've got to stop it somehow."

I suppose he must have lain awake for a while, for I dropped off to sleep, but I suffered from fearful dreams. I was hunting in African forests—that wasn't so bad; I have often thought I should like to be a hunter, and shoot wild beasts—and was pursuing a lion. Suddenly it turned round and roared, making the very earth quiver.



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY MAKING ALL THIS ROW, AND KEEPING THE WHOLE ROOM 'AWAKE?'"

I hurriedly took aim, and pressed the trigger, but the gun wouldn't go off. The lion bounded towards me. I tried to run away, but found that I could not move. My feet were glued to the ground. I felt like a fly on one of those sticky fly-papers. With another terrific roar it sprang upon me, and—I awoke, all of a tremble, to find that it was only that miserable Raydon snoring again.

"We can't put up with this," Perkins was saying. "We shall go mad if we are kept awake much longer. The Chinese torture people like that, you know. They cut off their eyelids, or keep them awake some other way, and then in a day or two they go mad, and die in awful agonies. But I don't mean that we should go mad and die in awful agonies. Besides, it would give the school a bad name. He shall stop this row, or I'll know the reason why!"

So he got out of bed, and went and smacked Raydon's head, which stopped the snoring quick enough. Only he began whining and blubbing, which was ten thousand times worse. And he wouldn't stop that, even when Perkins got in a wax, and smacked his head again.

"What on earth shall we do?" said Perkins, at his wits' end.

"I know how he can stop it," said young Smallwood suddenly.

"Then for goodness' sake tell him how!"

"I don't know whether he'll do it, you know."

"Tell us what it is, and I'll jolly soon make him do it," said Perkins.

"Well, I was reading in *Crumbs* the other day

that nobody could snore if they kept their mouth shut."

"You hear that, Raydon?" said Perkins. "All you've got to do is to keep your mouth shut; do you understand?"

"Y-y-y-yes," sobbed Raydon.

"Then see that you do keep it shut," said Perkins, "or I'll jolly well punch your head for you again."

He went back to bed, Raydon's sobbing gradually ceased, and the room became quiet once more. But the quiet didn't last long, for no sooner did Raydon get to sleep (and he went off before we

Armstrong, get the fellow's handkerchief out, and help me tie it round his head and chin."

Raydon regularly howled when he heard this order.

"Shut up, you young ass," said Perkins. "It won't hurt you to have your chin tied up, and it will, as you ought to know by this time, if you get your head punched, which is what I shall do to you if you don't submit quietly."

Meanwhile Armstrong, who was the second biggest fellow in the room, had got out Raydon's handkerchief, and he and Perkins began tying up his chin with it. He did look an object, too, with his face bound up as though he had got the toothache or the mumps, and he didn't like it a bit. But he had to put up with it, for they told him that they would half kill him if he undid it before the morning.

And it answered splendidly. He didn't snore any more that night, and, after a bit, we were all able to get off to sleep, and were not awakened until the bell rang in the morning. But ever afterwards—at all events, as long as I slept in Dormitory A—we made Raydon have his chin tied up every night, so that he couldn't snore if he tried, and so nobody went mad or died in agonies.

But I thought I should have done when I was put into Dormitory C—for Bailey was worse than Raydon.

He trumpeted instead of wheezing and roaring, but the effect was the same—you couldn't get any sleep. It was a great pity we couldn't try Smallwood's plan on him.

However, in a week or so we got used to it, and didn't mind it a bit, which shows that you can get used to anything in time. And so nobody took the trouble to make him tie his chin up.

And old Timson is quite wrong about those papers being "pernicious rubbish." Don't you think so? For if little Smallwood hadn't read them, and known what to do in a case like that, I don't know what would have happened to Raydon; for Perkins wasn't the sort of fellow to put up with any nonsense from him, and he might have had him kept awake until he went mad, and died for want of sleep.

So that he ought to be glad that there are such papers, too.



ARMSTRONG  
AND PERKINS  
BEGAN TYING  
UP HIS CHIN  
WITH IT.

did, because we kept awake to see if Smallwood's plan would act) than the wheezing and snoring began again.

So Perkins got up—and he was in a wax this time, I can tell you—and carried out his threat, which only made Raydon start blubbing worse than ever.

"Why didn't you keep your mouth shut," asked Perkins, "as I told you to?"

"S-s-so I d-d-did," sobbed Raydon, "only when I w-w-went to s-s-sleep it m-m-must have opened ag-g-gain."

"Then we'll tie it up for you, so that it won't open ag-g-gain," said Perkins decidedly. "Here,



# CHRISTMAS ON THE RAILWAY.



BY  
J. A. KAY.

Sketches by  
T. W. Holmes.

The

ROMANTIC aspect of railway life and work is apparent at all seasons of the year, but during the winter months, and especially at Christmas time, somehow or other it always seems to be more noticeable. And what with the fogs in the southern counties and fierce snowstorms in Scotland and the north of England, our railways have a by no means easy time of it.

Many people have a sneaking regard for a good old-fashioned fog, and Londoners have often been heard to lament the fact that the modern sort is not a patch on that of fifteen or twenty years ago. Nevertheless, fogs are still so frequent and severe as to very considerably hamper the working of our iron roads at this particular season, despite the precautions and arrangements in force on every railway system with regard to fog-signalling.

When the murky mist shows signs of becoming festive, platelayers and other men employed on the "permanent way" are summoned to perform "fogging" duty. Most of these men are blessed with good constitutions, and without one it is impossible for a man to follow this calling for long. When not employed in placing "detonators"—this

is the correct term to apply to fog-signals—on the rails, they have to pass the dark, dreary hours as best they can, sitting in one of the modest wooden huts by the side of the line, so well known to all travellers, and endeavouring the while to keep warm by the aid of the bright little fire kindled in front. After several hours' work, food and drinkables, such as tea or coffee, together with a fresh supply of detonators, are sent round to all fog-men on duty. But, despite the unenviable nature of their work, stationed oftentimes in some lonely part of the line on a dark and frosty winter's night, many of the men are said to look forward with pleasurable expectancy to a long spell of foggy weather. As they crouch in their timber shelters, listening to the music of distant fog-signals, they find consolation in thinking of the overtime pay they will get; for on practically all lines the fog signalmen, besides their ordinary pay, receive overtime at the rate of 8d. or 9d. per hour, as well as—on some railways only—an additional bonus of 1s. or 1s. 6d.

On British railways there are two distinct classes of "semaphore" signals; one of these is termed "distant" signals, and the other "home" signals. When lowered, the "home" signal gives a driver permission to take his train as far as the

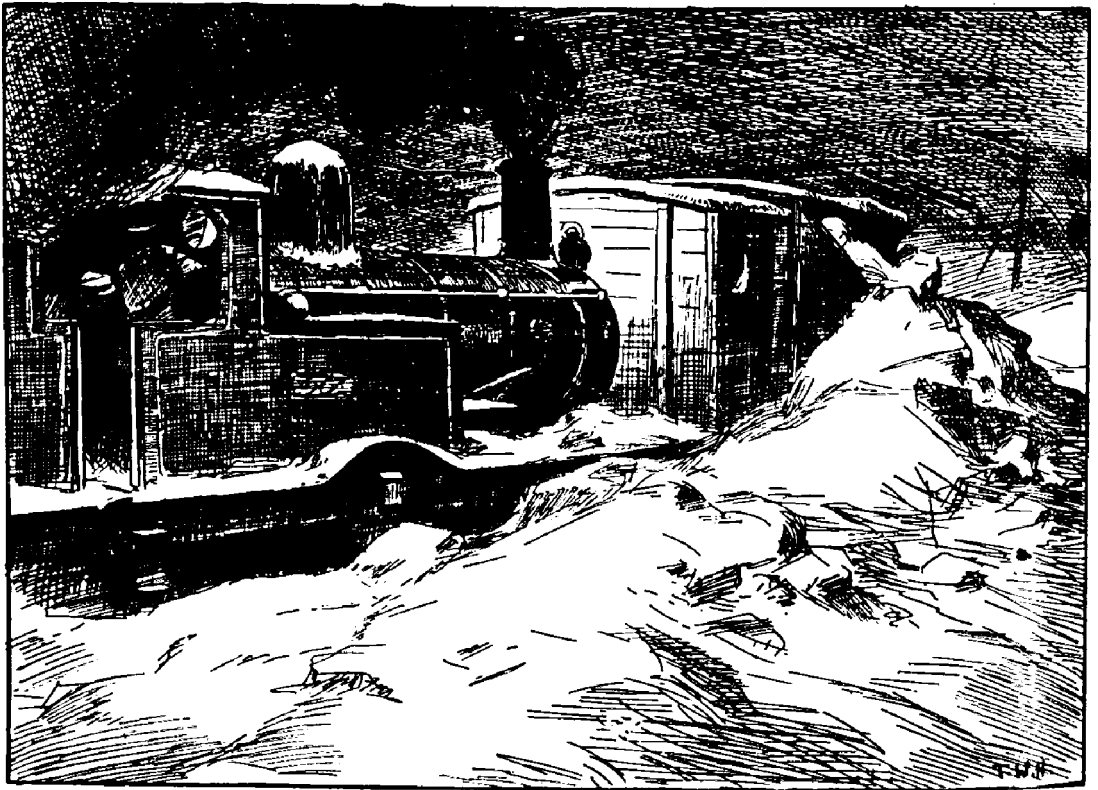
next "home" signal, and so on. The "distant" signals, however, are placed on the same posts as the "home" signals, and, when lowered, signify that the next "home" signal is "off"—this is the railway term, meaning that the signal is lowered, showing that the next section of the line is clear. It is by the side of these "distant" signals that the fog-men are stationed. So long as they are "off," signifying that the next section of the line is clear, no detonators are placed on the rail, but as soon as they are raised to "danger" two detonators are laid on the rail, a few yards one from another, in order to warn drivers to keep a sharp look-out for the next "home" signal, as it will probably be showing a red light, meaning that the train must stop.

Possibly many readers have never seen a detonator. It is not so startling in appearance as it is in sound, being, in fact, merely a small circular disc, measuring about 2½ ins. in diameter, and weighing a little over 2ozs. Inside are three small percussion caps and a few grains of gun-powder. Attached to the disc are two narrow strips of lead, to enable it to be accurately fastened to the rail.

Detonators cost about 9d. a dozen, and on a big line, such as the London and North-Western,

it is no very uncommon thing for upwards of twelve thousand to be used in twenty-four hours during foggy weather; while of late years, on the Midland system, over a million have been exploded between September and February, costing annually about £3,250, and in a recent year the wages paid by this department alone amounted to £10,122. On some lines a new system of mechanically placing the detonators on the rails by means of an ingeniously constructed little machine, worked from the fog-man's hut by the side of the line, is being gradually introduced, which, it is hoped, will effect a great saving of life and limb.

To many of my readers, probably, the idea of being snowed up in a railway train seems very romantic, and they only wish that such an adventure might fall to their lot. But, judging from the accounts of people who have been imprisoned in snowed-up trains in the depth of winter, the novelty of sitting for hours in darkness, half-starved, and almost frozen to death, is one more pleasant to read about by the side of a roaring fire than actually to experience. Late in the winter of 1891 a Great Western train was snowed up on the wildest part of Dartmoor from Monday night to the following Wednesday morning. The



CHARGING A SNOW-DRIFT.

On one occasion several engines and a plough forced their way through a mass of snow 14ft. high, till the plough stuck fast, and remained embedded for thirty-eight hours.



YOU MAY HAVE HEARD OF THE WONDERFUL AMERICAN ROTARY SNOW-PLOUGH. THIS IS A PHOTOGRAPH OF ONE BEING BUILT. IT IS VERY NEARLY READY FOR WORK.

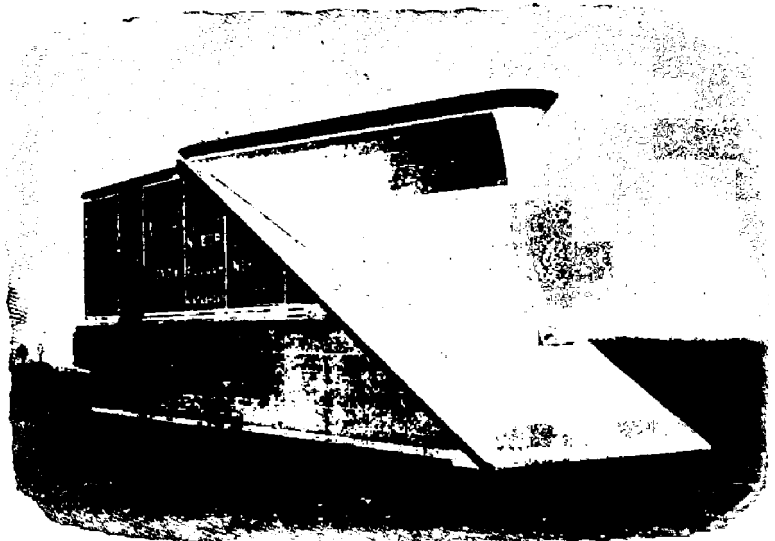
driver, who had, I believe, been seriously ill, announced his intention of going to Dousland. We then felt in a particularly sad condition, feeling that our only hope was gone now that the driver had abandoned us. The storm was raging as fiercely as on the previous night, but at 3 p.m. we were agreeably surprised to hear three packers, who had tramped up from Dousland with refreshments for us, knock at our door. We were heartily glad to receive the refreshments, although they only consisted of cocoa, bread and butter, and cake, with a bottle of well-watered brandy to

train was the evening mail from Princetown to Yelverton, and, fortunately, there were only six passengers—four men and two women. When liberated, after thirty-six hours' imprisonment, they were found to be nearly dead with hunger and cold. The train, after battling bravely with the storm, at length came to a standstill on account of the depth of the snow. The driver and fireman and guard set to work to try and dig a way out, but without success. Finding that the engine and train were hopelessly choked with snow, the guard set off in the direction of Dousland to try and get help, but, blinded by the snow, soon lost his way, and after wandering about for an hour or so, returned once more to the train.

One of the passengers gave a graphic account of their experiences soon after his liberation. "When the guard came back," he writes, "we decided to make ourselves as comfortable as we possibly could under the painful conditions—six men and two ladies huddled together in one compartment—the cold being most bitter, and none of us having anything to eat or drink. We lived the night through, but in what way I can hardly tell. In the morning the wind was blowing as strong as ever, and the snow as it fell melted on the window-panes; and the lamp—our only light—was extinguished at 7 a.m. Just at this time the guard and fireman left us, saying that they were going to try and reach Dousland with the 'staff.'

"Some little time afterwards the

follow. We found there was enough for us to have one piece of bread and butter and a piece of cake each. This was not a very substantial bill of fare for people who had had nothing to eat for over twenty hours, but we were thankful for small mercies. We then awaited the issue of events. The wind was fearful, and we were all bitterly cold. We were nearly dead in the afternoon, and drank all the brandy by eight o'clock. If it had not been for that some of us would have given way. The weather was milder after midnight. About seven o'clock the next morning one of us looking out of the window saw Mr. Hilson, of Horsford, farmer, whose farm is only about 250 yards from where our train



ONE OF THE NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY'S SNOW-PLUGHS. (NOTICE THE MEN'S CABIN AT THE BACK.)

(From a special photograph supplied by Mr. Wilson Worsdell, locomotive superintendent of the line.)



SNOWED UP!

The guard is conveying to the passengers the pleasant news that they must spend the night in the carriages, as the train is snowed up.

was lying, picking sheep out of the snow, and he assisted in effecting our rescue. The engine of the train, when we left, was completely covered with snow, and the snow had drifted as high as the carriage, with a blank space between the body and the wheels. All the compartments into which I looked—although the windows and ventilators were closed and doors locked—were full of snow above the hat-racks. It was the most horrible experience of my life!"

Numerous other trains were snowed up during this storm in other places in the West of England, and at the company's meeting, the following August, the chairman had a sorry tale to tell of the damage wrought by the blizzard, and "although their earnings had increased £131,000, their expenses were nearly £151,000 more." Curiously enough, exactly ten years previous to this, in 1881, the G.W.R. line had to spend £56,000 in repairing damage done by a severe snow-storm, which was chiefly confined to Berks and Wilts. On this memorable occasion no less than fifty-one passenger trains and thirteen goods trains were buried in the snow. There were blocks in 141

different parts of the system, and no less than 111 miles of snow, varying in depth from three to ten feet, had to be excavated by large gangs of men.

During this same snow-storm the Tring cutting became quite choked up, and many thousands of tons of snow had to be cleared away by several hundred navvies, taken there from all parts of the system by special trains.

In Scotland and the North of England snow-storms are, of course, of more frequent occurrence; and adequate arrangements are made for clearing the line by means of snow-ploughs, whenever necessary; and it is only in the event of very bad storms, such as those just referred to, that traffic is greatly disorganised. The North-Eastern Railway possesses a number of specially-constructed snow-ploughs of great strength, each weighing over thirty tons. Behind the plough itself is a sort of saloon carriage fitted up as a kitchen, mess room, and dormitory, for the use of the men employed in clearing the line. It is no easy matter working these snow-ploughs, and the men in charge of them have, from time to time, had some exciting adventures. For instance,

one wild winter's night in 1886 a snow-plough, forced along by the aid of no less than five powerful express locomotives, set off for Gateshead to clear the line for traffic. For a mile and a-half and over the engines forced their way through a mass of snow 14ft. high, till at length they reached a cutting, and there the plough stuck fast, remaining embedded for thirty-eight hours before it was liberated.

The Settle and Carlisle line on the Midland system, and the Highland Railway, are both noted for the difficulties to be encountered with snow-drifts, and a story is told of a train which was completely covered up by snow on Blea Moor, to the effect that the party which had set out to look for the missing train only discovered the object of its search by one of the men accidentally putting his leg down the engine's funnel!

In America the railways go one better than we do with regard to snow-ploughs, as in Canada and certain parts of the United States of America it has been found necessary to extensively use powerful steam rotary snow-ploughs. It is a very curious sight to see these huge machines at work; boring their way along in gimlet fashion, so to speak, and sending a stream of pure white snow flying high up in the air out of the top of the plough, and falling at length to the side of the line. It is no very uncommon feat for these marvellous machines to clear stretches of line at the rate of about ten miles an hour; this is, of course, a great improvement on the work of the old-fashioned snow-ploughs, and they are much

less likely to run off the line. The coal consumption, however, is very heavy, as one rotary plough alone will get through about two tons per hour!

The increase of parcels traffic at Christmas time on our railways is even greater in comparison than the passenger, and the giving of presents at Yuletide seems to

be rapidly on the increase. The railways begin to feel the approach of Christmas quite a fortnight beforehand. The rush of parcels increases daily till the 23rd is reached, and after this they begin to fall off gradually till after the first week or so of the



HERE IS ANOTHER STEAM ROTARY SNOW-PLOUGH UNDER CONSTRUCTION. (OBSERVE THE HUGE BOILER FOR SUPPLYING STEAM TO WORK THE POWERFUL MACHINERY.)

New Year is passed, when the various parcels offices begin once more to assume their customary appearance. At most of the important stations throughout the country temporary offices are erected wherein to carry on the sorting and checking of parcels, thus entailing the employment of a large number of extra hands.

As a very large number of Christmas gifts are in the form of perishable goods, this fact necessitates their being sent by passenger trains, hence the guards of our express and main-line trains have a very busy time of it, what with the sorting of hundreds of additional parcels, hampers, etc. Nevertheless, all this bustle and apparent confusion give most of our railway stations an air of festivity and merry-making which is never so noticeable at any other time of the year; for, although the railways are invariably busy with holiday traffic during July and August, the scenes presented then are not at all akin to those of the few days preceding the Twenty-Fifth of December.



WARDOUR, RUSHING IN UNDER THE LONG CURLING LASH, SMOTE MR. JENKS A BLOW BETWEEN THE EYES WHICH  
KNOCKED THE FARMER DOWN LIKE A NINEPIN.—(See page 275.)



# TALES OF GREYHOUSE SCHOOL

R. S. WARREN BELL.

EDITOR OF  
"THE STORMING OF GREYHOUSE,"  
"THE LONG WHITE LINE," ETC., ETC.

No. III.—

## THE END OF A RUN.

[It was shown in the first story of this series, "Sir Billy," how Sir William Percival Travers, Bart., an orphan, is sent to Greyhouse, and how Sir Billy's guardian extracts a promise from Wardour, captain of Greyhouse, that he will keep an eye on Sir Billy. The new Head instructs Wardour to put down the fighting for which the place is notorious, and Wardour faithfully carries out his instructions for a whole half-year, only to break the rule himself (thereby losing the Greyhouse Scholarship of £120 per annum) by thrashing a bully named Eccles, who half kills Sir Billy for neglecting to fag for him properly. In the end, however, the committee of the school allow Wardour to return to Greyhouse for another year. In the second story, "How the Breach was Healed," Hallam, Sir Billy's fag-master, quarrels with Wardour. For some time the coldness continues, until one night Sir Billy is summoned to the study of each to be licked for fighting with Bartlett ("Parsnip"). It transpires that Sir Billy fired up at Parsnip because the latter had made insulting remarks about both Hallam and Wardour. Thus "the breach" was healed, Hallam and Wardour shaking hands cordially after Sir Billy, who was excused his two lickings, had been dismissed to his dormitory.]

### I.

It was not often that a small boy defended the characters of two seniors so valiantly as Sir Billy had done. Needless to say, prowess of any kind is always admired, and the forcible way Sir Billy had administered reproof to Parsnip won him golden opinions from the Lower Fourth, and from their very near neighbours, the Upper Fourth, who shortly expected to find Sir Billy amongst their ranks.

Parsnip went about very sulkily for a week afterwards, and eyed Sir Billy in much the same way as a pugnacious dog surveys another which has got the better of him. It was not in Sir Billy's nature, however, to be at enmity with anyone, and so he decided that he would make it up

with Parsnip. This was not easy, for Parsnip had been tremendously chaffed, and this ridicule didn't lead him to regard his late antagonist with much goodwill.

One day, after the usual crowd had purchased its customary amount of dainties from the tuck-shop (the favourite time for buying tuck, I may add, was immediately after dinner—it was hardly a compliment to the Greyhouse cook), Sir Billy quietly approached the counter. He found Parsnip hungrily glaring at the boxes and bottles thereupon. Sir Billy purchased three slabs of French nougat.

"Have a bit?" he said in a friendly way, holding out a slab to Parsnip.

Parsnip grunted, and took the proffered dainty. He was turning on his heel, when his better self (for he had one) came to the top:—

"I say—thanks," he ejaculated, with a half-ashamed look, and then walked away.

Sir Billy sauntered down to the football field with his hands in his pockets, virtuously conscious that he had done the right thing.

About two hours later (it was a half-holiday), just before the 4.30 roll-call, there was a struggling crowd round the playground tap, from which water was obtained in an iron cup. Sir Billy, with his usual modesty, was awaiting his turn. Parsnip came up, and, making his weight felt, soon elbowed his way through the crowd of thirsty kids. Parsnip filled the cup to the brim. His small "pig" eyes, roaming round, lighted on Sir Billy. He had not forgotten the nougat.

"Have a drink, Billy?" he called. "Here"—with vicious lunges in all directions—"clear out, some of you kids."

"No. Go on," said Sir Billy.

Parsnip therefore drank, and then filled the cup again, and Sir Billy drank.

Three days later, much to the wonderment of the Lower Fourth, Sir Billy was discovered helping Parsnip with his Latin prose, and on the following morning, during the "quarter," Parsnip and Sir Billy had an animated game of private "socket" with an old cap in the "quad." So thereafter they became friends, and you may depend upon it that Sir Billy's companionship did not do Parsnip any harm; in fact, from that time Parsnip steadily improved, although he occasionally fell away, and inflicted a little mild torture on the First Form—just to keep his hand in, as it were.

Wardour had a way of observing things and never saying anything about them, and he noted with satisfaction that Sir Billy was certainly settling down to Greyhouse ways in a manner that was good to behold. One day he accosted the young 'un:—

"I say, Travers, can you run?"

"I'm going to have a try," said the small boy.

"Following to-morrow?"

"Yes—going with Parsnip," said Sir Billy.

"Well, mind you don't get fighting on the way," rejoined Wardour, with a laugh; "and mind you don't get—lost!"

The Big Run of the winter term was a great event at Greyhouse, and a thing that Greys were never tired off. Marvellous stories were told in dormitory and before class-room fire of the distances that had been covered in long-ago paper-chases—how Gardiner, captain of the school, and two hares had once been caught in a tunnel when a train was entering it, and how they had just managed to scramble into a man-hole as the London express roared past them. There were other anecdotes equally famous. How, for instance, the three hares were once passing Petershall,

a manufacturing town eight miles off, when they were intercepted by a big crowd of strikers, and how the hounds, following hard upon the scent, arrived just in time to rescue their school-fellows after a tremendous fight. There was an equally exciting memory concerning a black bull, which, once on a time, charged full tilt into the hounds, and brought about some record jumps over a hedge and ditch. And there was still another tale—but I am trying your patience.

The winner of the Greyhouse three-mile race and two other fellows, one notable for his speed, the other for his staying powers, were chosen as hares,

and were despatched with the usual twelve minutes start, it having been agreed that they were to begin laying the paper at a sign-post in the middle of four cross roads, about a mile and a half on the way to Petershall. One of the party, elected for his speed, would lay the false trails, and then rejoin the slow and steady men, who would be scattering the real one.

The hounds assembled by the five courts, and in the lane which separated the playing fields from the upper field, in which the football was hacked about during the "quarter," and at other short intervals. (It was considered a great feat to drop a ball from the top of the upper field in

the infirmary enclosure.) Several of the masters were running with the hounds, and they led with the vanguard when the hares' twelve minutes grace had elapsed. Wardour, with one or two other big chaps, had assigned to himself the useful but hardly ornamental rôle of "whipper-in."

It was a fine day, although cold, and with nothing on but a vest, running smalls and shorts it seemed an easy thing, at first, to get over the ground. Warnings had previously been issued against the eating of heavy dinners, and the fellows who had disregarded this advice began to fall away after half a mile. The too impatient



INFLECTED A LITTLE MILD TORTURE ON THE FIRST FORM.



hounds had to be curbed by the whippers-in, whose task was not light, for they had to encourage, rebuke, and otherwise use up valuable breath. The finger-post was soon reached, and now the pace settled down to a steady jog trot.

The paper lay very straight for a couple of miles, bar one false scent which led the innocent hound to suppose that the hares had gone bang through Colney Woods. The real trail was soon picked up at the far end of the wood, and then there was some heavy running over ploughed land, which finished up about fifty of the hounds. Those who came through this ordeal were next given a straightforward trot along the towing-path of the canal, across the bridge into the high road, up over a stile, and then straight across country—a great sweep of pasture-land, which did not appear to boast of a single house.

It was now a very long tail, Parsnip and Sir Billy being almost at the tip of it. They must have given up soon after getting over the stile had not a misleading line given them a short spell of rest, which they much needed. However, the real scent was soon picked up again, and on they went.

The leaders were by this time three-quarters of a mile ahead, but Parsnip and Sir Billy, and other members of the tail, still struggled on. Wardour, a trifle tired of the arduous task of whipping-in, had forged ahead, so there was no longer any encouraging, kindly voice to urge the tail on to fresh efforts. One by one they stopped, being brought to their last gasp now by a bit of hill, now by a ditch. "I'm done," groaned Parsnip, falling. "I've got an awful stitch. No more for me."

Sir Billy was almost done, too, but he thought he would struggle on a bit further. He wanted to show Wardour that he wasn't a muff, so he set his teeth and went ahead, now and again gazing despairingly at the white figures far in front of him. He was panting, and his tongue was lolling out, and his knees were trembling, and if a field mouse had attacked him he could hardly have defended himself.

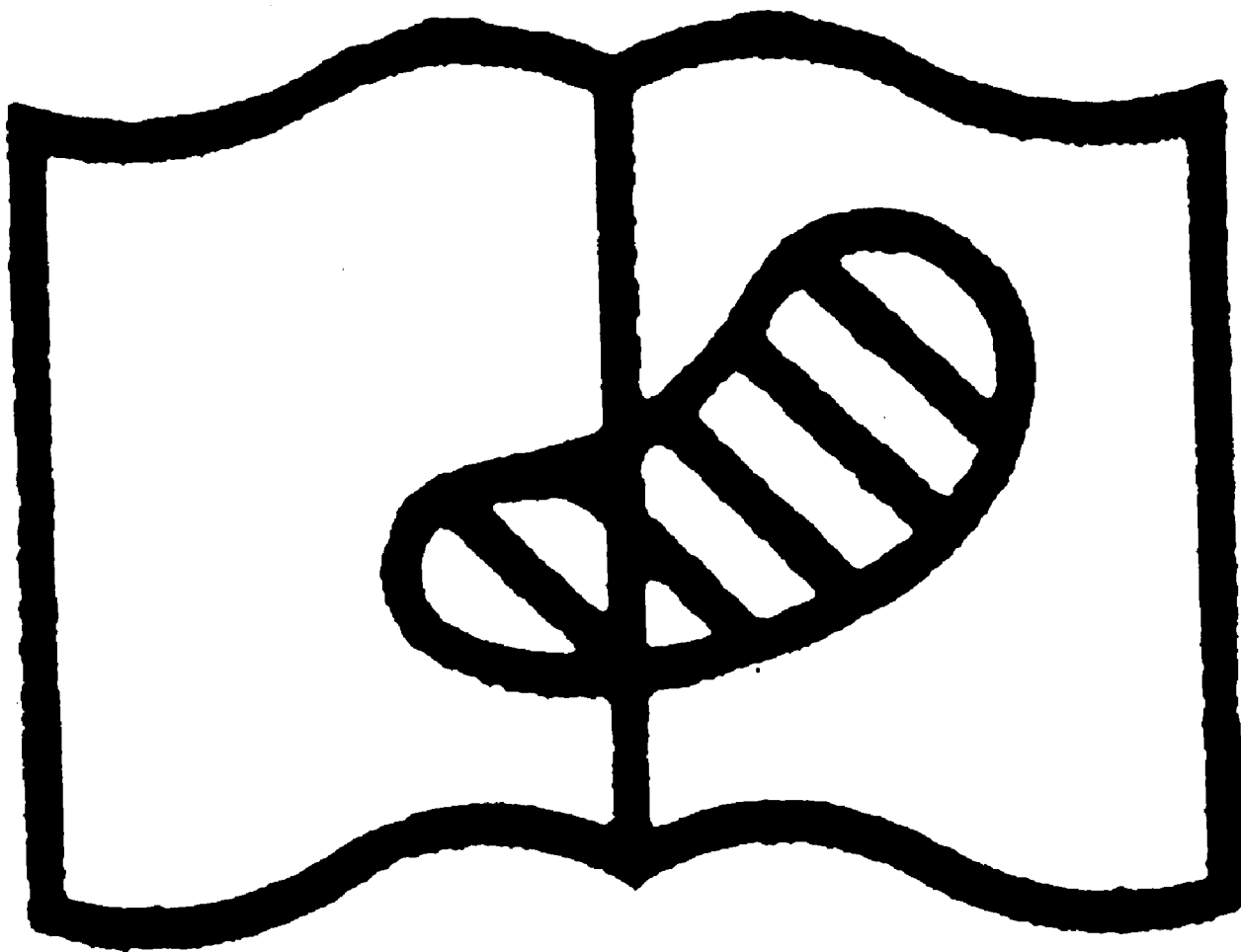
At last he dropped.

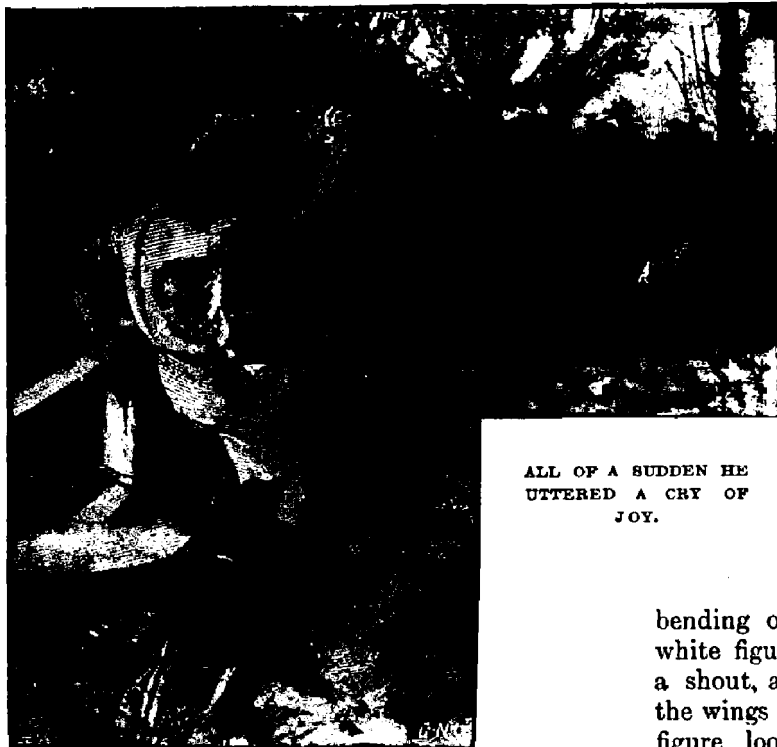
He lay on the nice, cool, green turf, and had the most refreshing rest (as it seemed to him) he had ever enjoyed in his life. He lay quite still for several minutes, and then slowly got on to his feet again. He looked forward; not a hound could he see. They had all disappeared over the brow of a hill. He looked back—with the same result. He didn't quite know what to do. After some cogitation, he decided to follow the paper, as, perhaps, he would meet somebody who was "done," and walk home with him. He followed the paper for a mile, and then went off on a trail laid by the fast man, which ended abruptly by a little purling brook. Sir Billy turned away in disgust, and tried to get on the right track again. But this eluded him; he searched here and



HE WAS LOST IN THIS SILENT MEADOWLAND.

there, and ran to and fro, but it was no good—he scanned the horizon for a school-fellow, but not a Grey could he see. He would have hailed the most unpopular fellow in the school just then with the greatest enthusiasm, but he didn't get the chance. After hanging about for half-an-hour, Sir Billy stopped still under a big oak tree, and went cold and hot all over. He was lost in this silent Meadowland.





ALL OF A SUDDEN HE  
UTTERED A CRY OF  
JOY.

## II.

THE leaders of the chase were by this time miles away. Long ere this the hares would have headed back to Greyhouse, intent on eluding their pursuers, and getting home uncaught.

It was not likely that any members of the tail would continue to struggle onwards; when you were "done," the usual course was to make for the high road, and try and get a lift home, or, if there wasn't a cart about, pad the hoof. Some fellows who took money with them used to find their way to Littlebury Station and return by train. You must remember that more than half the school followed. Nobody below the Lower Fourth was allowed to run, and, of course, a good many fellows among those who might run if they liked did not care for paper-chasing, and stayed at home "smuggling" by the class-room fires, and spoiling book-covers by holding them too near the hot coals. There is always a fair number of fellows in every school who prefer to loaf round and avoid violent exercise—especially such exercise as was involved in the Greyhouse big run. Well, all these facts taken into consideration, there must have been over a hundred hounds scattered about this particular part of the country-side, and it was certainly curious that Sir Billy should not have fallen in with any of them. The probable reason was that he had strayed considerably off the right track.

He was beginning to feel cramped and stiff, and very chilly. It was warm enough *running* in a thin vest, but now he had been keeping still for over half-an-hour he began to wish he'd brought an overcoat with him. Certainly, as he admitted to himself, it would have been a great drag on him, especially over "the plough."

After a time he wandered away from the oak tree, and walked along the hedge until he came to the top of the field. Here there was a stile. The next field contained turnips. Sir Billy sat on the stile and gazed despondently at their dull green tops. All of a sudden he uttered a cry of joy, for there, bending over the first row of turnips, was a white figure. Leaping off the stile he uttered a shout, and ran towards that white figure on the wings of the wind. To his dismay, the white figure looked hurriedly round, and then commenced to run. Sir Billy redoubled his exertions; he simply flew along the rough path which bordered the turnips. Every now and again he cried "Stop!" But the other ran for all he was worth. It is probable that Sir Billy would never have caught that white figure had not a high hedge stopped its progress. Thus brought to bay, the figure turned round, and discovered that the shouts proceeded merely from a boy clad like himself. The white figure was no less a person than our friend Parsnip.

"I thought I was lost," gasped Sir Billy.

"You did scare me," muttered Parsnip.

"Why?"

"WHY?" exclaimed Parsnip, advancing to the first row of turnips, and pulling up the biggest one he could see. "Why, because I'd just got a turnip out, down in the corner there, when I heard a shout, and thought it was a farmer's boy, and so, you see, I cut."

"What did you want a turnip for?" asked Sir Billy, innocently.

"To eat, of course," said Parsnip. "Never eaten a raw turnip! Well, you *are* a kid! I and some other fellows have a turnip every Sunday afternoon."

Parsnip had by this time broken the turnip in half, and was devouring its juicy interior. "Have some?" he said, generously holding out the other half.

Sir Billy eyed the uninviting morsel with some hesitation.

"Go on. It's not half bad," urged Parsnip.

"Hang it! I've eaten worse things than this. You can find heaps of things to eat when you are out on a Sunday afternoon. I'll show you one day."

Sir Billy was very hungry, and so at length he took the turnip and nibbled it, and found it quite appetising.

"Ah! I thought you'd like it," grunted Parsnip, gnawing away at his half with great relish. "It's a jolly sight better than the decayed horse they give us in Hall. But, I say, we'd better be moving. Any idea where we are?"

"Not the least," said Sir Billy.

"Oh! Well, come on! We'll probably strike some of the other chaps."

They got out of the turnip field, and walked over some stubble until they came to a five-barred gate. On the other side of this there was a grassy lane with paper in it.

"Good! Here's the track!" cried Parsnip, "Now we're all right. Hullo! There's a Greyhouse chap coming along. By Jove, it's Wardour! Here, chuck that turnip away, kid."

The two juniors cast the remnants of their meal over the hedge, and awaited the captain's approach. Wardour came along slowly and painfully. His face lit up when he caught sight of our two friends.

"Well, Travers," he said, as he approached them, "I didn't think you'd get as far as this; and you, Bartlett, you're improving."

"Are they caught, Wardour?" asked Sir Billy.

"I'm sure I don't know. I came a cropper over a heap of stones, and cut my ankle rather badly." The others now observed that Wardour had tied his handkerchief round the wounded part.

"Well, we'd better be getting along home," said Wardour. "It's no good following the paper all the way back to Greyhouse; I think I know a short cut. If we get to the left of the osier beds, about a mile from here, we can cross the railway, and save two miles at least."

They had rounded the osier beds, and after leaving the railway behind, had crossed a long meadow which they had reason to believe would take them in the direction they wished to go, when, just as they were passing a hay-stack, they were hailed in stentorian tones. Round the hay-stack came—firstly, a stout man with a big red face, carrying a heavy whip—evidently a farmer; secondly, a big mastiff; thirdly, a farm labourer with a pitchfork.

"Hi, stop!" said the yeoman. "What may you be doin' in my field?"

"I suppose we may walk across your field, if we like?" retorted Wardour.

"Don't you haw-haw me, my young man," said the farmer, advancing a step or two with a very ugly look on his face. "My name is Jenks, and this is my field, and there's no footpath across it, and there's a board in the far corner which says: '*Trespassers will be prosecuted!*'"

"Look here," said Wardour, "we come from Greyhouse——"

"Oh, yes," interrupted Mr. Jenks, "I know



"HI, STOP!" SAID THE YEOMAN. "WHAT MAY YOU BE DOIN' IN MY FIELD?"

where you come from—there's no need to tell me that. You Greyhouse chaps seem to think that all the rest of the world is dirt beneath yer feet, and I'm just agoin' to give you three a lesson."

"You had better be careful," said Wardour; "you will be very sorry for whatever you do. We have permission from all the farmers in the neighbourhood to run over their land——"

"Yes—from *all except me!*" shouted Mr. Jenks. "I'm the only one that stood out. The other fools round here are just tenants, and they give in because the lord of the manor asks them to—he bein' a pal o' your master's, I suppose. Well, now, this is *my* field, and I own it, and I never gave permission to anybody to run over it, and I never will."

"Very well," said Wardour, quietly, "we are trespassing. I will give you our names, and then you can issue a summons——"

The farmer laughed. "Summons? Oh no, you don't, my young chafer! I've had names given to me before, and when I've called on your master to get justice, I've been told that there's no chaps o' those names in the school. Oh no; that game won't do for me."

"I've had enough of your insolence," said Wardour, haughtily; "I am captain of the school, and not likely to mislead you. The names of these two are Bartlett and Travers. Mine is Wardour. So now, perhaps, you will kindly let us go on our way."

But Wardour's tone had stung the farmer to the quick. He was purple with rage.

"*Way!* You go on your way?" he shouted, with an oath, as he raised his whip. "You say another word, and I'll give you the best hiding you ever had in your life, my cock-a-hoop young bantam! Captain of your school! What do I care for you? You're not captain o' me. Now then, I'll just tell you what I'm agoin' to do. I'm goin' to take you three along and lock you up in my barn, and then I'm goin' to fetch the police and give you into custody. Now then, march along quick, if you don't want a dose of this whip!"

Wardour turned on the farmer with blazing eyes. "You dare to touch us——" he was beginning, when the dog uttered a low growl, and the man with the pitchfork advanced a step or two.

The farmer laughed. "It's no use your usin' 'igh words," he said, with a sneer; "I guess we're one too many for you——"

"A dog and a pitchfork too many, you mean," replied Wardour; "you're a brave fellow to fight three defenceless boys with such weapons."

The farmer saw that Wardour was hurt, for the handkerchief round his ankle was soaked with blood, but he had not a vestige of pity in his

composition. Indeed, Wardour's words only fanned his rage.

"No more o' your voice!" he shouted, with another curse. "On you go—*march!*" and once again he raised the whip, and again the dog growled.

Wardour perceived that the situation was hopeless. They were absolutely at the man's mercy. He nodded to the two juniors, and they followed the man with the pitchfork.

The farm buildings proved to be quite near. As the procession entered the yard, Mrs. Jenks emerged from the back door. Directly she saw the boys, a look of sympathy passed over her hard-work-lined countenance.

"What's the matter, Bill?" she asked her husband.

"What's the matter doesn't matter to you," roughly replied the man. "I found these three young cubs trespassin', and I'm goin' to lock 'em up, an' fetch the police."

"Oh, Bill, be careful!" cried the good woman. "The little boys must be perished with cold in them bits o' things, and—oh, dear me! the tall gentleman has hurt his foot. Look at the blood!"

"Go back to your pots and pans, woman!" roared the farmer. "Now, then," as he turned to his prisoners, "into that stable!"

There was nothing for it but to obey, and in a few moments the three Greys found themselves securely locked up. They could hear the farmer's wife remonstrating with Jenks, and warning him that he would get into trouble for this, and they could hear his brutal replies. Then there were steps, and the farmer's voice sounded on the other side of the door.

"Listen to me!" he bawled. "I've told my man to saddle my horse, and when it's ready I'm goin' to drive into Belsert and fetch the police; it's not far from here. You cry out, or try to escape, and I'll come and warm your hides for you—so look out!"

Having delivered this surly speech, he turned away and went indoors.

### III.

THE three hounds were certainly in a desperate fix—locked up in Farmer Jenks' stable, with the prospect before them of spending the night in a police station. Hitherto excitement and exercise had kept them warm, but, now that they had nothing to do except await the turn of circumstances, all three shivered with cold.

"Well," said Wardour, gloomily, "I led you two fellows into this, and I must say I'm very sorry. By Jove!" he added, savagely, "I should like to have five minutes alone with that brute. I

didn't care a hang for his whip, but the mastiff and pitchfork were too much."

Parsnip seemed the least concerned of the three. There was some hay in the corner, and he went and sat down on it. Sir Billy, whose teeth were chattering, joined him. Wardour was just tall enough to be able to see out of the barred window. "I suppose the old beast's coolly having his tea," he muttered. "I should like to pelt him with his own crockery. His wife's a real good sort, though, and when this is all over I will thank her for what she said."

Keeping at his post by the window, Wardour watched the farm-building and the back door of the house. By this door Mr. Jenks had entered, and from this door, Wardour surmised, Mr. Jenks would emerge when he had satisfied himself with hot toast and tea. The mere thought of it made the captain ravenous.

"Here comes that labourer johnny, leading a horse," he reported to the other two. "I suppose he's going to saddle him, and then old Jenks will ride off to Belser. I had no idea we had wandered so far away from the school."

Just as the labourer reached the back door the farmer appeared. "Hey, Jim," he called, "it's just struck me that I'd better take a cart, so you go and put the mare in. If I'm to fetch the police," he added, "I may as well have summut to bring them back in." Then he caught sight of Wardour's face gazing at him through the bars of the open window. "Yes, you can look," he cried, shaking his fist. "I'll have the law on you, Mr. Captain of Greyhouse. I'll teach you to talk to me, you cub. You won't come near my land again in a hurry, I'll wager."

With a disgusted look Wardour turned away. He was not an adept at bandying words with anybody. He couldn't shout back abuse at this vulgar man. The fact that he took no notice of the farmer must have irritated the latter, for Jenks walked up to the window and peered through at his captives.

"Now, then, get off my hay," he growled, and it is hardly necessary to add that Sir Billy and Parsnip hastened to obey him. "If any o' you three give me *one* word o' sauce, I'll come in and hide you, I will. I don't care a hang who you are."

"You talked about justice just now," retorted Wardour. "I hope you know that what you are doing now is illegal. You have no right whatever to shut us up in this way, and that you will learn very shortly."

The farmer, who had evidently been drinking something stronger than tea, treated him to another volley of abuse, and then went back to the house. Wardour's eyes roved desperately round in search of a method of escape.

Exit was impossible, either by the door or the window; one was locked on the outside, the other strongly barred. But what was this? A ladder leading to the loft above! He determined to explore.

"Here, Bartlett, roll that tub up to the window, and keep an eye open," he said, "and if the old brute appears just warn me."

Parsnip having placed himself in position, Wardour ascended the ladder. To his surprise, he found that the door by which hay was taken into the loft from the farm-yard was open. "Now," thought he, "it would be quite an easy matter to drop to the ground from here, and scoot; but what good would that do? That beast of a dog is sure to be somewhere around, and although I might be able to tackle him myself, these kids wouldn't be anywhere. I'm afraid it's no go," he added, sorrowfully, as he descended the ladder and joined his companions in distress. Another five minutes elapsed before Jim the labourer returned, leading a smart-looking cob, harnessed to a light gig. Mr. Jenks appeared.

"Now, look here, Jim," he cried, "the other cart's down at the smithy in the village. You just saddle Sandy" (this was the horse originally brought into the yard, and discarded in favour of the mare), "and ride down to the village and bring it up. If we've got to take these three young spadgers into Belser when I've fetched the policemen we shall want something bigger'n this here gig."

Jim having gone to saddle Sandy, the farmer went indoors again to get his coat, hat, and gloves on. Thus the horse and gig were left unguarded.

Then a sudden thought struck Wardour. It was their only chance. He was a man of action if there ever was one.

"Come along, you chaps, up this ladder as fast as you can sprint!"

In half-a-minute all three had gained the loft.

"Now, look here," he said, hurriedly, "I am going to drop to the ground, and you two must follow me. I'll see you don't come to any harm. Then we will hop into that trap and make a dash for it. If the dog comes—well, there are plenty of pitchforks about."

He lost no time in carrying out this plan. Dropping softly and silently to the ground, he broke Parsnip's fall by grabbing at him as he alighted, and caught Sir Billy bodily in his arms.

"In case it's wanted," said he, snatching a pitchfork out of a heap of manure. "Now—for your lives!"

All three sped across the yard. Wardour caught up Sir Billy and chucked him into the back of the gig as if he had been a bundle of grocery. "Now,

Parsnip," he whispered. Then he jumped up himself. Seizing hold of the reins and the whip, he set the mare going towards the gate. At this moment the labourer appeared with Sandy's saddle and bridle. Seeing the three boys in possession of the trap, he dropped his burden and ran into the house to give the alarm, charging into the farmer, who was just coming out.

"Mr. Jenks, they've took the gig!" bellowed Jim.

The mare, in strange hands, had jibbed slightly at first, but by this time Wardour had got her to the gate. Mr. Jenks rushed after them with a loud cry, and Wardour, seeing that things were getting desperate, lashed the mare with all his might across her smooth flank, with the result that she simply jumped out into the high road. Wardour had already decided to drive in the direction of Belsert, as Greyhouse was miles and miles further the other way.

"Now, you fool, saddle that horse—quick!" yelled the farmer to his man, and then rushed after the trap.

"Stop!" he cried. "Stop, will you?"

For answer Wardour simply waved the whip triumphantly, and administered further—and, under the circumstances, pardonable—castigation to the mare, who was putting her heels up in fine fashion now, and simply flying along the road. As the gig sped round the bend Parsnip and Sir Billy gazed back, and saw the farmer coming out of the

farm-yard on the back of Sandy. So now it was a race indeed.

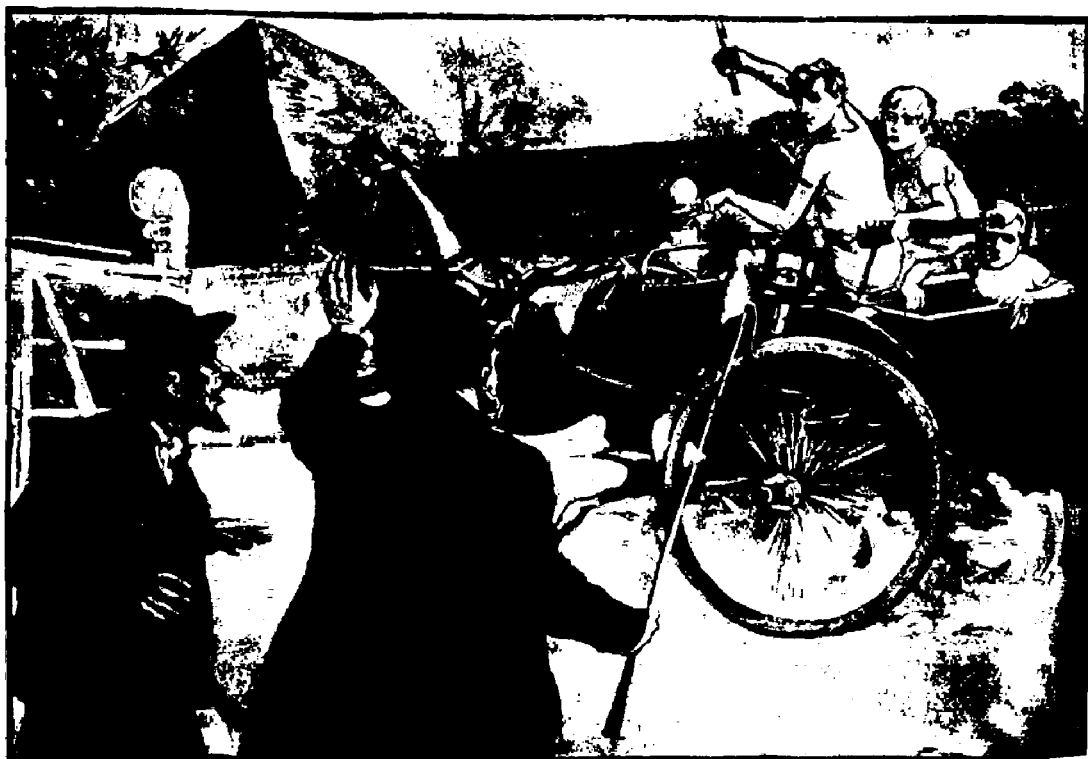
Already the night was falling; not a pedestrian or a vehicle was in sight. The three Greys had got a good start of the farmer, and by far the best horse, but, on the other hand, their gee had to pull a gig and three people, whereas Sandy had only the farmer to carry. The two juniors glued their eyes on their pursuer as he thrashed on Sandy to fresh efforts. Luckily, the road was pretty level just here, so it was a fair field and no favour; but Wardour knew well that there were one or two stiff hills ahead.

On they went, the mare's pace devolving credit on the farmer's judgment when he bought her—she was a rare one to run; but Mr. Jenks, owing to an energetic use of whip and heels, was lessening the distance between them considerably.

Wardour drove with a fairly slack rein. He saw the mare liked to have her head if she was to be kept in a good temper. And the mare, with equine sagacity, knew that there was somebody on the box who took the trouble to study her feelings. Therefore, she did not need any further application of the lash, and raced along as if she were flying for her life.

Now a hill hove in sight. Wardour slackened down to a short canter, whereas the farmer, spurring Sandy in his rage, breasted the hill at full gallop. He was now within a hundred yards.

"I'm afraid it's no go," muttered Wardour, as



"STOP!" HE CRIED. "STOP, WILL YOU!"

he encouraged the mare to smarten her pace. "But, if the worst comes to the worst, I'll fight the beggar. Now, my beauty!"

They reached the brow of the hill, and the farmer was so close that they could hear his ejaculations quite distinctly as he pounded along in their wake.

"Stop, will you?" he cried. "Stop! that's my property. Do you hear? That's stealing—that gig belongs to me."

What gave Mr. Jenks further concern was that the mare had been out of sorts of late, and he knew that being sent along at this rate would not do her any good. He had entered her for some steeplechases that were to be held in three weeks' time, and he knew that she would not be able to do much if she were driven at this killing pace much longer. In addition to this, a great desire for revenge was on him. He wanted to send that great whip of his whirling round the bare legs of the school-boys. The thought of the marks it would leave filled him with satisfaction, so again he cried:—

"Stop! Stop! STOP!"

But Wardour only waved the whip at him, and urged the mare on to fresh efforts. Down the hill they went at a rare pelt, and the farmer groaned in his fury—if the mare fell, her knees would be spoilt beyond mending. He hammered old Sandy relentlessly, and Sandy unwillingly obeyed the voice and the lash of the tyrant on his back. At the bottom of the hill came another nice stretch of level road. The farmer was within fifty yards of the gig now. A mile hence was situated a little hamlet, and here the road took a sharp and nasty turn round the centre building of the place, which was "The Three Swallows" public-house. The mare was fast tiring, and Sandy was fresh compared to her. Mr. Jenks was catching up materially. It was clear that he must soon be level with the gig. He knew, moreover, that along the village street there were usually grouped at this hour of the evening a number of louts, all of whom were naturally hostile to anyone of the nature of public school boys. These fellows would lend the farmer all the assistance in their power.

"If I can only get through the village," thought Wardour, as the hoof-strokes of Sandy smote on his ear, "I'll take on Mr. Jenks!"

Round the sharp corner they flew, and *bang!* *crash!* the gig's near wheel struck a dog-cart standing by the door of the public-house. The dog-cart reeled up against the building in a foolish fashion, but the little gig went over. When the owner of the dog-cart ran out he found two boys lying on the ground, and the third standing by the wreck of the gig, ruefully surveying the climax of his headlong drive. Just at that moment

Mr. Jenks arrived on Sandy, pulled up and alighted all in one movement, and rushed at Wardour.

"Now, then, you young hound!" he shouted. "I'll make you pay for this!" He slashed at Wardour with his heavy whip, but Wardour, rushing in under the long curling lash, smote Mr. Jenks a blow between the eyes which knocked the farmer down like a ninepin.

Feeling much damped by this surprising exhibition of strength and skill, Mr. Jenks slowly rose to his feet, picked up his whip, and turned towards the door of the public-house. He found that he was being regarded by no less a person than Mr. Soames, the well-known county solicitor, to whom at this very moment the farmer was indebted for a large loan.

"Good evening, Mr. Jenks," said the lawyer. "This a new amusement of yours—chasing school-boys about?"

Parsnip and Sir Billy were slightly stunned by their fall, but by this time they had risen to their feet and were examining their bruises.

"I'm agoin' to have the law on 'em," said the farmer in a surly fashion, but keeping well away from Wardour, for he had no desire to make acquaintance with the Greyhouse captain's fist again. "Do you think that I'm agoin' to have tuppenny-'apenny school-boys like that trespassin' on my land and then runnin' away with my cart? I'm agoin' to have the law on 'em. Look at that there vehicle," he concluded, with a gasp.

"A very nice gig," said Mr. Soames; "seems to have had a little paint knocked off it" (I should explain that the cob had been got on to its feet again, and that "The Three Swallows" ostler was looking after both horse and trap); "not much harm done," continued Mr. Soames, "except, perhaps, to the wheel of my dog-cart. However, that's all right. I'll pay the damage, whatever that is."

"No!" thundered the farmer, "I'll make their parents pay it, and then they'll have a hot time of it at Christmas when they go home."

"Well," said Mr. Soames, with a smile, "as I stand *in loco parentis* to this young gentleman" (pointing to Sir Billy, of whom the farmer, like everybody else in the neighbourhood, had heard), "I will pay for him. The young gentleman who displayed a knowledge of fisticuffs just now is the son of Major Wardour, of Belsert, and a great friend of mine. The third young gentleman," concluded Mr. Soames, glancing at Parsnip, "I do not know."

Wardour had hurriedly explained what had taken place to the solicitor, who now approached the farmer, and said in a low tone: "See here, Jenks, joking aside, you're in the wrong. You had no right to shut 'em up in your barn;



your proper course was to issue a summons if you found them trespassing. You won't do any good by going to law, and you might get into a great scrape; and if my ward is laid up through having been kept about in the cold with hardly anything on—in that case, Mr. Jenks," concluded the solicitor, "you will hear from me promptly, and in a way that you will not like."

Then Mr. Soames turned to the three boys. "Come along in now," he said to them, "and get

something warm inside you, and we will see if we can find you some coats. Good-night, Jenks," he added, nodding to the discomfited farmer; "I think you have over-reached yourself a little. Go home, and don't forget what I've said."

An hour later the head master of Greyhouse received the following telegram: "*Wardour, Bartlett, and Travers lost way, but arrived here safely. Return in morning.—Soames, Belseri.*"

*R. S. Warren Bell*

(The fourth story of this series will appear next month.)

## SOME DOGS I HAVE KNOWN.

BY TOM BROWNE.



THE SHARP DOG—WANTS A LOT OF BEATING.



THE PLUCKY DOG.

## A LITTLE SERMON ON CHRISTMAS.

"HERE lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much"—this, wrote Robert Louis Stevenson in one of his essays, is the best epitaph that any man can deserve. Now, Christmas is the mile-mark of another year, moving us to thoughts of self-examination. It is the time for destroying illusions about one's self. To look back upon the past year, and see how little we have striven, and to what small purpose; and how often we have been cowardly and hung back, or rash and rushed unwisely in; and how every day and all day long we have transgressed the law of kindness, is sufficient surely to take away any smug self-satisfaction we may feel in ourselves and our own lives. If we have "meant well" and "tried a little," we have certainly "failed much."

We are all apt to be too pleased with ourselves, to shrink from seeing ourselves just as we are. Even when we admit a few faults we do so with the secret belief that we are really jolly good fellows at heart. We are always more ready to accept the estimate of those who love us, than to seek out the exact truth about ourselves. If one wants a lesson in humility, surely one can find it in the difference between our real selves and what we appear to our mothers.

The fact is that the real truth is so often ugly and alarming that we hide it away out of sight, and refuse to recognise it. We cannot bear it as it stands.

Don't misunderstand me. I do not wish to make your Christmas gloomy and sombre with thoughts of failure. Far from it. Christmas is a season, from all its associations, whether domestic or religious, suggesting thoughts of joy. Happiness is as much a duty as anything else, and your first duty at Christmas is to be happy. But remember that real, true happiness is never selfish, and if you want to be happy, the best way is not to clutch at every pleasure that you can get for yourself, but to try and make someone else happy. Everyone of you can do something towards this in your own household.

I dare say all of you—or at any rate most of you who read these lines—belong to happy

families, but all the same, I want you to think of those who do not. There are so many who, while you and I are enjoying our good time, are having something so different that we can hardly realise it. On Christmas Day, in our great towns, there will be hundreds and thousands of poor people huddled together in bare, wretched rooms, without a fire, without even a crust, to whom the day will be only more wretched and hopeless than usual, since there will be no chance of work or of earning a penny.

"I should like to do something for these poor people," said a boy to me one day, "but I don't have much pocket money, and I never seem to have a penny to spare."

He had just been showing me his stamp album and his latest "specimen," for which he told me he had paid 7s. 6d. Well, I have nothing to say against stamp-collecting. I would have no one give it up, but just think that even half-a-crown out of that 7s. 6d. that represented one stamp would have provided an excellent meal for ten hungry men.

Perhaps you say you have so little money you can spare nothing for these poor, starving people. But you just count up all you run through in a year on "tuck," on games, magazines, stamp albums, or whatever your particular hobby may be.

They are all excellent things in their way, and I would not have you give them up, but they do not spell life. Right outside your particular interests, your own special hobbies, lies the great world of men and women in which you will have to take your place some day soon. May there be many kindly hands to help you when the dark days come!

In the meantime, you can contribute to the general stock of the world's happiness, by helping—in however small a way—the poorer ones around you, and you can help, too, by your own gaiety. Carry your happiness with you wherever you go. The world can do with it. Every happy person is a gain in life. And if you want a good Christmas resolution, here is one for you. Determine to add nothing, not so much as a passing sigh, to the great total of men's unhappiness in your journey through life.

**The Chaplain.**



BY FRED WHISHAW.

Illustrated by H. E. Butler.

**J**ONES got us the tale.

"Tell us that yarn of yours about the wolves, Granby," he said. "When they all——"

"Well, don't give it away beforehand," said someone, "if Granby's going to tell it."

"I don't mind," said the latter. "Only remember, all of you, that it isn't a yarn, as Jones is pleased to describe it, but the true story of what actually happened to me.

"I was in the Novgorod Government on business," he commenced, "and occasionally did a bit of snow-shoeing, carrying a shot-gun in case of a hare or a tree-partridge, or so. They were very scarce, however, and I rarely got a shot. Consequently I usually carried no more cartridges than the couple with which my gun was loaded—a very foolish practice which I have since abjured, and which I do not recommend to any of you. Always carry at least half-a-dozen cartridges, even though you are practically certain to have no use for the same. This is a concession to the chapter of accidents which it can hurt no one to make, for half-a-dozen cartridges are no great weight, neither do they take up much room.

"Well, I'm afraid I *was* a duffer. I went out into the forest one afternoon upon my snow-shoes, carrying a gun with a couple of fours, but with no reserve of cartridges in my pocket. I merely

intended to take my day's exercise, and the chance of a shot at some stray hare or bird was but a secondary consideration. I wandered for several hours, getting, of course, deeper and deeper into the heart of the forest—a circumstance which gave me no anxiety whatever, for the weather was clear and there was no danger of snow falling to obliterate the tracks of my snow-shoes, and if a fellow cannot find his way home upon his own track, why, he must be unfit to venture outside his own back garden, and had better sit at home and darn stockings.

"There was a little rascal of a tree-partridge whose shrill whistle lured me farther and farther onward.

"Then, suddenly, something happened that changed my dull, almost purposeless ramble into an exciting enterprise, and set my heart beating with all the ardour of the sportsman.

"Something skulked across my path, a large grey creature which at first—like a fool—I took for a small donkey, though I might have known that such an animal was probably not to be found nearer than the Zoological Gardens at Moscow—where one was kept as a rarity and greatly valued as such.

"Then, like a flash, the truth was borne in upon me—it *was* a wolf, and a huge one! Fool—idiot that I had been to miss such a chance! for even number fours—and at a distance of twenty yards



SENT A CARTRIDGE-FULL OF NUMBER FOURS AFTER HIM.

—might have so wounded the brute that I should have chased and perhaps overtaken him.

"I rushed forward in the forlorn hope of catching sight of him once more, little as I deserved it.

"Well, I did catch sight of him. Skulking off quickly with a grinning face—as it seemed—turned back at me over his shoulder, he was cantering under the trees thirty yards away, and I sent a cartridge-full of number fours after him.

"Of course, he instantly disappeared, but there was a spot of blood upon the track of the brute, who—to judge from the somewhat scrambling footmarks he had left in his first frightened rush into cover—had retreated upon three legs instead of four.

"Away I scudded at full speed. I had my second barrel, and—said I to myself—I would keep my head and my cartridge; even though I should come as close upon the brute as ten or twelve yards from his tail I would not fire; I should wait until I could actually overtake him, and then spurt alongside and fire point-blank into his ear.

"Even as I mused, I saw him again, forty yards ahead, going for all he was worth at a three-legged gallop, holding his fourth foot in the air, and from time to time losing ground by suddenly stopping

for an instant to turn and bite at the wounded member, which he would do with a yelp of pain or rage.

"Away he went, and away went I after him, and soon—though I hesitated to assure myself of the fact, lest it should prove a mistake and disappoint me—soon I could not help being pretty certain that I was gaining.

"It was not very long before the forest began to thin, and it became evident that I had travelled fairly across the belt of forest, which I had entered at the Moscow side, and was about to emerge at the other end.

"By this time I was within fifteen or twenty yards of the wolf, who hobbled along well, considering that he was a leg short.

"Another minute or two and we had passed out of the forest and were careering over a wide plain, and here—just as I expected, I began to gain pretty rapidly, a yard at a time, till I was first twelve paces, then but ten, and at last but a bare half-dozen from his tail. The left hind leg was broken, I could see, near the foot.

"I now began to feel certain of my wolf, and only waited for the moment when I should make my effort, spurt rapidly for a minute or two, rush past him on the right, and empty my gun into his head at discretion. I must be careful and do the thing thoroughly, once for all, since I had been so idiotic as to bring not a single spare cartridge.

"Quickly we flew across the wide plain that opened, level and white, from the edge of the forest, and now we had reached a bushy patch of ground that seemed to crown a gully leading, I suppose, in summer to the banks of a streamlet or small river.

"I was almost at the very tail of my limping quarry, who panted now as he ran, occasionally turning a wicked face at me over his shoulder and snarling back at me a message of deadly hatred and menace, which made me doubly determined to be very sure of my shot before I attempted to perform the happy despatch upon him; for if I should only wound and enrage the brute, and he turned and fell upon me with those fangs that he seemed so anxious to show me in all their glistening glory, why, the chase might end in a manner which would prove less agreeable to me than I had taken the liberty to expect.

"Just as I was in the very act of sprinting

forward in order to bring myself level with the side of his head, which I should then blow into fragments at half-a-yard range, we reached the top of the gully just mentioned, and my snow-shoes began to slip and skid and show that inclination to cross one another and floor their master which is so familiar to all those who have practised the pretty art of ski-running, and especially of shooting the hill-sides, upon the narrow, slippery snow-shoes or ski used in Norway and Russia.

"I should have been all right, for I flatter myself that I can negotiate a steep hill on the shoes as successfully as most, but unfortunately the slope was covered with the stumps of felled or burned trees, some of which were visible above the surface of the snow, and some invisible, just beneath snow-level.

"I dodged two or three of these, and the impetus of my rapid descent was just carrying me like a lightning's flash past the wolf, when suddenly the points of my ski struck a tree-stump concealed just beneath the surface, and in a moment I was flying head first through space, to plunge an instant later, face first, into a deep snow bath that awaits the overthrown ski-

runner, and into which he penetrates to any depth that the impetus of his flight avails to carry him.

"I was furious with rage and disgust. I knew I should now lose all the ground I had gained, and a great deal more besides, before I could be up and after my wolf, even though by good luck, and I suppose the instinct of the moment, I had clung to my gun, and still held it fast in my snow grave.

"But alas! No sooner had I begun to move in order to regain the surface and get once more upon my feet, than I became aware, by a violent twinge of pain at the ankle, that I was damaged. It was agony to move my left leg, and in despair and the deepest mortification, I instantly realised that the hunt was up; I had lost my wolf.

"This was bad enough, and at the first moment I certainly did not think that anything could possibly be worse; but when I began to pick myself up and attempt to get into my snow-shoes once again, I learned that worse things are possible than the mere losing of a wolf.

"For I now discovered that I was dead lame. My ankle was badly sprained; the pain was great, but that was nothing. The significant thing was that I could now no more attempt to skate homeward upon my snow-shoes, than leave them behind and fly homewards with only my coat-tails for pinions.

"I sat down and began to think how I should best proceed in order to get back to town. It was obviously impossible to travel at any pace; the chase was up—I thought no more of that as a possible thing—but could I limp slowly along (if such a word can be used of ski-going, even of lame ski-going!) or indeed use my sprained foot in any way whatever in order to get homewards?

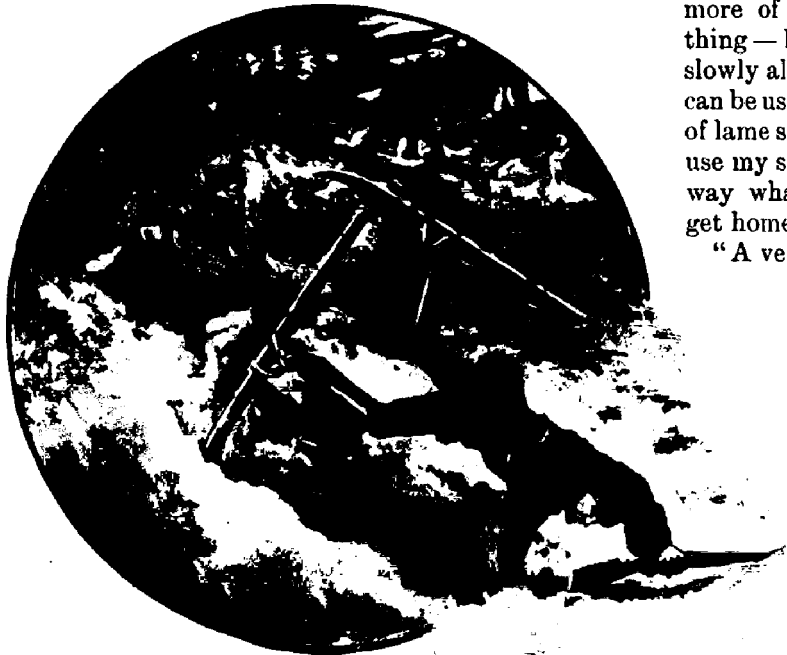
"A very little while spent in the attempt served to convince me that I could not.

"Slowly the conviction forced itself upon me that I was destined to spend the night out of doors.

"Now this was not only an extremely disagreeable prospect, seeing

that I was without food or warm clothing, but distinctly a dangerous one as well; for, what if it should come on to snow—as well it might at this season—and the new fall were to obliterate the tracks of my snow-shoes? Why, then I should not be found, maybe, until I was frozen stiff and hard, a candidate for sepulchral honours, which, of course, are all right so far as they go, though I, for one, prefer to remain as long as possible on the sunny side of the soil, and have never yet felt any ambition to be buried, even smartly.

"On the other hand, if the weather continued fine and clear, my tracks would remain, and I should undoubtedly be sought for and easily found by my friends, but not until the next morning; for the short day was already almost ended, and



TO PLUNGE AN INSTANT LATER, FACE FIRST, INTO A DEEP SNOW BATH.

dusk had begun to blunt the sharp lines and edges of the forest that lay behind and in front of me, surrounding the two-mile plot of open land in which I lay. I was, I suppose, quite ten miles from home. In a word, the prospect was unpleasant.

"I would, I think, have painfully hobbled back as far as the nearest pine cover, but that it occurred to me, on reflection, that I would rather be benighted in the open than in the midst of the forest, where prowling beasts might creep up unseen, in the shadow of the pine trees, and watch and perhaps attack me unsuspected.

"My wounded wolf, for instance, might well bethink him that I had caused him severe pain, and perhaps the anguish of fear also—for I had all but caught him when an evil destiny upset me and my calculations and gave him the game. Perhaps he would return upon his tracks—catch me asleep beneath a tree—work himself into a passion of hunger, which, for a wolf, is the one and only road to courage, and presently—primed to the necessary point—would suddenly spring upon my throat, and—*crunch!*—exit sleeper, after a disagreeable awakening!

"No—I would remain here in the open, where, at least, I could watch and see anything that moved within sight. There would be half a moon to-night. I should distinguish objects pretty plainly.

"So I tied up my ankle, which was swollen and painful, and covered myself with snow for warmth, until little but my head remained above surface, and waited.

"My gun, with its one No. 4 cartridge, lay beside me—my only friend and guardian; a kind of one-armed sentry, that could strike but one blow in my defence, and must then, like its lame master, be overpowered.

"It was cold, but my body was warm enough, buried in the snow. I thought of everything that was most distracting; I thought of my business, of my best girl—and perhaps of my second best—of my holiday in England now looming in the near and blessed future—and after a while I fell asleep.

"I slept, I suppose, for four hours at least, and it may have been more. One of my ears was frozen slightly, but otherwise the cold had not hurt me. I looked sleepily around to make sure that all was safe. The moon was up and I could see fairly well to a considerable distance.

"The forest line was indistinct, though, of course, the tops of the trees were clearly outlined against the sky. In front of the forest, half-way between them and me, on my left, was a row of tree stumps that I did not remember—six, seven, nine of them. It was curious that I had not

noticed these, for they stood so symmetrically, like a line of little black men on sentry-go.

"I rubbed my ear with snow, releasing my arms to do so, and soon made it comfortable. Then I glanced again, but quite without design, in the direction of the row of stumps. *They were not there!*

"I winked my eyes and looked again. Certainly they had disappeared. Was my sight going wrong—spots in the eye, or something of the kind—the result of the frost? I rubbed the skin violently all around them and looked again. The stumps were not there; but my eyes felt all right. I must have been mistaken.

"So I sat still awhile, and gave myself up to the luxury of thought. I was going to England; I had done well in my business, and I might marry if I chose, and if someone else chose. The thing was, *did I choose?* I liked girls, and this girl perhaps best of them, but—

"Suddenly my meditations were broken by a sound which positively made my blood run cold. It always does, whenever I hear it, and under any circumstances—the howl of a wolf; the dreariest, saddest, weirdest, uncanniest cry that ever was selected by one of God's creatures to convey information to a brother of his ilk, or, it may be, to relieve his own feelings. It was doubly weird, trebly terrifying now—when the sound betokened extremely serious things for me! and since it was, moreover, much nearer than I had ever heard it before.

"At the same moment, slowly turning my head in the direction whence the howling proceeded, I observed that the nine stumps which I had seen on my left now stood in a row on my right.

"Then I recognised those tree-stumps, and recognised also my position, which was most unenviable, I can assure you. The stumps were, of course, wolves—nine of them, seated upon their haunches and watching me; licking their lips, no doubt, and trying to pluck up courage to run in and win.

"I waved my arms and uttered a shout.

"Like a dream the creatures vanished, scudding for the cover of the pines as though the Evil One were after them.

"'Come,' I thought, 'you are far from worked up as yet, my friends! There may still be a chance for me if I keep my head!'

"As a matter of fact, a wolf is a great coward until he is so hungry that famine and desperation compel him to disregard danger for his stomach's sake. The winter had not been a very cold one, however, and these wolves were probably by no means starving; if there had been but one or two they would not have dared even this much; their numbers had emboldened them. Every companion



I WAVED MY ARMS AND UTTERED A SHOUT.

adds to the pluck of a wolf, and in that lay my danger; for here were nine wolves, and nine wolves are more than nine times more dangerous than a single wolf.

"Presently they were out again, and seated upon their haunches watching me. I shouted a second time, and once more they fled, but not so far as the forest line, turning and squatting this time after running a few yards. This was a bad sign, for it meant that they were beginning to gather courage. I remained still, anxious to see to what extent their courage would avail them and whether I was to regard the brutes as really dangerous or not.

"Of a sudden one of them set up a howl, and another chimed in. It was just as though he had cried 'Come, boys, there's only one, and probably he's almost frozen to death. Let's make a dash and have him!'—for immediately the whole company started and trotted towards me, suddenly stopping and squatting when within about thirty or forty yards.

"I do not pretend that I was not frightened. On the contrary, I gave myself up for lost as they came nearer and nearer. I prayed, and then shouted. It was in response to my shout that they stopped and sat down. But the effect went no further than this; evidently my shouts no longer greatly terrified them since they found that these were followed by no physical injury to themselves.

"At a distance of forty yards they sat and watched for an hour. During this time my courage rather increased than diminished. I stood up and waved my arms, doing imaginary dumb-bell

exercises. This kept me warm, and prevented, it seemed, a further advance of the enemy.

"Then I grew tired and rested, and almost immediately the brutes advanced another ten or fifteen yards, and again squatted upon their haunches and watched me. The situation was becoming somewhat desperate.

"Then I took to singing songs. I sang a dozen on end, bawling them at the top of my voice till I was hoarse and was compelled to stop. Instantly my nine friends advanced—this time trotting forward until they sat within ten yards of me. It was more than horrible, almost maddening. Indeed, I think I grew somewhat light-headed at this point of my trials. I remember addressing the nine grim, squatting brutes in a speech, abusing them in calm but coldly cutting terms—a speech, biting, sarcastic, venomous, but not, I think, rude. I remonstrated with them, and also threatened them; I had my gun, I told them, and intended to blow out the brains of the first wolf that ventured to come within a four-foot circle.

"The wolves seemed to listen with interest. They fidgeted their feet when I had finished speaking, and one or two whined softly. One howled aloud—it was terrible; moreover, it seemed as though the sound encouraged the rest, for they moved a very little closer.

"I went through wild gymnastical exercises

some of which alarmed them sufficiently to drive them for a moment or two a few yards further from me; but they soon returned and again sat about me, as close as the nearest point up to which they had yet ventured.

"So long as I moved or spoke they came no nearer, and so the matter halted for a period which seemed an eternity, but which was, I suppose, two or three hours, at most. Then I became so hoarse that I could speak no more, and was, moreover, so weary that every movement, besides being most painful to my injured limb, which the gymnastics had not relieved, was an effort for which I scarcely now possessed sufficient strength. I felt that I must sit down and rest. If they came nearer in conse-



I BROUGHT MY GUN TO BEAR UPON HIM, AND FIRED.

quence, one should die at any rate, and perhaps the shot would scare the rest. I sat down and waited and rested, gun in hand.

"Almost immediately the wolves began to grow impatient, believing, I suppose, that the time had nearly arrived when an attack upon me might be made with impunity. One or two began to trot round and round me—a move which disconcerted me very much, for I could not protect myself both in front and behind at the same time. The whining turned to snarling—matters were coming to a crisis.

"Suddenly—and almost unexpectedly, for I had not thought that I should be attacked quite yet—one of the brutes rushed in, open mouthed and long toothed, uttering no sound but a kind of drawn snarl; he had actually fixed his teeth in my leg—partially protected by the felt-lined, leather knee-boot that I wore—before I was

aware of his intentions. I felt the drag of his jaws as he pulled at my flesh, his teeth firmly fixed in my calf, his desire being, I suppose, to haul me away among his comrades, to be torn to pieces at discretion.

"He had, I think, dragged me a little way before I brought my gun to bear upon him, and fired.

"His jaws relaxed their hold, and his eyes dimmed; he fell backwards from me, recovered himself and snarled viciously, look-

ing like an angry devil, and striving to gather himself together as though to spring upon me; but in a moment he fell back again, dying.

"I looked about, having struggled to my feet, for the rest, clubbing my gun for a last fight. They were gone.

"Not for long, however. Inch

by inch I saw them creep back until, within a quarter of an hour, they squatted and walked and trotted as before, licking their lips and snarling, within five yards of me, but keeping their distance.

"Suddenly one made a dart. I thought he meant to pull me down, and was ready for him with clubbed gun; but he seized his still struggling comrade by the foot and dragged him away.

"Immediately the other seven fell upon him and his prize, and a snarling, growling, rending, tearing match began which lasted for an hour or more—until the eight had picked the one to pieces and swallowed every particle of him save his bones; a devilish, cannibal orgie, indeed, but undoubtedly my salvation.

"For whether their weird meal had satisfied them, or whether the oncoming dawn reminded them that their deeds were deeds of darkness and



would not bear the light of day; or whether—their hunger satisfied—it suddenly struck them that I was a dangerous thing and might at any moment spit fire at them, even as I had launched it at the late lamented object of their supper—whatever the cause, they drew off by ones and twos, and the howling of the last of the crew died away in the distance of the forest.

"This was a good opportunity to faint, and I availed myself of it so thoroughly, that when my friends arrived upon my track at about eight or nine in the morning, I was still as insensible as the picked bones of my victim, which lay, as witness to my adventure, fifteen yards away, in

the spot to which he had been dragged for the feast.

"And if any of you don't believe the tale," the narrator ended, "see here for yourselves!" And with the words our friend removed the long felt *válínka* or over-stocking, pulled up his trousers to the knee, and showed us two immense blue scars upon his leg, which—as someone remarked—whether the wolf made them or not, at any rate fitted very neatly into the story, and formed a kind of realistic illustration which was most effective.

As a matter of fact I believe there is no doubt that the story is true.

**Ready about November 30th.**

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# The Stamp Collector

Conducted by  
H. M. Gooch

## NEW ISSUE COLLECTING.

**T**HE dawn of the twentieth century! At the dawn of the nineteenth, postage stamps, much less collectors, were undreamt of. To-day the available varieties of the former are numbered by their tens of thousands, while of the latter no correct estimate of strength can be given, for their number is legion.

A remarkable feature of the most recent history of stamp collecting has been the ever increasing number of new issues emanating from all sources. Kingdoms rise and fall, kings and governors come and go, but new postage stamps go on for ever; and at their present rate of manufacture they form in themselves a branch of stamp collecting almost separated from early issues. For two reasons. One, the earlier issues, mainly on account of the rapid growth of "specialism," are becoming more and more difficult for the young collector to obtain; and second, their value has been so often raised that, while they afford unstinted interest to the promiscuous collector, they are not the same sources of profit to the collector they once were.

Hence, while nothing has to be said against the collection of old issues, more has to be urged in favour of a collection of new issues.

Last month I elected to give our stamp-collecting readers some notes on Transvaal stamps of more recent issue. This is only one country which lends opportunity for profitable attention; there are others which at the present time are emitting issues which, on account of possible ephemeral existence, are well worthy of special attention.

**AFRICA.**—I have always found, and find still, a special attraction in the various stamps of this continent. The issues of the East, Central, and South portions alone are of comparatively recent date, and at the same time are of a highly interesting and instructive character. There is still, in the writer's opinion, a great future before them. The railway from Cape to Cairo is not without its meaning, although just what it implies we may have to wait before knowing certainly.

Then there is China, a country which, in the writer's school-days anyway, boasted of but six unpretending labels. In the short space of five years this vast empire of over three hundred million souls has become so disintegrated that almost all the powers of Europe are represented by separate postage stamps for the portions which have fallen into their hands. Its future is uncertain, but the numerous labels now claiming relations with the Chinese Empire are well worth accumulating. These include British, French, German, and Russian China, in addition to a long and interesting list of issues for use in China proper, which have appeared within the last five years.

Another field for profitable new issue collecting is opened up by the late war between the United States and Spain. Since the results of this war were known, the stamps—multitudinous in variety—of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands have become obsolete, and in their place numerous issues have come and gone, having their origin in

the United States. CUBA was provided with certain values of the current U.S.A. stamps over-printed, as described in past articles which have appeared in THE CAPTAIN. These stamps have long been obsolete, and a new set, described last month, is in use. PORTO RICO likewise had a provisional set, which collectors were advised to procure. At the moment of writing I am informed that, as soon as the present stock is exhausted, *unsurcharged* stamps of the U.S.A. will be used in Porto Rico.

One might easily dilate upon other profitable quarters in which to hunt for desirable stamps at a trivial cost. The main feature of these notes is to encourage the young collector to persevere with his new issues, getting as many as possible as they appear, remembering that in the long run, for various reasons, his money will have been well expended.

Remember also that, to a great extent, the tendency of the times is to *centralisation*. Thus, instead of, as in years past, there being numerous *single* countries to collect under their individual headings, it is now *groups* of countries which comprise a mother country and her *colonies*—*cf.* Great Britain half a century back with Great Britain and her colonies of to-day; United States of America and colonies (Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, etc.) to-day. Similarly Germany and colonies, France and the numerous *French colonies*, and so on; all pointing to a feature of modern history that is written large on the numerous stamps which have been issued with the advance of colonial expansion. Collections of stamps formed along these lines will to-day prove to every collector to be of the highest utility and interest, while fifty years hence, when half of the twentieth century has rolled by, future generations will be shown stamps which, in many ways, have been inseparably connected with “the making of an Empire.”

At a future date I will enlarge my suggestion, and tell how to commence collections of new issues based on the points urged. In the meantime be getting together all possible varieties of the countries named.

#### OUR NATIONAL COLLECTION.

Although most of our readers are aware that there reposes in the British Museum a “National Collection” of postage stamps, presented to the nation by the late Mr. T. K. Tapling, M.P., there may be many who are unaware that the value of this collection approximates £100,000. The work of arrangement of the collection, entrusted to Mr. E. D. Bacon, a prominent philatelist, has occupied that gentleman about six and a-half years, sorting

and mounting for exhibition the vast number of specimens it contains.

The collection—the mounting of which is nearly completed—is contained in a large number of blank albums, with movable leaves, upon which the stamps are affixed, having been previously mounted upon a small square of white cardboard, with a red line ruled round. At present portions only of the collection can be exhibited, these being changed from time to time. For various reasons the whole collection cannot be presented to the public gaze; but it is understood that the authorities have under consideration methods for exhibiting larger portions than is at present possible.

The collection is a general one, including postage and telegraph stamps, as well as stamped stationery. Every country is represented by the greatest rarities; one of the chief features of the collection being the presence of a very large number of reconstructed plates of stamps—*i.e.*, stamps of similar designs, and all contained on one sheet, but each specimen differing in type.

It will well repay stamp collectors visiting London to drop in and inspect the portion of the collection on view during any time they may be near the British Museum.

At the moment of writing, the daily papers announce that M. Victor Robert has presented his collection to the French Museum. The value of the treasures is said to approximate £80,000.

#### MANCHESTER PHILATELIC EXHIBITION.

Lack of space forbids my making anything but a passing reference to the great exhibition which has lately been held in Manchester. Those who would value full details of the exhibits and awards would do well to communicate with the secretary, Mr. G. F. H. Gibson, 2, Cooper Street, Manchester, from whom copies of the catalogue (price 1s.) can be obtained. The exhibition was opened on June 29th by Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., the originator of Imperial Penny Postage. Among the many medal awards I notice the *grand prix* was carried off by a collector of British stamps, Mr. H. J. White, the collection being complete in strips, blocks, pairs or single stamps of all issues. This collection is the finest in the world of any one separate country and took the gold medal at the London Exhibition of 1897. Numerous gold and silver medals were obtained by exhibitors of general collections numbering from ten thousand varieties downwards. The special bronze medal for the best collection of not less than two thousand varieties, shown by a boy or girl under sixteen and attending school, was

won by Mr. J. S. Higgins, junr., who showed a collection of Great Britain in three volumes, unused and used. The same exhibitor took the silver medal offered in Class IV. for the best exhibit shown by a collector under twenty-one.

Another young philatelist, Mr. J. S. Higginson, of Dublin, won the silver medal offered for the best exhibit from Ireland.

The results of the Manchester Exhibition should stir up the younger collectors to take pains with their albums, which may stand a good chance of winning a medal at some future date.

### SOME INTERESTING NOTES ON STAMP TOPICS.

A "Beginners' Stamp Exchange Society" has been formed, which young collectors with duplicates might do worse than join. The initiator of the society is Miss F. E. Smith, of "Winfrith," The Crescent, Bedford.

We have received No. 1 of the *Stamp Collector's Guardian*, a new monthly paper (1s. 6d. per annum), to which young collectors would do well to subscribe. If succeeding issues come up to the standard of No. 1 the S.C.G. should prove a welcome guardian of the philatelic peace! Specimen copies from 3, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, E.C.

Some high prices realised at a recent London stamp auction:—Cape of Good Hope, triangular 1d. *blue*, error, damaged, £33; 4d. *red*, error, ditto, £20; Mauritius, post-paid, 1d. orange, a pair, £31 10s.; 2d. *blue*, a single copy, £14 15s.; British Columbia, 5c., imperfect, £16 16s.

*Stamps* (F. L. Heygate, editor, Lyndhurst, Rushden, Northants.), a bright monthly paper for young collectors, urges a collection of Swedish stamps in its September issue. There are only seven distinct issues of Sweden, and all the stamps, with one exception, are available to the average collector.

A change in at least two of our current stamps is proposed, the 3d. *vermillion* to be changed to green, and the 1s. green is to be printed in two colours. Welcome change!

The Midland Stamp Co., of Castle Bromwich,

Birmingham, have sent us price lists of stamp albums, packets, sets, and accessories. They are well suited to collectors of all ages, and contain quotations of many cheap stamps.

The collection of *post-cards* is becoming increasingly popular. A single collection is said to have been sold recently in Toronto for £8,000! Post-cards (unused) can be purchased cheaply, and when prettily arranged form a pleasing adjunct to the general album.

### NOTICE.

*We have decided to cease the supply of our monthly packet of new issues. Our philatelic pages are conducted by a COLLECTOR, independently for young collectors, and we have no desire to tread in any way on ground occupied by the DEALING fraternity. We trust this decision will be received in good part by our readers, especially those who have been regular purchasers of THE CAPTAIN packets of new issues.*—ED.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**L. C. F. Oldfield.**—Many thanks for your interesting letter. You will find the Canadian surcharges are already described. Write for your requirements to any of the dealers advertising in *THE CAPTAIN*.

**H. H. H.**—You will see by the notice that we have discontinued *THE CAPTAIN* monthly packet of new issues. (1) See those advertising in our pages. (2) We can't speak of America. The leading firm is the Scott Stamp & Coin Co., 18, East Twenty-third Street, New York City. (3) Any forgery can be detected, however good, but many are such faithful imitations that the services of an expert are necessary.

**W. J. McDonald.**—Your stamp with "Chine" printed across it should be placed under French China; or, if no space so defined, put it under China. The latter country is becoming so broken up that a collection of "China and the Powers" will soon be quite a study in itself. You omitted stamped envelope for reply.

**J. R. Jones.**—The B. Guiana stamp is apparently a forgery. It would need to be tested by the Expert Committee of the London Philatelic Society. If genuine it is very interesting. The Spanish stamp obliterated with two black bars is one of the *remainders* sold in bulk to dealers. Local stamps of U.S.A. are scarce, if originals. Reprints exist, and are very common.

**H. Hughes.**—The Transvaal Commemoration stamps are at present catalogued at 2d. used. I advise you to keep all you have, as they may increase in value. No stamp enclosed for reply.

**J. Hembrow.**—I know the set of stamps you allude to, well. There is a certain value, but nothing great. Certainly not of sufficient value to warrant parting with them.

**B. H.**—Have marked your stamps.

**C. J. Watt.**—Have marked and returned your stamps. Thanks for letter; we blushed while perusing it.

**C. C. C.**—(1) 1s. (2) 7s. 6d., or according to its condition.

## CHESS COMPETITION FOR DECEMBER.

THE following problem, by Mr. J. J. Glynn, a well-known head master in New South Wales, gained a prize of three guineas. Mr. Glynn has kindly sent it to me for readers of *THE CAPTAIN* to solve. Let me give competitors one hint—a good problem will not have a check for its key move. Set up the position very carefully, and try to solve it. All the variations must be given.

**WHITE** (ten pieces).—K on QR8, Q on KB8, B's on QBsq and KKT8, Kt's on QKT4 and KKT7, R's on QR5 and Q4, P's on KB2 and KR4.

**BLACK** (seven pieces).—K on K4, Q on K5, Kt's on Q7 and KB3, P's on Q4, QB7 and KB6.

White has to play and mate in two.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**Feroy Smith (HULL).**—You are mistaken; the game can be finished in two moves. (1) Q×Bch, (1) Kt×Q, (2) B—Kt6 mate; or (1) P—Kt3, (2) Q or B×P mate.

**B. G. D. A. and others.**—It must have been a slip. There can certainly be two queens on the board at the same time.

THE CHESS EDITOR.

# SPECIAL PAGE.

Contributed by Readers.

As I thought, there are some nimble penmen amongst my readers, and below I print, in all their pristine simplicity (that is to say, uncorrected by me), the efforts of sundry Members of the Crew. The first contribution wins the award I promised, *i.e.*, One Year's subscription to THE CAPTAIN. The Prize "Specialist" this month is: K. FINLAY, 2, Queen's Terrace, Aberdeen.

Percy Harold Lewis deserves special mention for his "Mixed Poem." An essay on "The Fairs at Boulogne-sur-Mer," by John Cox, is held over on account of its length.

## "The Captain" Alphabet.

A is the Article written by Fry,  
B Best Boys' Paper that money can buy.  
C is the "Comp.," which brings skill into play,  
D is the Drawing by Browne, or Phil May.  
E's the Excitement when CAPTAIN is due;  
F are its Features—both pleasing and new.  
G stands for "Greyhouse" by R. Warren Bell.  
H is for Henty, and Lord Hawke as well.  
I's the "Iron Pirate"—a clever man he,  
J are the Jokes he related at tea.  
K's Keble H—, who caught Ranji in bed!  
L all the Letters the Old Fag has read.  
M are the Magazines, briefly reviewed;  
N is the Next man to be interviewed.  
O is the Old Fag—aged eighty or more,  
P are the Pleasantries he's noted for,  
Q's "Quality"—that's his motto, no doubt.  
R is the Rush when THE CAPTAIN comes out!  
S the School Captains, all fine-looking chaps;  
T's Captain Tobutt, or "Two Fags," perhaps.  
U's "Up the Steeple," a tale of sad plight;  
V the new Volume we hail with delight!  
W's for Wardour—of no one afraid,  
X the 'Xample of Eccles he made.  
Y is the Youth who hard work doth despise;  
Z equals Zero—his chance of a prize.

K. FINLAY.

## A Mixed Poem.

(Composed of lines taken from well-known ballads.)

A chieftain to the Highlands bound,  
His father's hope, his mother's joy,  
Found something smooth, and hard, and round,  
John Brown's little Indian boy.  
Man wants but little here below,  
Oats, peas, beans, and barley;  
This world is all a fleeting show,  
Over the water to Charley.  
John Gilpin was a citizen,  
From India's coral strand;  
Far from the busy haunts of men,  
There is a happy land.

PERCY HAROLD LEWIS.

## "I'm a Fife!"

The following story of a lady who was very proud of her name of Fife, was told me in the north. This lady was very fond of taking other people's seats in church. One day the old verger

saw her enter the squire's pew, and the following conversation began:—

Verger: "Come oot."

Lady: "I shall not come out."

Verger: "Come oot."

Lady: "Do you know who you are speaking to? I'm a Fife!"

Verger: "I don't care if ye're a fife or a trombone; ye've got to come oot!"

JOHN DAVISON.

The following is the work of a little boy—the handwriting is, at any rate—but it possesses a certain poetic flavour which takes my fancy.

## A-Dreaming in the Forest.

'Twas in the forest beautiful,  
Where I a-dreaming fell,  
And in my dream I saw  
A maiden sweet as dew.  
Across the dell she roamed alone  
Amid the endless bracken,  
And on her head were roses,  
And on her arms were lilies;  
And as she onward roam'd,  
And as I onward slept,  
I dreamt I saw some fairies  
That were hiding in the forest,  
But as I watched them there,  
They vanish'd quite away;  
And then I saw a vision  
That told of sweet Jerusalem  
And the wonders wrought therein;  
But as I contemplated  
Amid the sylvan beauty,  
The morn began to dawn,  
And in the morn I woke;  
And around me grew the mosses,  
Trees, and ferns, and grasses.

SONGSTER (Sussex).

## OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

T. Harris.—I do not think much of your anecdote.

Winifred Lynch.—Your "History of a Pen" is too long, but it displays a faculty for story-telling.

A. G. Simmons.—Not great, but neatly written.

P. Bartlett.—Hardly good enough to reproduce.

Norman J. Chignell.—Nonsense rhymes have been done to death. The pictorial puzzle is fair.

G. Braddell.—You are a bright, observant girl.

N. Douglas.—Essay well written, but far too long.

Ruth Chignell.—Your "errors" came from Oxford years ago. A don of that university is said to have perpetrated some of them. I want "original" contributions for this page.

James A. Ramsey.—Joke good. Drawing "terrible."

Harold Barnshaw.—The little stories you send are as old as the hills. No copied matter is eligible for this page.

A. E. Lookyer.—You and the yacht seem to have had a bad time. No room for the account here.

Harry Chamberlain.—Have reproduced the sketch of "school hats" in Editorial.

John Adams.—Not a very nice story, John Adams.

William Young.—The puzzle is a very ancient one.

J. W. Hicks.—Drawing is bad. Handwriting excellent.



JACK TAR'S CHRISTMAS CARGO.

# AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE

BY ALEC G. PEARSON

Illustrated by

Geo Hawley.

**T**OM SELWYN, one of the midshipmen of the watch on board Her Majesty's second-class cruiser, *Brilliant*, leaned over the forecastle rail and peered into the gloom ahead, as though he expected to see a ghost. The thought of phantom ships or spectral seamen was very far from his mind just then, however, although it was the season of the year supposed to be most favoured by apparitions, for it was Christmas Eve, and nearing midnight.

As an actual fact, Tom Selwyn, in common with the lieutenant of the watch and two look-out men, was keeping his "weather eye lifting" for a sight of that which is far more to be feared than a ghost on a dark and misty night at sea—to wit, solid land. For somewhere in the impervious darkness to leeward the island of Dinosa lay hidden, and it had no friendly lighthouse upon it to warn mariners of its close proximity.

"Blest if one might not almost fancy one's self in the English Channel," growled the bluejacket who was on the look-out. "Fog and mist ain't what I call Mediterranean weather."

"It's what you might call Christmassy weather, though," observed a bo's'un's mate, who was leaning with his back against the capstan.

This reference to Christmas had the effect of directing Tom Selwyn's thoughts into a

particularly pleasant channel. The *Brilliant* was steering for Malta, where they expected to arrive early on the following morning. So long as three weeks ago, when they had left Valetta harbour for a cruise on the Tunisian coast, Tom had had an invitation to spend Christmas Day with some friends of his, the Flemings. He called to mind the pleasant time he had had when visiting them before, for Fleming *père* was a genial and kindly host, and his dinners were proverbial. Then there was his pretty daughter, Lucy—

"There's a queer-looking light right ahead of us sir. Seems to be shining up out of the water."

It was the deep sea-growl of the A.B. on the look-out that broke in upon Tom's pleasant reverie.

"A queer light ahead!"

Tom gazed long and steadily in the direction indicated. Sure enough, there was a ray of light streaming straight up into the air from the surface of the water. It was of about the brilliance of the steady glow thrown from a policeman's bullseye, but of a greater circumference.

"Light coming out of the water straight ahead, sir," reported Tom to the lieutenant of the watch on the bridge.

"All right," replied that officer. He had observed it at that moment, and was staring

hard at the unusual phenomenon through his binoculars.

"Very strange," he muttered. "I have never heard of a fish that emitted luminous rays. Port your helm, quartermaster."

The *Brilliant* was under easy steam, gliding through the smooth water at about eight knots an hour, but in less than five minutes she was quite close to the strange illumination. It was now perceptible that it proceeded from a dome-shaped object that was floating in the water, its apex being about eighteen inches above the surface.

"Good Lord! What queer sort of sea monster have we come across now?" exclaimed the boatswain's mate.

"It's a submarine boat!" cried Tom Selwyn.

It was the first one of these strange craft that he had ever seen, but he recognised it by descriptions he had read of the *Gymnote*, the *Gustave Zédé*, and the *Holland*.

The captain had now joined the lieutenant on the bridge, and he at once gave orders for the engines to be stopped and the first cutter called away. As the *Brilliant* came to a standstill the boat was lowered and water-borne, and the crew took their places.

"Send a midshipman in the cutter to examine and report upon yonder craft," ordered the captain.

There were only two midshipmen in the second lieutenant's watch—Tom Selwyn, who was an "oldster," and a chubby youngster of the name of Dolland, familiarly known as "Dolly." But as Dolly was wanting in experience, Tom was called by the lieutenant, and told to go in the cutter.

"You had better hammer at the man-hole hatch," said the lieutenant, "until you make the people on board the craft hear. You can tell the skipper, or whoever shows himself, that they stand a very good chance of being run down, as it is difficult to see their vessel on such a night as this. They had better either take her into shallow water or sink clear of passing vessels."

Tom touched his cap, took a seat in the stern of the cutter, and gave the order to shove off. A smart pull of three or four minutes brought them alongside the submarine boat.

To hail her in the ordinary way was, of course, quite out of the question, as the sound of a voice would never penetrate to the interior; so Tom banged away at the metal dome with an iron belaying-pin, which he had brought with him for that purpose.

"That'll wake 'em up, I'll bet," observed the coxswain, who was watching Tom's performance admiringly.

It did, for presently the man-hole trap was raised, and a man's head and shoulders appeared.

He was a dark-visaged, foreign-looking fellow, whose black hair was slightly touched with grey.

He uttered a few words angrily in French, and then, recognising the British uniform, continued his remarks in fairly good English.

"What is it that you require?" he demanded. "And the noise—why is there so much of it?"

"He don't like being roused out of his beauty sleep," muttered a bluejacket.

"I must say Mr. Selwyn played a splendid tattoo with that belaying-pin," observed another.

Selwyn, in the meantime, was replying to the indignant foreigner, and pointing out the danger which his vessel ran of being sent to the bottom with no chance of ever rising to the surface again.

His manner changed at once, and from a state of indignation he passed to one of grave courtesy and dignified politeness.

"True, true," he exclaimed. "I had overlooked that danger. The proper place for *Le Loup* is beneath the waves."

"Are you the commander?" asked Tom, curiously.

"I am everything," replied the man. "Commander, inventor, engineer. There is no one but me on board, and, as it is all the work of my brain, there need be no one else. But you will permit me to show you the interior?"

Tom hesitated. He had a not unnatural desire to see the interior of one of these strange boats, and here was a splendid opportunity of gratifying it. But, at the same time, a mental picture appeared before his eyes of the captain of the *Brilliant* fuming up and down the bridge, impatient at the delay.

"Come, monsieur."

It was the persuasive voice of the Frenchman, and Tom hesitated no longer.

"I am just going to have a look inside," he said to the coxswain. "I sha'n't be many minutes."

He stepped on board, and descended, through the man-hole, into the cabin below.

The luxurious fittings of the little saloon astonished him, for he had expected to see little else but machinery. With the exception, however, of the steering apparatus, there was no machinery visible. There was a small mahogany sideboard and table, and at one end a lounge upholstered in blue plush. In the exact centre of the saloon a high seat was placed, which was so arranged that the person who sat on it would have his eyes level with the ports of the conning tower. A locker, or cupboard, in front of it contained a number of strange handles, which Tom guessed were connected with the mechanism that controlled the boat.

As the Frenchman followed Tom below a few moments later, he put his hand into the locker





"I AM JUST GOING TO HAVE A LOOK  
INSIDE," HE SAID TO THE COXSWAIN.  
"I SHA'N'T BE MANY MINUTES."

where the levers were and moved one of them sharply downwards. Instantly Tom felt the boat sink beneath his feet—they were beneath the water.

He was rather surprised at this manœuvre, for he had not noticed that the inventor had fastened down the trap of the man-hole, although, of course, such must have been the case.

"I'm afraid," said Tom, "that I cannot spare the time to accompany you on a cruise down below, much as I should enjoy it. You see, I have to get back on board my ship as soon as possible."

The inventor laughed—a harsh, mirthless laugh that chilled the midday's blood.

"You are my guest," he said. "I am alone, and want company this Christmas Eve. As for returning to your ship—well, why should you return? Is there not quietness and peace in the cool and silent depths of the ocean?"

"I have no doubt there is," replied Tom uneasily, for somehow he did not like the look

in the man's eyes—they gleamed rather wildly. Black, piercing orbs they were, too, overhung by bushy black eyebrows, and set deep in cavernous sockets.

"Then we will rest here, where my secret will be safe from the prying eyes of the world. There is always someone trying to ferret it out; for with fifty vessels like *Le Loup*, armed with torpedoes and dynamite tubes, the united fleets of Europe could be destroyed. Think of the power they would give to the nation that possessed them!"

"The submarine boats that have been tested up to the present have not proved very successful at their trials," hazarded Tom.

"True. In some respect or other they have all been found wanting, but my vessel is perfect. She can sink deeper, move more rapidly, and steer better than any of the others. That is why they want to rob me of my invention. But they never shall. At the bottom of the sea it is

safe; and we will never rise again, never—never!"

His voice rose almost to a shriek as he uttered these words, and his eyes blazed with fury. Tom now realised, to his horror, that his host was hopelessly mad—at least, on the one subject of his great invention. It is not an uncommon idea with inventors that people are always trying to steal their secrets from them, and constant brooding on the subject has unhinged the reason of more than one genius. Such, no doubt, had been the case with the owner of *Le Loup*.

Tom Selwyn was possessed of fairly strong nerves, but he found it difficult to keep his voice as steady as he wished, as he asked whether the boat was still sinking.

"We have reached the bottom," replied the inventor. "But I must not forget my duties as a host," he pursued, in an entirely changed manner. "You will be getting hungry. Let us have supper."

Truth to tell, Tom had never felt less inclined

to eat in his life, although a very appetising meal was soon spread upon the table. However, he forced himself to eat the wing of a chicken, but all through the repast he was wondering whether he could get at the levers that controlled the movements of the boat. He might pretend an anxiety to understand the working of the mechanism—it would scarcely be pretence, though—but even then the madman would be careful to see that the boat did not rise to the surface, if he remained in his present mind. Or he might wait until his host fell asleep, and then endeavour to start the boat upwards himself. Once on the surface of the sea again, his comrades would come to his assistance, as they would certainly still be on the look-out for the reappearance of the submarine vessel. As a last resort, if persuasion or stratagem failed, he would have to try and overpower the inventor, but, as the latter was a powerfully built man, the issue of the struggle was likely to prove disastrous to the middy.

"Come, you are not enjoying yourself," exclaimed the inventor, breaking the silence. "Let us drink, as is the custom in your country at this season, to a merry Christmas."

Tom raised his glass, and repeated as heartily as he was able the time-honoured formula: "A merry Christmas." But what a hollow mockery it seemed! If he could not escape from this fiendish boat Christmas evening would probably find

him a corpse, for it was unlikely that there was more than a twenty-four hours' supply of condensed air in the cylinders.

"How do these handles work the vessel?" asked Tom, in his most artless voice, as he rose from the table. "As a sailor, I naturally take a great interest in the working of submarine—"

"So you are one of those who would rob me, eh?" interrupted the other, with a look of fury. "But you shall not! I would kill you first! Kill you! Ha, ha! There is no need for

that either. You are in your grave already—a living tomb! No help can reach you here! You may sing your favourite national song, 'Britannia Rules the Waves,' but Britain does not rule *beneath* the waves. I am the ruler here. I and King Death!"

He had sprung up, and, while he raved, was standing with his back to the locker in which were the levers that controlled the machinery.

"No help can reach you here!" The words rang in Tom's ears like a knell as he stood facing the madman, with the table between them.

And so they stood, warily watching each other for what seemed to the young middy an eternity of time.

The air grew every moment more close and stifling; respiration was difficult, and Tom drew his breath in quick, short gasps. He felt that he was slowly suffocating, but he determined to make a fight for life. The last resource—a struggle with the madman.

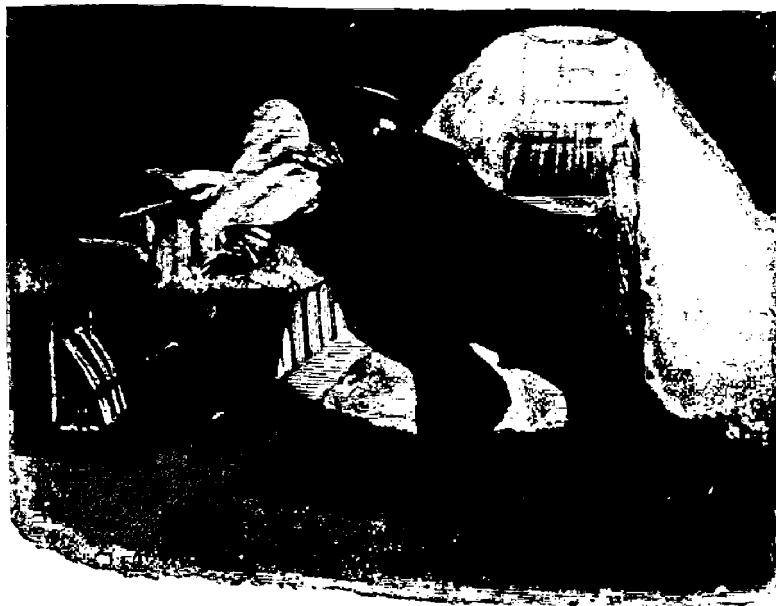
With the promptitude of a British sailor he acted upon his determination, and his method of

attack certainly took the inventor by surprise, for, with a quick movement, he seized one end of the tablecloth and jerked it off, sending decanters, glasses, plates, cutlery, and food into a corner of the saloon. The next instant, cloth in hand, he had flung himself upon the madman, enveloping him in the folds of the damask.

Then a fierce

struggle took place, the door of the locker was smashed in, and Tom, flinging out his hand to save himself from falling, caught hold of one of the levers and pulled it down.

The immediate effect of this was a sudden and violent lurch on the part of the boat, which caused the madman to stagger backwards and fall, striking his head against the corner of the table. He rolled over, apparently insensible, and Tom, panting and almost exhausted, climbed into the conning tower.



CLOTH IN HAND, HE FLUNG HIMSELF UPON THE MADMAN.

He could hear the rush of the water passing the sides of the vessel, and could tell by the peculiar motion of the hull that they were rising straight up. By the purest accident, then, he must have moved the right lever.

Presently, to his joy, he found they had reached the surface, for he could see through the glass ports of the conning tower a moving arm of light, which he knew must be the electric search-light of the *Brilliant*. It was the work of a few moments to unscrew the manhole cover and climb out on to the deck. About a couple of hundred yards away he saw the cutter, and beyond her again another of the cruiser's boats. They were out looking for him, or, rather, for the submarine vessel.

Tom hailed with all the strength of his lungs, and his shout was heard, for the cutter at once commenced pulling in his direction. Before it had covered half the distance, however, he felt *Le Loup* sink under him, and the next instant he was left struggling in the water. He could swim, so

he was in no danger of drowning, and a minute later he was hauled over the gunwale of the cutter, wet through but safe.

The submarine boat had disappeared for ever, as, the hatch being open, she would fill directly she plunged below the surface, and under those circumstances it would be impossible for her to rise again. Whether the mad inventor had recovered consciousness and himself moved the lever that caused her to sink, there is no means of telling. His secret lies buried with him at the bottom of the sea.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tom had to relate his adventure three times over that night—first to the captain and the lieutenants; secondly, to the wardroom officers; thirdly, to his messmates in the gunroom.

At last he turned into his hammock, and as he curled himself up under the blanket he thought to himself, "I believe I shall spend a merry Christmas after all, though an hour ago I certainly didn't expect to."



TOM HAILED WITH ALL THE STRENGTH OF HIS LUNGS.



GOING TO CATCH A TRAIN!  
(Drawn by Louis Wain.)

# The Strange Misadventure of Mendelssohn Mills.

By HAROLD AVERY.

Sketches by G. Malcolm Patterson.

MR

MENDELSSOHN MILLS emerged from the brightly lit music warehouse into the chilly darkness of the raw December night; and, pulling up the worn velvet collar of his coat, paused on the edge of the pave-

ment to ejaculate "Bother!"

In the main a disappointed man, a musician self-taught and without certificate or diploma to assist him in the realisation of his boyish dreams, he solaced himself with the assurance that, though only a piano-tuner in the employ of Messrs. Space & Space, he still belonged to an important branch of "the profession," and was therefore entitled to wear upon his head the felt hat of genius.

"You can run down to Broom Cross by the 7.32, and come back by the mail," had been Mr. Space's instructions. "Sorry to have to send you out on a night like this, but I promised Mr. Mortlock-Watson that it should be done some time to-day."

On arriving at the station Mendelssohn flung himself into one corner of a third-class carriage attached to the 7.32 train, and, depositing his bag by his side, gave himself up to gloomy reflections.

Just as the guard's whistle sounded, a middle-aged man opened the door and entered the compartment. He was thick-set rather than stout, with the hands of a mechanic, and a round, patient-looking face. Mendelssohn set him down as a small shop-keeper or master mechanic, and noticed at the same time that

he carried a small black bag exactly similar to the one which contained his own tuner's kit.

"Not much of a night for travellin'," remarked the new comer.

Mills admitted that it was not.

The stranger eyed him rather curiously for a moment, and then, nodding at the little bag, asked if he were a doctor.

"No, medicine is not my profession," said Mendelssohn, thawing slightly. "I am—er—a musician. I'm going to tune a piano."

"Now, I thought you was a professional of some kind," said the other. "You'll excuse my askin'. Plummin's my line; me and Jim has a place down nearly at the end of Raddle Street. Perhaps you may know it—Jacobs is the name."

Mills, was forced to admit that he did not know the firm; but the fact of his new acquaintance recognising him at once as a "professional" made him feel quite kindly disposed towards the owner of the patient face and tool-worn hands; and, by way of being sociable, he remarked that he was going to Broom Cross.

"To Broom Cross, eh?" said Mr. Jacobs. "Well, now, *that's* peculiar, for 'tis to Broom Cross I'm goin' myself. I suppose," he continued, after a moment's pause, "that it wasn't Mr. Thomas Brown's piano you was goin' to tune?"

Mills answered "No," that his destination was the establishment of Mr. Mortlock-Watson. "O-oh!" answered Mr. Jacobs meditatively. "I was merely askin'," he added, "because it's to Mr. Thomas Brown's I'm goin' myself."



"NOT MUCH OF A NIGHT FOR TRAVELLIN'!" REMARKED THE NEW COMER.

Mendelssohn inquired if the two houses were anywhere near each other.

"No, they ain't," answered Mr. Jacobs. "What! never been to Broom Cross before? Then you don't know Mortlock-Watson's place? Well, never mind, I'll put you right."

Slowly the train dragged itself along through the fog and darkness, and as the conversation turned from professional to domestic topics, Mendelssohn began to feel strangely drawn towards his companion. A chance reference to the coming of the festive season caused Mills to ejaculate, "Oh, hang Christmas!" and then out it came, almost involuntarily, as it often does when a man is distracted and ready to go anywhere for human sympathy—a story sordid and mean enough to the ears of the rich, but of sufficient importance to the man who told it, crushed as he was under the weekly burden of attempting to make two and two total up five.

"I tried to get the berth of organist for the new church at Broom Cross, and if I had, that would have set me right; but the appointment lies practically in the hands of Mr. Mortlock-Watson, and a man whom he has always been interested in applied at the same time, and so I stood little or no chance."

"Oh, cheer up!" said Mr. Jacobs. "I've been in Queer Street myself many a time, but there's generally a way out somehow. You and the missis'll pull it rough all right."

Mendelssohn shook his head.

"I'm sorry to have troubled you with what doesn't concern you in the least," he added, as the lights of a station began to dance past the window; "but you yourself seemed like a man who's been through the mill, and—well, here we are!"

"Yes, this is Broom Cross," murmured his companion, standing up and taking his little bag down from the rack. "Hullo!—Hup!"

The train, stopping sooner than he expected, sent Mr. Jacobs sprawling on to the top of Mendelssohn, cramming the professional felt down over the latter's eyes, and nearly knocking the breath out of his body.

"Beg pardon, I'm sure!" exclaimed the plumber. "I'm always being served that trick, and yet I always forgets. Well, come on, and I'll put you straight. You may take my word for it, you'll need some guidin' a night like this, if you don't know the place."

The men passed out of the station gate into the fog and darkness beyond.

Stumbling along the dark, uneven road, now splashing through pools of mud and water, and then damaging his toes against big stones and brick-ends, Mendelssohn was forced to con-

gratulate himself on having secured the services of a guide; for without someone to pilot him he might have wandered half the night in the labyrinth of dark lanes and turnings before arriving at his destination.

Mr. Jacobs, however, seemed to have a natural faculty for finding his way in the dark. Since leaving the station he had relapsed into silence, and trudged on with a light, elastic step, and without any of the stumbles and blunderings which marked the progress of his companion.

They passed a number of houses standing back in their own grounds, and at length, on arriving at a crossing, the plumber stopped.

"Now, let me see," he said. "You take this road and go straight on for a matter of three-quarters of a mile; then you'll come to a stone bridge; go over that, and turn sharp to your left, and Mortlock-Watson's is straight in front of you; you can't miss it. Good-night—or, no—perhaps I'll see you again at the station."

With a parting wave of his hand the speaker disappeared in the gloom, while Mills turned as directed, and started off at a brisk pace in the opposite direction. On and on he tramped; surely he had walked more than a mile, and yet there was no sign of the stone bridge spoken of by his friend. It was impossible to make a mistake, for the road was perfectly straight. A drizzling rain had begun to fall, and not a soul was abroad from whom he could ask for fresh directions. The best thing would be to inquire at some house, but on looking round he found he had evidently wandered beyond the bounds of Broom Cross, for not a building of any kind was to be seen.

Time was going on; at this rate he would never get his work done in time to catch the mail. He faced about and broke into a heavy trot, regardless of the mud which splashed him to the waist. Either he must have passed the stone bridge without noticing it, or his friend must have mistaken its whereabouts.

For nearly half-a-mile he jogged along, panting and puffing; then, though no bridge of any kind was to be seen, the lights of houses began to twinkle among the trees, and at length a by-way appeared which might be the one he sought.

It was little more than a lane, and after floundering up it some distance he was about to turn back, when straight in front of him the outline of a large mansion loomed up out of the darkness, and at the same time his eye caught a gleam of light glinting between the dense bushes of a shrubbery.

With an exclamation of relief he moved on

and the next moment arrived at what was evidently a side entrance. He pushed the gate, but found it fastened. A second and third time Mendelssohn tried it, but there was no doubt about its being locked. He paused a moment to consider, and then something happened, which, for the moment, made him feel a trifle queer. His ears were sharp as well as "musical," and he could have sworn that, somewhere close to him in the darkness, he had caught the sound of heavy breathing. He listened again, but all was still; then, as he turned and moved away to find the main entrance, he distinctly heard a rustle, as though someone moved among the shrubs. He walked on slowly, pretending not to notice; but the rustle was repeated, followed by a faint crackle, as though some heavy foot had descended on a dead branch.

Mendelssohn's soul was not one which yearned for adventures; the man lurking in the shrubbery might be some desperate character whom it would be madness for him to tackle single-handed. The best course of action for him to pursue would be for him to inform one of the servants of what he had seen, and then the inmates of the house could act as they thought proper.

Handsome pillars of red brick flanked the main entrance, and above them an arch of ornamental ironwork served to support a round gas lamp, on which appeared the name of the house. Mills read it, and his heart sank—"Clybury."

Mr. Mortlock-Watson's establishment, he well knew, was "Broom Grange." His first impulse was to turn away with an exclamation of despair and disgust, then the recollection of that stealthy movement in the shrubbery caused him to alter his mind. To warn a man when thieves are on his premises is nothing more than a common duty which everyone

owes to society. Mendelssohn pushed open the gate, and walked slowly up the broad sweep of gravel; but as he drew near the big porch he hesitated, and finally came to a stand. The thought occurred to him that he had, after all, very little ground for alarming the whole household. If he could find his way round to the stables, a word to one of the men-servants would be sufficient. He stepped off the gravel to take a short cut by crossing the lawn. Stay—was this right? Hullo!

He stumbled over a flower-bed, and before he could recover himself, three men sprang from among a neighbouring clump of bushes, and seized him with considerable violence by the arms and collar of his coat. Two wore plain clothes, while the third was in uniform.

"Got him!" was the simultaneous exclamation which burst from the trio.

This sudden seizure gave Mendelssohn a fright from which it took him some seconds to recover. At first he imagined he must have been out-manceuvred by the burglars; but the sight of the police-sergeant disposed of this conjecture.

"A—ha! What is the meaning of this?" he gasped.

"Oh, you know well enough!" replied one of the plain-clothes men.

"Yes, we've been expecting you for the last hour," said the sergeant genially. "Another time make sure of your pals before you tell them your plans. Search him, Rogers, he may have a revolver in his pocket, and give us the same sort of treatment as he did Sam Stevens. He's a desperate fellow."

Hearing himself styled a "desperate fellow" somehow rather flattered Mendelssohn, and put him on his mettle. He began to expostulate with considerable heat; but not the slightest notice was taken of his remarks by either of the



"TURN SHARP TO THE LEFT, AND MORTLOCK-WATSON'S IS STRAIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU."

three men, one of whom rapidly turned out his pockets, and then felt him all over as though about to take his measurements for a suit of clothes.



"A-HA! WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?" HE GASPED.

"We'll take him up to the house," said the sergeant. "Mr. Fowler'll be glad to know he's caught." And the speaker winked in the darkness.

The idea of being made a public spectacle of increased Mendelssohn's rage ten-fold.

"Look here!" he cried, as his captors dragged him across the lawn; "I warn you—you shall suffer for this—this outrage! I tell you you're mistaken. I'm a piano-tuner. Look in my bag, and you'll find my instruments."

The cortège halted for a moment under the gas-lamp which illumined the porch.

"Open his bag," said the sergeant, shortly. The man addressed did as he was ordered, and

immediately burst out laughing. A jemmy, a small dark lantern, some saws and files of curious shape, and a bunch of skeleton keys, were among the articles which, to Mills' utter astonishment, were one by one produced from the bag which he had been carrying.

"Well," exclaimed Rogers, "this is the rummiest set of pianotunin' hinstuments I ever saw!"

"Don't try to fool us with any more of your nonsense," exclaimed the sergeant, with an impatient snort, at the same time giving the unfortunate musician a rough shake. "You're 'Slippery Jim' right enough! Now come on in."

Too much overcome with wrath and indignation to notice clearly what happened next, Mendelssohn had afterwards only a confused remembrance of standing in the centre of a spacious and handsomely furnished hall, surrounded by a group of gentlemen in evening dress, while further back a similar number of ladies, using the stairs as a sort of grand stand, viewed him with stifled exclamations of horror.

To this audience he heard himself described as "Slippery Jim," a well-

known burglar, of whose premeditated attempt on "Clybury" the police had received timely warning.

"He tried the back gate first," concluded the sergeant, "but it was locked, or one of my men would have had him there. Then he come in at the front entrance as bold as brass, as if he was going to walk up and ring the bell; but he thought he'd better not do *that*, so he turned off and came slinking across the lawn, and we nabbed him. Then he tries to make out that he's a piano-tuner, and says his hinstuments are in his bag, and I'd just like to show you gentlemen what sort of hinstuments they are."



It was a fortunate thing for Mendelssohn that there happened to be a dinner-party that night at "Clybury." A pause followed while the bag was being produced, and this momentary silence was broken by rather a faltering voice coming from the stairs:—

"But he is a piano-tuner!"

"What!" exclaimed half-a-dozen male voices; while Mills, turning with the eagerness of a drowning man to clutch at the proverbial straw, recognised in the speaker the daughter of one of Space & Space's oldest customers.

"Yes," repeated the lady; "he always comes to tune our pianos, and his name is Mr. Mills, and not 'Slippery Jim.' At least," she added, as though unwilling to commit herself, "I never heard him called that before."

It was now Mendelssohn's turn to tell a story, which he did in rather a confused fashion, beginning at his capture and going backwards. Before half-a-dozen sentences had been uttered an idea seemed to strike him.

"Why," he exclaimed, "the fellow I travelled with in the train must be the man you want. Jacobs he called himself. He had a bag just like that, and he must have picked up mine in mistake!"

Further explanations followed; there was little doubt as to the true character of Mendelssohn's travelling companion, and the

idea of "Slippery Jim's" chagrin at finding himself armed for a house-breaking expedition with a piano-tuner's outfit, moved Rogers to an outburst of laughter in which most of the bystanders joined. Mills was forced to admit that there was some excuse for his mistaken arrest. The sergeant apologised; Mr. Fowler apologised; the lady of the house suggested a glass of wine; and the gentlemen proffered cigarettes. It was too late now

to think of getting his business done that night; in fact, there was barely sufficient time left to catch the last train back to Pedleton.

"I'll explain the matter to Mortlock-Watson in the morning," said Mr. Fowler, laughing. "I always travel with him; and Sam, the boy, shall take a lantern and show you the nearest way back to the station."

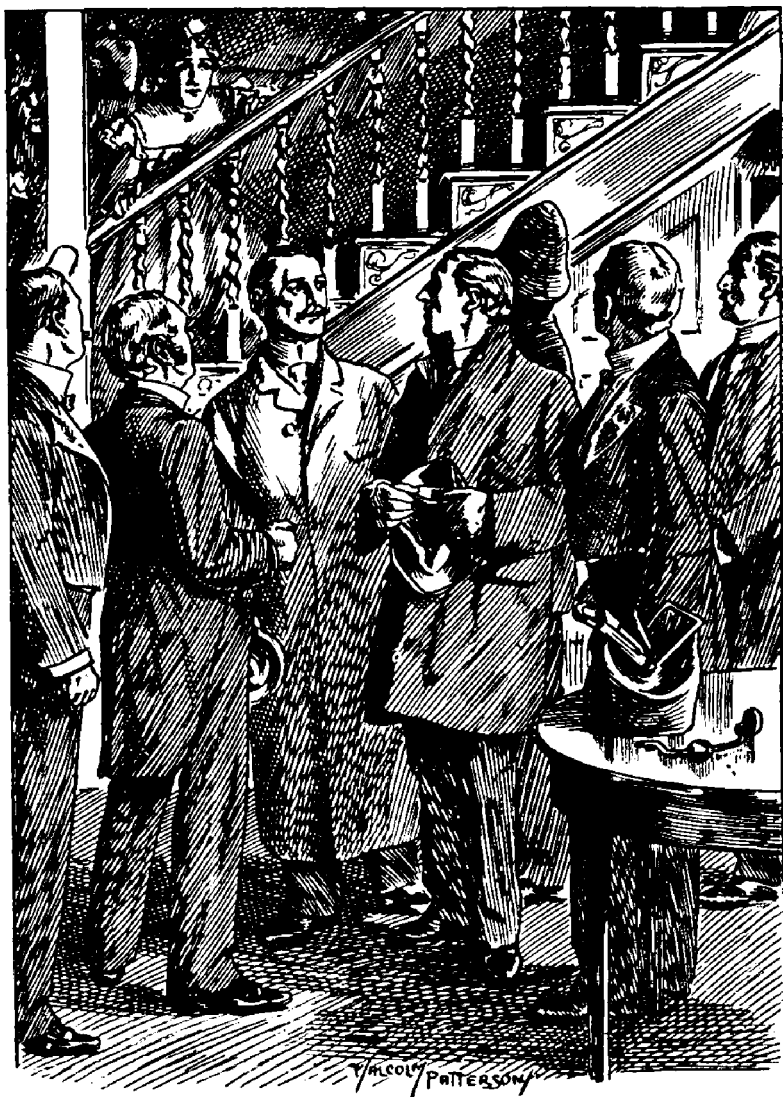
The following morning, as Mendelssohn entered the music warehouse, one of the assistants called to him from behind the counter:—

"Here's a note for you, Mr. Mills; a boy left it this

morning, and said there was no answer." The envelope was addressed in a scrawling hand:—

MR. MILLS,  
PIANER-TUNER.

and was further adorned with a number of dirty finger-marks. Mendelssohn opened it; and, by



"BUT HE IS A PIANO-TUNER!"

the time he had finished perusing its contents, the gloomy look upon his face had changed to one of anger and astonishment.

DEAR SIR (began this extraordinary epistle).

I thought you mite be interested in heering what became of me after saying goodnight to you last evenin. I went down to Broom Cross with the intension of doing some business I'd planned beforehand, but during our talk the thought ockurred to me that for once in a way I mite try my hand at pianer-tunin. I took the liberty of borrowin your tools, and makin out I was you. They left me alone in the doring room so after I'd thumped the old pianer a bit, I helped myself to a few things that took my fancy, and then had a look into some of the bedrooms, and came away. I didn't forget you though, for I wound up several of the wires until they bust, to make a bigger job for you, and I beg to inclose a fiver for use of the tools which you'll find just behind the gate, as I left in rather a urry. Don't make no bones about takin it; I know from what you sed you're hard up, and if I could have got at it I'd have sent you a bottle of the old chap's wine for your Christmas dinner.

You sed I seemed like a man who'd been through the mil. Well, I've been on it, meny a time, for I'm

SLIPPERY JIM.

Hardly had Mendelssohn finished reading this communication, when the glass doors of the warehouse swung open, and in walked Mr. Space, followed by Mortlock-Watson himself.

"Ha, Mills!" exclaimed the former. "Just the man we want! How on earth——"

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted Mendelssohn, anticipating the question. "But will you kindly read this—this abominable letter?"

The two gentlemen glanced over the contents

of the note; then Mortlock-Watson burst out laughing.

"The scamp served you a nice trick, I must say!" he exclaimed.

"It's not that, sir, that I mind," answered the piano-tuner, choking with suppressed indignation. "It's the reflection on my character—on my appearance. The very fact of his presuming to offer me a bribe, and—and the idea of his breaking those wires—it's atrocious!"

Mr. Mortlock-Watson's shrewd eye had been rapidly glancing once more over the latter part of the letter, and now they rested with an amused, yet kindly, look upon the speaker.

"Let me see, Mr. Mills," he remarked; "did not you write me some little time back offering your services as organist at St. Stephen's? Well, the gentleman whom we appointed finds he cannot undertake the post; and that being the case, I shall be pleased to re-consider your application. Mr. Space has kindly promised that you shall run down and put the piano right this afternoon, and you might step across to the church and try the instrument."

The two gentlemen walked on towards Mr. Space's private office. Mendelssohn waited until the door had closed behind them; then, deliberately removing from his head the felt hat of genius, he kicked it up to the ceiling; whereupon the assistant, who was a football enthusiast, clapped his hands, and not inappropriately shouted: "Goal!"





Pictures by W. J. Urquhart.



"TELL you," insisted the foxy-faced one, "we want a third party; someone to be ready with the spare horses while I'm waiting with the wagon, and you're handin' over the forty-rod to the Injuns."

"While I'm handin' of it over!" exclaimed the other,

who was only distinguishable from his companion by being, if anything, a trifle dirtier. "I thought when I entered inter partnership wid you as how you sed *you'd* do the handin' over!"

"Well, hang it! I'll do it, as I've done it before," conceded Isaac—familiarily called Ike—the foxy-faced individual aforesaid. "But we want help, and, as acciydents will happen, s'posing now we could manage to do without our hired man at the 'leveneth hour—s'posing he got drunk, or got left behind—you savey?—it might save us the trouble of paying him. I guess the Injuns want all the scalps they kin get in them days, anyhow. There's lots of whiskey-soakers around here dead-broke that would be only too glad to come."

"Bully for you, pard; you're a nat'ral born genyus!" exclaimed Pat, in a burst of genuine admiration at his mate's eye to business. This admiration for anyone who was a greater villain than himself was the only genuine thing in his composition.

They were a couple of unmitigated scoundrels both, the shady nature of their antecedents being only equalled by their decidedly disreputable appearances. They were camped just outside Fort Benton, on the banks of the Missouri, and it was the summer of '72, when that town was thronged

by a nondescript crowd of trappers, Indians, and Canadian half-breeds, who came down from the north to trade their wagon-loads of buffalo, and other skins. Upon the whole it was a "tough" crowd—very tough.

The two partners emerged from under the shade of their wagon, and went towards two or three of the dead-beats aforesaid, who seemed in that unenviable physical condition known as "suffering recovery," and asked them, one after the other, if they would like to take a job. But, after comprehensive glances at the two worthies, none of them seemed to care about work.

"It 'pears to me, mate," remarked Ike disgustedly and uncharitably to his friend, "that wherever you go they seem to get on to you—you've got a physog that would spoil any outfit."

Pat was quivering with honest indignation, and was about to retort, when he caught sight of a solitary individual resting under a scraggy tree, with a saddle and bridle lying by his side.

"Shet up, ye fool!" he said to his partner; "here's a chap that looks as if he would like to clear out—let's tackle him."

The man in question was in no way remarkable. A shock head of sandy-coloured hair was in keeping with a face and eyes that always seemed the same. Their expression was inscrutable as that of the sphinx. He wore a dirty pair of cord pants, a shirt in the same condition, and a soft felt hat lay on the ground alongside. Not a man of any obvious perspicacity, and doubtless an easy tool in the proper hands; moreover, he looked like one who had been through the mill, and would not be too scrupulous. At least, so thought the two partners as they stood in front of him.

Then Ike explained their *modus operandi*, telling the stranger how they intended travelling right into Canada with their cargo of contraband whiskey, and, seeking out a camp of Cree Indians, trading it for skins.

"You see," he added confidentially, "after we've handed the liquor over we'll have to clear for our nat'ral, the Injun temperment being sich that when the fire-water begins to work it itches for scalps."

At this pleasant little sally Pat grinned admiringly; but not even the ghost of a smile flitted across the face of the stranger as, with a decidedly Scotch accent, he deliberately said:—

"Aweel, I'm thinking there's na hairm in that. I'm yer man—Alexander McTurk of that ilk. I've got twa horses down there by the bit burnie, but I can pick them up when we pull out."

Then, rolling up his blanket, and picking up his saddlery, he betook himself to the camp of the Philistines. There Ike, with an unwonted display of generosity, produced a pannikin and a black bottle to which the Scot helped himself so liberally that the former repented of his rashness. That night, when it grew dark, they hitched up, pulled into Benton, put the liquor on board, and when the grey dawn broke they were wending their lonely way over gleaming alkali flats and brown stretches of buffalo-grass and sage-bush. It was only when they unhitched at a creek to have their first meal, and to rest during the day, that they noticed their companion's horses.

"Crickey, mate!" remarked the worthy Isaac, "I guess you've got a couple of good cayuses. Didn't know as how you were a judge of horse-flesh."

"I'm thinking there are worse horses in the country than these," remarked McTurk. "Anyhow, I came by them honestly." And his eyes wandered absently over the leaders of the team owned by the enterprising partners.

"Hang the haggis-eater!" commented Pat in an aside to his mate. "But, I say, pardner, I guess them horses of his are worth two hundred dollars."

"Hold your tongue, you eejut!" rasped out Ike, looking apprehensively towards the Scot. "If he didn't seem half asleep I'd swear he heard you."

To tell the truth, though within easy ear-shot, McTurk's face was as impassive as that usually observed on a ship's figure-head.

They journeyed leisurely over the rolling prairie.

Their hired man they found invaluable. He did what was required of him quietly and well; but still that did not prevent his masters persecuting him with petty annoyances, which became more pronounced the farther they got from civilisation. McTurk, however, either did not or would not see the slights that were heaped upon him. Nothing

seemed to arouse in him the faintest show of passing interest. Once a cloud of dust and a significant black wave appeared on the eastern horizon, grew on the sight, and rolled eastward. When the whiskey-traders saw it, their faces became ashy-grey, and they forgot to swear—a sure sign with them that something was seriously the matter. McTurk gazed upon the strange sight with eyes that seemed utterly indifferent. He rode on, as usual, slowly ahead, his right leg thrown carelessly over the horn of the saddle, and blowing tobacco smoke into the air. The callous indifference of the man irritated the respectable Isaac.

"I say, pard," he yelled after him disgustedly, "do you know what that there means? Waal, then, it's a buffler stampede—millions of buffler, mind; and if they happen to come our way, your name's Dennis, sure! You can gamble your pile on that."

Then for the first time the apparently indifferent one asserted himself.

"Aweel, freends," he observed, "if I thoct the beasties would be coming this way, it would na' be sitting here I'd be. But as they'll pass about seven miles to the north I dinna quite see the use o' fashing my heid, and getting grey in the gills, like some folk I ken."

He rode on again, as if oblivious to all things mundane.

"Darn the fool!" commented the somewhat reassured Ike. "But I'm blowed if I don't think he's more knave than fool. There he goes, sound asleep again!"

At last they crossed the lines and entered Canada. They were now in the wild country on the southern slope of the Cypress Hills. They struck Wild-Horse Creek, and travelled up its grassy bottom. This was the land of the Cree Indians.

One sultry afternoon, when they were camped in a little ravine, under the shade of some cottonwood trees, Ike went to the brow of a neighbouring hill to reconnoitre. They saw him look around, and then gaze intently in a certain direction. In another minute he was signalling to someone with a green bough he had taken with him for that purpose.

Soon an Indian stood beside him, and in a few minutes more Ike returned to the camp, talking volubly to his visitor in Cree.

"Our trip's at an end," explained Pat to McTurk. "It's the band of Indians we've been looking for."

Then solemnly, for there is no ceremony of State more impressive than the joining of hands of the red man, there were mutual introductions.

McTurk was introduced by Ike, with a hint of

satire in his speech, to the mighty warrior rejoicing in the name of Young-man-afraid-of-his-wife's-mother, as "The Great Scotty, the Thirsty Rider of the Plains."

After some considerable talk an arrangement was arrived at with the Indian to supply his camp with liquor, skins to be taken in exchange. After a small and judicious foretaste of the fire-water he withdrew to communicate with his own camp about a mile away. Then a wonderful change came over Ike's manner. Before the arrival of the Indian he had been as sour as vinegar in speech and behaviour, now no one would have thought butter could melt in his mouth. Probably he overdid his part, for McTurk, whom hitherto no amount of abuse or covert sneers had moved, was seen to go behind the wagon with an anxious expression on his face, and deliberately scratch his head. He then came back refreshed, and with a face which outrivalled the complacency observed on that of a street door-knocker. But Ike's change of manner did not end here. He drew off a bottle of whiskey from one of the kegs and gave it to McTurk.

"Here, pardner," he said, "drink hearty. I guess it's the last drink you'll have for some time."

He winked to Pat as he saw the avidity with which the sandy-haired one seized the bottle and dispensed with a drinking-cup.

"We'll leave him alone," whispered Ike to his mate, "and if he's not dog-gone in half-an-hour, may I be jiggered! That's all."

"You stay and watch the camp," he said to McTurk. "Pat and I are going to the Injun camp for them skins." And off they went.

McTurk's conduct on their departure was worthy of that strange man. He deliberately helped

himself to a drink, and then poured the remainder of the bottle upon the prairie grass. He crawled under the wagon, and lay on his back holding the



SOON AN INDIAN STOOD BESIDE HIM.

empty bottle loosely by the neck. The sun had passed out of sight behind the bench, and now a shadow was creeping up the opposite hillside. The running water close by was murmuring strangely to itself, the cotton-wood trees on the opposite side of the coulee assumed fanciful shapes, and signed to him in the most absurd fashion. The nodding sunflowers winked at him with eyes of fire. He was fast slipping into the land of dreams, when, hard by, he heard the dull patter of moccasined feet. He was wide awake in an instant. It was his comrades returning with some half-dozen Indians carrying bales of skins. Next moment his head dropped back on the turf, he lay flat on his back, his legs and arms were

shot out in the most unpicturesque manner possible, and the air resounded with a nasal drone that for finish and tone put his much-beloved native bagpipes in the shade.

The Indians threw their bundles on the ground and crowded round the wagon. Never before had McTurk been honoured with such a large and appreciative audience. It was a triumph for the partners, and an eloquent testimony to the potency of the fire-water. The Crees gave expression to their feelings in many an admiring "Ough! Ough!"

"Now, pardner," said Ike to Pat, as he took the empty bottle from the hand of the apparently drunken man-servant, "just fill up this bottle, and when he wakes he'll take another drain and go to sleep again. When we come back from taking the liquor to the camp, we'll hitch up and clear out, not forgetting to take his two mokes. I guess that when the Injuns get on the loose with

the fire-water in them, he'll have no more use for them."

"How the beggar sleeps!" commented Pat.

As soon as the partners, with the Indians carrying the kegs of spirits amongst them, had left the camp, the snores of McTurk ceased as suddenly as they had been called into existence. He crawled from under the wagon, made a hearty meal—he might have little time within the next twenty-four hours for eating—put the bales of skins and all their paraphernalia into the wagon, and then hitched up the horses, tying his own two behind.

It was getting dark, and the eerie silence that settles down on those vast prairie lands was almost oppressive. Then on a breath of wind that strayed down the coulee strange sounds were borne. It was for all the world as if human beings were trying to imitate a pack of hounds in full cry; only the measured beat of the Indian drums told him that the orgie had begun. His employers would soon be back for their team and goods so as to get clear away before the Indians became maddened by the fire-water.

He leapt into the wagon, and, drawing up the side of the coulee, was soon safe upon the bench.

A ruddy glow among the trees far away up the valley caught his attention. He paused for a moment to look. Around a huge fire danced

horrible fantastic figures that sent a shiver through him—impish figures, truly, showing in bold relief against the red glare. Long buffalo robes flowed from their shoulders; some seemed to have tails like demons, and nearly all had shaggy heads and manes with great protruding horns. They whooped and yelped. The dance of witches in Alloway's auld haunted kirk was not more ghastly. Round and round spun the demons; *pom, pom, pom!* went the hollow sounding drums. The sight was horrible, fascinating. He roused himself, turned his horses, cracked his quirt, and away the leaders went at a rattling pace. His partners, who would have sacrificed him, could follow as best they might.

"They called me a haggis-eater!" he cried aloud, steeling his heart, "but it's a far cry to Loch Awe!"

\* \* \* \* \*

A month later two foot-sore and ragged tramps entered Fort Benton, in Montana. There was a pinched look, and the impress as of a mortal terror on their faces. They stopped at a saloon that seemed doing a somewhat quieter business than the others, and the proprietor asked them somewhat suspiciously what their business might be.

Then Ike, for it was indeed our old friend, as if it gave him some relief to unburden his heart, told



HITCHED UP THE HORSES, TYING HIS OWN TWO BEHIND.

of the way in which he and his honest mate had lately been victimised. He related how, having handed over the liquor to the Indians, they had gone back to their camp to hitch up and clear out, when they discovered that horses, wagon, skins, and everything had disappeared. Their hired man, whom they had left drunk, had disappeared also. It was a mysterious business altogether. Of late a suspicion as to the part their hired man had played in the matter had been haunting them, but it was an idea too soul-harrowing to entertain. They also related how they had been followed up and chased by the drunken and maddened Indians, and how it was almost a miracle that they were now alive to tell the tale.

The saloon-keeper listened patiently, and when they had done, inquired:—

"Had you a couple of bay mares, branded 'M' on the near shoulder, and two roan horses branded 'Bar H' on the off side?"

"That was them," observed Ike and Pat.

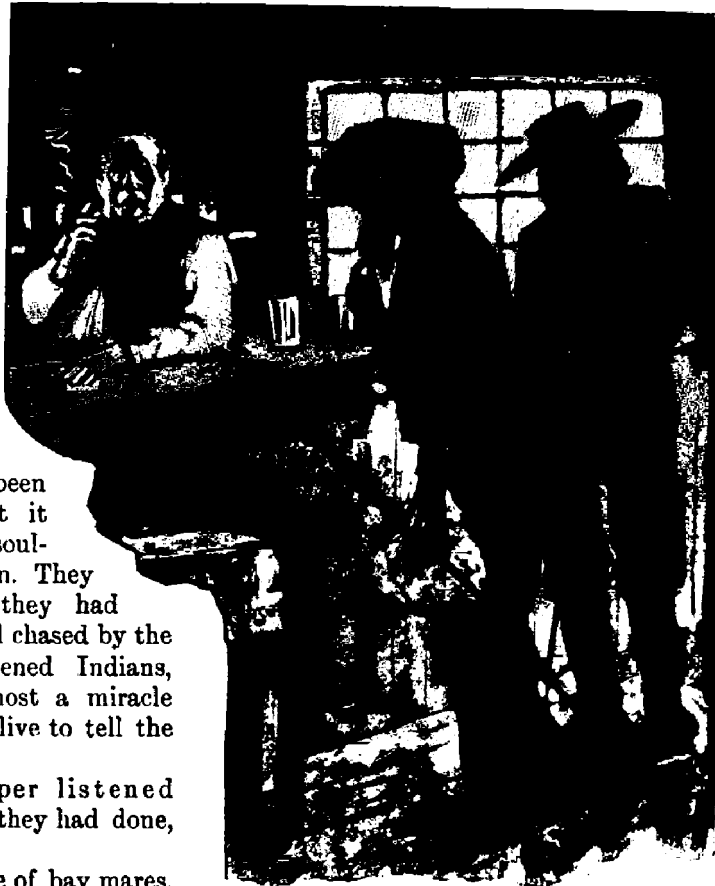
"And had your man a great sandy-coloured head of hair like a horse-hair mop, a beard of the

same material, and an expression on his face that looked as if it belonged to a graven image?"

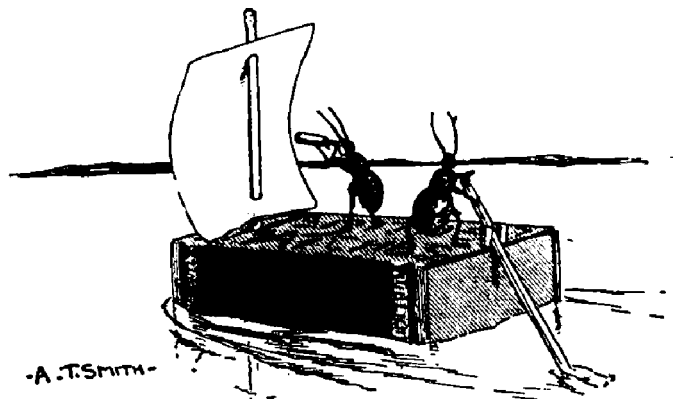
"That's him! that's him!" chorussed the surprised and heart-stricken pair. "But you surely don't mean to tell us a how—"

"Waal, thet's so," interrupted the store-keeper coolly. "I guess as how it's about three weeks ago since that gent came here. He sold the skins over at the store at a stiffish price, and the wagon and team to my neighbour, Deacon Thompson. Two rather goodish saddle-horses he sold to young truly. He took the first boat down the Missouri. He remarked, as he took a drink with me over this 'ere bar, jest before starting, as how he guessed he'd make for the old home; an honest man and a tender-foot like himself, getting left in a

country like this. Nominate your pizins, gentle men."



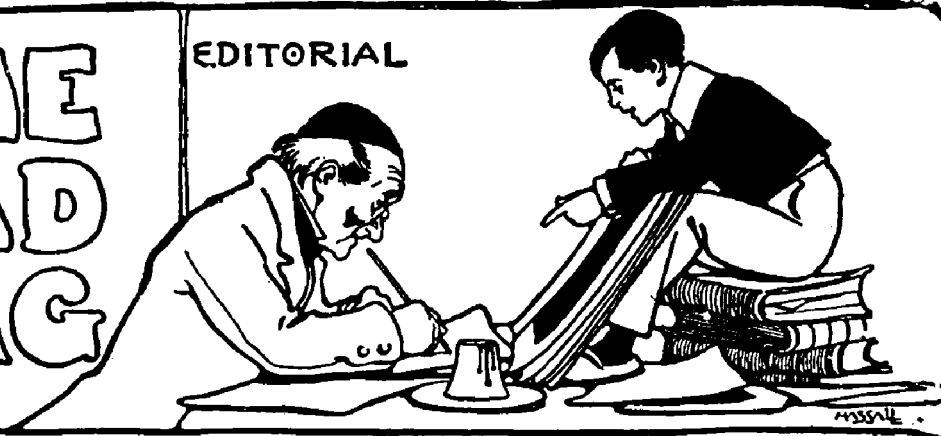
ASKED THEM SOMEWHAT SUSPICIOUSLY WHAT THEIR BUSINESS MIGHT BE.



"LAND ON THE STAR'B'D BOW, SIR!"

# THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL

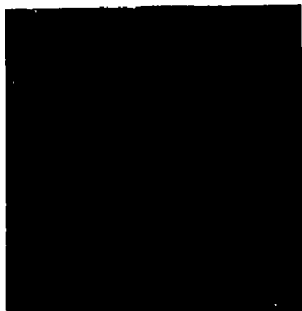


**A Happy Christmas**, as well as a Merry Christmas, is what I wish all my readers—boys and girls, men and women, at Home and Abroad. To all of you within these sea-girt islands I send my heartiest greetings, and with those in our Colonies and elsewhere I shake hands in cordial fancy. May you, years hence, remember the Old Fag's first Christmas greeting, the forerunner, let us hope, of very many messages of a like nature!

**"As well as"** a Merry Christmas. Perhaps you wonder at this phrase. Well, you see, a Merry Christmas is not always a sincerely Happy Christmas. There are various ways of being merry. To be happy is different. Men will laugh and joke with bitterness gnawing at their hearts. Happiness, you see, is not merely merriment. To spend a happy Christmas you must help others to be happy, and you must realise what Christmas is, and why we celebrate this annual winter feast. The Christmas bells, and the holly, and the Christmas cards, and letters, and presents—these are tokens of a season when "goodwill on earth" should make us more tender one to another. This is a time to forget and forgive—a time when there should enter our hearts that peace which "passeth man's understanding."

"Dear Christmas Days, how fair ye seem,  
Glad, holy, and sublime!  
Like prints of angel feet ye gleam  
Along the path of time!  
Foot-prints whereon sweetheart flowers blow,  
By worldly storms unruined,  
That we may mark them as we go,  
And find our way to heaven."

**Christmas Books!** What delightful memories these two words call up—memories of such long-ago times, when we sat in front of the blazing logs and "somebody" read to us those dear old stories the like of which will never be written again, and, alas! will never be read again by that "somebody" who could render the humour so richly, and the pathos with such sweet tenderness. Is there not in every family "somebody" who can read Christmas books better than anybody else? You, boys and girls, who return to the old rooftree every Christmas as regularly as the tick of the clock—you know the "somebody" I mean.



A "BULL'S-EYE" STAMP.

**Who has not read** these "Christmas books"? The characters in them seem to bob up in our memories quite naturally as Christmas comes round every year. Tiny Tim and his father and Mr. Scrooge—the ever familiar names—don't you remember that Christmas dinner of the Cratchit family?

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!" Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us everyone!" said Tiny Tim the last of all.

**Dickens** wielded the pen of a benevolent magician. Now you find him blazing with wrath, now asking tears of us, and now rippling with laughter. What a splendid picture was that one he drew of Christmas forgiveness. Bob Cratchit, the over-worked and underpaid little clerk, still had a corner in his heart for the hard Scrooge, his master.

"Mr. Scrooge," said Bob. "I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!"



"The Founder of the Feast indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening. "I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it."

"My dear," said Bob, "the children. Christmas Day."

Was ever a more gentle sentiment expressed in four little words?

**Don't you remember** the battle between the cricket on the hearth and the kettle on the fire desperately endeavouring to boil, what time Mrs. Peerybingle waited for "her John"?

There was all the excitement of a race about it. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket a mile ahead. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Kettle making play in the distance, like a great top. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket round the corner. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Kettle sticking to him in his own way; no idea of giving in. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket fresher than ever. Hum, hum, hum—h—m! Kettle slow and steady. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket going in to finish him. Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Kettle not to be finished. Until at last they get so jumbled together, in the hurry-scurry, helter-skelter, of the match, that whether the kettle chirped and the Cricket hummed, or the Cricket chirped and the kettle hummed, or they both chirped and both hummed, it would have taken a clearer head than yours or mine to have decided with anything like certainty.

Goodness! I could chat to you everlastingly of these "Christmas Books," but I must on to other things.

**In consequence** of Christmas matter, "When You Leave School," and "Reviews of Magazines," are held over until next month. Mr. Manning Foster's article in the January number will deal with the Cape Mounted Police, and other Colonial police forces.

**In our Boat-Race Number** (March, 1900) I am going to publish an original ballad by the late Judge Hughes, author of "Tom Browne's School-days." This describes, in swinging style, how, in 1843, the Henley Cup was won by seven Oxford men against eight Cambridge men. I have in my possession the original manuscript of this poem, written *fifty-six years ago*, when "Tom" Hughes was an undergrad. at Oxford. I need hardly add that the versical venture in

question will see the light of print for the first time in our Boat-Race Number, so *look out* for it.

**"A Match for a Million,"** a story which you will find in this number, is a fine specimen of mental gymnastics. Mr. Harold Macfarlane, the author of it, can lay claim to imaginative qualities almost on a par with those of Mr. Rider Haggard. I have read many tales of madmen, but the old farmer in this adventure certainly bears away the biscuit.

**H. Childers** is good enough to send me the "bull's-eye" stamp which you will find reproduced on page 307. It is a curiosity, because the post office stamps very rarely hit the mark so accurately as here represented.



SUMMER.

**Now for a letter** which makes me feel that it is just as well there is no Mr. O. F. :—

Dear Old Fag,—no, that sounds so cold. —Dearest

Old Fag,—I like you most awfully, though in your portrait in the editorial you look rather—rather old. How old are you? If I send you my birthday book, would you mind writing your name in it? I think THE CAPTAIN is the jolliest mag. in all the world, and you are the dearest Old Fag.—With love, "EVE."

If Eve sends her birthday book, the Old Fag will certainly put "The Old Fag" opposite a certain date, but he will not say how old he is, because he is a vain old chap. He must request Eve to enclose stamps for return of book, because, if people didn't enclose stamps, the vain old chap would soon find himself in—well, not to put too fine a point upon it—the 'House of Work.'



WINTER.

Drawn for the "Special Page" by Harry Chamberlain.

**"Quis"** sends me a photo of Hitchin's School, Hobart, Tasmania, which I have put in a drawer for future use. One of these days I hope to publish "A Page of Colonial Schools." Will Colonial readers send photos for this?

**Coupons** must not be sent on post-cards. Remember this, once and for all time. Sorry for those competitors whose post-cards were returned to them in a Stamp Competition a month or two

back. We will have another of that sort soon—in fact, Mr. Gooch is now preparing one.

**Extract from an encyclopædia of the future:**  
The football referee is an unpopular two-legged animal. He is found in all parts of the world, but the finest specimens are to be seen in the northern counties of England, where he is much hunted by the spectators of important matches; there is little fear of his extermination, as he is protected by law. A thoroughbred referee may always be known by the way he fortifies himself against all disputes, and favours no man. The mongrel referee, on the other hand, will not abide by his word, and will invent rules to support his own arguments. A sure sign of a mongrel is that he is always ready to argue. The football referee is only to be seen in England during the winter months. His whistle is unlike a bird's, resembling more that of a policeman.—C. HUBERT WOLFF.

**R. W. G.** (New Zealand) sends the following queer example of a printer's mixture:—

A Peel Forest correspondent of a Christchurch paper says that the winter of 1860 will be hard to beat, both monkey was sitting in an arm-chair, winter most of the cabbage trees near Ashburton were killed by frost, and a bullock dray and team were taken over the Hakaterama river on the ice. In the winter of 1889 his cask of beer froze solid, and he was a total abstainer for two months. But this was very far back in the hills.

"**Tom Browne's Comic Annual**," let me remind you, will be on the stalls very shortly after this number of **THE CAPTAIN** finds its way to those open-air abodes. Buy it and try it. Take it with your tea. The most laughable Christmas booklet I have ever seen—and, being an old man, I have seen a many! The price is SIXPENCE.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**A Mother** (S. C. F.).—Very pleased to hear we are so appreciated in your family circle. Your competition suggestions are excellent. Please send some more.

**S. S. B.** thinks I ought to give some clubmen a chance of comparing themselves with other young cricketers. For example, a friend of "S. S. B.'s" (Eric M. Wilkins, of the Rusholme Club, Manchester) performed as follows this summer: 45 matches; 5 times not out; 1,009 runs. He also took 122 wickets for an average of 9½ runs per wicket—all this against crack teams. I congratulate Mr. Wilkins, and shall be glad to publish any further "performances" of this sort which are sent to me.

**F. A. T.** (PECKHAM).—You ask for my candid opinion respecting your drawings. Here it is, then. I strongly advise you not to go in for black-and-white art, further than with the object of decorating your letters or amusing your friends. You have no sense whatever of perspective, or light and shadow. You will earn more money in a merchant's office, as your handwriting is very passable. That, "F. A. T.," is my candid opinion.

**Briton** sends me a very interesting letter. He mentions that he hasn't got a sister, and wishes he had. Now, you fellows who are always running down sisters, what do you think of that? "Briton" seems to be a good type of the British school-boy, and I wish him all good luck in work and play. He holds a high position in his school—let him see to it that he always, under every circumstance, upholds the honour of that position.

**Leonard Stanley Davis**, River Bank, Wangamū, New Zealand, would like to correspond with another boy about sixteen years of age. He would also like to see an article in these columns on the "Care of Pets," and if he keeps his eye steadily on our pages, he will see that article. S'long, Leonard!

**E. S.** (EASTBOURNE).—(1) For photos of tennis-players you should write to R. W. Thomas, 41, Cheapside, E.C. (2) The following are two good and up-to-date books on the game: "Lawn Tennis," by Wilberforce, price 1s., and the volume of "Lawn Tennis" in the "Badminton Library," price half-a-guinea.

**Wes Boneen**.—Yes, the young lady in the middle of the "Pretty Sister" page (Oct.) was the winner of the gold brooch—that is to say, her brother won it, and courteously handed it over to her.

**Sillyhp Leep**.—A nice little letter. Thank you, Miss—er—Miss—er—thank you, Miss—er—er—(very sorry—your name quite beats me!).

**Canoelists** (PONTEFRAC).—You can obtain full instructions from the Editor, the *Skipper*, Clock House, Arundel Street, Strand, London. Send stamped envelope.

**H. E. W.**—Perhaps.

**R.**—Yes.

**L. A. Watson**.—The "conditions" explain everything. Read them.

**G. H. Leslie**.—Your letter cheered me. Very glad you appreciate our various features. Letters like yours help us in deciding what to have and what not to have. Your physical development is prodigious!

**P. Cavanagh**.—The portrait appeared in so many papers that I did not think it necessary to include it in **THE CAPTAIN**. We have no space for the other feature you suggest.

**Maisie**.—Again! "*Only a girl!*" You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Miss. Well, I suppose I must answer your question: I believe an autograph letter from Sir Henry Irving is worth quite 10s., but why should you wish to sell it? Surely the fact that you possess an autograph letter from such a great man is worth more to you than ten sordid shillings!

**"Ab Initio"**.—Cassell's "Anglo-French Dictionary" will, I think, meet your requirements. The price is 3s. 6d.

**Harry B.**—An excellent letter—manly, frank, to the point. (1) Tell her I'm very pleased to hear of this friendship. It is the sort of friendship I like to hear of. (2) You may grow another inch or two yet. (3) Your sleeping hours (ten to seven) couldn't be improved upon. (4) You are quite right not to smoke.

**An Egyptian Old Boy** says that I "must consecrate a few pages for educational and scientific lectures and studies, as well as for inventions and discoveries." Anybody second this motion?

**Mus. Doc.**—Afraid I cannot afford the space for what you suggest.

**Sussexer**.—Some time next year.

**Sketcher** will find some practical wrinkles for would-be black-and-white artists in the August number "Editorial."

**A Very Old Boy**.—Oh dear! If you could see this office you would realise what an amount of work all our competitions and features entail. At present I cannot undertake what you suggest.

**Errolline**.—Your William III. five-shilling piece might be worth 10s.—it all depends upon its condition; the value of the bank token is 1s.; the farthing, dated 1821, is worth, if in good condition, not more than a penny.

**E. R., junr.**—Kindly remember that this is a magazine "for boys and old boys." The advertisement in question is intended for the old boys.

**Boltonian**.—(1) The choice of wood depends entirely on the mode of construction you intend to employ. If built over "shadows," thin mahogany planking will be found serviceable, and at the same time takes a very high polish, which reduces surface friction, and is preferable to paint. (2) We presume that the length of 2½ ft. given is the length over all; if so, in the case of a deep keel boat a beam of 4½ ins. and a depth of 4½ ins. will be found sufficient. (3) The distance from the top-mast truck to the deck should not exceed 2½ ft.

**Briton**.—I think your best plan would be to get a "Cyclostyle"—a rather expensive machine, but quite the best for duplicating copies of a publication such as yours. The address of the Cyclostyle Co. is 79, Gracechurch Street, E.C.

**Hylda** starts off in the usual way—"Although I am *only a girl!*" She says that **THE CAPTAIN** was recommended to her by a boy friend only a couple of months ago, whereupon she ordered all the copies from No. 1, and now she says that the only fault she can find is that we don't come out weekly instead of by the month. She concludes with love to myself and all the staff. Personally, being a veteran, I can, with all propriety, wait "Hylda" a return message: of the same quality, but as regards the staff—no, the staff is too young.

**Anxious.**—Send stamped envelope.

**Artery.**—Consult a doctor. I cannot answer medical questions.

**Dublin.**—If you write to Messrs. Hands & Co., Numismatists, 16, Strand, London, W.C., they will be pleased to give you the information you require and to value the coin you mention, but do not omit to enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

**F. G. Bristow.**—Thanks for letter and cricket results.

**Stewart Davenport.**—Remember we go to press a long time ahead of publication. I cannot give my opinion as to literary quality of competitions—too busy. At your age it is impossible to say whether you are cut out for a literary career. Write again in eight or nine years' time. Your handwriting is capital.

**R. M. (LONDON, E.C.).**—(1) Jackson's "Theory and Practice of Handwriting," or Pitman's "Business Handwriting," would help you to improve your calligraphy. The price of the former is 5s., and the latter 1s. They may both be obtained, less the usual discount, from Messrs. Denny, Booksellers' Row, Strand. (2) Write to either of the firms whose advertisements of model locomotives, tenders, etc., appear in our pages.

**W. J. M.** writes: "With regard to 'D'Artagnan's' question as to the parent of the Vicomte de Bragellone, Athos was de Bragellone's father, which he will find definitely stated in several places in the 'Vicomte de Bragellone'; and if he turns to page 118 of 'Twenty Years After,' he will see that the Vicomte's mother was the Duchesse de Chevreuse."

**F. K.**—Thanks for your letter. We have not received any similar communications, but if we should do so the point you suggest will be further considered. The statement was founded on the writer's personal knowledge of a large number of cases. Although solicitors who make a business of taking articulated clerks, and have not much practice, may accept a smaller premium than the one he quoted, that does not affect his statement as to what is the usual premium to a solicitor of good standing.

**C. J. P.**—Glad to hear THE CAPTAIN tops the tree in your reading club. As regards your measurements, you had better not trouble your head about them. Whatever size Nature has ordained you to be, that size you will be. Of course, dumb-bells and exercise will develop muscle, and the same things will make you grow taller if Nature doesn't step in and say you have grown tall enough.

**A School-boy and A Lover of the Light Blue** are thanked for their charming letters. I am delighted to hear that "A Lover of the Light Blue" managed to beguile her journey from Brussels so successfully with THE CAPTAIN, which appears to figure prominently on most of the French bookstalls.

**R. N. B.**—Sorry no space for your verses.

**R. E. (BOURNEMOUTH).**—It is rather difficult to say which class of sailing ship would be most to your liking. Get the *Shipping Gazette* (through a newsagent) and write for particulars to the firms advertising for a "few passengers." Also get one of the Liverpool weekly papers, where you will find similar information.

**P. H. Lewis.**—Write the head master a polite note asking for printed particulars. Consult "Public School Year Book" (2s. 6d.). Yes, you are rather old (seventeen) to be thinking of taking such a step.

**One of the Sisters.**—Glad to hear we are read so diligently at Dulwich. Have packed your suggestion away in our brain-box.

**Information.**—Coupons for December "comps." must be taken out of the December number. I am always telling people this. The present system must stand until I can think of a better one. Have handed the rest of your letter to Mr. Manning Foster, who will reply to you next month.

**M. Fitzgerald.**—Have handed your chess problem to the Chess Editor, who will let you know what he thinks of it next month.

**P. M. H. and P. S. H.** will, I hope, receive attention next month. Bear up till then, "P. M. H." and "P. S. H."

**William the Conqueror.**—A loud-sounding name for a boy of ten! As to your questions: (1) No, there isn't a Mrs. Fag yet, and I still have to sew my own buttons on a tedious job, when you come to think how frequently they come off! (2) I wish you a Merry Christmas, and trust your Majesty will not over-eat your royal self.

**G. W. E. R. (OLD HARROVIAN).**—Very pleased to hear from you.

**F. M. K.**—We shall be publishing an article on Winchester College some time in 1900, I'm hoping.

**R. W. G.**—Thanks for funny extract. I have used it. Your queries shall be answered next month.

**F. Percy.**—Of the three businesses you mention I should choose the iron and steel trade. However, go in for what you're best suited for.

**R. G. Dixon Addley, Ernest Wass, H. A. Dibell, R. O. Alty, "Chess Player," J. A. D., Helen Wodehouse, and others,** are thanked for their corrections to my reply to "Yun-Yun." In future all chess queries will be referred to the Chess Editor, who knows a good deal more about the game than your tired-out, badgered, and worried

OLD FAG.

Dear Sir,

Japan 2/8. 1899

Je suis pauvre garçon de dix ans, j'apprends  
Anglais et français de mon oncle qui est très  
bon pour moi et ma sœur

And I became a stamp collector since last year as my  
Cousin who is the son of rich man I give you these two  
stamps (memorial stamps of our victory over China 1894-1895)  
and this ancient com. On exchange, please give me some  
stamps.

I am your new & true oriental boy friend  
Tsne Sekiguchi,  
13 Sakuraimura,  
Kitakatsushika, Saitamak

(An Anglo-French letter from a Japanese reader of THE CAPTAIN.)

# "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER.

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. Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

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.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

When competitions are to be sent on post-cards, no coupons should be attached, as this is contrary to post-office regulations.

Address thus:—Competition No. —, "THE CAPTAIN," 2, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions except No. 1 should reach us by December 16th.

**No. 1.—Special Prize.** A "Gramophone" (value £5 10s. 0d.) will be presented to the reader who sends in the most correct list of the "Best Twelve Short Stories" which have appeared in THE CAPTAIN since its commencement, up to, and including, the present number (December, 1899). Those who missed the early numbers can order them through their newsagent, or direct from the publisher, post free, 9d. Likewise, Vol. I may be had for 6s.

This competition will be decided like the "English Team for Australia" one, i.e., *by vote*. Each short story named will receive one mark, and when it has been found how many marks each story has got, the lists will be gone through again, and the competitor who has the "Best Twelve Short Stories" in the most correct order will receive the "Gramophone." Send lists in thus:—

*I consider the following Twelve Short Stories, in order of merit, to be the best that have appeared in THE CAPTAIN since its commencement.*

STORY.

AUTHOR'S NAME.

- |                             |     |              |
|-----------------------------|-----|--------------|
| (1) Mrs. Smith's Little Boy | ... | John Jones.  |
| (2) Red, White and Blue     | ... | Peter Brown. |
| Etc., etc.                  |     |              |

Age limit: Twenty-five. Last day for sending in (to give foreign and Colonial readers a chance), January 16, 1900.

[NOTE.—This Special Competition gives everybody a chance, as a small boy can draw up a list of tales just as well as a big one. Send as many lists as you like, but *see that a coupon is attached to each list*. As this competition runs for two months, you can attach either the December or January coupon to your list.]

**No. 2.—£1 1s. 0d.** for the best poetical extract on "Glory." Age limit: Twenty-five.

[Competitors should take care not to send in any extracts which have already appeared in our poetry pages.]

**No. 3.—10s. 6d.** for the best piece of serious verse (original, of course) describing "A Charge of Cavalry." Poem must not exceed twenty lines. Age limit: Twenty-five.

**No. 4.—£1 1s. 0d.** for the best solution of the chess problem which you will find on page 287. Age limit: Twenty.

**No. 5.—10s. 6d.** for the best drawing of "A Boy Running." Age limit: Eighteen.

**No. 6.—15s. 0d.** for the best "Story Told by a War-Horse." (Not to exceed 400 words.) Age limit: Seventeen.

**No. 7.—10s. 6d.** for the best list of "Contrary Proverbs," such as:—

"Strike while the iron's hot."  
"Second thoughts are best."

Age limit: Fifteen.

**No. 8.—10s. 6d.** for the best map showing the course of the River Nile. Age limit: Thirteen.

**No. 9.—7s. 6d.** for the best "Letter to the Old Fag" on "My Favourite Lessons." Age limit: Eleven.

**No. 10.—5s. 0d.** Same subject. Age limit: Nine.

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—Consolation Prizes will be awarded in every competition—age being taken into consideration.]



WAR-HORSE (log.): "Apple, sir? Thank you, kindly, sir. I will have just a little one. Tell you all about —. Well, I'll try, sir. It was like this——"

—(Vide Competition No. 6).

# Results of October Competitions.

## No. I.—Best Poetical Extract on "Christmas."

WINNER OF £1 IS: JOHN M. MACFARLANE, 34, West End Park Street, Glasgow.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) has been awarded to: RUPERT GRANVILLE HARROP, "The Grange," Holinwood, Oldham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: M. de R. Phillp, Henry Sharples, Frank T. Phillips, William Armstrong, Helen K. Watts, Joan Thomas, Owen Chitty, Ellen P. Claydon, Gertrude Argyle, G. R. Howell-John, Ida Oppenheim, Arthur Gardiner, Ethel Grigg, Madeline Mather, C. Topley, H. Terry, Edith Gow, Kate C. Lovelock, Edward Allen, F. A. Taylor, D. S. Robertson, George A. Armstrong, A. F. Morrison, Barbara Stranack, D. M. Watts, W. H. Mills, Janie Gillespie, E. Onless, Edith Hillier, Helen C. Tancock, and those who sent familiar extracts from Shakespeare, Scott, and Tennyson too numerous to mention.

## No. II.—Chess Problem.

WINNER OF £1 IS: ARTHUR S. ARNOLD, 143, Wright Street, Small Heath, Birmingham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: JOHN SMALPAGE STANFORTH, "Homedale," Pattison Road, Child's Hill, London, N.W.; and ERNEST OSBORNE TANCOCK, Little Waltham, Chelmsford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. H. Davidson, C. Harte, J. F. Hay, A. J. Head, L. Larquet, E. Wass, G. Walker, R. G. Weil, A. C. Harrison, C. B. Joyner, C. D. Hannah, W. Hayward, T. Walker, N. J. Chignell, W. Kaye, H. Burton, J. Lowdon, R. C. Jennings, H. G. Philpot, E. H. Cable, H. J. Cudmore, R. G. D. Addey, G. W. Chambers, D. Roome, P. Wilkins, M. Fitz-Gerald.

(More than two hundred competitors did not send all possible solutions. Several others were disqualified for not complying with conditions.)

## No. III.—Stamp Designs Competition.

WINNERS OF STAMP ALBUMS: ERNEST REDMAN, 16, All Souls' Road, Halsey Hill, Halifax, Yorkshire; and H. D. DIXON, Penarth, Truro, Cornwall.

WINNERS OF STAMP PACKETS: BURDETTE JOHNSON, 2755A, Lafayette Ave, St. Louis, Missouri, U.S.A.; K. E. COOPER, "Head Master's," Harrow; GORDON BROWNE, 42, Halcombe Street, Belfast; G. A. VOULE, Amsterdam, Herengracht, 540, Holland.

## No. IV.—Best Design or Idea for Advertising THE CAPTAIN.

WINNER OF £1 IS: FRED MEREDITH, 112, Grayshott Road, Lavender Hill, S.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: ARTHUR C. BEACH, 100, Cowley Road, Brixton, S.W.; and H. KER-FOX, Denstone College, Uttoxeter, Staffordshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Sam Flower Brooks, W. Bridge, Rupert G. Rogers, C. G. C. King, Percy R. Green, J. W. Hicks, Gordon McVoy, G. A. Warren, W. J. Hamilton Hunter, J. H. Moat, Jennie Clasper, A. D. Pipe, Hubert Townsend, F. G. Bristow, A. E. Lockyer, E. A. Duncan, Philip Hughes, H. Thomas, R. K. Brown.

## No. V.—Best List of Nick-names of Famous Men.

WINNERS OF 10s. 6d. EACH: J. G. RITCHIE, the Grammar School, Co. Down, Ireland; and JOHN B. EDGAR, "Ashton," Lockerbie, N.B.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: ANNIE McDONALD, The Green, Southall, Middlesex; and JAMES McDONALD FINLAYSON, "The Manse," Burntisland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Charles Leigh, Thomas John Jones, Lilian R. Ormiston, William Whittaker, R. Keith Brown, and Fred Robertson.

## No. VI.—Best Drawing from Life of "A Head."

THE PRIZE OF £1 IS, has been divided between: ROSE M. GARDENER, "Bertram House," Sidcup, Kent; and MAUD CENTARO, 11, Viale Macchiavelli, Florence, Italy.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: C. STRANGE, H.M.S. *Britannia*, Dartmouth; D. NEWILL, "The Homestead," Winchester; and HILDA E. MILLER, "Ormidale," Somerset Road, New Barnet.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. H. Cox, G. A. Hicks, Kathleen Rogers, Constance Davis, A. McHuraith, C. E. Stewart, A. McCallum, A. N. Sutherland, Arthur E. Hicks, H. Clayton-Smith, Jean M. Thistlethwaite, Elsa Hedderwick, Gerald Leake, N. Keir, E. H. Timmins, Harold Kershaw, Olive M. Mankin.

## No. VII.—Best List of Spelling Mistakes.

THE PRIZE OF £1 IS, has been divided between: CHARLES HILL, 29, Mint, Exeter; WILLIAM ANGUS, 59, Balmoral Place, Aberdeen; and DOROTHY M. FALKNER, "Balfour House," Grand Parade, Portsmouth.

## No. VIII.—Handwriting Competition. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNERS OF 5s. EACH: MAY LILIAN COLWELL, "Glen-dyming," Talbot Road, Highgate, N.; T. S. O. WATKINS, South Eastern College, Ramsgate; BERTRAM JAMES CRATER, 20, St. Mary's Road, Walthamstow; E. BAYTON, "Sussex House," 61, Highbury New Park, London, N.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: REGINALD ANDERSON, Infant Orphan Asylum, Wanstead, Essex; and JACK MOSS, 26, Wallace Road, Canonbury, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. R. Woodhead, Janet Walker, Alfred Ernest, A. J. Shore, Gwendolen Braddell, Martha Longmire, S. H. Coleman, T. J. Coom.

## No. IX.—Handwriting Competition. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNERS OF 5s. EACH: NORAH WARD, Beech Lane, Macciesfield; WILLIAM BURRELL, 2, Granby Place, Hillhead, Glasgow; H. GARDINER, 48, Bolingbroke Grove, Wandsworth Common, S.W.; and H. L. WATKINS, 8, Tivoli Road, Crouch End, N.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: STELLA MARY MAXWELL, 3, Fulwood Park, Liverpool; and HAROLD PRICE, 10, Paignton Road, Birmingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Eveline Wannell, Ernest Jephcott, Edgar Owen, Nina Kirby, Noelle Aldridge.

## No. X.—Handwriting Competition. (Age limit: Ten.)

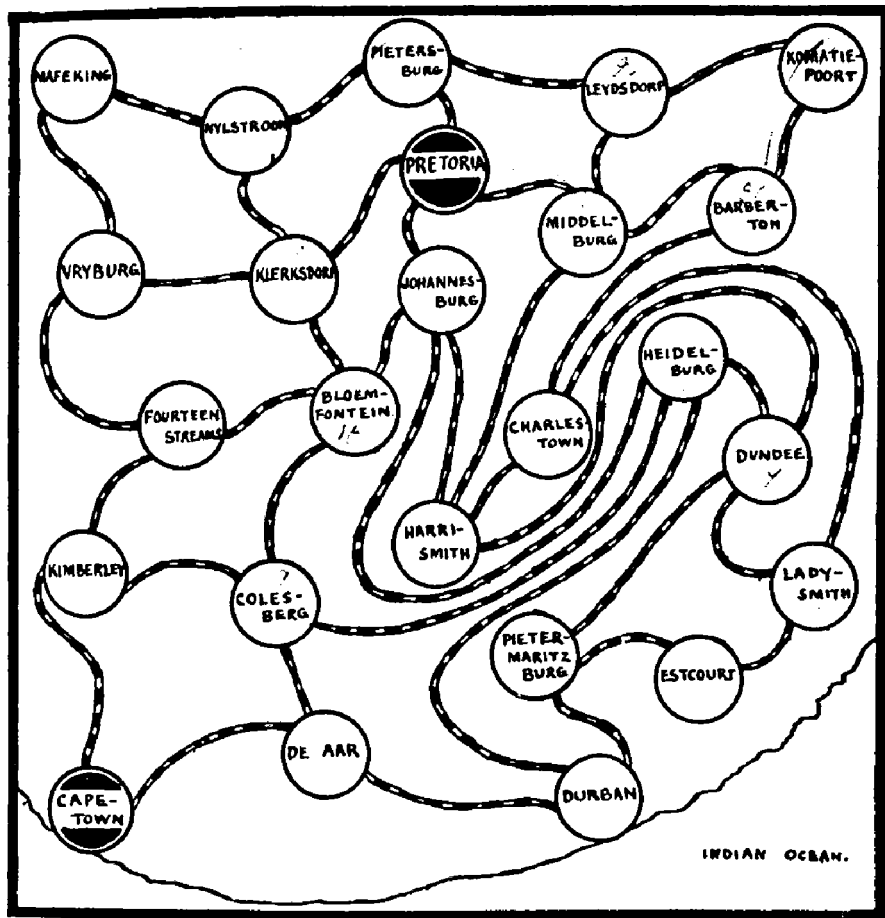
WINNERS OF 2s. 6d. EACH: HILDA MARGARET GOULDEX, 56, Finsbury Park Road, London, N.; RALPH HEAP, 24, Wellesley Street, Shelton, Stoke-on-Trent; BERTIE ANDERSON, "Glenburn Hall," Jedburgh; WALTER A. ATKINSON, 122, Greyhound Lane, Streatham, S.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: ERIC MACINTOSH, 29, Clarendon Road, Bedford; and IAN S. CLARKE, Kinsteary, Nairn, Scotland.

# HOW TO GET TO PRETORIA.

A SOUTH AFRICAN WAR PROBLEM.

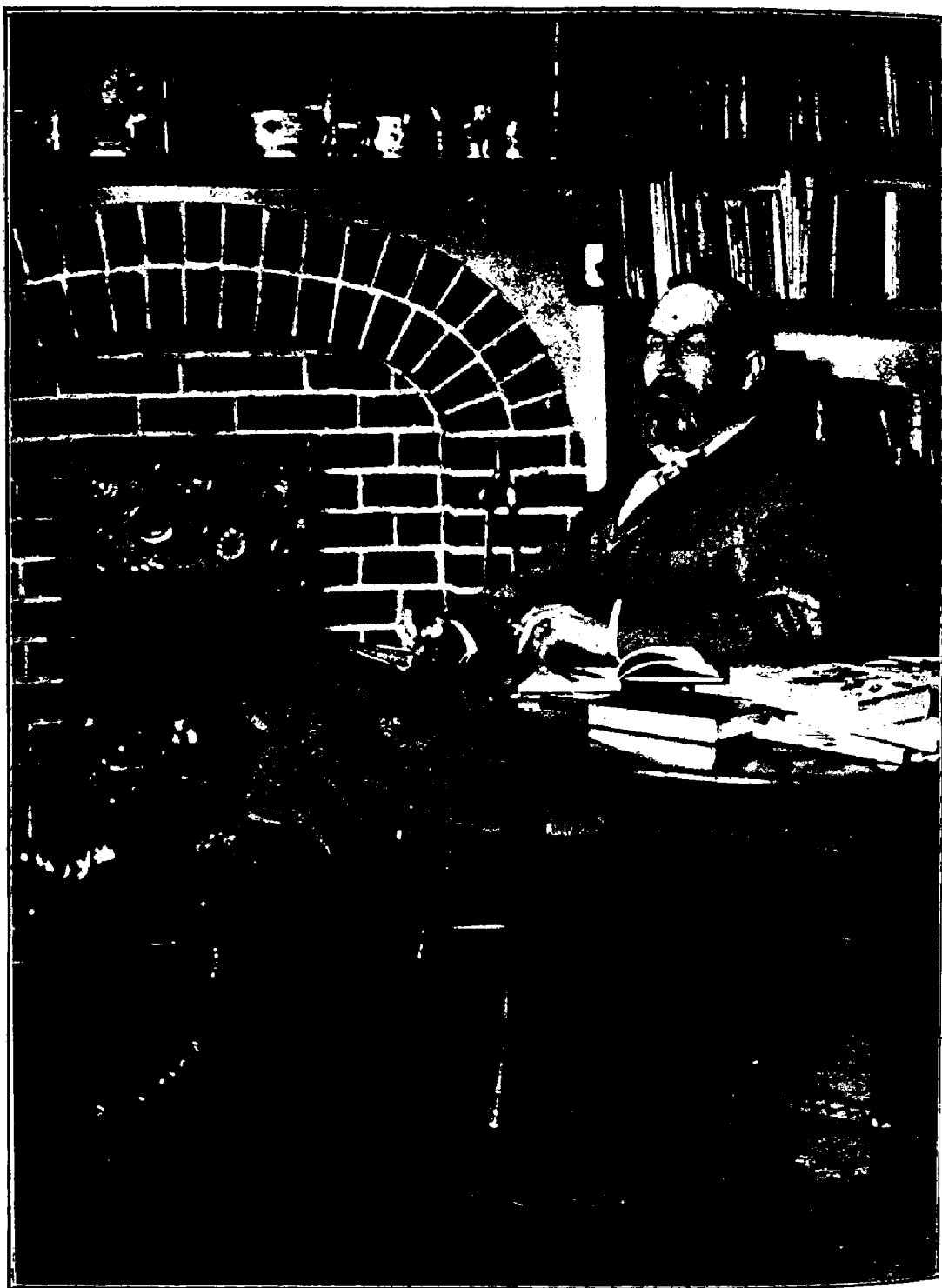
By HENRY E. DUDENEY.



Place the point of your pencil at Capetown, and show what route you would take your regiment in order to reach Pretoria, after visiting as many of the towns as possible.

You cannot travel across country except by the imaginary railways, nor may you visit the same town twice.

We offer a prize of £1 1s. od. for the best solution of this problem. Simply send a list of the towns in the order visited, and state at the top of your letter the town or towns that you have found it necessary to leave out of your route. Competitions should be addressed to "SPHINX," THE CAPTAIN, 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London, W.C., and should be received not later than Jan. 16th.



*Photograph by*

**MR. HENRY E. DUDENEY.**  
"SPHINX."

*Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

*[See back of this portrait for "War Puzzle."]*

# THE PUZZLE KING

BY THE EDITOR.

Who has not heard of "Sphinx," which his name in real life is Henry E. Dudeney? Who has not pored over the puzzles of this modern magician? Who has not racked his brains to discover the why and the wherefore of the knotty problems he sets forth week by week and month by month?

Mr. Dudeney is acknowledged to be the master puzzle-maker of the age, and, as THE CAPTAIN insists on having the best of everything, I have cornered Mr. Dudeney, and I have cross-examined him, and I have extracted from him an assortment of his best puzzles for the delectable bewilderment of my readers.

Subscribers to *Til-Bits* (THE CAPTAIN's big brother) and many other publications have for years been tying their brains into knots in wild endeavours to get level with his posers.

Mr. Dudeney has fairly beaten all his brother puzzle-makers—he stands out to-day, a very Gulliver, yards and yards above all of them.

Physically he is a bit of a giant—not the narrow-chested, bleary-eyed individual you would suppose him to be, by any manner of means.

He is tall and big-shouldered, bluff and breezy in manner, a hearty soul, and a capital fellow.

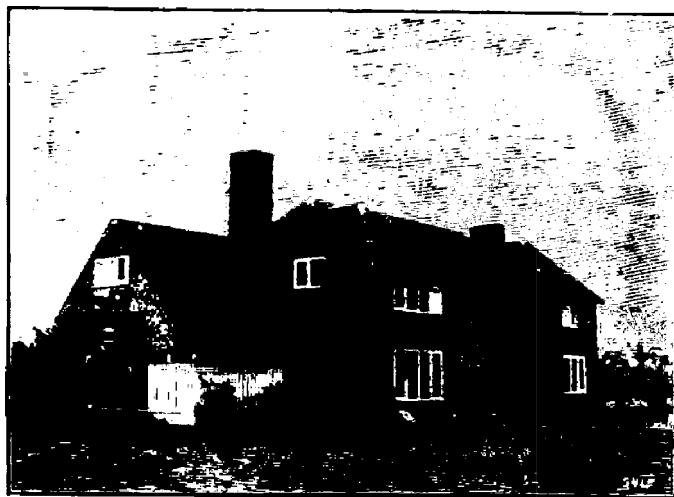
He is forty years of age—just when a healthy man's brain is supposed to be most fertile—and lives away down in Surrey, among the green fields. And he doesn't come up to town oftener than he can help. When he does, it is to take on sundry doughty opponents at the British Chess Club—and perchance beat them.

As to his beginnings—well, as a very small infant he used to fix a glassy eye on the hired girl, and ask her how many beans she would suppose made five. Or he would awake his father in the small hours (having climbed out of his crib for that purpose) and demand what number of herrings he could obtain for a shilling

if one and a-half cost three halfpence!

Chaffingly opening my interview in this way, I asked Mr. Dudeney when he really *did* begin to puzzle-make.

"It must have been at a very early age," said he, "for I distinctly remember asking myself, when being kept waiting in the perambulator while the nurse was apparently giving army instructions to a tall soldier in the park, 'Why



THE HOME OF THE PUZZLE KING.



can't I push this thing along with my own hands while seated?' The articles that interested me most in the toy shop were the mechanical puzzles, and when I was only about nine years old several of my little posers appeared in a boys' paper. I can only say that during all my life my interest in the subject as a fascinating hobby has never flagged.

"But," I interrupted, "have you devoted the whole of your life, from your youth up, to the manufacturing of puzzles?"

"Oh, dear, no! In early life I entered the Civil Service, but the monotonous character of the work proved very wearisome, and in time I became a London journalist, and edited two or three different publications, besides contributing to a host of others. I was also for several years organist of a prominent London church, and have written music."

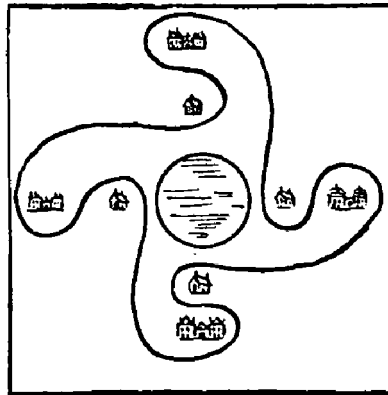
"However — the puzzle's the thing. Let's start from the beginning. In your youth,



Photograph by

ENTRANCE HALL, "LITTLEWICK MEADOW."

Geo. Newnes, Ltd.



THE WALL PUZZLE.

what was the state of the puzzle market?"

"When I was a boy there were only about a dozen really distinctive puzzles that came my way, and the solutions of perhaps ten of these I found to be incorrect. For example, there is the well-known 'Wall Puzzle': *Four men built their cottages round the sides of a lake, and then four rich men built mansions at the back of the cottages.* Here is a sketch

of the thing. The puzzle was to show how the rich men might build as short a wall as possible, so as to shut out the poor men from the lake. I have shown the line of the wall as it is always given, but the answer is quite incorrect. Then there is the old digital problem: *Place as few arithmetical signs as possible between these figures so that they shall equal 100.* The solution that is usually given is:  $1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 7 + (8 \times 9) = 100$ , but the correct answer is beautifully simple. I will mention one other old poser: *Place sixteen counters in*



Photograph by

THE HALL, "LITTLEWICK MEADOW."

Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

such a way on the table that they shall form as many lines as possible with four counters in every line. The answer they used to give me was that the puzzle was a 'catch,' for all you had to do

me a good deal. It is the well-known one—to make a sentence out of the letters of the alphabet, using them all once and as few additional letters as possible. When I was a boy the record sentence was 'Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs.' This contains the complete alphabet and six additional letters—one 'e,' two 'i's,' two 'o's,' and a 'u.' But let some of your boys try to beat this sentence: 'Blowzy frights vex and jump quick.' This, it will be seen, requires only an additional 'i' and 'u'—two letters."

"Were puzzles your sole hobby as a boy?"

"Well, I made, in addition to a large number of mechanical puzzles, some working models, conjuring apparatus, a Punch and Judy show, etc., and when I was still a youth I gave a public entertainment in the country in aid of local charities. It included an original

pianoforte monologue, a few absurd performances on a fiddle, some conjuring tricks, and a ventri-



Photograph by

Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

THE STUDY OF THE PUZZLE KING.

was to arrange the counters in the form of a square, when you would get ten such lines. This is, of course, obviously ridiculous, and 'miles off' the correct answer."

"But there were always plenty of word puzzles, were there not?"

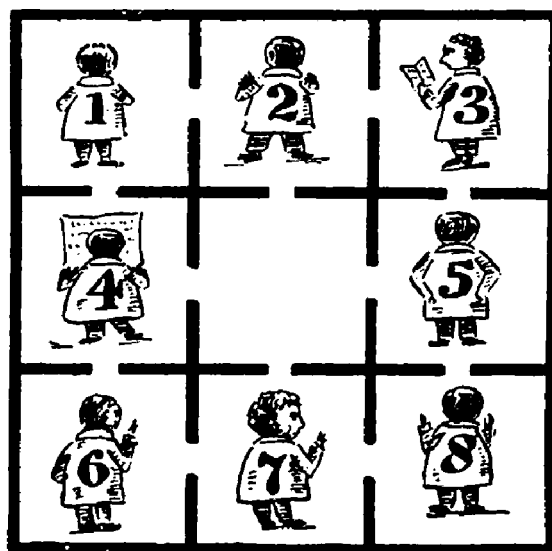
"You mean acrostics, charades, buried words, and similar things. True, but I always had a contempt for these as being rather babyish. Dozens of them may be made easily by anybody in an hour, and there is no satisfaction to be derived from solving them. A puzzle should generally contain some little principle, trick, or 'wrinkle,' which in a great many cases may happen to prove unexpectedly useful in the every-day affairs of life. Still, one has produced a few special things in this direction. For example, perhaps my seven-letter Word Square has not been beaten. Have you ever seen one in more than six letters? Here it is:—

"'Twas spring. The abbey woods were decked with second.

The abbot, with his fifth, no trouble reckoned;  
But shared the meats and seventh which every man  
Who loves to feast has first since time began.  
Then comes a stealthy sixth across the wall,  
Who fourths the plate and jewels, cash and all,  
And, ere the abbot and his monks have dined,  
He thirds, and leaves no trace or clue behind.

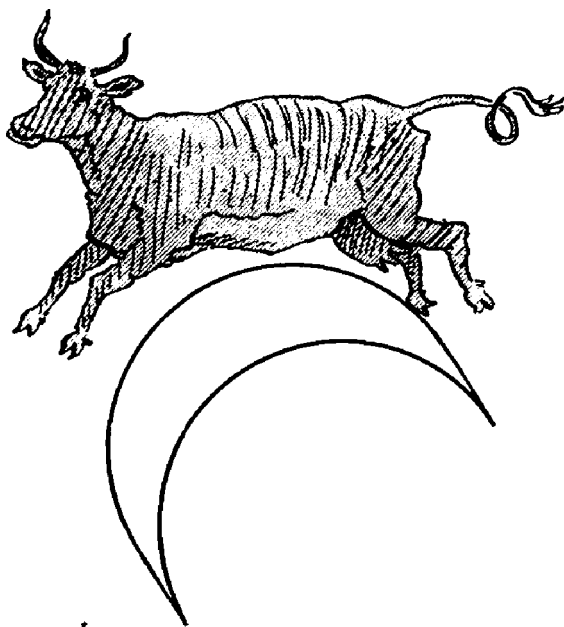
"But there is one letter puzzle that interested

me a good deal. It is the well-known one—to make a sentence out of the letters of the alphabet, using them all once and as few additional letters as possible. When I was a boy the record sentence was 'Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs.' This contains the complete alphabet and six additional letters—one 'e,' two 'i's,' two 'o's,' and a 'u.' But let some of your boys try to beat this sentence: 'Blowzy frights vex and jump quick.' This, it will be seen, requires only an additional 'i' and 'u'—two letters."



THE EIGHT FAT BOYS.

loquial sketch. It was, I believe, a success, but then, you know, country audiences are very tolerant, and mine was exceedingly so. Every conjuring trick is, of course, a puzzle, and



THE MOON PUZZLE.

ventriloquism itself is merely a trick in the perspective of sounds—an aural illusion.”

“Were you ever successful as a competitor?”

“As a boy I used to enter any interesting competitions that came under my notice in magazines and newspapers, and won a good many prizes. Of late years I have, of course, confined myself to the inventive side of puzzling, with the exception of a competition a few years ago in connection with the New York Chess Association, which was open to the world. A prize was offered for the first correct solution of Loyd’s great ‘Souvenir Chess Problem’ in fifty moves, and I was successful in ‘lifting’ the prize (as Sir Thomas Lipton would say) for the old country.”

“You must have a rather wide acquaintance with the world’s puzzles, Mr. Dudeney?”

“During the whole course of my life I do not think I have ever intentionally allowed a good puzzle to pass me unnoticed; and I always make it a rule to probe these things to the very bottom—to get right down to bed rock, as we say—and so learn all that is to be known about them. Simply to get the solution of a puzzle never satisfied me. There are some puzzles that I have had under examination at intervals for ten years and am still investigating. Some of my own have taken two or three years to perfect.”

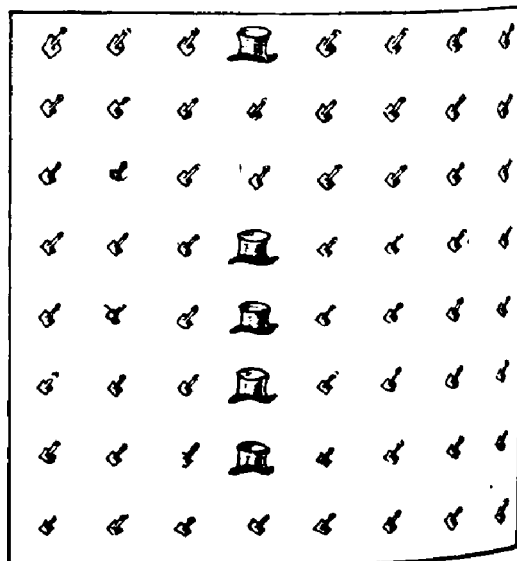
“Will you enable me to show my boys some of your favourite productions in the puzzle line?” I asked.

“Well, it would be rather difficult to say which are my favourites. You see, a just father tries to love all his children equally, though it is

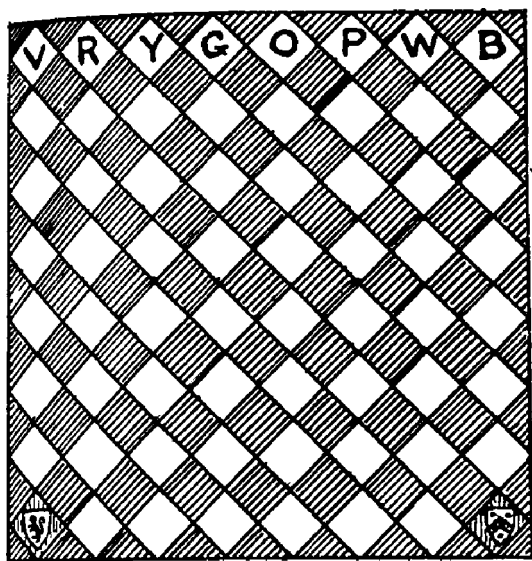
only natural, perhaps, that he prefers the good ones to the bad. And, as my puzzles run into a good many hundreds, I fear I must have pounded some dreadfully bad ones in my time. Perhaps, instead of hunting up my favourites, it will be better if I give you a few of my posers that seem likely to especially interest your boys, if they have not already seen them. My most widely known arithmetical puzzle is, I think, a little one in farthings. *Find a sum of money in pounds, shillings, and pence that may be reduced correctly to farthings by simply removing the dots that separate the pounds from the shillings and the shillings from the pence.* Thus, £10:10:7 would be 10,107 farthings; but this is not correct, because the amount really represents 10,108 farthings.

“The ‘Eight Fat Boys’ is an easy moving-counters puzzle. *A school-master had in his school eight boys who were growing so fat that he decided on a way of giving them more exercise. There were nine class-rooms communicating with one another. (Let me make you a sketch.) He first of all placed one boy in each of the outside rooms, as I have shown, each boy having a number on his back. Before the boys were allowed to sit down to dinner they had to so arrange themselves by moving one at a time from room to room until their numbers added up the same sum in each of the three rows, three columns, and two diagonals. If two boys were ever in the same room together they had to begin all over again. One of the boys was fond of magic squares, and he worked out the shortest possible way to perform the trick. What were the moves?*

“Here is a little geometrical puzzle that will repay the solving — ‘The Moon Problem.’ *Divide the crescent into the fewest possible pieces*



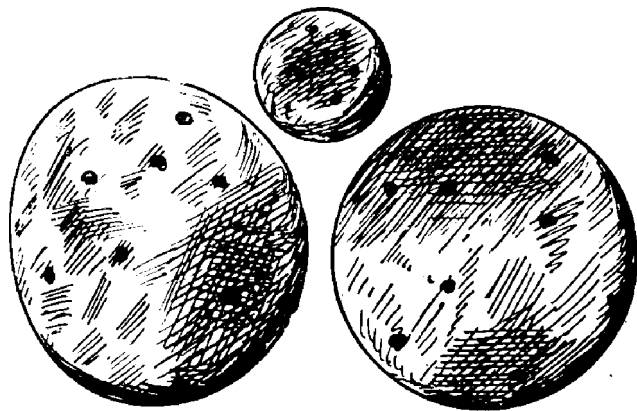
THE HAT-PEG PUZZLE.



A PROBLEM IN MOSAICS.

that will fit together and form a perfect square. This curious problem has greatly interested a large number of my readers, and the solution is astonishingly simple—when you know how it is done. The cow is a mere ornament, like the curl in a pig's tail.

"In the case of my 'Hat-peg Puzzle,' strange as it may seem, there is practically only one solution possible. On a certain wall were fixed sixty-four hat-pegs, as shown in this sketch. It will be seen that the five hats are so placed that they are all in line with one another, and that every peg is in a straight line (either horizontally, vertically or diagonally) with at least one of the hats. The puzzle is to remove one of the hats to another peg so that still every peg shall be in line with a hat, then move a second hat under similar conditions, then a third hat, and finally a fourth hat. After the fourth move no hat must be

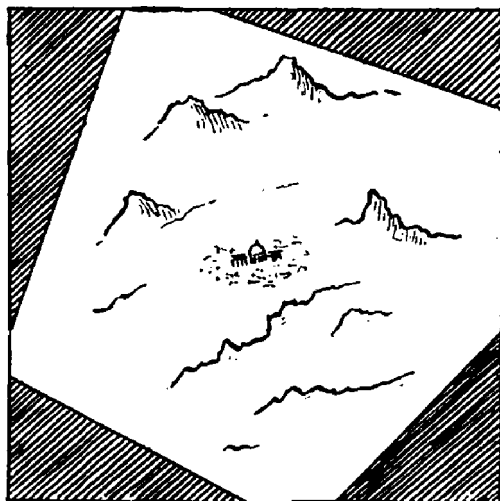


THE BUN PUZZLE.

in line with another hat. Remember, the point is to get the hats out of line with each other in

four moves, every peg throughout being always in line with at least one hat. Tell your readers to try to solve this puzzle on their chess-boards with pawns or draughts.

"Here is another little puzzle that they may try the same way. It is called 'A Problem in Mosaics.' I have to pave a square piece of flooring in the simple design I have shown. The black or shaded tiles are already placed, as are also two special tiles at the bottom corners bearing coats of arms. We are only concerned with the sixty-two white spaces, into which tiles have to be inserted. But the only tiles that I possess are Violet, Red, Yellow, Green, Orange, Purple, White, and Blue, and the puzzle is simply this: to insert as many of these tiles as possible so that all the colours in any row, column, or diagonal line shall be different. What is the greatest number of tiles that can be



FOUR PRINCES PUZZLE.

placed, and how should they be arranged? I have inserted the first row of tiles, and perhaps some of your young readers can carry on the work.

"You might also give your readers this little 'Bun Puzzle' that I gave out a short time ago; I think it can hardly fail to interest them: Divide the three buns amongst four boys so that each boy may have an exactly equal share and there shall be as few pieces as possible. It sounds easy enough, does it not? I wonder whether many of them can do it. Of course, the buns must be supposed to be of equal thickness throughout, and of equal thickness to each other."

"Perhaps you will kindly give me a good tough nut for our advanced arithmeticians?"

"Well, I would recommend them to have a try at my 'Four Princes Puzzle.' The dominions of a certain Eastern monarch formed a perfectly square tract of country. The king

*discovered that his four sons were not only plotting against each other, but were in secret rebellion against himself. After consulting with his advisers he decided not to exile the princes, but to confine them to the four corners of the country, where each was given a triangular territory of equal area, beyond the boundaries of which they would pass at the cost of their lives. Now the royal surveyor found himself confronted by great natural difficulties owing to the wild character of the country. The result was that, while each was given exactly the same area, the four triangular districts were all of different shapes, somewhat in the manner of this sketch.*

"The puzzle is to give the three measurements for each of the four districts in whole

numbers. You may use miles, furlongs, or yards, but must keep to one measure only. When this puzzle appeared in *Tit-Bits* only four persons solved it, and three of these were wranglers. It is a curious fact that up to the time of its publication it had been repeatedly stated, from Montucla downwards, that more than three different right-angled triangles of equal area could not be found in whole numbers. The solution I gave was not the smallest possible, so those who saw that answer may like to try to find one in smaller dimensions."

[Mr Henry Dudeney will be glad to receive solutions of the puzzles in this interview, and will publish the names of the best puzzle-solvers. Age limit: Twenty-five (class I.); twenty (class II.); sixteen (class III.). Volumes will be awarded as prizes.]

[We shall give Mr. Dudeney's solutions to his puzzles in *THE CAPTAIN* later on.]

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## THE CHRISTMAS CRACKER.

WHETHER the chief attraction of the Christmas cracker lies in its dainty external appearance, or its amorous motto, or the cap or toy to be found inside, or even the part that "cracks," or all four combined, it is not easy to say, as, somehow or other, the cracker has come to be recognised as quite an indispensable aid to merriment at this festive season of the year.

Crackers, like most other things, have sprung from very small beginnings, and those that delighted our grandfathers were very feeble affairs compared with what now brighten the windows of the grocery stores. As a rule they simply consisted of small screwed-up pieces of brightly coloured paper containing a strangely spelt and not particularly rhythmical "rhyme." In those days the part that cracks and makes your sister (or somebody else's) shut her eyes and turn aside her head in terror, lest it may contain more than its proper allowance of fulminating powder, had not then been invented.

Crackers seem so linked together with the celebration of Christmas that few indeed of us realise the amount of money and forethought expended on their preparation throughout the year. Very early indeed are the ideas thought out for the coming season's novelties, and when these have been definitely decided upon the artists and motto writers are kept busy for several months working them out till, at length, the actual construction of the crackers themselves commences. Every indi-

vidual cracker is the outcome of the skill, not of one, but of many busy workers, all of whom are specialists in their own particular line. One will slip in the cracking part—its technical name is "detonator"—and then pass it on to her neighbour, who, in the twinkling of an eye, twists up some paper over a small tube, and hands it on to the next girl to insert the cap, or toy, or whatever it may be; and in this manner the cracker quickly travels down the room, growing more and more recognisable to the spectator every time it changes hands, until at last it joins the many thousands of others awaiting package.

Over one thousand people are employed all the year round by one big firm of cracker makers alone, and some fourteen million crackers are annually disposed of. The toys and nick-nacks they contain are collected from all parts of the world, though it must be confessed that most of the "jewellery" hails from Birmingham.

From time to time some very curious crackers have been manufactured to suit the special requirements of certain customers, and Messrs. Tom Smith & Co. have quite a little museum of these cracker freaks. The biggest cracker ever made was 7ft. long, and used by the late Harry Payne in one of the Drury Lane pantomimes, whilst the smallest cracker in the world cost its purchaser £400. It was just 4in. long, and contained a beautiful little ring set with pearls, taking over six months to design and construct.



## THE NEW YEAR.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
 The flying cloud, the frosty light,  
 The year is dying in the night ;  
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.  
 Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow,  
 The year is going, let him go ;  
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

TENNYSON.

∴ ∴ ∴

Orphan hours, the year is dead,  
 Come and sigh, come and weep,  
 Merry hours smile instead,  
 For the year is but asleep.  
 See, it smiles as it is sleeping,  
 Mocking your untimely weeping.  
 As an earthquake rocks a corse,  
 In its coffin in the clay,  
 So white Winter, that rough nurse,  
 Rocks the dead cold year to-day.  
 Solemn hours ! Wail aloud,  
 For your mother in her shroud.  
 January grey is here,  
 Like a sexton by her grave ;  
 February bears the bier,  
 March with grief doth howl and rave ;  
 And April weeps—but, O ye hours !  
 Follow with May's fairest flowers.

SHELLEY.

∴ ∴ ∴

Year in, year out, the days roll on,  
 The blossoms come when snows are gone ;  
 A while to sow, a while to reap,  
 A little play, and a little sleep.  
 Something to lose, and much to win,  
 And still at the end—year out, year in.

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

∴ ∴ ∴

From sounds of merry bells,  
 Breaking the midnight silence with their ringing,  
 From hymns borne upward which glad lips are  
 singing,  
 From where the New Year's song in beauty  
 swells,  
 I turn and whisper a soft prayer for thee,  
 And for thy sake ask what the year shall be.

M. FARNINGHAM.

∴ ∴ ∴

I grieve not with the moaning wind,  
 As if a loss befell,  
 Before me, even as behind,  
 God is, and all is well.

WHITTIER.

A guid New Year to ane an' a',  
 An' mony may ye see,  
 An' during a' the years to come,  
 Oh, happy may ye be !  
 An' may ye ne'er hae cause to mourn,  
 To sigh or shed a tear ;  
 To ane an' a', both great an' sma',  
 A hearty guid New Year !

P. LIVINGSTONE.

∴ ∴ ∴

New Year coming on apace,  
 What have you to give me ?  
 Bring you scathe, or bring you grace,  
 Face me with an honest face ;  
 You shall not deceive me :  
 Be it good or ill, be it what you will,  
 It needs shall help me on my road,  
 My rugged way to heaven, please God.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

∴ ∴ ∴

Still on—as silent as a ghost !  
 Seems but a score of days, all told,  
 Or but a month or two at most,  
 Since our last New Year's song we trolld,  
 And lo ! that New Year now is old.  
 And here we stand to say " Good-bye !"  
 Brief words, and yet, we scarce know why,  
 They bring a moisture to the eye,  
 And to the heart some quakes and aches.  
 We speak them very tenderly,  
 With half a sob and half a sigh,  
 " Old Year, good-bye ! Old Year, good-bye !"

BURLEIGH.

∴ ∴ ∴

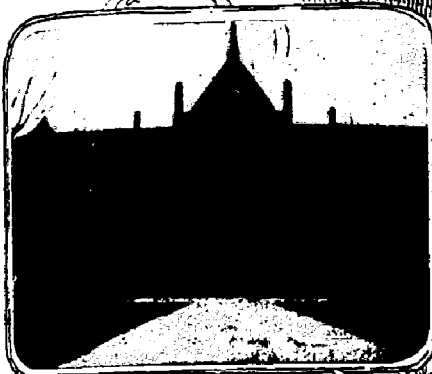
The Old Year's long campaign is o'er,  
 Behold a new begun !  
 Not yet is closed the holy war,  
 Not yet the triumph won.  
 Not yet the end, not yet repose ;  
 We hear our Captain say,  
 " Go forth again to meet your foes,  
 Ye children of the day."

∴ ∴ ∴

Farewell Old Year—the New is here,  
 Hope fares to meet it singing ;  
 What perfect hours, what fruit, what flowers,  
 Its hidden hands are bringing !  
 Shed we no tear for this dead year,  
 Whose ways were paved with sorrow ;  
 'Tis fled away—'tis yesterday,  
 And life begins to-morrow !

E. NESBIT.

# SOME PUBLIC SCHOOLS



ST PAUL'S



WESLEY COLLEGE DUBLIN



BRADFIELD COLLEGE



NEW COLLEGE EASTBOURNE



BANCROFTS

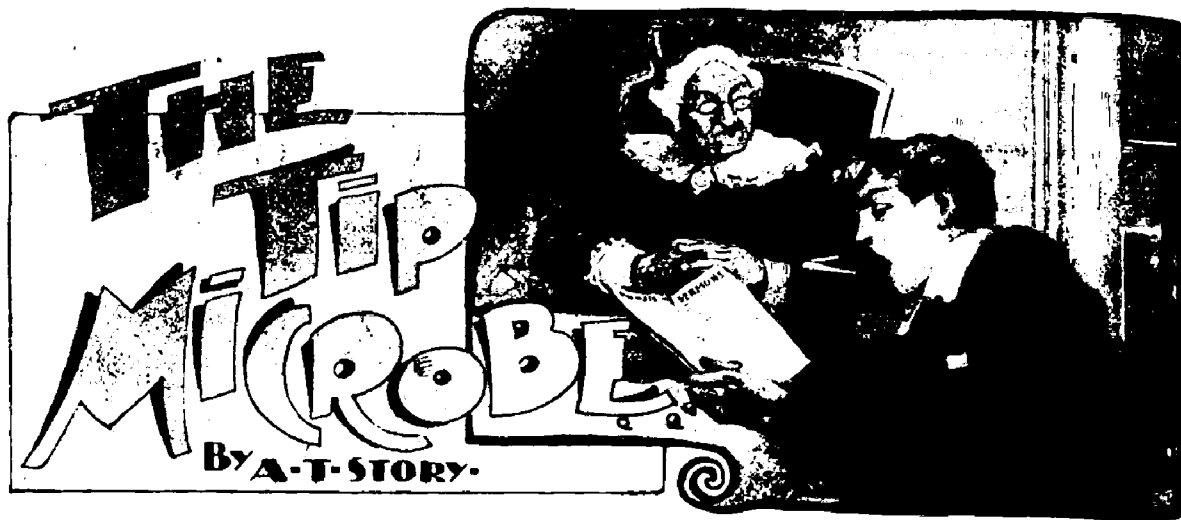
From  
Photographs  
by  
Readers  
of



LEAMINGTON COLLEGE

THE  
CAPTAIN





Pictures by Stewart Browne.

**Z**ACH WALKER was of a scientific turn, and had been reading about the micro-organisms that are held to exist in all living tissues, and in a high degree to condition their existence. He had read, too, that nearly every species of matter had its special bacillus, as such organisms are called, and that these creatures have the power of transmitting the conditions of such matter to beings with which they are associated.

He had heard, for instance, of the cholera bacillus, and of that connected with the propagation of consumption. He had read, too, in the medical papers, of the diseases that are contracted from licking postage stamps, through handling dirty coin, through reading novels from the public libraries, and—still more horrible to think of—from kissing. As regards the latter, Zach had resolved that he would, in future, kiss no more babies, and only a few of the nicer sort of girls, for fear of the consequences!

It will be seen Zach did his best to profit by what he read. But he did more than that. Being of a speculative turn, he imitated the editors of medical journals, and tried to discover new bacilli.

During the holidays, indeed, he hit upon something quite novel in that line. His grandmother, being short-sighted, could read with difficulty. But she was exceedingly fond of a certain old book of sermons, which Zach could not bear, but which he was required to read to her every evening. True, he was given a trifle by the old lady for his trouble, but he did not consider it sufficient, and would gladly have got out of the infliction if he had known how. He had tried several expedients to that end, but hitherto with indifferent success.

Finally, however, towards the end of the holidays, he scored something of a success. Reading one evening to his grandmother, he yawned so much that the old lady asked him if he found reading to her very disagreeable.

"Oh, no, grandma!" said he. "I like it. Only, you know, there are so many of those beastly microbes in these old books, and they get into your eyes and make you sleepy. In time, too," he added, a very happy thought occurring to him, "the tissues of the eye become so full of them that you go short-sighted, if not completely blind."

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed the old lady, who had never heard of such things before. "What are they like?"

"They are quite invisible to the naked eye," Zach made answer; "and so small that millions of them could live on a pin's head. They cause all kinds of diseases—consumption, rheumatism, and no end of things, but they begin by making you tired and sleepy."

"Don't they get into the boys' books you read so diligently?" grandmother questioned.

"No; it's only the beastly old books they get into," Zach replied. "They can't live in boys' books—at least, not well," he added.

The old lady was surprised to hear this, and her grandson proposed that they should test the matter. As grandma was willing, one of Zach's favourite stories was fetched, and he proceeded to read it aloud with so much zest, and with such peals of laughter, that the old lady could not help a chuckle now and again.

The two were in one of their most vivacious outbursts when Zach's "mater" appeared upon the scene, and was naturally much surprised at what she saw. A great deal more surprised,

however, she became on learning from grandmother that it arose from the fact that Zachariah had found a book with "no microbes on it," as she explained the matter.

The reading was shortly after concluded, and the young experimenter retired. He had barely entered upon his first dream, however, ere he was startled by a loud guffaw from below stairs.

He knew it was his father's laugh, but he did not realise that it was occasioned by his mother's description of their hopeful son's ruse to substitute one of his own books for his grandma's favourite volume. His father's comment was: "The youngster evidently has no microbes on him."

But during the first few weeks after Zach's return to school he went one better than this. It was really an inspiration, and arose as follows. The last week of the holidays was spent in paying a round of farewell visits to uncles and aunts. From many of them Zach received tips of more or less value—sixpences, shillings, and so on. None of them, however, rose to the munificence of Uncle Tom, who never failed with a convenient half-sovereign whenever his nephew paid one of these farewell visits. True to his anticipation, the yellow coin pressed his palm with a benediction on the present occasion. But when it came to the other uncles and aunts there was such a falling off that Zach, being a public-spirited, as well as an inventive youth, considered how he could improve them.

It was a large order, of course. But that did not dismay Zachariah. He turned the subject over in his mind for several weeks without success; but at length an idea struck him.

What could be more probable, thought he,

than that there was a "tip" microbe, and that his Uncle Tom had got it? The more he thought of the matter the more convinced Zach became that such was the case; nor was he long in becoming convinced that it would be a great thing achieved if he could inoculate his other relatives with his Uncle Tom's tip microbe!

It was a dazzling thought, and no sooner was the idea fully conceived in the youth's mind than he sent his exercise-book flying with the cry, "Eureka!" There were such vast possibilities in his discovery. For instance, if he could only give his various relatives the tip microbe—bad—what might he not expect?

Zach could not, at first, see how it was to be done; but after deliberating for a day or two he hit upon a plan which he thought might work. He wrote and asked his uncle if he would send him one of his old silk handkerchiefs. He could not, he wrote, tell him at present what he required it for, except that it was to try a scientific experiment.

Naturally enough, good-natured Uncle Tom sent the handkerchief, and with it, to his nephew's no small delight, he enclosed a half-sovereign, remarking that, as experimenting cost money, he enclosed a trifle to aid him.

"What a thoughtful fellow Uncle Tom is!"

Zach cried, adding,

"When I'm a man and have nephews I shall encourage them just as he does me—if, that is, they prove to be as clever as I am."

Zach now set to work to inoculate his relatives. He felt sure that his uncle's handkerchief would do the trick, and so he cut it up into tiny squares, and sent a piece to each



HE SENT HIS EXERCISE-BOOK FLYING WITH THE CRY,  
"EUREKA!"

with a letter, telling them about his experiment, and asking them to carry it about with them for a little while.

All wrote that they were pleased he was devoting himself to science, and several enclosed small sums, saying, like Uncle Tom, that as his experiments would cost money, they sent him a trifle, etc.

When Zach opened the fourth of these missives, and saw what it contained—five shillings—he fairly howled with delight. He thought he had found an El Dorado. In acknowledging the receipt of the money he did not fail to send a bit more of the handkerchief, and to inform the giver that he was pleased to say that his discovery was already promising well.

Of course Zach was greatly elated at the success of his experiment, which naturally he attributed to the microbes in his uncle's handkerchief. But, in his excitement he forgot one thing, and it remained for others to put him on his guard—or was it off his guard that they put him?

In his elation over the wealth flowing in to him, he was tempted to let two or three of his school-mates into his secret; and they, being extremely cool and practical, at once spied a weak spot which the discoverer had overlooked.

If, said they, the bits of Uncle Tom's handkerchief inoculated with the tip microbe those to whom they were sent, the large portion which Zach retained ought to have infected him still worse. "Now," they questioned, "have you felt any infection yourself?"

This was a decided pull back for Zachariah; but, after a moment's reflection, he answered:—

"Yes, it has taken hold of me a little, and I am expecting to have it worse; but, of course, I shall struggle against it."

"If you don't get it pretty bad," said Dennis, "everybody will believe it a bit of hanky panky," and he winked at his friend.

Zach made no reply, but that same afternoon a youth who was not in the know came to one of those who were, and said:—

"I say, Jarnock, what's up with Walker? He's been giving tips to all the Lower Form kids."

While they were still discussing the event another boy hurried up, crying:—

"I say, look here! There's Walker tipping the fellows in ours right and left! He says



"IF YOU DON'T GET IT PRETTY BAD," SAID DENNIS, "EVERYBODY WILL THINK IT A BIT OF HANKY PANKY."

he's been experimenting, and has got something—I don't know what!"

"*Microbiensis Zach*," put in Dennis.

"Well then, if that's it he's got it bad," replied the youth. "Come up and see the fun."

They all went in search of the experimenter, but found that he had left the playing-field; and, on inquiry of little Chirpy, they were told that he had "gone to write his composition on the Sewage Canal."

As a matter of fact his essay on the Suez Canal was already written, and Zach had in truth gone in to put down some "notes," as a discoverer should, touching the tip microbe. He wrote a full account of his investigations, then, having folded up his MS., he put it, as he thought, in his box. In reality, however, he put away his essay on the Suez Canal, and sent in to the head master his "Notes on the Tip Microbe."

It was unfortunate, because when, later in the evening, the head master got hold of the "notes," he was so surprised thereat that he sent for Zach to his room.

Instead of going, however, the youthful discoverer wrote him a polite note explaining that, owing to an unfortunate fit of "tiposity," he was not in a condition to obey his summons. This brought the Head to Zach's dormitory in great haste with a cane.

However, when he saw Walker's helpless condition, his arm fell powerless to his side. You may hit a fellow with his clothes on, but when he has little to hide the buff beyond a necktie and a pair of socks, even the hardest hearted school-master must relent. Mr. Finlay relented when he saw Zach's condition. Some of the elder boys then told him how Walker had been giving his things away right and left. Every domestic in the place had received something, and Zach had besides sent parcels away by the dozen.

When he had obtained all the information he could, Mr. Finlay sat down and wrote to the boy's father.

It may be well imagined when, the following morning, Mr. Walker received the head master's letter, he looked rather glum. However, before deciding what to do, he resolved to go and see his brother Tom.

He found Tom in a mild state of amusement.

"You seem to be mightily tickled about something," exclaimed Zach's father.

"So would you be under the circumstances," Uncle Tom replied.

"And what are they?" queried Mr. Walker.

"You shall see," said Uncle Tom. "May, dear, bring the present you had from your cousin this morning."

May, a blooming girl of twelve, with a smile just like her father's, immediately brought in a parcel containing a pair of knickers.

"Great Scot!" exclaimed Zach's father. "What's taken the lad?"

"This will tell you," said May, handing him a letter. "Dear May" (it read), "I am taken bad with a new disease called *bacillus tippiensis* Zach. If it should prove fatal please accept the enclosed as a token of affectionate regard," etc.

"So-ho!" laughed Zach's father. "It's another of those microbes he's got! I know how to cure that, so I'll just drive over and see to it."

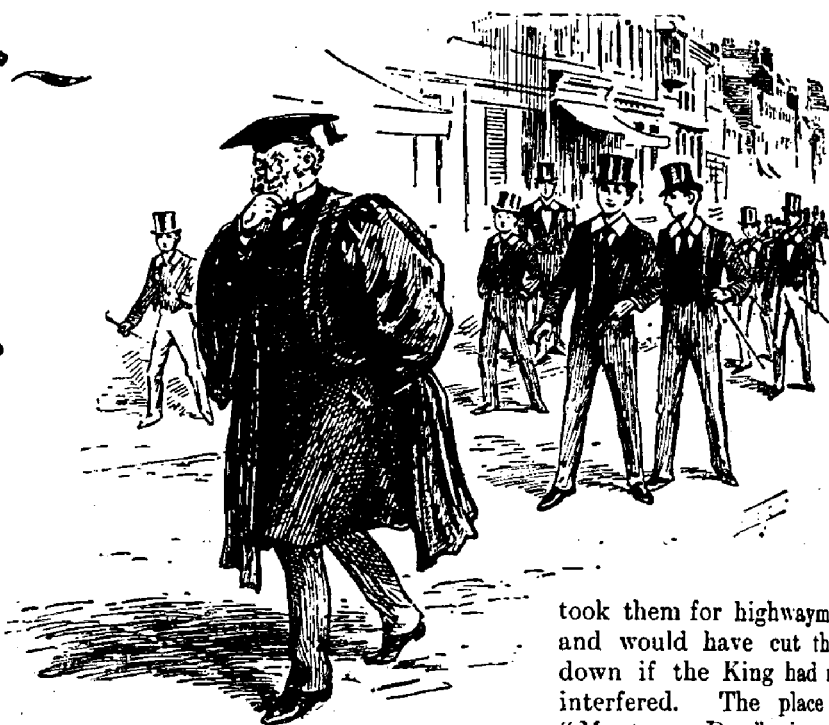
But Uncle Tom persuaded the irate parent to leave the matter to him, and in due course he reached the school, where he found Zach "doing penance" in a girl's petticoat. The youth "bubbled" a bit, and Uncle Tom laughed—and so the matter ended, except that when, a little later, they parted, the latter slipped a coin into his nephew's hand and bade him "experiment with it in the good old boyish way."



"GREAT SCOT!" EXCLAIMED ZACH'S FATHER, "WHAT'S TAKEN THE LAD?"

# Curious~ Public School Customs

By C. L. McCluer  
Stevens



"ETIQUETTE FORBADE HIM TO LOOK ROUND."

PERHAPS the oldest school custom is that formerly known at Eton as "Montem Day." The quaint ceremonial was celebrated for at least three hundred years prior to 1847, when it was finally abolished; and has been, by many antiquarians, traced back to the proscribed boy-bishop and his attendant retinue of semi-military, semi-sacerdotal satellites. At first it was an annual affair, but was afterwards held triennially. The method of procedure varied somewhat with the changing years, but the main characteristics of the festival were always the same. The boys, dressed in various quaint and pretty costumes, scattered themselves all over the surrounding country, demanding money from all and sundry, in return for which they formerly gave a pinch of salt out of an embroidered silken bag. Later on tickets were substituted for salt, but the "cry" remained the same—"Salt! salt!" meaning "Give us money and we will give you salt." George III., George IV., and William IV., all deemed the ceremony worthy of being graced with their presence, as did also, in the early years of her reign, our own Gracious Majesty.

The constantly growing audacity of the small tax-gatherers had, no doubt, much to do with the final abolition of the custom. Neither gentle nor simple were spared, and those who would not give willingly often came in for some roughish treatment. Not infrequently this was resented, and unseemly brawls were the result. It is on record that, on one occasion, the salt-bearers actually stopped the carriage of King William III., to the great surprise of the Dutch Guards, who

took them for highwaymen, and would have cut them down if the King had not interfered. The place of "Montem Day" in the modern Etonian calendar, has, it may be mentioned,

been occupied by the Fourth of June celebrations, on which date there is a grand procession of the boats, the festivities concluding with a firework display.

New boys are always subjects of peculiar interest to the scholars of all public schools, and many and unpleasant are the trials and penalties they are called upon to endure. At Winchester, for instance, a custom was formerly in vogue which, while not without its humorous aspect, was particularly trying to the luckless novice. Haled before a committee of seniors, he was solemnly asked whether he was of the "founder's kin," i.e., of the family of William of Wykeham. No matter what the answer might be, whether "Yes," or "No," its accuracy was tested by breaking, or attempting to break, a plate over his head; the theory being that if the plate broke first his ancestry was clearly proved. An even more barbarous bit of bullying, once freely indulged in, was to "fit" the unlucky wight with a "pair of tin gloves." This consisted in scoring his hands with a red-hot faggot-stick, by way of breaking him in to handle heated things.

Another unpleasant custom, the weight of which fell (literally) upon the latest arrival, was christened "Scheme." A rush-light—known in Wykehamian slang as a "functure"—was the humble article they used for "Scheme." This was carefully measured, so as to ascertain the exact



*From a picture by*

FOURTH OF JUNE CELEBRATIONS—ETON.

*William Evans, painted in 1837.*

point to which it would burn at getting-up time next morning. A piece of paper was then inserted there, and connected with a string, to the other end of which a heavy book was attached. This latter was suspended over the luckless junior's

bed. When the flame reached the paper it, of course, burnt the string, thereby releasing the book, which in its turn descended upon the sleeper's head, and enabled him to waken the prefect. Outsiders may wonder that the unhappy



"AD PORTAS"—WINCHESTER.

"new boy," thus condemned night after night to undergo this peculiar variation of the punishment meted out to Damocles, should have been able to sleep at all, but they who think thus know nothing of the college junior.

Among other curious Wykehamian customs, which have now, alas! to be numbered among the things that have been, may be mentioned the quaint ceremony known as "Taking the Oath," when all boys over fifteen paraded at chapel and solemnly vowed (in Latin) to befriend and defend their *alma mater*; "Standing-up day," an annual institution, at which the lads were wont to be tested in their knowledge of Greek and Latin lines, learned during the preceding twelve months;

room on one side of the bar, the boys clustering in a dense mass on the other. In the cook's hand is a frying-pan, and in the centre is the semblance of a pancake, an inedible mass of greased putty. A few preliminary shakes of the pan herald the performance, and then, with a sudden jerk, the "pancake" is tossed clean over the bar aforesaid, right into the middle of the expectant throng of boys. Instantly there is a rush and a tumble, each lad striving to get possession of at least a piece of the "dainty." Any boy securing it whole is privileged to receive a guinea from the dean, but this is a feat which is by no means easy of accomplishment. During the years 1863-4-5 there was no scramble; the cook, a man named Tolfrey, so



From a photograph by

PANCAKE TOSSING—WESTMINSTER.

W. & A. H. Fry, Brighton.

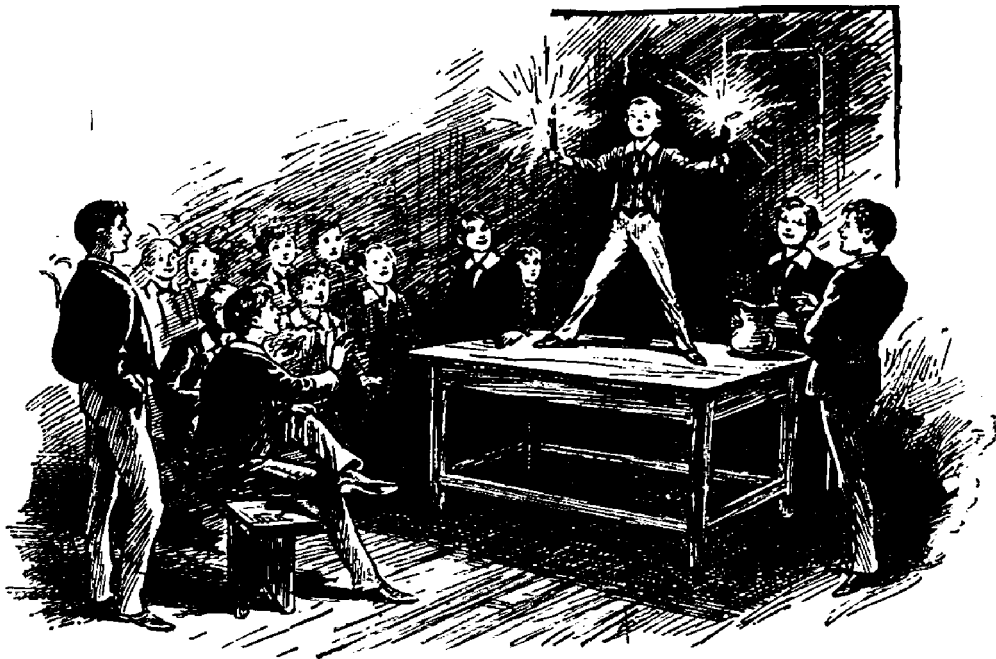
and the festivities of "Election Week," the last seven days of "Long Half."

Everybody has heard of the Westminster Play. It is performed in Latin, and has been given annually, with perhaps half-a-dozen omissions, since the early years of the reign of Bluff King Hal, of much-married memory. More popular with the boys, however, is the pancake-tossing on Shrove Tuesday. This takes place in the centre of the great schoolroom, across which there is fixed a bar, from whence formerly depended a curtain, dividing the Upper School from the Lower. Over this bar the pancake is, or ought to be, tossed. On the appointed day the cook, in a clean white apron, takes his stand in the centre of the

bungling the throw that the pancake fell on his side the bar. On the third failure the scholars got exasperated, and bombarded Tolfrey with books and slates. He, in his turn, retaliated by hurling the frying-pan amid the crowd of lads, felling a boy named Dasant unconscious to the ground. and this latter outrage, again, was avenged by a junior, who stole behind the quick-tempered cook and stunned him by a blow from a heavy brass-bound lexicon. A very pretty quarrel, no doubt. But hardly, one would imagine, an inspiring subject for a rolling Homeric poem of 140 lines such as was composed upon it next day by the then head master, Dr. Scott—of "Liddell and Scott" lexicon fame.

Another equally curious, although not so well-known, Westminster custom, was that which resulted in converting all the usually trim boys into mudlarks on the first of March. On this date all the Queen's scholars and town day-boarders, dressed in white jerseys and spotless ducks, were wont to proceed in boats up the river, with a view to

demonstrate the possibility or otherwise of leaping all ditches between Battersea Bridge and the Rod House. As some of these were 18ft. in width, and as "shirking one's jump" was strictly prohibited, it will be readily believed that few boys escaped without a ducking. Indeed, there are unpleasant stories of small boys having been completely immersed in one exceptionally wide and particularly noisome ditch, known as "Spanking Sam," from whence they were rescued only when at the point of death from suffocation. When all the lads were sufficiently wet and cold, the return



A HARROW CUSTOM.

journey was made in more decorous fashion. But what a change from the neat, spruce-looking procession of the early morning! White ducks had turned black. Countenances were only partially visible through their masks of dirt. No mudlarks by profession, in short, ever presented a more disreputable appearance than did the Westminster boys on this particular occasion.

Mention has already been made of the ordeal inflicted upon a new boy at Winchester. This has its counterpart at Rugby in what is known as "Hall Singing," so called, presumably, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, because it takes place, not in the hall, but in one of the dormitories. The victim stands on one of the old wooden bedsteads, flanked by two small boys, each of whom holds aloft one of those tin sconces known at Rugby as "parishers." If the performer selects a popular tune with a swinging chorus, and sings it with any semblance of melody, he gets tremendously applauded. But if, on the other hand, he breaks down, he is forced to swallow a mouthful of soapy water, which, presumably as an encouragement to keep up his spirits, is deposited on a table at his elbow. Stories, by the way, are still rife of other infinitely more dreadful penalties which used to be visited on failures in days gone by.

A far more delectable kind of singing is heard at the "concerts," held twice a year, when the boys, packed in a sort of



THE MARLBOROUGH "CUSHION."





LEMON FIGHT—CHARTERHOUSE.

cage-gallery at one end of the Big School, shout the "Floreat," and listen with eagerness for the jokes of the "Vive la." The ceremony known as the "June speeches," when the prizemen recite their compositions and the Sixth act Greek and Latin plays *à la* Westminster, is another red-letter anniversary in the Rugby calendar. Nor, while upon the subject of college singing, must mention be omitted of the Harrow "House singing," in the evenings of the Christmas and Easter terms; and of the great gathering of the Wellington College boys for part-carolling, at the foot of the "Hopetown" stairs, on the night before the school breaks up.

At Shrewsbury the novice is initiated into school life at the "new boys' races," a series of semi-mock athletic contests held in the college gardens. They are brought off, with great ceremony, on

the afternoon of the first Monday following the beginning of the school term; and in the evening of the same day the "hall elections" take place. These latter are peculiar to Shrewsbury. Among the "officials" elected are the hall crier, hall constable, hall postmen, and hall scavengers; and time was when the elections were an almost exact reproduction of similar functions elsewhere. Hustings were built, a temporary polling-booth was erected in one corner of the hall, and free fights in shirt-sleeves frequently ensued between the more ardent partisans of the rival candidates. The day wound up as it began—with the luckless "new boy." He first had to go through a

singing ordeal, similar to that which is in vogue at Rugby; after which he had to give an exhibition of his capabilities (or lack of them) in the boxing line.

Harrow is curiously deficient in ancient ceremonial; but there is one, the "House Chor," which is held in high honour by all old Harrovians. One house chor, it may be mentioned, is very much like another. On the appointed



CHRIST'S HOSPITAL "EASTER BOBS"—AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

evening in the Christmas Term the whole house assembles in pupil-room. A table, two long candlesticks, a toasting-fork, and a racquet having been procured, all the "fezzes" (football eleven) sit in state, in red dressing-gowns, on a bench placed in front of the table. Then the performance begins. Everyone present has in turn to sing a song, standing with legs apart on the table, with a candlestick in each hand, an "officer" armed with a toasting-fork ready on the right, and another with a racquet on the left. If the singer shows any hesitation, or refuses to sing out properly, he is unmercifully "progged" by the two officials. Besides having to undergo this ordeal, all new boys are required to answer questions on the Harrow football rules. These, it is perhaps unnecessary to say, are usually more puzzling than useful; as, for instance, "What is the relative diameter of the inside of the bladder compared with the outside of the ball?" or, "How many nails are allowed in the boots?" If unanswered, "progging" *ad lib.* is the result. The alternative to singing a song is drinking a glass of salt and water.

Similar new-boy customs prevail at Marlborough, but the terrible ordeal of being suspended in a sheet over the banisters of the upper corridor of "A" house, no longer, as of yore, awaits the unhappy novice. Neither is it permitted any more to bore holes through his ears with pins, under the pretence of initiating him into the "Marlburian Mysteries." He still, however, has to produce his "cushion," and submit to be promptly whacked over the head with it for his pains. This cushion, by the bye, is peculiar to

Marlborough, and is carried almost everywhere and put to all manner of unexpected uses. It is said to date from the old stage-coach days, when seats were far from comfortable, and journeys to and from school were often unduly protracted.

At Charterhouse, Shrove Tuesday was, until quite recently, signalised by a "lemon fight." Directly after dinner the ammunition was wont to be got ready; and, at a given signal, a desperate encounter was waged between gown-boys and boarders. It has now, however, been suppressed, and for the following reason. At old Charterhouse, in London, "under green" was so small that the rival armies had perforce to maintain their compactness. But at Godalming, on a space ten times as large, close formation gave place to skirmishing, and this again degenerated into a series of petty attacks upon unpopular individuals.

Of all the ancient ceremonials that once lent life and colour to the every-day existence of the blue-coat boys, but one remains; and that will almost certainly not survive the coming change of the habitat of the grand old school from London to Horsham. The custom is familiarly known among the lads as "Easter Bobs," and consists in their marching four abreast, in a sort of triumphal procession, to the Mansion House. There, in accordance with time-honoured precedent, they are regaled by the Lord Mayor with two buns apiece; after which each boy receives a piece of money, varying in value according to his standing in the school. More buns and a glass of lemonade complete the "festival." At one time brown sherry was permitted to the "Grecians," but this has now been abolished.



A "BIG-SIDE" AT RUGBY SCHOOL.

From a photograph kindly lent by Mr. A. G. Guillemard, ex-President of the Rugby Football Union.

# ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL: and How to Play It.

## (THIRD ARTICLE.)

WHEN you have a grasp of the underlying principles and the main lines of the theory of the game, there is no quicker or more effective way of improving your own play than by studying and imitating the methods of the best exponents of football.

It is essential to understand that a thing cannot possibly be right in theory but wrong in practice, or wrong in theory but right in practice. Theory and practice are the same thing under different aspects. Given a certain object, and a certain individual or group of individuals intent on achieving that object, then the best means and manner of attaining that object are first a matter of thought, and then a matter of action; there is the idea, and then the carrying out of the idea. Now you may have an idea as to the best means of doing something, and then find out by experiment that the idea will not work; in which case

### THE THEORY IS WRONG

and the practice founded on it is wrong. If the idea is right, it will work. Given a certain object, you may have a wrong idea of the best means of achieving it; the test of your idea is whether it succeeds when translated into action. Mistaken theory is the result of imperfect reasoning or imperfect knowledge, or both. In football, a man or a team knows the object of the game is to get as many goals as possible, and to prevent the other side getting any. The manner of carrying out this programme is limited and prescribed by the laws of the game. The theory of the game is the intellectual aspect of how best to score goals and prevent them being scored against you. Now there are two chief ways in which your theory is likely to be mistaken. First, you may form a wrong idea of your own personal capabilities as a man, or as a team, *i.e.*, you are mistaken about your powers; you do not know them. Secondly, you may form a wrong idea as to

### HOW YOUR POWERS CAN BE BEST USED

for the object in view, *i.e.*, you are mistaken about the right means to employ. For instance, you might have an idea that you could hold the ball between your knees, jump over the heads of the opposing side, and score a goal. Experiment, however, would show this theory to be defective, for the simple reason that you are physically incapable of carrying it out; that is a case of mistaken capability. Again, you might have an idea that the best means to take the ball down the ground is for one man to

dribble it all the way, with the rest running in a pack behind him. Experiment would prove that this manœuvre does not achieve the desired end; in other words, your theory as to means is wrong. When you know the object in view, possess a correct or approximately correct idea of your capabilities

### AS AN INDIVIDUAL OR A TEAM,

you are in a position to deal with the question of how best to use your capabilities in order to attain your end. You can arrive at this in two ways—first, by forming theories yourself, and testing them by experiment yourself until you arrive at a right theory and right practice; secondly, you may avail yourself of the results obtained by others—you should do both. Obviously, the quickest and best way to find out how football should be played is to study the methods which the most successful men and teams of the day themselves adopt. You thus have the advantage of their experience. But you must not fall into the error of concluding that what is best for Sheffield United and Needham is necessarily best for your team and you. It may be, or it may not; that depends on how nearly your powers approximate theirs. Remember that your capabilities are at any given moment

### A FIXED QUANTITY,

and therefore it is useless for you to adopt methods you are incapable of carrying out effectively, however excellent such methods may be in the case of other players or teams.

I am afraid this is rather abstruse, but I am absolutely convinced of the importance of young players grasping the facts about theory and understanding the right use of imitation. To sum up, the saying, "Right in theory, but wrong in practice," really means nothing but that a theory may be mistaken. It is quite true that many theories are not only formed but even promulgated, for all the world as though they had stood the test of searching experiment, when as a matter of fact they have never been subjected to the test at all. It is likewise true that many theories prove mistaken when subjected to the test of experiment. This does not alter the fact that what is right in theory is right in practice. Your business is to find

### THE RIGHT THEORY AND THE RIGHT PRACTICE

Furthermore, the imitation that will improve you is not absolute identical reproduction of other players' methods. You should study the methods of others, and suit them to your own

case. Adapt rather than adopt. Assimilate rather than appropriate. Make a thing your own before you reproduce it.

It is necessary to warn you of the importance of distinguishing between what is essential and what is not. It generally happens that the points in a man's play that catch the eye of one who does not know the game, are by no means those that really constitute the player's excellence. Such a spectator notes striking pieces of play, the soaring kick, the dodgy turn and twist, the trick of style or manner rather than the unselfish co-operation, the unobtrusive being in in the right place at the right moment, the judgmatical passing, the skilful making of opportunities. Some imitators even think they are reproducing their model's game if they succeed

#### IN CATCHING HIS MANNER OF MOVING,

the jerk of his head, or the action of his arms in running. I knew a village left-hand bowler who fancied he was getting to bowl like Peel, the only reason being that he managed to grow and trim a moustache of the same colour and shape as that of the famous Yorkshireman. I knew a boy who, on the strength of wearing a silk shirt, fancied he was imitating Ranji's style of playing to leg.

Obviously, there is no connection between moustaches and bowling, or between shirts and glancing to leg. It seems absurd. But similar and scarcely less flagrant fallacies are as common as buttons.

The moral is that in studying a model player for purposes of imitation you must not pay attention to his peculiarities or mannerisms, but to his methods of achieving essential results. If you read and digest good books and articles on the game you ought to gain a fair idea of

#### THE ESSENTIAL POINTS OF PLAY.

Study, then, how these points are effected by the great exponents of the game. Nowadays you ought to have no difficulty in seeing as much good football as you like. Imitation, to be fruitful, must be guided by common sense and intelligence. You must observe and discriminate.

Perhaps it may be of use to you to suggest a few models, and a few points connected with them.

G. O. Smith is the best centre forward for you to copy. You may not be able to learn his quickness, elusiveness, and unerring accuracy, but you can fruitfully study how he keeps his line of forwards together, how he sometimes passes short, sometimes long, always trying to dispose of the ball in the direction most open for the next move. Note how he receives; how

he gets rid of the ball; on what occasions he keeps the ball himself and goes straight through; on what he passes right across the field.

#### HE HAS A REASON FOR EVERYTHING HE DOES.

You should try to understand why he does what he does on each occasion. Good players know what they are about. If you gain an insight into their intentions you will stand some chance of their results.

The best inside-wing forward for you to imitate is Bloomer, of Derby County. Mark the position he takes to receive a pass from the centre or the outside forward, or from the half-back. Note particularly how he makes opportunities for his outside forward, and in what position he gets in order to receive the ball back again. See what he does and what he expects others to do. He and G. O. Smith have a consummate judgment that amounts to instinctive knowledge of what ought to be done in any collocation of circumstances.

As outside forwards I recommend Athersmith, of Aston Villa, and J. Vassall, of the Corinthians. Both have great speed, and are nearly always on the look out for a sheer sprint. Athersmith is particularly good at repassing with advantage to his inside man, Vassall at rushing through past the defence. Athersmith middles with great cleverness and accuracy; he has, however, less rushing power than Vassall.

#### AN OUTSIDE SHOULD BE ABLE TO RUSH.

As half-backs, take Needham, of Sheffield United, Crabtree, of Aston Villa, and Forman, of Notts Forest. Mark how they assist both in defence and in attack, how they get rid of the ball on various occasions, how they draw their man before passing, how they tackle, and how they use their heads. Each of the three is, in his own way, a perfect tackler. Needham is equally good in attack and defence; Forman is particularly clever at feeding his forwards; Crabtree at saving his backs trouble. All three have a marvellous instinct for being where required and doing just what is necessary.

As a back, I prefer W. J. Oakley as a model. He combines in a greater degree than any other player powerful and safe defence with judicious and helpful kicking. He tackles with splendid certainty, and is very fast; he clears with strong, long kicks when in difficulties, but when there is no danger passes accurately to the forwards or half-backs; he is also certain and strong with his head;

#### HE NEVER KICKS IN HIGH, GALLERY STYLE.

His methods are excellent.

As a goal-keeper you could not take a better model than W. R. Moon. He is watchful and

cool, and displays perfect judgment; he makes a rule of getting behind the line of the ball and catching it with both hands; he never punches, or tries any one-handed saves, unless he has no time for the safer method; he watches what his backs are doing, and is always ready to run out in the nick of time, or to accept a pass sent back to him.

I do not mean to say that the players mentioned are in every case the best men in their positions now playing. That is not the point. They are certainly as good as any as models for the young player. Of course, if you see other good players you ought to study them in the same way. And please do not say to me, "Physician, heal thyself." I assure you I try to, even if I do not succeed.

*C.B.F.*

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**O. Hughes.**—Nearly all good cutters make a half step with the right foot towards third man, so that their right foot is just in front of, and about eighteen inches from, the off-stump. This is the usual and the most correct position; from it you can cut both square and late. Some batsmen, however, step across with the left foot almost as though driving to the off. This method is all right for cutting a short ball square past point, but gives far less command for cutting between point and the slips. A good late cutter, or a good natural cutter seldom puts the left leg across. There is a great difference between the man who can cut a good-length ball with certainty and precision, placing the ball where he means it to go, and the man who can merely force a short ball in a set direction, somewhere between point and third man. The text you quote is wrong—it is a slip. Diver's peculiarity is that, though he often puts the left leg across instead of the right, he is an accomplished and versatile cutter. A right-hand bowler is said to bowl over the wicket when he delivers the ball from the left side of the wicket, his end; the reason for the term is that his hand is over the wicket, or nearly so, when he delivers the ball. He is said to bowl round the wicket when he delivers the ball from the right side of the wicket, because his hand and arm in delivery are well away from the wicket, probably quite outside the return crease, *vice versa* for a left-hand bowler.

**Albert Smith.**—I should say Captain Wynyard, Tunncliffe, and K. S. Ranjitsinhji, are as good a trio of short slips as you could name nowadays. Ranjitsinhji, on his day, is unequalled, because he is appreciably quicker than anyone else. Tunncliffe is very safe, and has an enormous reach. Captain Wynyard has a wonderful power of concentrating his attention upon the ball and anticipating its direction from the bat. My favourite hobby, apart from work, study, and

various sports and games, is the collection, possession, and use of rifles, guns, and fire-arms of all sorts.

**Enthusiast.**—Could you not manage to get hold of the professional engaged by the Upper Tooting C.C.? He might be able to do something for you. I cannot advise you without knowing how much you could afford to pay for coaching. Good coaching is extremely scarce. The ordinary coach knows nothing whatever about the art of batting, or how to teach it. Most clubs open on May 1st, but whether you can get practice or not depends on the weather. You can begin in April, or even March, if you can get a cocoa-nut matting wicket. Football cannot possibly do your cricket a tithe of harm, unless you meet with an accident, which is unlikely and not worth thinking about. "Saturday afternoon clubs" play matches, I suppose, only on Saturday afternoons, but it does not follow that they play every Saturday. I strongly advise you to read my articles on cricket carefully and thoughtfully, and to study the text and pictures in the "Book of Cricket." Note especially L. C. H. Palairret for forward play, Shrewsbury for back play, and A. C. MacLaren for everything.

**T. H. Durrans.**—Your letter, sent on to me by the "Old Fag," must have given you some trouble to compose. I expect you will have stitch for ever if you do much in that style. Possibly you are in bad condition from lack of regular exercise. You will not have stitch when you are fit.

**A. G. M.**—You cannot compare batsmen like C. L. Townsend and H. T. Hewitt. The former is a steady player, the latter a pure hitter. You might just as well show me a first-rate revolver and a first-rate rifle, and ask which is the better article. Each is better than the other for its own purpose. As to the rest, it is impossible to compare batsmen of different times; quantity of runs is not necessarily a criterion of merit.

**Beatrice Hale.**—(1) As you state the case the goal was fairly scored. Your opponent's appeal for "kick" was absurd. (2) Any player whatever may roll the ball in from the side line: the outside forwards, as a matter of convenience, usually perform this duty.

**Flier.**—If you once get your knees wrong you are sure to have trouble. My advice is, rest until your knee is absolutely all right; that, I expect, means a month, if not six weeks. Then, by careful exercise, strengthen the muscles of the leg and the knee connections. For this bicycling is excellent. I have an idea that bicycling is the best possible exercise for strengthening the knees and obviating knee troubles. I also recommend the leg part of Sandow's physical drill, and the exercises for the legs described in Alexander's "Physical Training at Home." Straightforward running is not likely to hurt you; it is a wrench or twist that does the mischief. I had a thoroughly useless knee one football season but I got quite right during the summer. The mistake is to go on playing while your knee is unfit, or to begin straight away after a rest without gradually building up the fibres that support and protect the knee-joint.

C. B. F.



WE called ourselves "the Innermost Circle," and we were nothing if not sporting. This season Bert's average had gone up to thirty-two; Sandy and Hal were the finest pair our country-side could put on a tennis lawn; Cutty was a flyer on his bike and captain of the hockey team; at golf the Badger's record remained unbroken, while Gwen herself was a fine all-round sportswoman, and, for the matter of that, the keenest of the whole lot.

The news that an intruder was about to be thrust into our midst filled us with alarm. His name was A. F. Thomson, he was to read with Armitage, and he might be an acquisition or he might be a nuisance.

Never shall I forget his first appearance on our tennis lawn, one evening in June. He came in through the Armitage's little gate, and Gwen was on the point of smashing a lob when the gate clicked. I never saw a girl smash like Gwen, and on this occasion she would certainly have done so if the Badger hadn't been the other side. The gate clicked, Gwen looked round—and I saw her face darken.

We were not only sporting—we were smart. Not a member of the set but knew how to adjust his or her attire to the prevailing regulations.

Mr. A. F. Thomson wore a pair of brown trousers, baggy at the knees, an old flannel shirt, and a new red tie, a black coat, a pair of white canvas shoes, and a black cloth cap. He was fair, with very thick curly hair, small grey eyes, a large nose, and no chin to speak about. His expression was pleasant, and a little bit sleepy.

We made a set for him, and waited for his first stroke in painful anxiety. That stroke justified his appearance and settled his fate. Gwen played with him first, but the partnership had such a demoralising effect on her form that that she did not repeat the experiment. Then I played with him, and afterwards he joined in a men's four. At the end of the evening he told us in a slow, drawling voice, he had "enjoyed it very much, tennis seemed a good game, and he should have to get a bat of his own." We looked at each other.

Gwen was particularly polite to him—a bad sign in Gwen—and at supper I heard her going through the usual formula:—

"Play cricket?"

"Er—no—I don't care for cricket."

"Football?"

"Er—yes—I like a game of football—very well."

"To play, or to watch?" inquired Gwen, briskly.

"Oh—er—I prefer watching, of course."

"Goff?" remarked Gwen.

"Er—I beg your pardon?"

"Do you goff?"

"Oh, golf—er—no, I don't play that game."

Gwen had finished—and he ate his supper in peace.

We had him on our hands the whole of the summer. It was a necessary courtesy to ask him to share our festivities, and he generally came—beyond that we took little notice of him. To the outside world he was one of us; in

reality we kept him at a distance, and he was either too thick-skinned or indifferent to notice it, but sauntered about by himself in his torpid way, and smoked a pipe.

Though the others were Sandy, and Hal, and Cutty, and the Badger, *he* was Mr. Thomson always, except in his absence, when he went by the name of "the Absolute Rotter," nothing else fully expressing his merits or our feelings.

But the worst part of the whole situation was the fancy he evinced for lawn tennis; he became almost keen in trying to get up sets; needless to say, *ours* were always arranged beforehand. It was *impossible* to play with him; we had our form to consider. Selfish it might be, but sport is selfish.

At last he made some acquaintances of his own, people we did not know or care to; and we always felt thankful to see him sloom off to the town with his "bat" in his hand to go through those extraordinary evolutions with them they called lawn tennis.

It was a still greater relief when, at the end of August, he took his departure, and except that he was immortalised in one or two of our classic jokes, we were very glad to forget all about him.

One fine Saturday, the following February, we all went in a brake to a grand footer match at Bradfield. The town was playing Ballington;



FLYING, DODGING, TWISTING, SQUIRMING BREAKING CLEAR AND FLYING AGAIN.

we expected a beating, but an exciting game. The whole "Circle" wore Bradfield colours, which the girls had cunningly designed out of some violets and two button chrysanthemums. Sandy would have had a place in the

team, but at the last moment had been asked to stand down in favour of a better man. We were sorry for Sandy and for ourselves, but glad for the interests of sport; the fame of his substitute as a three-quarter, and his pet name in sporting circles of Sacky Thomson, had reached us last season.

What a glorious day it was, a big crowd round the ropes, and quite a gathering of county people in the members' stand. People may say what they like, but I think that a footer match on a fine day—the blue sky, the green square lined with dark figures and dotted with the bright colours of the players, the wall of faces in the stands, and the winter sunshine over it all—makes a picture that more artists would find it worth their while to paint. But perhaps I'm wrong after all, and it is only the life and movement in the scene that gives it so much charm—the deadlock of the scrum—the sudden whisk in of the half-backs—the ball high in air—and then—the whole parti-coloured field breaking up and spreading out and away—after that one figure, whose flying career means so much to thousands of beating hearts.

We were all very anxious to see the famous "Sacky" and scanned the Bradfield team with interest.

Gwen's blue eyes were the



"OH, GOLF—ER—NO, I DON'T PLAY THAT GAME."

first to encounter the shock. "Look!" she exclaimed. "Look who they've got!"

Sauntering along in his old slack style, but looking strangely neat and well built in his football things, was "the Absolute Rotter" himself.

We faced each other with ejaculations, such as—"It's a mistake!" "They can't know!" "He'll ruin the game!" "They ought to be told!" "He's sneaked in somehow because his name's Thomson!" "What *absolute* folly!" Only the Badger and Cutty did not speak, but sat watching the game with grim faces.

The whistle blew, a Bradfield forward tipped the ball with his toe, and the game began with a roar all down the crowd. There was the usual scrum—whistle—scrum to start with—twenty yards gained—scrum again—whistle impatiently, throw in—another scrum—and then, in a flash, our "Absolute Rotter" had got the ball, and was flying down the green field—flying, dodging, twisting, squirming, breaking clear and flying again—and, at last, before the grip closed on his ankle, tossing the ball safe and sure into the hands of the next man, who didn't get over, but certainly ought to have done.

How the crowd shouted! How the Bradfield quarrymen yelled their tenderest endearments at our late despised companion, who, with an air of lassitude we remembered so well, picked himself up and strolled back to his place.

"I'm afraid it *is* Sacky," said Badger.

We knew it, and a silence fell upon us.

All through the game our eyes were rivetted to that blue and white figure who worked so

consistently, so unselfishly, and who, at a breathless crisis, when his hard-won position seemed untenable a moment longer, won the game in a flash for Bradfield by dropping the quickest and prettiest goal I ever hope to see.

We weren't silent then, and the shout that went up from the whole ground travelled as far as Stokely, and disturbed the men working in the gravel pits.

After the game Sandy brought him round to us. He looked as insipid-as ever, and declined all invitations because he had a train to catch.

"Mr. Thomson," said Gwen, "you *might* have told us you were the great Sacky. Perhaps you thought we knew."

"Oh—er—I didn't think about it," drawled Sacky, pleasantly.

Gwen had something on her mind; she blushed quite red, and said, in an embarrassed manner:—

"We—I—we—thought you weren't a good sportsman. We're ashamed of ourselves——"

"Oh, not at all!" replied Sacky, and departed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bradfield had won, but it was a very silent brakeful that drove home that evening.

The Innermost Circle was engaged in unpleasant retrospection.

As Badger said: "We had entertained an angel unawares, and made a pretty mess of it."

"But," as Gwen remarked, "we were humbled to the dust, and that was something."



THE INNERMOST CIRCLE WAS ENGAGED IN UNPLEASANT RETROSPECTION.





BY JOHN MACKIE.

Author of "They that Sit in Darkness," "The Last Creek," "Touch and Go," etc.

Illustrated by Stewart Browne.

#### SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—XIV.)

WALTER DERRINGHAM, an orphan, runs away from home, leaving behind him his one friend in the world, Muriel Wray. On arriving in London, Walter chases and captures a pickpocket who has stolen a gold watch from a gentleman in evening dress. The gentleman proves to be a Canadian cattle-farmer, Mr. Dunbar, who offers Walter a crib on his ranche in the wild North-west prairie country. Walter accepts the offer, and accompanies Mr. Dunbar to Canada. Nearing the ranche, whilst passing through a valley, the party is attacked by hostile Indians. Dunbar and Derringham, after a savage encounter with the red men, obtain the assistance of a neighbouring rancher and his cow-boys, and also that of the mounted police. After various tactics have been employed by both sides, one Indian is captured, but the notorious outlaw, "Make-Thunder," escapes. Derringham accompanies Dunbar to the latter's ranche, and settles down to his work. One Sunday Derringham goes off with Broncho Pete—a cow-boy—to explore a mysterious locality in that neighbourhood known as the Land of the Lost Spirits—this being the place, according to the superstitions of the red men, to which "bad" Indians are consigned when they die. Exploring forwards, Broncho Pete and Derringham come suddenly upon an illicit whiskey distillery, owned by an outlaw named Campbell, a member of whose band is the bad Indian, Make-Thunder. Pete and Derringham narrowly escape being shot on sight. The smugglers imprison them and set a guard over them.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### IN CAPTIVITY.

OUR resting place for the night was simply a large, dry species of cave in the precipitous rock that guarded the island on two sides. Advantage had been taken of a large hollow running up from the beach and along the face of the cliff to build a wall on the lake side until it was converted into a species of long gallery. This had doubtless been used by the smugglers before they grew bolder and built the large wooden huts which they now occupied. At the far end, and high above our heads in the side of the wall, was a little window with an

iron bar running across it let into the stonework. Some twenty feet or so beneath it we could hear the lap of the water against the foot of the cliff. It would be next to impossible to escape that way. At the lower end of the gallery, screened on the outside by a dense undergrowth of wolf-willow, was a massive door hung by iron hinges to what appeared to be undressed door-posts of pine. It seemed made to stand a siege. Kegs and cases and empty bottles were strewn about everywhere. At the far end were two piles of dried grass on which a pair of blankets had been flung. These were to be our respective beds.

When we had lain down on our rude beds, Jim put out the light and took his departure, with the intimation that it was useless trying to make any attempt at escape, as a certain daring officer of the law had been confined in that same cell for over six months, and though he had managed to provide himself with tools, had failed to break his prison. No one, he warned us, could possibly profit by our attempt at escape but the fishes in the lake. Moreover, we were liable to be visited at any hour of the night by one of our captors.

When he had gone, and we were left in darkness save for the shaft of moonlight that shone in through the narrow window above our heads, I asked Pete what he thought had become of the prisoner Jim had referred to.

"I dunno," he replied thoughtfully. "Guess it must hev bin a pretty smart chap called Dunthorne, a corporal in the mounted police. He was an enterprisin', daring feller, and was in charge of Willow Creek Detachment. He was rather fond of wandering into all them wild

parts all by himself, although it was against orders for any man to go out alone. One day he went out and niver came back, and although the whole country was scoured, no trace of him has been found to this day. There was some people as said he had deserted across the lines, but it's only the worst characters in the police as does that—and there's nothing put in their way to prevent 'em doing it—niver a good man as was Dunthorne. Now I fancies that poor chap came to an untimely end in this here show. If so, we'll find out the truth somehow or other, and Mister blooming Campbell or whoever done it'll have to answer to a pretty heavy charge-sheet."

This was not a pleasant outlook for us, but we discussed the situation, and what probable chances there were of escape, until, tired out in body and in mind, we both fell fast asleep.

We awoke at break of day feeling rather chilly, for as it was now the end of October we had already experienced some sharp frosts. As there were no signs of anyone approaching, Pete allowed me to mount on to his back and shoulders as he stood against the wall, and I reconnoitred through the narrow window. But I could see nothing save the cold, blue waters of the lake gleaming far below, a neighbouring island or two crested with shapely pine trees, and the great, sombre cliffs of the Lake of the Lost Spirits looming up in the background, like the Titanic prison walls they assuredly were. My heart sank within me as I realised the

almost insurmountable obstacles that would have to be overcome before we could make our escape. The Prisoner of Chillon was not more handicapped.

"It's no use, Pete," I remarked somewhat glumly, on descending from my companion's shoulders, "but I've got an idea. There's lots of bottles here, and we can write a few messages, cork them up, and chuck them out of the window. There's a light breeze blowing that will carry them to the eastern shore."

No sooner said than done, and within the next few minutes we had thrown three messages out of the window. We were somewhat apprehensive lest the bottles might not get clear of the island before some of the smugglers were afoot, for should any of them be seen by our captors it was hard to say what revenge they might not take upon us for our enterprise. In about an hour's time we heard the key turn in the massive lock at the lower end of the gallery, and the door was thrown open to admit our gaoler of the previous day.

"Now then, mates," he drawled leisurely—he somehow always gave one the idea of a chronic tiredness and of doing things in a half-hearted way—"show a leg there. Froggy's up, and grub pile's nigh ready. Waal, you are queer jokers, to tek off your togs when you turn into bed of a night—jest like the rest of them! What's the blooming use, sez I, to

tek off one's boots and clothes when one has to put them on agen in the morning? Most people are so cranky in sich things."



PETE ALLOWED ME TO MOUNT ON HIS BACK, AND I RECONNOITRED THROUGH THE NARROW WINDOW.

We did not contradict him, believing as we did that to let him ventilate freely his unclean and original views was a matter of sound policy.

When we prepared to leave the gallery Jim noticed that we carried towels and soap in our hands.

"I say, mates," he broke out, eyeing us resentfully, "you don't mean to tell me you er agoin' to wash yourselves agen? You washed yourselves last night! Thet should last you for quite a while."

Pete explained to him that as we had unfortunately contracted the bad habit of having a cold bath every morning he was afraid of disastrous effects if we broke it off all at once. It was, he said, like a man who had been in the habit of taking a good deal of liquor, and who was called upon suddenly to give it up entirely. It was necessary in such a case to ease off gradually.

This home truth seemed to appeal to Jim's sympathies, and on assuring him that we would only dive into the lake and out again, he led us down to a large flat rock, where there was deep water alongside. When we took that dive I noticed he held his revolver conveniently in one hand. But he need not have done so, for that dip, though wonderfully refreshing, dissipated at once any half-formed scheme we may have had of swimming ashore, the water was so deadly, icily cold. No one could have stayed in it for more than three minutes without getting cramp.

At breakfast we learned that Campbell, the ruffian called Bill, Alan, and the Indian, had gone over-night with a boat's load of contraband goods. Pete explained to me during the course of the day that he thought the lake narrowed to the north, ran in a narrow canyon far into the mountains, and that at its extreme end it was more than likely the smugglers were met by confederates with pack-horses, who transferred the goods from the boats, and took them by means of some tortuous bridle-track up through the dense pine forests and across the Cypress Hills. Doubtless, some ostensible farmer on the Plains of Promise was in league with them, and took the liquor in wagons covered with farming produce, into the little villages that here and there fringed the great Canadian Pacific Railway. As we afterwards discovered, this was indeed the *modus operandi*.

After breakfast, during which the usual wordy warfare took place between the fastidious Pierre and our incorrigible gaoler, we were marched for a hundred yards through the pines until we came to quite a trim little kitchen garden alongside a miniature bay. It struck us as

somewhat odd to see such a well-kept, homely spot, filled with the flowers and plants we knew so well, in the stronghold of a band of desperadoes. Pierre came, pointed out to us that a certain plot of ground had to be cleared of various old stumps and dug over, then left us again to be overlooked by our leisurely gaoler. We were supplied with the necessary tools for our task, and on it being hinted that we need not break our necks over it, began operations.

It was not much of a task, and as under the circumstances it would have been folly to over-exert ourselves, we made a pleasant recreation of what otherwise might have been convicts' work. Our gaoler tilted up a rough wheelbarrow on end where he could command a good view of us, and, seating himself safely on it, promptly went to sleep. I suggested to Pete that we should take advantage of his condition, secure his revolver, and make him our prisoner; but Pete was a man who weighed contingencies. He said that, at that very moment, leaving Pierre out of the question, the sixth ruffian of the gang might be watching us from some point of vantage with a rifle in his hands, awaiting an excuse to shoot us down. We must be certain of success before making a move.

It was a lovely, bright, clear day—a typical "Indian summer's" day. The dark blue waters of the lake shimmered in the sunlight, and a number of hawks, poising on balanced pinnions far above our heads, gave life and animation to the scene. Against our little bay, on a neighbouring island, where trees other than pine grew, the dense foliage was one great blaze of rich and varied colouring. There is no place in the world where Mother Nature shows such gorgeous tints in the fall of the year as in Canada. Here olive greens, reds, yellows, and bronzes glowed side by side, like mighty gems set in a bed of turquoise.

Our task completed, we seated ourselves on a log right in front of the sleeping smuggler and waited for him to awake.

"Ain't he a beauty?" Pete remarked admiringly, as with a twinkle in his duty eye he surveyed the great shock of hair that stood up from the walnut-hued face, the long matted beard, and the wide-open mouth. To these charms were added a nasal accompaniment that would have made a professional bagpipe player turn green with envy.

"Don't be jealous, Pete," I observed. "If Providence has been kind and given him greater physical advantages than yourself, you shouldn't—"

But I did not finish the sentence, for Pete began one of his peculiar mirthless cackles, and

gave me such a dig in the ribs that I lost my balance, and tilted backwards over the log. In the confusion that followed the sleeping beauty awoke.

"What ho!" he exclaimed, glaring at us stupidly. "I guessed as how that washin' would get into your brains. Crikey! If I wasn't nigh goin' to sleep! Must be close on grub-pile I guess, so let's go to the kitchen."

He arose, stretched himself like a great dog, never so much as looked to see whether we had completed our task or not, and pointed the way to the huts. In the kitchen we found Pierre and the other two smugglers, who, doubtless, had been engaged all the morning in their illegal operations. The party being such a small one, it had been decided that we should all have the mid-day meal together. As Pete and I were desirous of washing our hands before sitting down to dinner, and not caring to court the displeasure of our gaoler further by our fastidious predilections, we covertly showed the condition of our hands to Pierre, whereupon the little man stormed and gesticulated, and packed the three of us down to the lake-side to wash. Jim grumbled and commented forcibly on the degenerate condition of those who were obliged to clean themselves two or three times a day. He dipped his own hands gingerly into the water with obvious repugnance, and then rubbed them dry on his dirty mole-skin trousers.

At dinner we found that the two smugglers, with whom we had not before been brought directly in contact, were remarkably silent and taciturn. At the same time, it was quite evident that little escaped their notice, and that they were very wide awake indeed. They had a trick of avoiding one's eyes, and furtively watching one when they thought they were not observed. At any unwonted sound one of them would rise apprehensively, draw his revolver from his pouch, and go outside. One thing I noticed during our stay on the island was that no one ever went about without firearms. This was a precaution which had grown out of that vision of a scaffold—or, more likely, a tree with a rope and a noose—the ever-menacing Nemesis of black, unpunished crime.

We assisted in the washing-up after dinner, and then were locked up in the gallery for an hour or so. Later on, one of the taciturn smugglers kept us busy in splitting up some large pine logs with iron wedges. It was while we were thus engaged that a startling incident occurred. Pete and I had paused for a moment in our labours, when suddenly in the brooding silence, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the cliffs, a couple of rifle shots rang out. They were immediately followed by the remarkable

series of echoes which we had heard on the previous day.

Our gaoler started and drew his revolver. Through a vista in the trees we could see the top of the great cliff from which the sounds came. It was the way we had come. We all looked keenly for a moment or two at the pine-fringed ledge without seeing anything. Then several tiny specks, like so many ants, appeared upon the brink, and we knew that the rancher, Colin Dunbar, had not gone back to the ranche after all, but, alarmed by our absence, had taken all the men composing the round-up, and had followed us into the Land of the Lost Spirits to discover our whereabouts. We saw them group together on the brink of the precipice, as if scanning the shores of the mysterious lake. Probably the only man who had ever looked upon it before was the rancher himself—the others had doubtless scoffed at the idea of its existence.

Suddenly our gaoler gave a peculiar low whistle, and covered us with his Colt's.

"Make a move or a sign," he exclaimed, "and I'll blow you to Kingdom Come in the twinkling of an eye!"

He looked as if he meant it. In another minute he was joined by the other smugglers and Pierre, who had also heard the shots, and at once came hurrying towards us.

For a moment, the unexpected idea that help was so near at hand—that we were actually looking upon our would-be deliverers—caused us to forget the imminent and menacing peril of the smugglers. Our first impulse was to dash down to the water's edge and try to attract the attention of our friends. But the sharp click of the revolvers brought us to our senses.

"It's no use," said the furtive-eyed one; "if you as much as speak above your breaths you'll be both as dead as herrings in two-tws. To the lock-up with you!"

And next minute we were being marched towards our prison-cell with three loaded revolvers pointed at our heads. It was a humiliating position to be in, but it would have been madness to have made a move.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### A MYSTERIOUS FRIEND.

THERE was no sleep for us that night. We strained our ears listening for sounds and voices that came not. Several times I mounted on to Pete's shoulders to gaze out of our prison



NEXT MINUTE WE WERE BEING MARCHED TOWARDS OUR PRISON CELL WITH THREE LOADED REVOLVERS POINTED AT OUR HEADS.

window. But I saw nothing save a broad band of mellow moonlight quivering on the bosom of the lake, and the edge of the high cliff on the western shore silhouetted darkly against the milky-ways in the heavens. Where were all my plans for the future now? How was I to make my way in the world if so much precious time was to be wasted fretting my soul out in captivity? It seemed to me as if I had left my boyhood behind, and was at last facing what men called "the stern realities of life."

Next morning our gaolers were a long time in showing up, and when they did come they were headed by Campbell.

He held one hand behind his back as he entered. The two men who were with him had a stern, set expression on their faces. I knew that something extraordinary was about to happen, but what it was I could not for the life of me make out. In another moment we realised the serious trouble we had got into. He withdrew his hand from behind his back, and handed me a scrap of paper torn from my tally book. It was one of the first notes I had

put into a bottle and consigned to the waters of the lake. My heart sank within me as I saw it. What revenge would not this mad being resort to now?

"That's your writing, I know," he remarked in a voice that seemed utterly devoid of all feeling.

"Waal, I guess, Campbell," broke in Pete, "as it's me who's got to answer for thet. It was my idear, and it was me as made him write it, and it was me what slung the bottle over-board."

"I can't believe a single word of what you say, Pete," observed the smuggler, eyeing him calmly. "I am afraid you're too chock full of silly sentiment and romance to live long. Besides, you hadn't the brains to think of such a thing. Some of you cow-boys imagine that you're the smartest men on earth because you never see any people save blamed hobos like yourselves. Bullocks and horses comprise your every-day world; cards and whiskey when you're in town for a holiday. Bah! if you could only see yourselves as others see you!"

I looked at poor Pete; the blood had mounted into his brown, weather-beaten face, but he did not reply to the unmerited taunts of the man whom he had once saved from death by lynching. It required more moral courage on Pete's part to hold his tongue than to retort. The smuggler continued:—

"Now, I'm afraid you two fellows finding your way into these parts has made it very awkward for us, and the chances are that for the next fortnight or so, and until the first fall of snow, the mounted police and goodness knows who else will be searching round these parts for your useless bodies, so it will be necessary for all of us to be pretty quiet until they reckon the snow has covered your bones. As to your punishment for trying to give away this establishment, and to bring the red-coats down upon us, I'll think over the matter. In the meantime, you'll go without breakfast until you're beyond the necessity of requiring food at all, and I'll see about leg-irons. Bill and you, Jones, make them clean out the gallery. See that every scrap of wood is removed, and that there's not a bottle left for them to lay their hands on. Keep a sharp eye on them, and recollect that they're not to leave this for the next fortnight unless they're carried out feet first. Now, Bill, set them to it."

I happened to glance at Pete's face at that moment, and saw that it worked with suppressed feeling. The veins swelled on his forehead, and his hands were clasped together convulsively. It was well for us that we still had some measure of self-control left; had we retorted just then I do not believe our lives would have been worth a minute's purchase.

The smuggler chief turned on his heel and left; at the same moment Bill ordered us to set to work. I confess it was almost a relief to do something after the tension of the last few minutes. Our head gaoler, Bill, and his mate never once spoke to us save to direct our operations. When dinner-time came we were glad to sit down, and gladder still to satisfy our healthy appetites, which, to do Pierre justice, he did not neglect, himself bringing us dinner in an old soap-box.

That night when we lay down to sleep we were dead tired, and I am afraid that although Pete did his very best to make light of the situation, and to cheer me with his whimsical talk, he was just as down-hearted as myself. Later on there was a sharp frost, and we shivered with cold as we rolled ourselves in our all too scanty blankets. We were glad when daylight struggled in through the narrow casement over our heads, but that day passed much as the other had done. We saw no one save Bill, his

mate, and the cook, and when Pete spoke about our blankets having proved insufficient to keep out the cold on the previous night, we were told with an oath and a sneer that we did not know when we were well off, for in a short time the chances were that we would be in a place where blankets were the very last things we should want. Towards the afternoon we had cleared the gallery of everything superfluous, and swept it out. The enforced idleness that followed was harder to bear than the enforced toil.

Four days passed, and we had never been allowed outside our cell save to wash in a bucket of water that was brought and placed just outside the doorway. We asked our gaolers to give us something to do so as to break the deadly monotony of our lives, but they simply told us that if we wanted a place of entertainment we should not have come to the Land of the Lost Spirits. That night we were startled by hearing shots fired from the western bank of the lake, and, seeing a lurid glare in the sky through the tiny window, I again mounted Pete's shoulders and saw two large beacons burning on the top of the cliff some considerable distance apart. We knew that these fires were built by those who were out looking for us. It was indeed a soul-harrowing thing to know that we were within sight of our friends, and that we could do nothing to apprise them of our presence. If we could only have had a match or a flint we could have burnt bundles of the dried grass that constituted the greater part of our bedding, and the watchers, seeing it, would assuredly have built rafts and searched the island next day. But Bill and his mate had taken good care to leave us with nothing that could possibly ignite. Unfortunately, from the high cliffs, so thick was the foliage on this the central main island that not a trace of the human habitations it contained could be detected. The smugglers would also be on the *qui vive* so long as they suspected there was any of the search party about. No smoke would betray them now as it had done on a former occasion to us.

Next morning we had a change of gaolers—Alan, the man whose face I thought had borne some hint of pity when he first saw us, and our old friend Jim, who, despite some of his peculiar prejudices, was a decided improvement on the brutal Bill and his taciturn mate. When Alan entered, I confess to having been rather surprised when he did not even vouchsafe us a half-hearted nod, but regarded us sullenly.

"Oh, you're up, are you?" he said. "Jim, go down to the cove for a bucket of water, and let them chaps wash themselves. I'll keep my eye and my shooting-stick upon them at the same time."

"Waal, I'm darned!" exclaimed the man who hated water, with a disgusted look on his face. "Go down and fetch water for them jokers to wash when I wouldn't go the length of my foot to git water for myself! Waal, if you ain't a daisy!"

"All right," remarked Alan, coolly. "If you don't, there'll be no quart bottle of whiskey for you 'on the side' when I'm in charge of the spirits."

This fetched Jim, who evidently had at least no prejudice to liquids when in the form of alcohol, for, with a muttered reference to the manners of some people, he picked up a zinc pail and slouched slowly off for the water. The moment he had turned his back a remarkable change came over Alan's face. He turned and scrutinised us keenly.

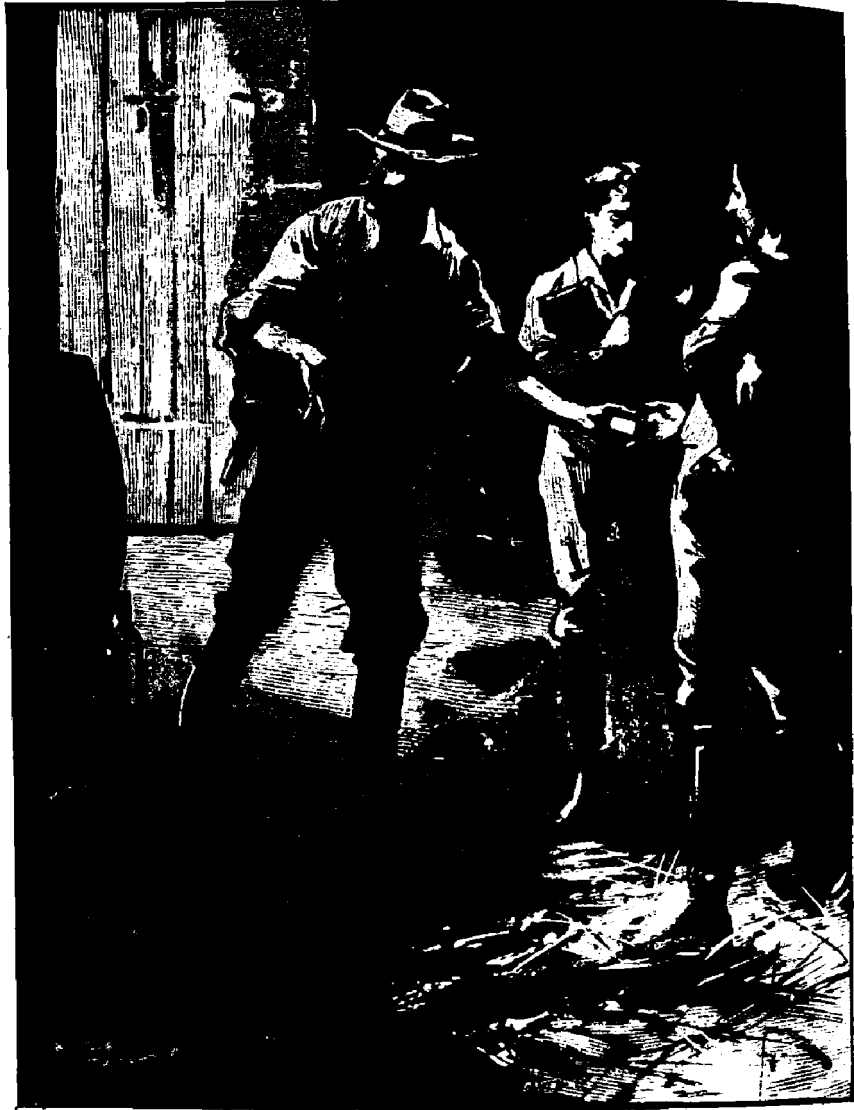
"Look here," he asked quickly, "are you to be trusted? Honour, bright, mind."

"If you don't think we are from what you've seen of us, don't do it," answered Pete.

"Yes, I think you are," said the smuggler. "Here's a book or two for you, Derringham, which I fancy will help you out these days—it's enough to turn a fellow's brain being cooped up in a shop like this. Hide them somewhere in your blankets. And as for you—Pete, I think the boss called you—here's some baccy; but before I give you matches, will you take a solemn oath never to use them for any other purpose than lighting your pipe?"

"May I never ride another broncho again if I plays you false!" said Pete.

"Well, here you are; now, hide them." And the smuggler drew from inside his shirt a couple of Dickens's works, and thrust them into my hands. He then took some tobacco and matches from the pouch in his belt, and gave them to Pete. "Quick—get a rustle on!" he



"WELL, HERE YOU ARE, NOW HIDE THEM."

whispered, looking apprehensively towards the open door.

Somewhat mystified, and with hastily expressed thanks, we stowed away the precious articles. They would help us for some time at least to bear up against the deadly monotony of our lives.

"It's awfully good of you to give us these things," I exclaimed gratefully. "Why do you do it? How is it you are with these other men at all?"

For, to put it mildly, there was something about Alan so utterly at variance with his lawless calling, and his obvious goodness of heart, that was puzzling, and gave me courage to speak as I did.

"You mustn't ask questions," he replied hastily, but not unkindly. "And look here, you must not mind if I swear at you a bit and

treat you roughly before the others—you'll understand it's not meant."

"Say, sonny, whar hev I seen you before?" interrupted Pete, who had been gazing searchingly at our newly-found friend. "First time I clapped eyes on you, blow me if I didn't think I knowed your face!"

A look of annoyance clouded the smuggler's countenance, and I thought he changed colour.

I hastened to say: "Pete, for goodness' sake, we've just been told to ask no questions. It's a poor way of paying back a kindness, but I was the first to begin it, and I apologise."

"That's right, Derringham," remarked the smuggler. "If you want to keep a friend never inquire too closely into his past. No one cares to parade his family skeleton, even for the edification of his friend—its anatomy and the rattling of the bones are liable to be misinterpreted. By the way, did you hear that shooting last night?"

He kept looking towards the doorway anxiously.

"You bet!" replied Pete. "And we saw the fires."

"It was the mounted police and the cowboys," explained our mysterious friend. "They've been prowling round here these last few days, and I fancy must have explored the Land of the Lost Spirits pretty thoroughly by now."

"It's a wonder they don't get on to some old trail of yours," observed Pete.

"They couldn't," was the quiet reply. "We run the boat into a narrow canyon miles long, into which there's no getting from the top. Then there's an almost subterranean passage through the mountain that would take a deal of finding. It's much the same at the other end. In a few months from now the world will be welcome to the secret, for the place is getting just a trifle hot for us. But look here, I've one question to ask you that Campbell seems to have overlooked. Was that message you sent off in a bottle the only one you wrote and put into the lake?"

Like a lightning flash the idea presented itself to me that here now was an explanation of the seeming kindness of the smuggler. He was a mean hypocrite after all, and his attitude towards us was merely assumed for the purpose of finding out our movements and betraying them to his chief. But he did not look like a scoundrel. He had a smart, almost military appearance, and there were kindness and strength in his distinctive face, and an honesty in his eyes that seemed to belie the idea. In another moment I was ashamed of my thoughts, for he had shot a swift glance at me, then, turning away, said

quickly, with what I thought was a note of disappointment in his voice:—

"Don't answer. It was natural enough for you to think that. I can hardly expect you to take me on trust."

"I beg your pardon," I rejoined, humbly. "We do trust you." I looked at Pete, who nodded. "We have sent four or five messages, but goodness knows whether our friends will get them or not. But if they do, what about you? They will capture you with the others."

"In that case I've a clearer charge-sheet than most of them," he remarked, with a thoughtful look upon his face. "But here's Jim coming up with your water. And, by the way, I know you've been docked of your breakfast, and that the other chaps haven't been giving you any. Now, they forgot to inform me of the fact, so I just told Pierre the cook to let you have it as before. I'll risk the racket."

Pete and I hastily expressed our thanks.

"Now stand by," he said, cheerfully; "I'm going to give it you hot." Jim at that moment entered the cell with the pail. Alan's manner changed in a moment. "I wish you chaps wouldn't stand there looking as stupid as two owls. Just get a rustle on, and polish up your dirty faces. I'll go and fetch breakfast, Jim, while you keep an eye on them. Turn about's fair play."

As he walked quickly off I could not help speculating as to the apparently friendly attitude of the smuggler. Had I not acted imprudently in telling him of those other messages? Was it likely he was going to remain impassive while the chances were one of the bottles might be found at any time, and his capture by the police follow as a matter of course?

## CHAPTER XVII.

### ON THE LEDGE.

FOR the next two days Alan and Jim were our gaolers, which, needless to say, was a pleasant change from the brutal and taciturn espionage from which we had hitherto suffered. For although Alan always addressed us somewhat gruffly before Jim, whenever that gentleman went to sleep—which he invariably did as soon as he had finished his meals—he treated us more like companions than prisoners, and talked with us quite pleasantly. At such times I would take out "David Copperfield" and read, letting Pete, who had a natural antipathy to over-taxing his business eye, carry



on the conversation. At night we were locked up and left to ourselves, but as Alan had supplemented our bedding with a couple of pairs of blankets, the rapid lowering of the temperature within the last few days did not disturb us. Strange to say, neither Campbell, the captain of the gang, nor any of the others came near us. I suspected they were keeping a sharp look-out, and making preparations for a possible attack. Perhaps Pierre, the cook, was the most inconvenienced by the presence of the searchers in the neighbourhood, for he dared not light a fire of wood lest the smoke should betray the presence of the smugglers, and had to burn spirit instead.

The suspense and enforced inactivity to which Pete and I had been subjected were telling upon us. True, Alan had allowed me to pace up and down the gallery, and to improvise a pair of very rough-and-ready Indian clubs, with which I staved off the horrible feeling of inertia; but still, the sense of being almost within sight of our friends, and yet knowing that we were so utterly helpless and at the mercy of the desperadoes, was mental trouble of a far more trying kind.

Every night had Pete and I discussed the situation, advancing and abandoning all sorts of mad schemes by which we might effect an escape. If something were not done, and that quickly, those who were searching in the vicinity for our supposed lifeless bodies must of a necessity give up their quest in despair, seeing that now considerably over a week had been spent without any clue to our presence.

At times we were tempted to spring on our guards unexpectedly, overpower them, secure their weapons, and make for the little harbour where the boats lay. But we could not entertain the idea of stealing a march on Alan, who had been so kind to us, and the others never gave us a chance. Even had the sleepy Jim been told off to guard us with a man as careless as himself, and, having achieved our purpose to disarm them, we managed to elude the vigilance of the others, the chances were that the boats were stowed away in such a manner that we could not make use of them. It was a hopeless outlook. What made the situation to me all the more annoying was that doubtless by this time Colin Dunbar had considered it his duty to communicate with my uncle in England, apprising him of my disappearance and of my probable fate. Poor old Uncle Gilbert! I daresay he would regret the manner of my leaving his house, and be sorry for me in his own undemonstrative way when his studies permitted, but very likely the new family ties he had formed were by this time occupying

more of his attention than he had bargained for. I, however, held to the thought that there was one who would really and truly be sorry when she heard the news, and that was my girl friend, Muriel Wray.

It was comforting to think that there was some human being in whose heart I would be as a tender memory, for I knew that she had really been in sympathy with me.

It was quite plain to us that if we did not make some attempt to attract the attention of our friends, in another day or two it would be too late, and it would be difficult to say what might not become of us. It was imperative that we should make some attempt to escape. Alan had hinted that for the last few days his chief had become still more strange in his manner, and was at times so violent in his behaviour that his comrades stood in considerable apprehension as to their personal safety. He counselled us that should he come to our cell we must not allow ourselves to be provoked into losing our tempers over anything he said. There was no knowing what he might do in such a case.

One day, as Pete was watching the tiny patch of blue that showed through the little window over our heads, a half-suppressed ejaculation escaped from his lips; he shuffled his feet uneasily, and I knew he had got an idea. We had finished dinner, and our guards had gone to get theirs, locking us in, so there was nothing to prevent us talking.

"Wally," exclaimed the cow-boy, "I guess as how we're two of the blindest bats alive! Do you see that there wall and that window?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Waal, did it niver strike you that it would be an easy thing to take it to pieces, beginning at the window and working our way down stone by stone. It's only bin plastered together with mud, not lime."

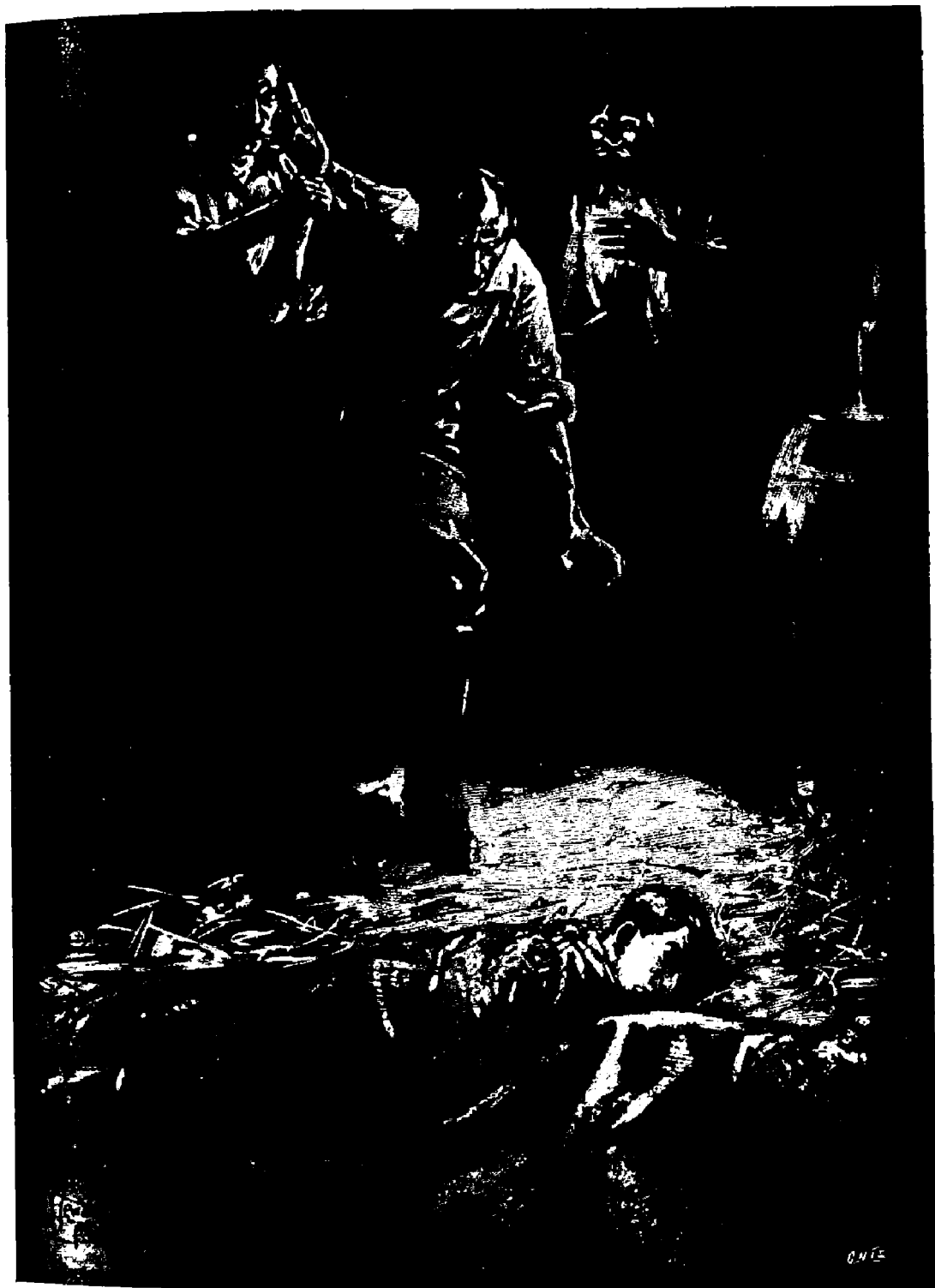
To my inexperienced eye the fact had not been apparent. Now it flashed upon me like a revelation with all its possibilities.

"But there's the deep waters of the lake underneath," I said, considering. "And even if we managed to get down to it in safety, how are we to get away?"

"We can drop the stones into the lake until we work down to near the floor, and then we can lower ourselves down by our blankets to the water, an' then it'll only be a few strokes to the shore alongside the doorway. After thet it'll be make for the boats and take our chances in getting clear away."

"To-night, Pete?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, to-night," he replied, "but——"



IN ANOTHER MOMENT THREE MEN ENTERED.

"Oh, no buts," I interposed. "I'm sick of this, and quite willing to take the risks."

"But I'm not so sure that I'm justified in letting you take 'em. I'm older then you, Wally, and hev had a good innings, so if I should git bowled out it wouldn't so much matter, but you——"

"Pete," I expostulated, "it doesn't matter about me so much as you think. I'm pretty well alone in the world, and I'd rather die trying to do something to help myself than remain here at the mercy of a mad smuggler and his men. As likely as not they may at any moment discover that our lives seriously

compromise their own safety, and that it would be better to end these lives without a moment's warning. I'm eating my heart out in this place. Besides, I don't see what is to prevent us escaping. If they have got the boats locked up, I don't see why we can't fix up a raft from some of the logs and boxes lying about, and drift and paddle ashore."

"All right, Wally, if you're willing to take chances. You're not a chicken now, and a'most as big as a man. Can you swim?"

I assured him of the fact, so we at once began to discuss our risky project.

As we knew our gaolers would not be back for another half-hour or so, I assumed my old position on Pete's shoulders, and examined the casement, so as to determine the best way of beginning operations when it grew dark. I discovered that it would be by no means an impossible task. When once the thick plastering of mud was removed, the blocks of basalt would not be difficult to detach from one another. For some reason or other I had hidden the strong stave of a cask in my bedding, and that might come in handy to use as a lever. If only the slight breeze that had sprung up continued, there would not be so much danger of the smugglers hearing the stones drop into the lake. We more than suspected that two or three times during the night one or other of the smugglers came and examined the door of the gallery, but the chances were that this inspection would not extend further. As for Alan, we had both grown to like the man whose one seeming antipathy was to talk about himself. He had evidently received a good education, and, with the exception of his chief, belonged to a very different order of beings from his mates. We knew he was sorry that we had fallen into their hands, but we also knew that if some of the others suspected his sympathies were with us, and that there was any danger of his conniving at our escape, his life would not be worth a moment's purchase. We would have liked to tell him of our intentions, but we thought it was more than likely it would only place him in a most unpleasant predicament. It was a mystery to us how a quiet, kindly, evidently right-thinking man should have come to cast in his lot with a gang of desperadoes. Since that time I have seen so many extraordinary phases of life that I have ceased to wonder at anything.

It was only with difficulty we could conceal our suppressed excitement from the two men who kept guard over us that afternoon, but at last the long day came to an end. It was with an inexpressible feeling of relief that we heard the great key turn in the lock, and the great pine bar put into its place and wedged home.

We had carefully examined that door on the first night of our imprisonment, and realised that it was useless trying to tamper with it.

The night was cold and dark, the moon was on the wane, and as we knew it would not rise till midnight, we delayed operations till then. It was as well we did so, for just as we noted that a wan ray of moonlight had struggled in through the narrow casement, and we were about to rise from our beds, we heard the scuffling of feet outside, the removing of the heavy bar, and the turning of the key in the lock. In another moment three men entered. They closed the door behind them, struck a light, and lit a candle which one of them held in his hand. I could see by its dim light that one of them was Campbell, another the brutal Bill, and the third the seemingly ill-mated Alan. Campbell was in his shirt-sleeves, his face was of a ghastly pallor, and his eyes were wild and glassy. In one hand he held a large Colt's revolver. It was quite evident to me that either the man was suffering from the effects of drink, or else he had passed the stage of incipient madness. The smugglers had never visited us like this before in the middle of the night. What was their reason for doing so now? That it was for no good it was not difficult to divine. Instinctively Pete and I drew the blankets close up to our chins, and feigned to be sound asleep. But still it was an unpleasant thing to think that we were so utterly at the mercy of that mad wretch with the cocked revolver in his hand. The three men came quietly enough towards us, and we knew that they were holding the light so as to see whether we were asleep or not. Both Pete and I breathed heavily, the former, indeed, supplementing his part by something that resembled a nasal note. Suddenly something occurred that required all my powers of self-control to keep me from crying out and springing to my feet. Campbell had made a movement, and someone, whom I guessed by his voice was Alan, had stayed his hand in some attempted action.

"Don't do any such silly trick," said our smuggler friend, with a temerity for which I had hardly given him credit. "A lot of satisfaction there is in potting a sleeping man and a youngster! I wonder you're not jolly well ashamed of yourself."

"Let me go, you squeamish fool!" hissed the desperado. "You don't seem to realise that if it wasn't for these born idiots we wouldn't be surrounded by a troop of mounted police and all the cow-boys in the country at the present moment. The Powers of Darkness take them! It's only a question of time now before they're exploring these islands on the ice and



AND NOW THE TIME HAD COME FOR US TO ENTRUST OUR BODIES TO THE  
ICY WATERS OF THE LAKE OF THE LOST SPIRITS.

the game will be up. In the meantime, it's as much as our necks are worth to attempt to run a cargo up the canyon. Oh, curse them! I must be even with them! I'll have a fit unless I put a bullet through their brains!"

"You'll have something else if you don't look out. What right have you to put us all in a hole for the sake of gratifying your blood-thirsty notions of revenge? You seem to have lost your head completely of late. Why not

keep them here as sort of hostages, so that, should the police find out our whereabouts, you could tell them that unless they allowed you to clear safely out of the country you will at once do them up? There would be more sense in that."

"Yes, boss, I guess that's not a bad idea," growled Bill, who, like most brutal men, had a very tender regard for his own personal well-being. "That's the ticket! When the redcoats come round you just hev them two blokes a settin' on a nice little keg of gunpowder, where they kin see 'em. You stand at the business end of the fuse, and sez you, 'Is it a clear trail for us chaps, or is it Kingdom Come for them?' The chances are they'll tell us to show our heels. If they don't, then you can fire the fuse and introduce them jokers to the angels. There would be some fun in that."

Pete and I hardly thought so, but we hoped that Campbell would listen to the tender-hearted Bill's advice. In another moment we found that it had found favour in his eyes.

"That's a fair notion, Bill," he said, "and the effect would be quite dramatic. I'm blowed if I wouldn't mind being shot after it merely for the pleasure of seeing these two fellows going up in little pieces to join the stars! Come on! let's go. I'll have another drink before I turn in, so's to send me to sleep. They'll be all right till morning."

When they had gone, and closed the door behind them, Pete and I sprang to our feet with inexpressible relief. There were no doubts or hesitation now

as to what we should do. The sooner we were out of the clutches of such a truly diabolical crew, the better. If we were killed in attempting to escape we should be no worse off. I groped my way to the door and picked up a box of matches that Campbell had inadvertently placed on a small shelf, and forgotten when he had lighted the candle. They would come in handy, and save Pete from breaking his word with Alan about the

matches he had got from him. Besides, I had a project to attract the attention of any of the search party who might yet be on the mainland.

I took the stave, and mounted on to Pete's shoulders.

"Now, Wally," said my cheery friend, "smash the plaster up, then try and lever out some of them there stones. When oncet you've made a beginning I'll get up and help."

I set to work with right good will. In less than ten minutes I had removed the mud plaster and discovered the first vulnerable part in the stonework. It was with a feeling of joy and exultation that I pushed my first stone out through the narrow window, and heard it rebound from the rocks and splash into the lake beneath. Then my blood ran cold with sudden fear—what if the smugglers should hear the noise? But the wind had fortunately freshened, and the breaking of the little waves against the cliff would surely deaden the sound of the falling debris. I scraped and tugged away at

the stones with my hands until there was hardly a whole inch of skin on them, but soon I had the pleasure of completely loosening the four large stones that constituted the casement of the window, and pushing them one by one into the lake. Then I worked downwards, and the rest was comparatively easy work. In an hour's time I had made a hole almost large enough to stand upright in, but Jim insisted on me taking a rest, so I climbed down and he took my place. Very soon he informed me that now we might risk the lake. The soft, mellow moonlight streamed in through the great gap we had made in the wall, and flooded our cell. By its light we tore our blankets into long strips, which Pete skilfully and quickly converted into a long rope. By means of the stave we made one end of it fast in the stonework, letting the other dangle over the ledge outside.

And now the time had come for us to entrust our bodies to the icy waters of the Lake of the Lost Spirits.

*John Macbr*

(To be continued.)



"Jealous? Not a bit of it. Merely a touch of indigestion."

# SPECIAL PAGE.

(Contributed by Readers.)

## The Fairs at Boulogne-sur-Mer.

I AM writing this little essay on the fairs at Boulogne hoping that it may interest those readers of *THE CAPTAIN* who have never visited that town, and consequently never seen them. There is a summer and a winter fair at Boulogne. The former is the more enjoyable of the two, on account of the warm weather, and because there are many more visitors in the summer, and the *forains*, as they are called, take more pains to embellish their shows in order to attract them. The most interesting parts of the summer fairs are the freak shows, the waxworks, and the gaming tables. At the winter fairs there are none of the latter.

In the summer the whole fair is held upon the Boulevard Mariette, named after a Frenchman, born at Boulogne, who explored some parts of Egypt, and a statue of whom stands upon the boulevard bearing his name. In the winter the toy booths and nougat stalls are erected in the Haute Ville, as the boulevard at that time of the year is rather slushy.

Let me conduct the reader round a summer fair, and enter it at the Porte des Dunes. The first two booths on our right as we go in are pastry-cooks' stalls. The next booth is a roulette table. The next is a raffle for live poultry. It is very amusing to see winners bearing away their cackling prizes from these raffles. Next come some shooting galleries, next a raffle for china-ware. On our left as we enter are some freak shows, hurdy-gurdies, *Petits Chevaux* tables, theatres, and swings. Walking on we find ourselves in the midst of noisy hurdy-gurdies, cinematographs, freak shows, the banging of drums, kettle drums, gongs, shooting galleries, etc., to be out of which we will not be sorry. Pushing on we pass through the bazaars. Vendors are shouting on all sides: "*Voilà un joli bazar à dix sous!*" "*Voyez, mesdames et messieurs! Tout à dix sous au bazar!*" "*Tous les articles; tous les objets. Choisissez, faites votre choix!*"

There are many bazaars at these fairs at which toys and other things can be bought at the wonderfully low prices of fivepence, twopence, a penny, and even a halfpenny. Of course, expensive purchases can be made also. To give an accurate description of every stall would be a long business, and I can only give a very slight idea of the fair by saying that almost every conceivable thing can be bought there. The nougat and other sweets sold there are very good. At almost every sweet-stall purchasers are presented with little monkeys, made of pins and wool. It is amusing to see children walking about, their hats or their coats covered with these monkeys.

JOHN COX

## Why?

Donald: "Dugal, can ye tell me why the Columbia is like ta *Red Gauntlet*?"

Dugal: "Na, Donald."

Donald: "Weel, the *Red Gauntlet* ran against a real rock, and ta *Columbia* ran against a *Shamrock*."

## OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

**James Ramsay.**—Joke all right; drawing no good, old chap.

**E. G. W.**—Can't print a parody on a hymn.

**W. G. Atwell.**—I hope to use your mazes.

**H. S. Brown.**—Photos are excellent.

**A. O. M.**—"My First Cigar" is not at all bad, although, as a matter of fact, it *was*, wasn't it?

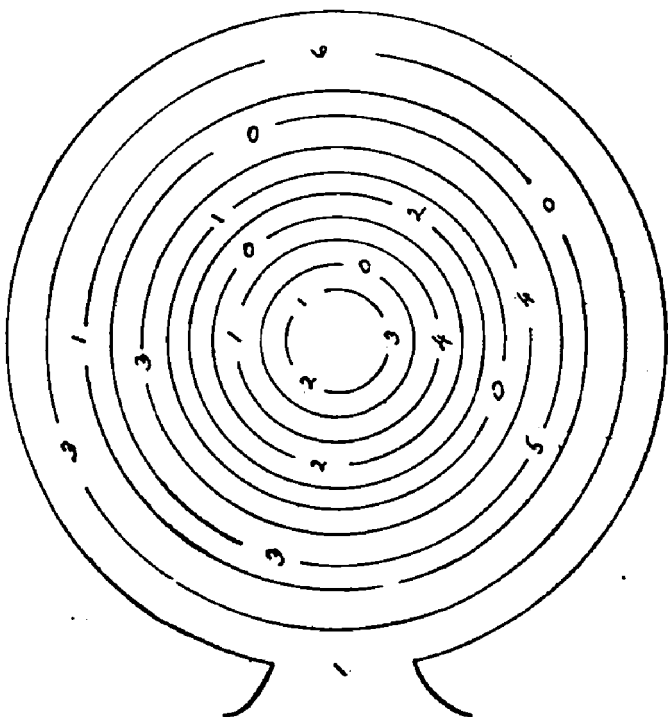
**Gordon McVoy.**—Your paper on "How to Make Your Own Christmas Cards by Photography" is well and thoughtfully written. Too late for 1899, but I will keep it by me.

**R. E. (BOURNEMOUTH).**—Your story is far too long. It should not exceed 2,500 words. You have an idea, but you put in a lot of unnecessary "jaw" which can well be dispensed with. Try and write something more probable; this is a most improbable tale, although not without a sort of excitement at the finish. Look upon writing as a hobby—not as a means of earning a living.

**P. C. Bland.**—Thanks for your letter. I am writing to him and shall have something to say about it next month.

This month's award (one year's subscription to *THE CAPTAIN*) goes to W. E. ATWELL, 54, Comiston Road, Morningside, Edinburgh, for his "Maze," printed below.

*Highly Commended:* Gordon McVoy (photo of Wrexham Church Tower).



TO GET TO THE CENTRE COUNTING EIGHTEEN.

# THE NEW GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.—IV.

BY W. W. MAYLAND.

Illustrated from Photographs by Alfred Johnson.

THE bluejacket who hauled me out of the briny waves held me up in one hand and showed me to his wondering mates:—



"I SAY, OLD MAN, YOU HAVE SHRUNK.

"Talk about Tom Thumb," said he, "why, Tom Thumb's a giant compared to this chap!"

I observed that, as I was wet and cold, I should be glad if he would put something warm round me, and so he promptly wrapped me up in a great red cloth, which he called a handkerchief. Goodness! It would have carpeted a cricket pitch!

They let me run about on the deck of the ship, and petted me no end. I felt for all the world like a tame mouse. In due time the vessel reached England, and my friendly sailor, who was going home, said he would convey me



WOULD HAVE CRUSHED ME TO DEATH IF I HADN'T REQUESTED HIM NOT TO.

to my parents. He was as good as his word—though his pocket, in which he kept me, *did* reek horribly of tobacco—and when I reached our old roof-tree, with tiny chirps of glee I rushed into the hall, through it, and into the garden. There, lying at full length on the lawn, was my brother.

"Hullo, Jack!" I exclaimed, rushing up to him, "I'm so glad to see you."

He gazed at me very steadily for some time, and then he replied:—

"It's as much as *I* can do to see you. I



PROPPED ME IN FRONT OF HIM, BEHIND HIS BICYCLE LAMP.

say, old man, you have shrunk. Been getting your weight down, or what?"

After chaffing me in this way for some time, my brother said he was going to call on "his girl," and asked me if I would like to go with him. Of course I assented, and so he propped me in front of him, behind his bicycle lamp, and we careered over the road at a jolly pace, I can tell you. Jack's a good sort—my word, how I used to lick him in the old days!

When we arrived at "his girl's" house, I



I WAS ALMOST DROWNED.

of course, was turned out into the garden (like a horse, you know), but I wandered away and got into a field of clover, or something, and narrowly escaped with my life, because my brother, who came out to sit there with his girl, put his foot out and would have crushed me to death if I hadn't requested him not to.

Of course, *then* he had to introduce me to "his girl," and you should have seen her face when he said:—

"Er—Matilda darling—this—er—this is my brother!" She almost fainted!

Well, Jack told me to go back to the garden and play there until his return, and while I was gambolling about in my innocent little way, I heard a laugh (like shrill thunder) and there, standing above me, was a giantess, in short skirts, wearing her hair down her back. She had a gigantic watering-can in her hands, and what must the mischievous great thing do but turn it on to *me*! Oh, dear! I was almost drowned. I shrieked and ran away, but she

went on watering me (as if I'd been a sort of galloping geranium) until I was wet through, when she took me indoors, dried me before the kitchen fire, and then fed me with hot milk, out of a spoon! Oh, it *was* ignominious, dear reader!

You see, what made me so frightened was that unless I kept on giving little chirps (like those confounded things bicyclists warn pedestrians with) I was in constant danger of being trodden on by domestics and others.

You will remember that the Queen knighted me for holding an umbrella over her, and you may be sure that my brother's "girl's" family did not forget this fact. They constantly addressed me as "Sir William"—and you can imagine how ridiculous it sounded!

The giantess (I suppose she was really my brother's "girl's" little sister) was the only person that disregarded my rank. She called me "Little Billee." She took quite a fancy to me, petted me and played with me all the evening, and propped a copy of *THE CAPTAIN* up for me to look at. When, with much exertion, I managed to turn a page by pushing it with all my might, she clapped her hands and almost *cried* with laughter. I can tell you—I *did* feel small. Being about fifty times smaller than everybody else I found not half so nice as being fifty times bigger than anybody else.

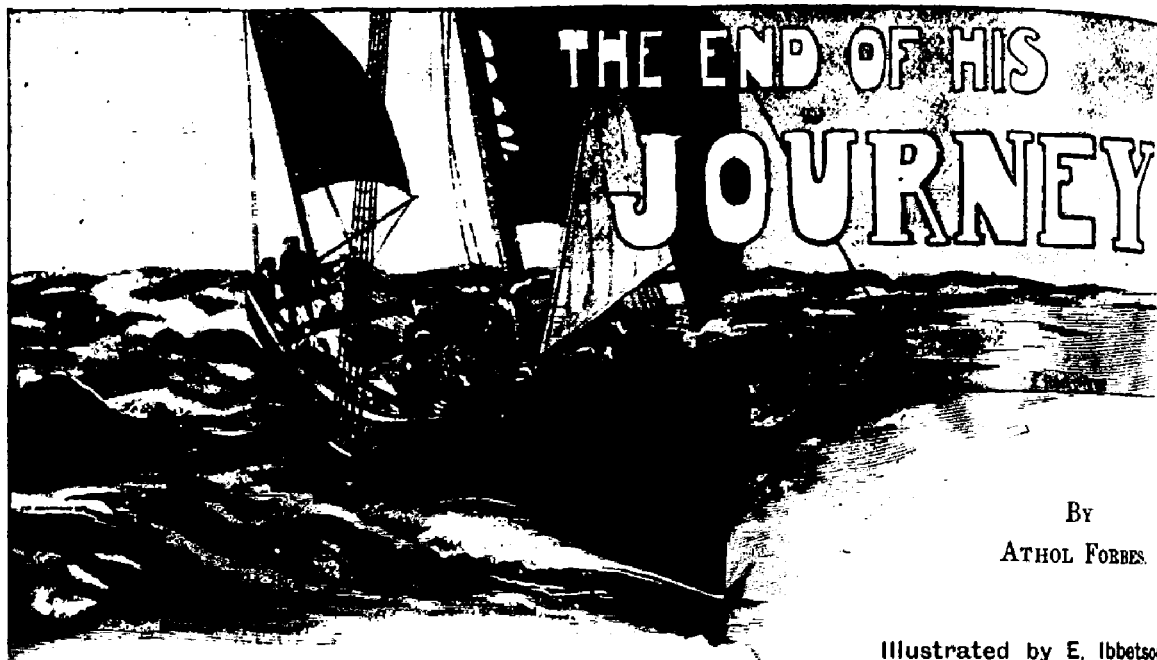
As to further indignities to which I was submitted—have patience, and I will tell thee more next month.

(To be continued.)



MANAGED TO TURN A PAGE BY PUSHING IT WITH ALL MY MIGHT.





By  
ATHOL FORBES.

Illustrated by E. Ibbetson.



ON a hazy morning in November, in the year 1746, a year of "men's blood and women's tears," a beamy-looking little craft, with one big square sail set, might have been seen making Yarmouth Roads. On her deck was rather ostentatiously displayed a quantity of nets, which the ordinary observer would have taken as a sign of her trade and occupation, but, as a matter of fact, these nets served the purpose for which they were intended—to disguise the true character of the vessel and her crew. Amidships and aft a mixed crowd of Scotchmen, Englishmen, and Frenchmen, to the number of some eighteen or twenty, sat smoking or chewing, at the same time keeping a sharp look-out. Most of the men squatted upon the deck, and were hidden by the bulwarks, for their number would at once have excited the suspicion of any one of the King's ships which perchance might suddenly loom out of the haze. The men's aspect bespoke a bold and reckless spirit, and such they possessed in an intensified form. These "toilers of the deep" in appearance got their living by running contraband goods—whiskey from Scotland, and, as a change, brandy, gin, and tobacco, from France, Holland, or Belgium.

Among this swarthy crew a young man, barely out of his teens, whose refined features spoke of a better bringing up than his associations would

have suggested, sat and gazed in the direction of the land, which the skipper was endeavouring to make out with a time-battered old telescope.

"I thought I caught sight of the church there," growled the skipper, as he spat out some tobacco juice and again put up his glass.

The young man's face brightened, and he peered eagerly into the haze, which was then lifting slowly.

"Yes, there it is," said the mariner. "Here, take this," and he passed the glass, and pointed it. "Do you see a square grey tower with something appearing to run up one corner of it?"

"Yes, I can see the church too; three big windows look out towards the sea," responded the person addressed.

"That there is Gorleston church, then," said the skipper, and he brushed his hand across his mouth. "Old Sir John Castleton is the parson. He's a good sort—likes his brandy good, and gives a gentleman's price for it. The curate, too, is the right sort; he lends us his cellars, but I prefer old Sir John. He had a hand in the Prince Charlie job. Oh, it's all right," as he saw a look of pain and surprise come over the young man's face. "I took the money up that he gave to the cause, and you shall take to him the receipt. Here it is. Read it."

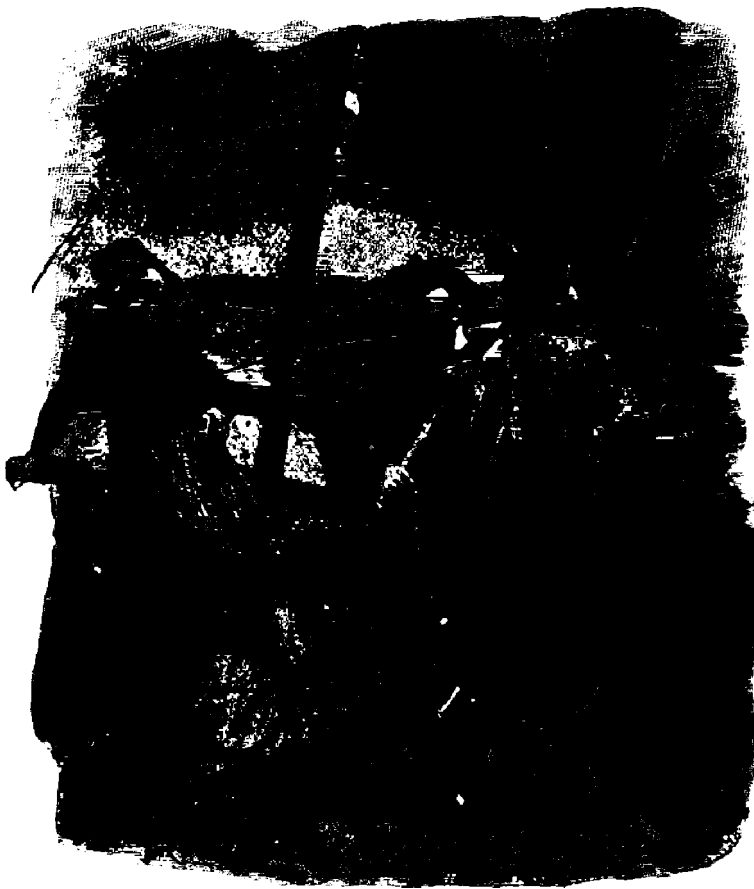
From a tin case containing a number of bank-notes he drew out, not exactly a receipt, but a letter, signed "James," thanking his dear John Castleton for his kindly help in the cause—nothing more. "This is my first visit here since

Culloden," he went on. "I hope the old man still lives," and there was a ring of genuine anxiety in his voice.

"I hope so. He is my uncle, and my real name is Castleton—John Castleton. I am called after him," and the lad turned and looked again at the village, now distinctly visible, with its multitude of red-tipped, white cottages.

"Ah, my friend, I guessed it! It takes a lot to deceive me, and when you asked for a passage, I knew well, too, that you had been out in the cause. Why, lad, we are all the right colour in

this craft, and if my head was where some would have it, it certainly would not be on this pair of shoulders," and he laughed immoderately at his joke. "I am an Englishman myself, a Gorlestonian bred and born, but my sympathies are with the cause, and you, my young cavalier." He gripped his hand in a warm, hard clasp, which young Castleton was not slow to return, and they relapsed into silence, which was broken only by the wash of the waves against the vessel as she ploughed her way through the water, and the harsh voices of the men midships.



"LET HER COME UP A POINT," HE CALLED OUT TO THE MAN STEERING.

From time to time the skipper scanned the cliffs to the south of Gorleston; then he would take a scrutiny of the eastern horizon, but the haze seaward was still heavy, and nothing was to be seen. Presently, a moving object about two miles south of Gorleston pier attracted his attention.

"There goes the signal at last," he snapped out as he shut up his glass. "The Hopton gap is safe," he sang out to the men, who immediately bustled about, taking off the hatches, clearing away the nets, and a multitude of other duties. They understood the signal. They had been at the work before.

"Let her come up a point," he called out to the man steering.

"Stand by there to let go," to another, who seemed to expect the order.

"Now, young sir, you can go below and change those togs of yours. In less than an hour you will be in your uncle's house, and to-night you will sleep in a feather bed."

"That will indeed be a luxury," he replied. "It is over two years since I enjoyed that comfort," and he disappeared down into the dark little hole that by courtesy was called a cabin.

It did not take our young friend long to dress. The joy of being once more among friends threw a new energy into him. He had not seen his uncle since he was a child, but he carried a kindly recollection of him, and he knew that he was sure of a welcome. The only fear was Yarmouth. He knew that a number of King's men must be quartered there, and if caught he knew his fate. But he was at his wits' end. Ever since Culloden he had hidden among fishermen—worked and shared their hardships, and, severe as they were, they

were nothing compared to those in the disastrous retreat into Scotland, before the final act in that wretched tragedy. Sir John he knew to be an ardent Jacobite. He would know the state of feeling, and what chance there was of pardon or escape.

From Scotland, escape abroad was now impossible. Smart cruisers swept the seas, and merchant vessels, however sympathetic the captains might be, refused to risk their ships, which were confiscated if any adherents of the Stuarts were found on board. His home was not far from Gorleston, but a few miles inland, and he could



HIS DRESS NOW WAS A STRIKING CONTRAST TO THE ROUGH GARB OF THOSE AROUND HIM.

not resist the opportunity, dangerous as he knew the risk to be, of seeing his parents.

When he reappeared on deck, loud orders, freely interlaced with oaths, were being shouted from the vessel to a boat which had come off from the shore, and from the said boat there was echoed language of a corresponding description. But in spite of this a large amount of work had been got through. Some twenty or thirty small kegs of whiskey were piled up in the boat. Two men standing up with oars were fending off the little tub as the sea dashed it against the sides of the smuggler, threatening each moment to stave it in.

These men stared at the apparition which appeared on deck in the person of young Castleton. His dress now was a striking contrast to the rough garb of those around him, though its appearance was sorry and faded, but it showed his well-built and well-knit figure. His big jack-boots were brown and scrubbed, and here and there buttons were missing on his dress, but he looked a handsome youth, and every inch a soldier.

The skipper whispered something to a big, bronze-faced man, who seemed to be the leader of the shore gang, and then introduced him to our cavalier friend, who greeted him in a few well-chosen words which evidently pleased.

"If he's the parson's nevee he's one of the right sort," growled out this individual. "Aye, I'll show him the house," he replied, in response to another whisper from the skipper.

"She won't carry any more," he added, and he looked at the boat alongside, which was now very deep in the water.

"Well, you had better shove off," shouted the skipper. "Now, sir," turning to our friend, "you and I must part. I have kept my part of the bargain, and I hope your troubles are over."

"I wish I could recompense you," said Castleton, as he pressed the skipper's hand, "for all your kindness," and a tear glistened in his eye.

"You would do the same for me, I know," the skipper answered kindly; then, with an effort, "Good-bye! My duty to old Sir John," as the young officer took his seat in the boat. "Don't forget to give him the paper."

"Shove off! Shove off!" cried everyone.

"Let go that rope for'ard. Now, lads, give way," said the man in charge of the shore boat.

"Look sharp back," shouted the skipper of the lugger

"Aye, aye!" came back from the boat in lusty tones.

The men bent to their oars, and succeeded in getting a good speed out of the heavily laden craft, which was eagerly watched by a group of men on shore, who rushed into the water and secured each a keg as soon as the keel grated on the pebbles. One of these men was directed to take the passenger on his back and carry him to the dry sand.

"I was to give you this from the skipper," and the man in charge of the boat thrust half-a-dozen bank-notes into his hand. "And here," calling to a lad, "this boy will show you parson's house."

Castleton could only wave his hat again to the rough, kindly man who had risked so much and done so much for him, a complete stranger, practically starving,

when he was received on board the smuggler. He waved his hat again, but there was no response—evidently the skipper was too busy to notice it.

The boy trudged along by his side, his bare feet splashing in the water every now and again, as he made a détour by way of variety. Half-an-hour brought them to the village. To get to the vicarage they had to pass through Gorleston's main and only street. The house was situated in its own grounds, in an open space between the village and the then hamlet of Southtown. The only small money Castleton had was a silver coin of France, which he gave to the boy at the entrance to the vicarage. The youngster glanced at it; then, with a wild whoop, turned and ran like a hare.

The welcome he received from his uncle and cousins was as warm as he expected, and that was saying a great deal. The tears chased each

other down the old man's cheeks as he listened to the miseries and hardships of those devoted men, who, for what they considered a righteous cause, gave their lives.

His younger daughter, Mary, a handsome girl of twenty or twenty-two, gazed with warm admiration at her cousin, who, in spite of his modesty, here and there dropped little things

which showed what he had gone through. They talked all that afternoon and late into the night, for old Sir John on his part had much to tell, as well as much to hear.

"I shall sleep in a feather bed to-night, at all events," replied the young man in response to some expression of sympathy from his cousin. "Next to a bed indoors, I prefer heather," and he laughed.

"And to-morrow you will leave us?" she asked.

"Yes, fair cousin, such is

my intention, though I do not promise it will hold out if you invite me to stay"—and she blushed.

And while he talked, and the old vicar slumbered and slept, the boy who had shown him the way was explaining to the chief of the preventive men how he came by the French coin, which had been handed by him to the village grocer, who, learning that it had been given by a gentleman at the vicarage, and not loving the vicar, promptly took it to someone who would make it his business to see further into the matter. He said afterwards that as a religious man he felt it his duty to give information. It was always a grievance with him afterwards that he received no reward.

Thus it was that late at night a force of armed men surrounded the vicarage, and the officer in charge thundered at the door.



"AND TO-MORROW YOU WILL LEAVE US?" SHE ASKED.

"Quick! Dress!" cried the old man, as he rapped at his nephew's door. "I fear mischief. The house is surrounded, but one of my daughters will show you the way out through the cellars. There is an underground passage which takes you out near the quay. I fancy they are after you, my unfortunate boy."

Castleton had opened his door at the first summons, and was now hurrying into his clothes. The vicar opened one of the windows, and began to parley so as to gain time.

"It is no use, Sir John, putting us off. We have certain information that a French spy is here. You must open the door," said the officer.

"I will come down and speak to you, if you will wait a minute." And he closed the window and joined his nephew, who was now ready, and on his way, led by Mary, to the cellars.

"You must bolt for it. They will search the house," said the old man, as he bade him a hurried "Good-bye" and wished him "God speed."

"If you mean the gentleman who is my nephew he is gone," said the vicar, as he admitted the officer and two of the men.

"We must do our duty," replied the officer, who was not a bad sort of man, "and search the house. He cannot have got away since we came, for the house is guarded on every side."

"Then we are just too late," he said, after they had made a rigorous search.

"You are, indeed. My nephew departed some time ago."

"Well, we had information that he was a French spy or a Jacobite," said the officer, who, with a bow, helped himself to the brandy which the vicar placed before him, and appeared very anxious to make up by his politeness for the disturbance he had caused, and was now inclined to talk.

"We have kept clear of those Jacobites in Gorleston so far, sir. I should not, I admit, have liked to arrest one in your house, Sir John; but our orders are very strict."

The fugitive, guessing that they would search the secret passage, fled away in the direction of Beccles, which was within a few miles of his own home. There was no need for him to enter the town, but somehow the fatal luck of the Stuarts dogged his footsteps as it had dogged theirs. By keeping on, he would have been home by breakfast time. Though it was quite dark, he knew the country well, and without hesitation took the turn leading to Beccles, his thoughts dwelling on the events of the last few hours.

"Halt, in the King's name!" cried a voice; but before he could answer or resist he was seized by two men, and a light flashed in his face, blinding him for the moment.

"He answers the description," said one to the other, and he called out to another who came rushing up. "Let me see his face," and the lantern again was flashed in Castleton's face.

"I think this is the man," he said.

"What means this outrage?" cried the now pinioned man.

"Are you a Frenchman?" asked the third man who had come upon the scene.

"No; I was born here in Suffolk."

"A traitor, then?"

"No," said our young friend indignantly. He knew the man meant Jacobite, but that was another question.

"Very well, you must come with us." And without more words he was marched off.

Morning was just dawning as he was led into Beccles. The men who had pinioned him were kind, but they looked closely after him. Once he whispered in the ears of the two who marched by his side that it might be worth their while to loosen his hands, but they only smiled from one to the other. No time was lost in bringing him before the colonel—an old cavalry officer in charge of the military station there—who had fought at Culloden.

"Your name?" he asked, in a sharp, soldierly voice; but he ordered his handcuffs to be removed when he perceived the gentlemanly bearing of his prisoner.

"Castleton—John Castleton," he repeated.

"Where are you from?"

"Gorleston, where I have been visiting my uncle."

"You are not French?"

"No," with a laugh. "I don't know a dozen words of French either."

"Are you mixed up in this Jacobite plot?" and the colonel's eyes looked steadily out from under their bushy brows.

"I am mixed up in no plots," he replied.

"Were you not landed on Gorleston beach yesterday?"

"I was. I came in a fishing vessel to visit my uncle, and am now on my way to my home, which is close to Beccles."

"A strange time of day to travel. Search him," and he motioned to one of the men who stood by with fixed bayonets. This was soon accomplished, and the trooper handed the few papers and things to his chief.

"Here is a receipt or an acknowledgment signed by one of the commanders in that ill-fated army. Is this yours?" And he held up the paper which the skipper had given him.

For a moment he was dumbfounded. He had quite forgotten the existence of this document. He thought of his own life. He thought of his

uncle; the dear, kind face rose up before him, with that of another.

"Are you the John Castleton mentioned here?" asked the officer again, impatiently.

Without any further hesitation the answer

"One, two, three—fire!" A volley of musketry rang out on the morning air, a grey mist arose, and before the good people of Beccles were all awake a tragedy was over.

Lying with his pale face turned upward, the



"ONE, TWO, THREE—FIRE!"

came: "I am John Castleton, late of Lord George Murray's regiment of horse."

"Then God have mercy on your soul!" And he nodded to the two men with fixed bayonets, who led him away.

first rays of the cold November sun kissed the fair locks of the young cavalier, and lingered in his tangled waves of hair as if in loving caress for his bravery, and just a few miles distant a mother dreamt of her boy, and wondered where he was, and when he would be restored to her.



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# HOW TO BOX.—I.

INTRODUCTION—POSITION ON GUARD  
—DISPARITY OF HEIGHT—  
ACTION OF THE FEET.

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FIG. 1.  
ON GUARD.

By JEM MACE, Jun.

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**INTRODUCTION.**—Boxing at the present time has become such a science that (like billiards) some amateur clubs have been discussing the advisability of barring the "spot-stroke," that is, the knock-out blow, as they say all decisions are given upon points of science, and not severe punishment. Be that as it may, my contention is that the knock-out blow is the perfection of science, the counter to which is to learn to guard against it, as well as to give it.

I have adopted the military idea of instructing, that is to say, by numbers, as I not only consider this a better, but a much quicker method than the ordinary way. For instance, instead of saying "Make a smart lead at the head with the left hand," I simply say "One" (this, of course, after preliminary explanations), and so on up to No. 6.

I have given six numbers, although really there are but four hits and four guards (manipulated in a variety of ways), viz., left and right at the head, left and right at the body, with the corresponding guards.

Here is a summary of the numbers :—

1. A smart lead off at the head with the left hand.

1a. The same as No. 1 with a right-hand head-guard.

2. A left-hand counter at the body with a right-hand head-guard.

3. A left-hand counter at the body (or head), slipping to the right front.

4. A right-hand "cross counter," slipping to the left front. This is the knock-out blow (a fuller explanation of which will be given presently) on the point of the jaw.

5. A right-hand body blow (under the heart), slipping to the left front.

6. A right-hand body blow, with a left-hand head-guard.

The guards or parries for the above are :—

1. A right-hand head-guard, or parry, the latter for preference.

1a. The same as No. 1.

2. If with the gloves, guard the body by keeping the right hand before the "mark" (pit of the stomach), just touching the body, so that no vibration shall be caused. If with the fist, parry the blow by forcing your opponent's attack downwards with the right forearm.

3. The same as No. 2.

4. Turn the left elbow outwards and force your opponent's attack backwards—should you be leading (and this is the time that the No. 4 blow is generally given), instead of fully extending your arm withdraw it quickly, and turn the elbow outwards. This can only be done by carefully watching the intentions of your opponent. If, as I have said, the blow is given as an attack, simply guard or parry it with your left, the same as you would No. 1 with your right hand.

5. If with the gloves, guard the left side by keeping the left elbow close to the body. If with the fist, parry the blow by forcing your opponent's attack downwards with the left forearm.

6. The same as No. 5. Should you be leading, then act in a similar manner to the way described in No. 4, of course turning the parry downwards.

I will now explain what some would consider a "distinction without a difference"—that is, the difference between a guard and a parry.

Assuming your opponent to be leading, say, a No. 1. To guard against this attack would be to place the forearm of the right hand in a fixed position in front of the head, thus keeping your opponent off and out from you. But mark carefully the effect of this. The glove falls upon the wrist-bone, and to receive many such blows heavily the arm would be injured, if not actually broken. It was in this way that the notable Tom Sayers, in his memorable fight with J. C. Heenan, got his arm broken. Now in parrying the blow, the right arm should be extended across the body, momentarily covering the vision of the left eye, the palm of the hand being turned outwards, then drawn in a right angular direction towards the right side, the effect of which will be that your

opponent's arm will glide off, and the force of his blow will pitch him forward, and bring his head in close proximity to your left hand; to more effectually accomplish this movement you should endeavour to half hook his left arm with your wrist, and draw him towards you.

Now let me explain the different actions between Nos. 2 and 3, also Nos. 5 and 6.

Different boxers have different ways of attacking the head. Some will attack in the direction of the right eye, others in the direction of the left eye; whilst others will go straight for the head. These peculiarities will easily be discovered after a little sparring, and allowing your adversary to make a few leads.

Now, assuming the left eye is attacked, you will find it comparatively easy to slip the head to the right front, and deliver No. 3. If the right eye is attacked, it will be just as easy to slip the head to the left front, and deliver No. 5.

Now comes the difficulty. Your opponent, with a would-be hit, attacks flush at the head in attempting counter No. 3 or No. 5; the danger is in not being able to slip sufficiently to the left or right front, as the case may be. Result: the blow falls upon the ear; hence the number of "thick ears" you see upon boxers—all through want of judgment in this particular. I have therefore introduced counters No. 2 and No. 6, whichever of the two appears the most open. The latter of these, if neatly executed and simultaneously with your opponent's attack, will have the effect of extending his left side for the reception of the blow upon his ribs, which must have very telling effects.

With the above remarks, I will now proceed to particularise.

**POSITION ON GUARD.**—Upon facing your opponent you shake hands (at the same time advance the right foot), to show that no ill feeling exists between you. It is usual also to shake hands before the last round of any given number of rounds, and again when you have finished boxing.

Having shaken hands, you withdraw the right foot to about twelve or fifteen inches behind the left; at the same time make a half turn to your right. Stand upright, balance the body evenly on both legs, with a tendency to rise on the ball of either foot, no extra weight being thrown on either one or the other. Close your hands and raise them loosely from your sides, the right hand just covering the "mark," the forearm of the left being

extended with the elbow a little out from the side and the knuckles of the hand turned outwards—in other words, raise the hands in a natural manner to the position as described, carrying them loosely without rigidity or stiffness of the muscles. Fix your eyes steadily upon those of your opponent, in such a manner that you can see him from top to toe, thus watching his every movement, and never take them off until necessity compels you to do so. Practise breathing through the nostrils only. Keep your mouth shut and your teeth firmly set.

**DISPARITY OF HEIGHT.**—Having studied your position, the next thing—and one which I consider of great importance—is to study your opponent; not only his position, but his height, reach, etc. All competitions and contests are arranged according to weights, but it cannot be gainsaid that the tall man who is equal in weight and skill has a great advantage over a short man—that is, of course, so long as he can keep him at

arm's length. It is, therefore, the policy of the shorter man to keep close up, even if he has to receive his opponent's first attack, in order to get within range, and having got there, to commence operations on his adversary's body; for, bear in mind, counter attacks often have more telling effects than actual leads. Again, it is a well-known fact (if we make one exception—i.e., the cross-counter) that body blows are much more effectual than those upon the head. So that, in this case (in fighting), the shorter man, if either, has the advantage. Experience has taught

me that the majority of amateurs make a point of attacking the head, but I am more than ever convinced that if, at the onset, you operate upon your opponent's body, you will better be able to deal with the head later on.

**ACTION OF THE FEET.**—Too much attention cannot be given to the action of the feet, as they take a very important part in boxing, both in attacking and getting away from your adversary. As I have before said, "the weight of the body should be evenly balanced on both legs, with a tendency to rise on the ball on either foot."

In making a "lead off," as a rule, you should advance on the heel of the left foot, going forward on to the flat of the same, and, if needs be, to the ball only, at the same time bringing up the right to enable you to recover your original position, ready either to follow up with the right hand at the head or body (No. 4 or No. 5), or to get away again. I have seen some boxers, when leading,

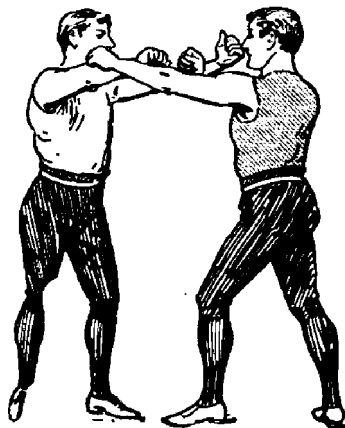


FIG 2.—PARRY AND COUNTER.



positively spring at their opponents, taking both legs from the ground; this is a decided mistake. Both legs should not be off the ground at the same time. Retiring should always be done by stepping backwards on the ball of the right foot, carrying the left after it to recover the first position.

Whether advancing or retiring, the movements should be made with the lower part of the legs only, that is, from the knee downwards, keeping the body and the upper part of the legs upright. I have been amused many times by the way some boxers wriggle about when sparring for an opening. It is most unsightly, and certainly no advantage in boxing. The legs should be supple at the knees, and worked with perfect ease.

The advantage of bringing up the right leg

when lunging will be immediately seen if you place yourself, say, within a yard of hitting distance, in front of a wall, then lunge out with the left foot, keeping the right upon the ground; then bring the right foot up, at the same time rising on to the ball of the left, and you will find yourself thrown forward another twelve or eighteen inches.

Never cross your legs, nor bring the right foot in front of the left, except as described by another author in the "side step."\* Even this I am no advocate for, as the difficulty is to recover the first position, and the chances are that if your adversary is as smart as you, he will catch you in the act.

I do not believe in changing legs.

\* Donnelly's "Self Defence," page 43.

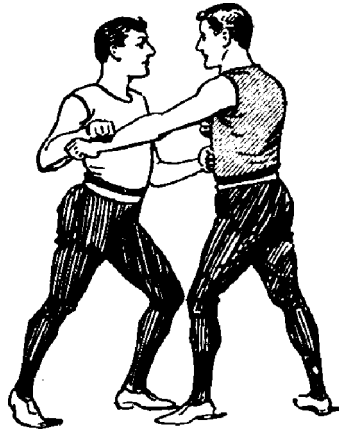
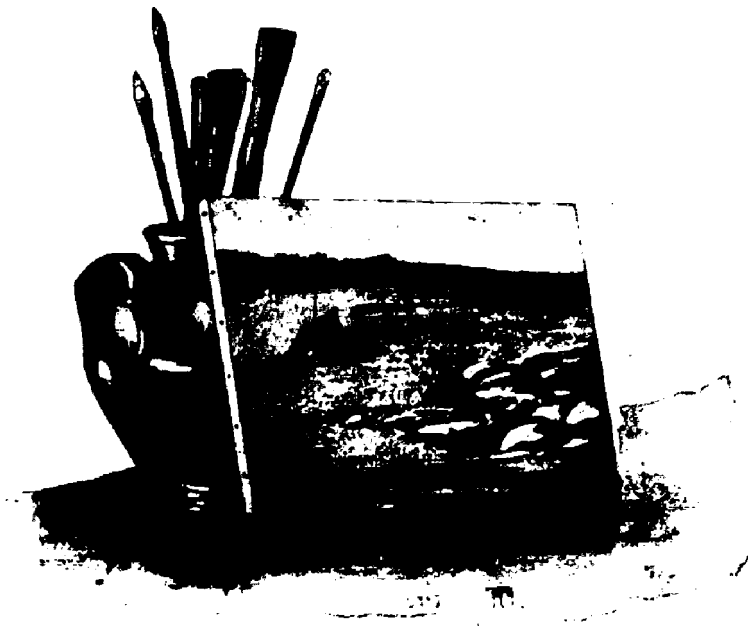
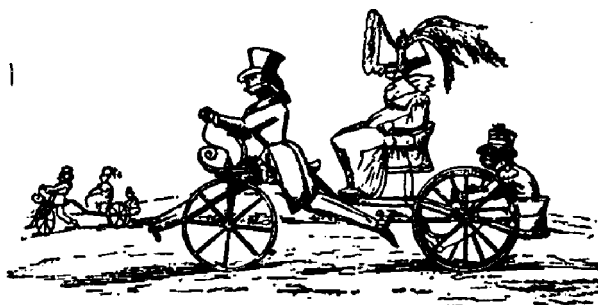


FIG. 3.—PARRY AND COUNTER.

[Articles II. and III. of this series will appear in February and March respectively.]





A "HOBBY-HORSE" TRICYCLE.

## THE STORY OF THE CYCLE.

By WALTER DEXTER.

*Author of "The Beginnings of the Railway."*

**W**ITHOUT a doubt the majority of the readers of THE CAPTAIN are devotees of the popular pastime—cycling, and, this being the case, it will be useful for them

to know something of its history: who invented the cycle; how it came to its present state of perfection; who were the prime movers in these improvements. All these we shall tell of by pen and picture in the following article in a concise and interesting manner. To deal fully with every type of cycle, past and present, is entirely out of the scope of a magazine article; we shall only touch on its most important features.

The "dandy horse," or "hobby horse," as it is more popularly though incorrectly called, claims, and justly so, the right of being the father of the cycle. It is said to have been invented by a German, named Baron von Drais, of Saverbrun, near Frankfort, and first appeared in the early years of this century.

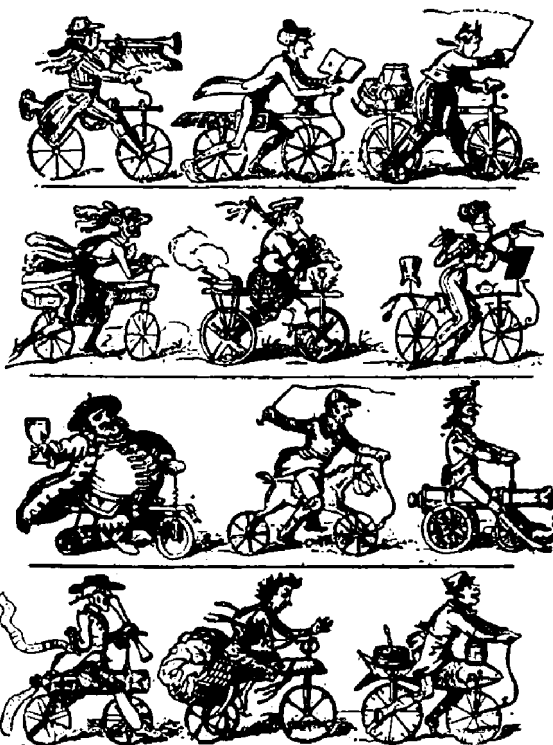
In appearance it was very like our present-day bicycle, having two wheels (wooden) and a

cross-bar, but no cranks or pedals, or gearing arrangements such as our cycle now possesses. The wheels were fixed at either end of the cross-bar by a pair of forks, the front one

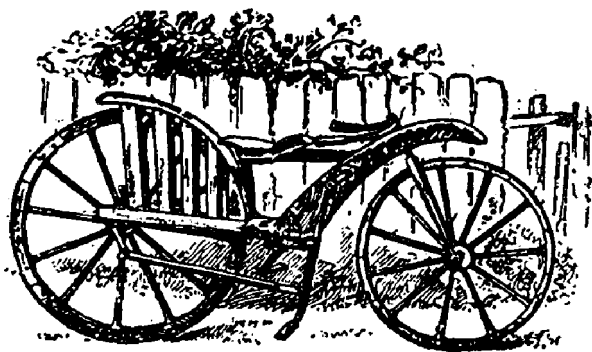
revolving on a pivot and worked by a cross-bar (the handle-bar), the back fork being fixed. On the centre of the cross-bar, or "perch," as it was called, was a well-padded cushion for the seat, and in front of it was an upright with a well-padded cross-piece, on which the rider leant his chest when "riding" quickly. As we have said, the dandy horse did not possess any cranks, pedals, or gearing apparatus, to supply the motive power; it was ridden by the rider sitting astride the saddle and running along on the ground with the dandy horse between his legs. A fairly considerable speed was often obtained in this manner.

Very often the perch was rounded and made fuller in order to more fully resemble a horse, and sometimes a head was affixed to the front part to make the object more complete.

The dandy horse seems to have been very



A CARICATURE OF THE "HOBBY-HORSE," BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 1819.

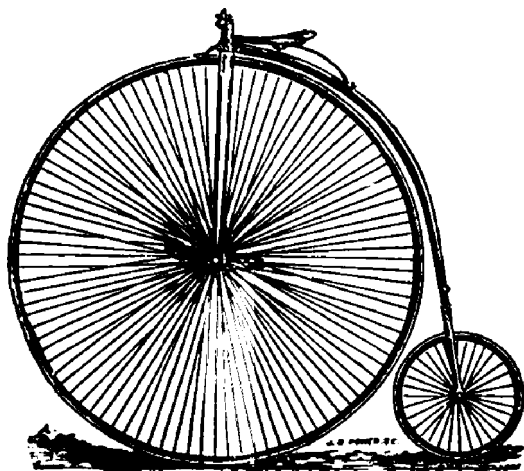


GAVIN DALZELL'S CYCLE.

popular in England early in the century, if we are to believe the caricaturists of the day. We reproduce herewith one of George Cruikshank's inimitable drawings, published in 1819, and entitled, "Every Man on his Perch; or, Going to Hobby Fair." Herein we are shown men of various occupations, all seated on their steeds, and flying, some of them as if for dear life. This drawing is all the more interesting as it shows very clearly in some cases the kind of "machine" the old dandy, or hobby horse, really was. Dandy-horse tricycles were also known, and we herewith reproduce a caricature of a tricycle built for three. "My lady" is seated in the centre, as you can see, and has her black footman behind. Her "coachman" has to supply the motive power for his new horse, and we see him in the act of flying down hill at a breakneck speed.

So much for the dandy horse, which, though it was greatly concerned in the conception of our present-day bicycle, as we shall see, was but a passing craze, and a few years saw the last of it. As can easily be imagined, it was not the comfortable vehicle it might have been.

We now come to the invention of the modern cycle—namely, the crank-driven cycle. There



THE OLD "ORDINARY."

has been a great deal of discussion as to its inventor, this arising from an exhibit at the Stanley Cycle Show in 1889. This exhibit was a dandy horse, propelled by means of a pair of swinging levers fixed to two cranks in the hind wheel. The maker was Gavin Dalzell, a Scotch cooper of Lesmahagow, and of his bicycle we give an illustration herewith. It was said to have been constructed in 1836, and this at once raised Gavin Dalzell to the proud position of the inventor of the cycle, which had then (1889) just begun to be such a power in the land.

Previous to this no one had given much thought as to who was the inventor of the bicycle, and although Dalzell's cycle seemed to be one of the earliest, if not the earliest bicycle made, no conclusive evidence was brought forward to substantiate the claim made on behalf of the Scotch cooper. So a Glasgow



THE TYPE OF KIRKPATRICK MACMILLAN'S MACHINE.

gentleman, Mr. James Johnstone by name, set to work, and, in 1892, he conclusively proved that Dalzell's cycle was not constructed until at least ten years after the above-mentioned date, for, amongst other papers, was found a bill from a local blacksmith, dated 1846. This bill contained the items of the ironwork, etc., of which Dalzell's cycle was composed.

Mr. Johnstone did not stop there, however, for he ultimately found out that more than ten years before Gavin Dalzell made his bicycle, another Scotchman, named Kirkpatrick Macmillan, a blacksmith, of Courthill, near Penpont, in Dumfriesshire, had fitted cranks acting on the front wheel of a real dandy horse—that is, the framework was made to represent a horse's body. The inside of the horse was naturally hollow, and, curiously enough, in it Macmillan stowed his clothes when on tour. He rode this machine between the years 1830 and 1840.

As a result of Mr. Johnstone's investigations, it is now generally acknowledged that Macmillan made the first cycle, and to him the credit of its invention is now universally given.

The same researches proved also that Dalzell had seen Macmillan's machine, and had made others, constructed very much on the same principle. We are not able to give our readers an illustration of this "first" cycle—we doubt very much if such is in existence—but the accompanying illustration is from a sketch of a bicycle made in 1846 on Macmillan's principle, the working of which is sufficiently clear as to need no explanation.

Although two cycles were in existence in 1840, yet for nearly a quarter of a century that number does not appear to have been materially increased.

Our next step takes us to the exhibition of 1862, where was exhibited a machine which closely resembled our present-day tricycle, inasmuch as it had two wheels behind and one in front, by means of which the machine was steered.

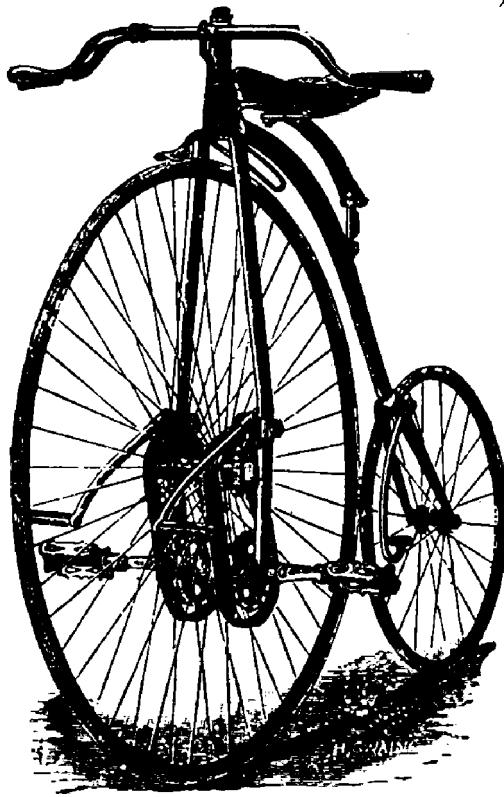
Evidently this machine was copied by a French firm as a children's toy, and a Mr. Turner, being in Paris in 1865, purchased one of these toys and exhibited it in Charles Spencer's gymnasium in the Goswell Road. Thinking something profitable could be done with this machine, Mr. Turner took it to Coventry, to the Coventry Machinists' Company, then the makers of sewing machines, now world-renowned for their "Swift" cycles. A hundred of these machines were made, and thus it was that Coventry became the centre of the cycle industry. This was in 1867, and the machine produced was what we now term the "Bone-shaker."

Invention followed invention, and it was not long before the cycle began to become popular. Solid tubing was replaced by hollow tubing, and thus the weight was considerably reduced. Ball bearings replaced rollers at every part where one portion of the machine revolved on another, and the general appearance was enhanced by the silver-plating of the pedals, cranks, hubs, and handle-bars. These changes were gradual, and,

in the meantime, the appearance of the bicycle had changed somewhat. The front wheel became often 60ins. in height, and had a long backbone following the curve of the front wheel to within a foot of the ground, where it was affixed to a small hind wheel. This type—the "ordinary," as it was called—was for many years very popular, and it was considered a perfect machine. Manufacturers consequently turned their thoughts in the direction of a novelty, and the tricycle made its appearance. This brought many older persons into the cyclists' ranks—people who did not care to risk their necks on a 50in. "ordinary." The early tricycles were all

of one standard form, two wheels side by side in front, and one behind, but the sizes of the three wheels varied according to the rider's wishes. The tricycle forms an important feature in the history of cycles, for on it was worked out the whole system of the chain and gearing. It was the idea of the manufacturers to construct a "safety" bicycle, one that would not be so tall as an "ordinary," but which would go just as quickly; for it must be remembered that in those days the cranks were fixed to the hub of the front wheel, and that *one* turn of the pedals made the wheel revolve *once*; so that, consequently, the larger the wheel the greater the distance traversed by one revolution of the pedal. But the larger the wheel the greater was the risk of accident,

and so a smaller machine was produced, which would run just as fast as a 60in. "ordinary." Messrs. Hillman, Herbert & Cooper were the makers, and the machine was called the "Kangaroo." Being much smaller than the "ordinary" the rider's legs would, in the majority of cases, reach far below the hub, and so the forks were prolonged, and at the end of each a cog-wheel was placed. This cog-wheel was connected with the cog-wheel at the hub by a chain, the whole being worked by cranks and pedals affixed to the lower wheel. The old question of "larger the wheel, greater the speed," was got over in this machine by means of gearing, which had been demonstrated in the tricycle.



THE "KANGAROO."

Those of you who cycle know what your gear is. It is 58, 60, or 64, perhaps 72. But do you know what this means? It means that you are riding a "safety" which, by means of two cog-wheels and a chain, one revolution of the pedals will take the cycle along a distance equal to that traversed by an "ordinary" 58, 60, 64, or 72ins. high. Now, as to the principle of gearing.

Take two cog-wheels, each of the same size, and join them by means of a chain. Cause one cog to make one revolution, the other cog, being the same size, will also revolve once. Now replace one of the cog-wheels by a smaller one, *i.e.*, one containing less teeth. Make the larger wheel revolve once. What will happen to the smaller one? It will, of course, revolve more than once. So, you see, the larger you make one cog-wheel, and the smaller the other, one revolution of the large cog-wheel will make the small cog-wheel revolve a greater number of times. Apply this to a cycle, placing the smaller cog on the hub and fixing cranks and pedals to the larger cog-wheel, joining both by a chain, and you will have the back wheel turning round several times to one revolution of the pedals. Power is lost by "gearing up" a machine, and although faster riding can be done on a *level* road with a "geared-up" machine, when an ascent is encountered a "geared-down" machine, in which power is gained, really should be used; but such a machine would be extremely slow, and, although once made, is not now met with.

The "Kangaroo" was not a great success, and was soon replaced by Mr. James Starley's

"Rover," the bicycle which has "set the fashion to the world." The two wheels in the "Rover" became nearly equal, and, for the first time, the gearing arrangement was as we have it now, one cog-wheel being fixed to the bottom bracket of the diamond frame, the other to the hub of the back wheel.



THE "ROVER," THE FIRST "SAFETY" CYCLE.

The present-day machine, not taking tyres into account, differs very little from the "Rover." The top bar has become horizontal, instead of sloping from the head down to the seat-pillar, and other slight improvements are from time to time being made in the various parts of the cycle's construction.

Perhaps nothing has made cycling so popular and so comfortable as the pneumatic tyre, which was introduced in 1888 by an Irish veterinary surgeon, Mr. J. B. Dunlop, after whom the now famous Dunlop tyre is called. In 1889 the usefulness of this tyre was seen, and it was quickly taken up by riders of all kinds.

It is well to remember that Mr. J. B. Dunlop was not the inventor of the pneumatic tyre. As long ago as 1845 a Mr. Thompson made such tyres, and actually fitted them to the wheels of light carriages; but the idea was discarded, as the risk of puncturing was too great, and the repair of punctures too difficult. The detachable form now in existence was the invention of Mr. Kingston Welch in 1892, and the result was the Dunlop-Welch tyre.

Such is the history of the cycle. Are we to have any more radical changes in its construction? I think not. "Free wheels" are the rage of the coming season—we shall see what they bring forth.



THE CYCLE OF TO-DAY—GENTLE ROADSTER BICYCLE.  
From a block kindly lent by the B.S.A. Co.

# MacDonald. V.C.

## A Story of the War

THE 1st Battalion of the Caledonian Highlanders was bivouacked for the night at the foot of the Drakenberg Range, near Estcourt. The pickets had been set and the sentries posted, the camp kettles were singing cheerily over the fires, and the big-bodied Highlanders, with pipes in their mouths, were lying at ease on the short grass, telling each other yarns and cracking jokes. At the officers' rough camp mess the same tone of gaiety prevailed, especially among the junior officers.

"I say, Swanny, how long do you give us now?" said the youngest sub., Clarke-Ritchie, privileged by his youth, to the senior captain, with the air of a president of a court-martial questioning a witness.

"Not long enough for your wisdom teeth to grow, my young firebrand."

"Napoleon Bonaparte wants to christen his virgin sword. Sorry for the Boer on whom it is to be done."

"He is a dangerous man," quoth Ramsay-Ferguson, shaking his head. "If he doesn't get a Johnny Dutchman to devour, he will kill somebody. He ought to be restrained."

"Hold on, you fellows. Leave the young 'un alone. He has the proper spirit."

A thrill of exultant pride shot through the colonel's breast; he felt confident that his regiment would distinguish itself.

"Lights out!" sounded a bugle in the clear air. Even these rough soldiers marvelled at the beauty of the night, the stars seemed so large and near. Never had they seen Nature like this.

Bugler MacDonald, whose imperative summons had thrown the camp into darkness, was a wild, red-headed Scotch laddie. It was MacDonald's love of adventure and burning youthful patriotism which had led him to enlist, and the many scrapes into which he had fallen had been unable to quench his passion. The stern war discipline, however, had somewhat clipped the wings of his adventurous spirit.

"It is not Donal hersel' that will be turning her lights out. It is lighting up she will be going to do," soliloquised the young scapegrace when all was still, as he stealthily produced from his kit a small battered pipe, some canteen plug, and matches. He wriggled his small body by the forms of sleeping men, past the sentry when his back was turned, and cautiously crept through the thick scrub for half a mile. Goodness knows what he expected to find. Half fearfully he thought of lions, and he was armed with nothing more formidable than his bugle, which he thrust for safety in the breast of his tunic. The undergrowth all around him rustled with unseen life; he listened with a fearful joy to the mysterious movements of animals. On, on he went.

Hist! What was that?

His ears, strained with acute listening, heard the well-known sound of horses champing their bits, and the low rumble of men's smothered voices. His heart gave a leap—could it be the enemy? Donal was no coward, but at the awful proximity of the much-talked-of Boers, his first impulse was to retire. Then was he thrilled with a stupendous, daring thought. He would go as near as possible, find out all he could, and then return to the camp and give the alarm! Closer and closer he crept down the side of the kopje. In the intense darkness he could perceive nothing distinctly, but he made as little noise as possible. He could now see what he thought was the outline of three mounted men conversing in deep undertones. In his excitement he stopped, and, leaning forward, tried to make out what they were saying. He could not understand their talk—it must be the Boers. There could be no doubt about it. Hesitating whether to advance or retire, his boot came up against a stone and sent it rolling down with a clatter.

With fierce guttural exclamations the Boer horsemen started, and glanced whence the sound had come.

"A Rooinek! See his red coat! Here, Jan!" Two of them leapt off their horses, flung their bridles to Jan, and started in pursuit. What chance would the little Highlander have, bewildered by the darkness, and stumbling in his haste through the unknown undergrowth, against these two big angry Dutchmen, who had lived all their years amid the veldt, knowing every foot of such ground, and stimulated by a patriotic passion of hatred? They soon closed in on him, gagged his mouth, and tied his wrists.

"Zo, mine leedle cock! How comes this child to wander by himself on the veldt at this time of night? But we must be careful, there are more of the soldiers about. What think ye, Pietje?"

The Boer gazed enigmatically at the boy.

"These Britishers are mad, mad. Heaven knows what brings him here. Let us take him to the commandant, Hoornje. He may be useful to us, and at the camp we will make him speak," he growled, with sullen significance.

With Donal between them they retraced their steps. The Boer Hoornje placed him on the saddle in front of him, and, whipping up their horses, they rode silently for a short distance over the dreary African veldt till they came to their encampment, situated up the mountain side. While Jan and Pietje picked their way through the camp and tethered and fed their horses, Hoornje, with his captive, went straight to the commandant's tent. A sentry barred his way at the entrance.

"The Mynheer Commandant sleeps. No one may see him till the morning. On no account is he to be wakened. As thou knowest, good Hoornje, ere daybreak he attacks the British. Now he would rest."

"See what I and Jan and Pietje have found," exclaimed Hoornje, turning Donal round for inspection. "The child was wandering in the veldt. He is from their camp. The Mynheer Commandant speaks their tongue. The child would be of use."

"Indeed, and thou sayest truly, Hoornje. But I am a soldier. I have received an order, and dare not disobey. The commandant will wake ere it is yet light. Bring the whelp to him then."

"Goot! It is the commandant's orders. Good-night, Luten."

"Good-night, Hoornje, good-night to you. Sleep well, so that thine aim may be good for the Britishers."

Although he could not understand their speech, Donal could see from the armed state of the camp and their proximity to the Caledonians that a surprise attack was meditated.

Hoornje led him past sleeping Boers lying in every conceivable position, snoring and grunting like hogs, and up the rocky side of the mountain to a natural cave where the big Boer had taken up his quarters for the night.

"Now then, mine leedle bantam, you go in there and roost for a space."

With the gag still in his mouth, and his wrists tied together, the Dutchman thrust him into the darkest corner. He never bothered his head about any other precautions against his escape. Some dried biltong was hanging up, and Donal's eyes were fixed longingly on it. Hoornje hesitated. He had just such a little boy of his own at his farm hundreds of miles northward. Moved by something like kindness, he cut off a few shreds, and, untying the gag and releasing Donal's wrists, gave the meat to him.

Thrilled through by the influence of a stupendous thought, which would do much to retrieve the undoubted fact of his voluntary desertion—for by such a harsh term would his escapade be called—the somewhat cowed, but still undaunted, little Highlander ate the venison gratefully, but slowly, slowly, as if lingering over its delicate flavour.

The Dutchman had lit a huge pipe, and, as he gazed at the boy, gradually fell asleep, tired out by his exertions during the day, and overcome by the combined soporific tendencies of the tobacco and the night air.

Donal's heart leapt with joy. Surely he could escape! At any rate, he would make the attempt. As he crept past the drowsy Dutchman, that gentleman suddenly growled something in his sleep and turned over on his side. Silently and swiftly Donal drew back, and waited breathlessly until his gaoler's trumpet-like snore broke the silence. As he safely reached the mouth of the cave a horrible dilemma confronted him. The rocky descent to the ground was wholly taken up by the Boers, and before he could escape he would have to creep right through them. In despair the little man looked the other way, where the path ended in a jagged rocky outline, with a dangerous descent to the veldt. At any rate he would be safe from the enemy that way. A cold wind was blowing over the heights, and away down in the darkness he thought he could make out the position of the Caledonians. He determined to attempt the precipitous descent. Just then the moon sailed from behind a bank of black clouds, and lighted up the side of the cliff. Not far from the top was a broad ledge. He wriggled over the edge and held on by his fingers until he could feel the rock with his feet; he got further down holding on to bushes and narrow footholds.

"Hooroosh, Donal! It is a brave call."



A TERRIBLE HAND-TO-HAND ENCOUNTER FOLLOWED.

ye are this night!" he chuckled, as he scrambled down to within jumping distance of the base.

Then gripping his bugle firmly, he blew a blast as he had never blown before.

"*Ta-lira-lira-lira-lay!*"

The call to arms. And yet again did he sound the stirring strain.

The silence was cracked by a distant musket shot; he saw the flicker of moving lights, and the wind bore to his listening ears the murmur of voices and the echo of his bugle call. Then he went mad with joy for a space, and in his exultation danced the Highland fling. Instead of the Boers attacking the British, it would be the other way about; instead of the Boers surrounding them in the darkness and firing into their midst, the Caledonians were alarmed, and

would be already making for the Boers' camp—and all through him, Bugler Donal MacDonald! The moon plunged into a black bank of clouds, and left him groping his way to the foot of the ridge.

The Boer patrols gave the alarm and hurried up the rocky path to rejoin the main body of the Dutchmen, who roused themselves from their sleepy stupor and felt for their arms.

The Mynheer Commandant lumbered slowly to the door of his tent, and was received by one of his officers with an anxious look.

"Quick! What news, Captain Vernooost?"

The captain saluted.

"Burghers Kontjop, Drenburg, and Umlaken were patrolling the southern side between here



and the British. All was quiet, when they heard a bugle sound the alarm."

"Thousand teufels! Captain, how could the British know?"

"Mynheer, the alarm came *from the camp here*," he stuttered, with a white face.

Hoornje came rushing excitedly down the path.

"Jan! Pietje! The little Rooinek has gone! Where have you put him, burghers?"

"What talk is this of Rooineks?" thundered the commandant. "Speak, man, speak!"

Hoornje tremblingly told his tale. The general, pale with anger, glared at him.

"Did you not search him, fool?"

"N-no, Mynheer. He was but a child, and carried no arms, and I did not understand his talk."

"He had that on him which was worse—a bugle. You could not look after a boy. He has escaped, and given the alarm to the Britishers!"

A scound of hoarse cheering came from the darkness below them.

"Form fours, there!" rumbled the commandant's deep voice. "Artillery to the front! S-steady, men, s-steady! Fire!"

A terrific explosion followed. The wicked cannon licked their lips with their flaming yellow tongues, and then belched forth their murderous contents into the closed ranks of the oncoming Caledonians.

The British officers, waving their brightly-glinting swords, came running at the head of their men. Again did the cannon pour forth its death-dealing hail.

"Caledonians to the front! On, men, on! Come——"

Major Ramsay-Ferguson pitched forward, dead. A terrible hand-to-hand encounter followed in the horrible gloom. The Boer gunners were cut down to a man, and the artillery captured. Hack—thrust—stab; every man for himself. The wavering Dutchmen still held their ground, but not for long; they feared this kind of warfare. The Boer commandant fell pierced through the breast, and he died exhorting on his men. The Highlanders, bloodthirsty with rage, closed in on the panic-stricken enemy. These Dutch farmers could not face the death-dealing bayonets of such practised fighters.

"Well done, Napoleon, ye bloodthirsty rip!" yelled Robertson-Macfarlane to the youngest sub., as he stepped aside from a blow of Hoornje's

clubbed rifle, and, with a swift return, cleft open the Boer's head.

With a mighty shout of "Scotland! Scotland!" the Highlanders brought down the few remaining Boers who had not fled and escaped.

By the light of the rising sun the sadly-decimated ranks of the Caledonians, drunk with fighting, splashed with blood and gashed with wounds, sadly counted their dead, and marched in stern triumph down to their camp. The wounded were carried in litters and tended by the surgeons. The heart-breaking strains of "Lochaber no More," and the solemn grandeur of the "Dead March" in *Saul*, wailed and boomed through the hot African sunshine as the dead officers and men were committed to the earth.

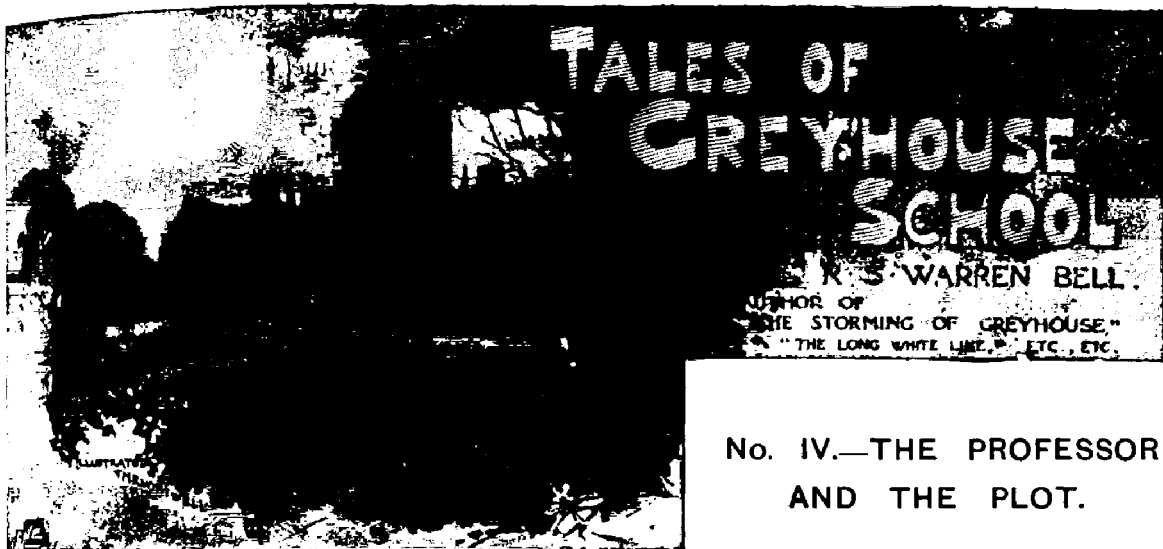
Captain Robertson-Macfarlane had handed the colonel the list of the dead, wounded, and missing. Outside the tent Lieutenant Clarke-Ritchie was sitting his horse, ready to gallop with the despatches to Estcourt. Among the officers killed were Major Edgar Ramsay-Ferguson, Captain Bruce Ninian Arbuthnot, Lieutenant Montgomery Pierce Hill, and Second-Lieutenant William Belise Fortescue. Wounded: two officers, four N.C.O.'s, and seventeen privates. Missing: Bugler MacDonald.

As the colonel wrote, there was a roar of amazement and wonder from outside. He rose, parted the flaps of his tent, and looked out.

Seated on a horse, cantering into the camp, was the missing bugler with a rifle slung over his back. When the colonel heard the tale of Donal's capture by the Boers, his subsequent escape, and his "Call to Arms," he finished his despatches thus:—

*"Bugler MacDonald, reported missing, rode into camp after the engagement on a captured Boer horse. While straying from the camp the night before the fight, he was captured by a Boer patrol, but escaped down the mountain side, and sounded the 'Call to Arms,' thereby warning us of the neighbourhood of the Boer force, five times our number. We made a night attack on the enemy, and repulsed them with heavy losses."*

When the campaign ended, and the bugler with his comrades was back again in Mersey England, on a certain red-letter day Her Majesty the Queen, after reviewing the regiment, requested that Bugler MacDonald should be brought to her, and there and then pinned the V.C. on to the young hero's bursting chest.



# TALES OF GREYHOUSE SCHOOL

R. S. WARREN BELL.

AUTHOR OF  
"THE STORMING OF GREYHOUSE"  
"THE LONG WHITE LINE," ETC., ETC.

## No. IV.—THE PROFESSOR AND THE PLOT.

HITHERTO you may have been labouring under the delusion that Sir William Travers—who by this time had come to be called plain "Billy" by most people—was a Grey most irreproachable and circumspect, given to the doing of noble deeds for honour's sake; in whose mouth, in fact, no butter would melt.

By way of clearing your minds of this very erroneous impression, I will just tell you a little story—just a little story of the Christmas holidays—which will show Master Billy up in quite a new light.

About a week before the end of term, Mr. Soames was at Greyhouse. He had a habit of driving over there in a dogcart from Belsert, calling on the Head, looking up his ward, exchanging a word or two with those of the masters he knew, and otherwise spending a pleasant two hours inside the walls of the old school. Sir Billy's guardian was a prime favourite with the Sixth, to whom (after Wardour had given him some tea) he would hold forth on politics, the war, sport, agriculture, and education. He held that modern boys put in far too much play, and he often told the Sixth that if *he* were "their master" he'd jolly well keep their noses to the grindstone and turn out "scholars, sir, scholars—not playing machines."

The lordly Sixth listened to Mr. Soames with amusement, and forgave him for his heresy, because, otherwise, he was "such a good old sort, you know."

Mr. Soames, however, really meant what he said. He regarded Sir Billy's various vacations as so much shocking waste of time.

"Why," quoth he, "when I was a boy I went home twice a year—for a month. Yes, on the

top of a stage-coach. Pocket money!—precious little pocket money *I* ever got. Ah! we *did* work. Now, you mostly play. Three weeks at Easter, seven or eight in summer, and four or five at Christmas—monstrous, I call it."

Mr. Soames was feeling like this when he called at Greyhouse, as I said, about a week before the Christmas holidays commenced.

"Well, young man," he observed to Sir Billy, "how's things?"

As ward and guardian were on excellent terms with one another, ward slipped his hand inside guardian's arm, and prepared to ask guardian something very particular.

"Now, what is " demanded guardian, "hard up?"

"No, sir."

"Feel you've been a bad boy, and want to say so?"

"No, sir. I think I've been a very good boy all the term."

Mr. Soames sniffed.

"Good boy, eh? Call fighting good, or trespassing, or getting five hundred lines for breaking bounds—all that's a sign of goodness, eh?"

"On the *whole*, I mean, sir," explained Sir Billy.

"Humph! Well, and so, having been a good boy on the whole—you—hullo! Who's this? Why it's—ah!—Partlett, upon my word! How-d'ye-do, Partlett?"

"*Bartlett*, sir," corrected Sir Billy, bursting into a laugh; "you remember, sir, he was in the trap with Wardour and me."

"Of course!" cried the solicitor, shaking Bartlett by the hand very vigorously. "I remember now. Yes, after that paper-chase

business. By the way, you didn't call him Bartlett—some play-name—beetroot, carrots, or something, was what he answered to."

"*Parsnip!*" cried Sir Billy, as the other Lower Fourth blushed a beautiful pink.

"'Parsnip'—ah! I found myself calling him 'Parsnip' myself towards the end of the evening. Seemed to fit, you know. Well now, look you here, you two, you run away and play. Mr. Hallam, of the Sixth Form, has invited me to take tea with him—so off you go. And—ah! just forgetting—you wanted to ask me something, didn't you?" he concluded, turning to Sir Billy.

"Yes, sir, if you don't mind, sir—you see, we thought perhaps you would not mind, sir——"

"Out with it," interrupted Mr. Soames; "not so much palaver, please."

"Well, sir," said Sir Billy, giving his guardian's arm a more affectionate hug than usual, "would you mind *very much* if Bartlett came to stay with me these holidays?"

Mr. Soames stroked his chin gravely, as if he were engaged in weighing the *pros* and *cons* of the suggestion. Had Sir Billy only known it, the solicitor had intended to broach this very idea to his ward, but the ward had saved him the trouble. It had struck Mr. Soames that Sir Billy might appreciate some holiday society a trifle more youthful than that afforded by himself and his wife.

"I'll think it over," he said, at length, "and let you know."

Mr. Soames let Sir Billy know before he left Greyhouse that evening.

"You can have Beetroot—I mean Parsnip—to stay with you," he told his ward; "*but*——"

"Oh, thank you, sir."

"Wait a bit. I said 'but.' This is the 'but.' I think these long holidays are a mistake, and so

I've asked Professor Pulmeyer, your foreign language master, to come and look after you both. He'll spend the vacation with us, and give you two some lessons every day, just to keep your hand in a bit."

Sir Billy looked glum enough, but he knew that when his guardian said a thing of this sort he meant it. Mr. Soames was firmly convinced that his ward simply wasted a good portion of his year in what were called holidays, and he was determined to repair some of that waste. If Beetroot—he meant Bartlett—came to stay at Belsert—well, he would have to go in along

with Billy and do lessons with him. "Share and share alike," said Mr. Soames, "being schoolfellows and in the same form."

You can imagine, then, that Sir Billy looked glum—very, very glum. As for Bartlett, he felt so put out that he really felt it to be his duty to lick some First Form kid, and roamed away on that errand. Certainly, he was getting the better of his bullying propensities by degrees (thanks to Sir Billy's influence), but you can't knock all the bad old Adam out of a chap in five minutes. It takes time, my friends, time!

## II.

### PROFESSOR

PULMEYER was not a popular master. He was a German, of course, and a very learned man, but he had not the easy good nature of most Teutonic professors. People couldn't tell you why they didn't like Professor Pulmeyer; they felt that they didn't. Hidden away at the back of his nature was a certain craftiness—an oily craftiness—that rose to the top on sundry occasions. The professor did not deal with the boys in the straightforward English way that was common to the other Greyhouse masters. He had various underhand methods of "catching a chap out," which the



"FEEL YOU'VE BEEN A BAD BOY, AND WANT TO SAY SO?"

Greys didn't like. He would pretend to doze off while a form was doing an exercise, but, as a matter of fact, he was keeping one eye open all the time and dotting down names for the following day's "deten." Another thing. The professor, full of Continental ideas, had no faith in the honour of an English school-boy; going on this system, his uttered suspicions jarred on the nerves of many a Grey, and there were hot words, and long impositions, and reports to the Head. Professor Pulmeyer had to admit (to himself) that he was the most unloved master at Greyhouse.

Personally, he was an immense man—being both great in height and bulk—a ponderous gentleman indeed. He had small eyes, a round, close-shorn head, beard and moustaches, and (this was his most prominent feature) a gigantic nose.

In the course of conversation with Mr Soames in the Common Room at Greyhouse, the professor had hinted to the solicitor on more than one occasion that he was open to take a holiday tutorship. He particularly wished to stay at Belsert, because (oh! frail human nature!) there was a wee, bird-like lady in that town on whom the professor had cast the eye of love—the eye, the gentle eye of LOVE! (It should be added that Miss Dappy—for that was her name—had so many golden sovereigns that, like Mother Hubbard and her children, she didn't know what to do with them. It was not to be supposed, however, that the professor was aware of this.)

So when Mr. Soames asked the professor to come and be holiday tutor to Sir Billy and Parsnip that Christmas, the professor accepted with alacrity.

When the trunk and belongings of Professor Pulmeyer were deposited in Mr. Soames' hall, Sir Billy's teeth closed with a vicious snap, and—I say it deliberately, just to show you what a young scoundrel he was—as soon as he fancied nobody was looking on, he gave the trunk a cruel kick and invited Parsnip to do the same. Parsnip followed his leader merrily, and then the two miscreants, hearing a step in the outer vestibule, looked round to find that the professor was observing them through the glass door. The professor's mouth grew hard, and a steely glitter came into his learned eyes. He mentally

determined that the Christmas holidays of these two young gentlemen should savour strongly of well-thumbed Greyhouse class-books.

They held a council of war that night in their bedroom.

"The old beast!" cried Sir Billy.

"Fat old cad!" chimed in Parsnip.

"He saw us!" cried Sir Billy.

"And he'll go for us when he can."

"If we don't make it too hot for him."

"What can we do?"

"We are helpless!"

"Greys—and helpless!"

Sir Billy struck a dramatic attitude.

"I tell you—we will *refuse* to do a stroke of work."

But Parsnip was more cautious.

"Your guardian," he observed, as he took a spring at his bed and alighted heavily in the middle of it, "won't stand any rot. No good *refusing* to work. Think of something else."

Parsnip, who had an amazing respect for Sir Billy's brains, always left the thinking to him.

"We must wait till something turns up," was Sir Billy's decision, which ended with this bit of philosophy: "Something always seems to turn up, you know."

Well, wasn't it strange? Something *did* turn up. The professor went regularly to see



HE WAS KEEPING ONE EYE OPEN ALL THE TIME.



THE TWO MISCREANTS . . . LOOKED ROUND TO FIND THAT THE PROFESSOR WAS OBSERVING THEM THROUGH THE GLASS DOOR.

Miss Dappy, and Miss Dappy, like the modern Niobe, was all smiles. The professor joked ponderously to her, and Miss Dappy gave pleased little giggles. Thus encouraged, the professor would wax hugely sarcastic concerning the good Belsert folk, concerning his young charges, concerning even Mr. Soames, whose guest he was. This was bad form, but Miss Dappy didn't know it.

Now, although the bird-like maiden lady had every wish to remain at Belsert—for she had visions of becoming Mrs. Professor Pulmeyer, and holding her head very high among the other masters' wives at Greyhouse—she was under promise to pay a visit to London. It was only for a week, and she couldn't put it off. So she decided to go the day after Boxing Day and get it over, and so back to Belsert to her dear professor.

As she was expected in London soon after noon, she found herself obliged to leave Belsert quite early—before breakfast, indeed. She bemoaned this fact to the dear professor. His eyes lit up lovingly.

"Hi," he replied, "if I may, veel gom and zee you horf, Mees Dabby. It veel geev me moch pleasure, I assure you. I veel vake—how I veel vake—like a leetle lark I veel spring out of mein bed, and be at der station to take your tigget!"

"Oh, *Professor!*" cried Miss Dappy, all blushes this time.

"Not a vord," returned the professor (though it was not quite clear why he should forbid his lady-love to speak). "I veel be dare. I go to make mein arrangemongs."

And, after pressing her tiny hand, he stalked out, squashing the cat under his large foot as he went, eliciting a "yow-owing" and squirming which almost gave the cat's mistress hysterics.

"Always in der vy," muttered the heartless professor.

"Making his arrangemongs," spelt going to bed early. Like most people afflicted with a disordered liver, the professor slept for a very long time and very heavily. No sooner had he laid his head on the pillow, than a trombone-like snore would announce the fact that he was asleep. No amount of knocking could awake him—you had to let him bide his time. In order to make sure of being aroused at a certain hour, the professor at times used to adopt the primitive method of tying a piece of string to his great toe, and then getting somebody to pull the string about the hour he wished to arise.

On reaching Mr. Soames' house, this Boxing Night, therefore, the professor went to his bedroom and rang the bell.

Up came Jane, the pretty housemaid.

"Ach, Jine," said the professor, "eet is only a leetle mattare. I vish to arise at seven o'clock—ach!" (with a little shiver) "so early! Nemmind! It mos' be done—"

"So shall I call you, sir—" interrupted Jane.

"No goot—no goot at all. I veel not vake if you call a tousand times: 'Ze 'ouse is afire, brofessor.' Nor, my Jine, dis is how. At seven o'clock you veel vind a leetle piece of string under my door. Nemmind vot eet is. Pull dat string. Do you 'ear?"

"Yes, sir. At seven o'clock pull the string—hard, sir?"

"Nor—for gootness sake! Ver' soft indeed. Pull till I say: '*Awright, Jine!*'"

"Very good, sir."

"Dat is all, den—gootnight."

When Jane had gone, the professor undresses

and retired to rest. But alas! on the landing Jane was talking very confidentially to Parsnip and Sir Billy. She was telling them about the little bit of string, and they were listening with mouths and ears well open. You can hear much better if you open your mouth, you know.

### III.

As soon as Jane had gone fluttering down to the kitchen, Sir Billy hit Parsnip in the chest, and executed a war-dance. As Parsnip gazed solemnly at his companion, Sir Billy danced up to him and hit him in the back. This time Parsnip let go with his right, but Sir Billy was out of range in a twinkling.

"You owl—don't you see?" he cried.

"No," said Parsnip, shortly.

"Our chance—our chance," cried the boy who, six months previously, had been wishing himself dead; "just what we want."

"What is?" inquired Mr. Soames, from the hall.

"Nothing, sir!" replied Sir Billy.

"Then don't waste your time in such foolish talk," observed the solicitor. "Go and do some history or geography."

But the two conspirators retired to their bedroom.

"A long bit of string, please," said the baronet.

Parsnip went off in search of it, and got it from Jane, who handed it to him with a demure innocence which might have led anyone to suppose that she knew no more than the moon what mischief the "young gentlemen" were brewing. Armed with a great length of string, Sir Billy led the way to the professor's bedroom. There, just showing under the door, was the "leettle piece" the professor had spoken of. Sir Billy opened the door and, looking in cautiously, listened.

"Fast asleep!" he whispered to his companion in guilt. "Come on."

They crept into the room. Roving round, the eyes of Sir Billy couldn't see the bath anywhere

at first; soon he spied it, and gently drew it out from beneath the bed and placed it *just by the side* of the bed. Then he quietly emptied the contents of the professor's water-jug into this, and dispatched Parsnip for their own jug, which, having emptied, he made Parsnip refill, and then emptied that into the bath as well.

That was Part I.

Raising, very, very gently, the piece of string which was attached to the slumbering professor's toe, Sir Billy tied to it the great length of string Parsnip had borrowed from Jane. Then, opening the window a fraction of an inch, Sir Billy lowered the string until the end of it dangled on the garden-path.

This was Part II.

Then Sir Billy led Parsnip down to the room which Mr. Soames had delegated to them as a play-work-work-play room, and sat down with him to study history and geography.

"Good boys," cried Mr. Soames putting his head in about 10.30. "You can go to bed now, though."

While they undressed, Parsnip and his friend could hardly contain themselves for laughter. The thought of what Professor Pulmeyer would tumble into when he awoke—*i.e.*, a very cold bath—tickled them immensely. Then that string on his toe!

"How he'll bel-low!" shouted Parsnip.

"Won't he hop?" screamed Sir Billy, falling over his bed in his merriment.

"We shall be equal with him," said Parsnip.

"Quits!" cried Sir Billy joyfully; "teach the old cad to come here and make us sweat just because he wants to mash Mother Dappy!" Then, solemnly, they spun a coin in the air to determine which should steal forth into the cold morning and pull the string which was to arouse the professor. Parsnip lost the toss, and so it was arranged that Parsnip should go upon his errand about the time the professor had told Jane to wake him.



BUT ALAS! ON THE LANDING JANE WAS TALKING TO PARSNIP AND SIR BILLY.

The two conspirators were in great fettle; they lay awake till midnight gloating over the probable results of their machinations, and awoke several times in the course of their slumbers to explode with mirth.

It was great!

Just before seven, Sir Billy awoke Parsnip.

"Wha's marrer?" inquired Parsnip sleepily.

"Come on," said his friend; "get out.

You've got to go and pull the string, you know."

"So I have," groaned Parsnip; "what a bore!"

"Hurry up," said Sir Billy.

With much grumbling Parsnip departed. A few minutes later, whilst Sir Billy was chuckling between the warm clothes, Parsnip dashed into the room, drenched from head to foot—a sorry spectacle indeed!

"Ugh! Look here! Ugh—oh—I p-pulled the beast-beastly string, and—ugh—I don't see there's anything to laugh at," he concluded, savagely seizing a big bath towel and beginning to mop himself from head to foot.

Sir Billy, controlling his mirth with an effort, asked his friend many questions, but could only elicit this information: Parsnip had given the string "an awful tug," when *sker-wosh!* down came a torrent of water. Then, added Parsnip, there was a laugh—it was the professor's beastly oily laugh. He didn't wait to hear any more—he came in to get dry.

On examining the scene afterwards, Sir Billy found, attached to one end of the string (which

had come away in Parsnip's hands) a *tin*. But Sir Billy couldn't understand how that tin had come there.

Now, as to the instructions the professor issued over-night.

About seven o'clock Jane went to the professor's bedroom, and gave the string which she found projecting from under the door a little tug.

"Thank you, Jine," she heard the professor say; "you needn't pull again, Jine, I am awake."

Jane retired, feeling a trifle disappointed. She had treacherously told the two Greys all about the professor's piece of string, and she had quite expected that they would make use of this information. But evidently they hadn't.

Fifteen minutes later the professor went quietly out of the house, and in about an hour's time he returned with a good appetite for breakfast. He had seen Miss Dappy off at the station, and was in a great good humour with himself.

When his two pupils came down he greeted them (to their wonder) in a most affable manner. Then they knew something was brewing. There was.

The moment breakfast was over he bade them go

to the schoolroom and do a German exercise. This took them a good hour. For half-an-hour he lectured them on the mistakes they had made, and then made them do another exercise. So till lunch. After this meal he once more hauled them off to the schoolroom (Mr. Soames was away, and so it was impossible to appeal to him for release), and kept them hard



*Sker-wosh!* DOWN CAME A TORRENT OF WATER.

at French translation till tea time. Inexorable, the professor caused them to take tea where they sat. When Jane (with many sympathetic glances in their direction) had removed the things, the professor switched the boys on to German again, and after dinner (Mr. Soames being still away) took them back to the school-room and lectured to them for two hours on "The Origin of Man."

At ten o'clock, when they were fidgeting and yawning, he arose.

"You may now 'ave leetle blay and then go to bed," he said. "You 'ave been ver' good boys."

Neither answered, but they looked at each other.

The professor walked to the door, changed his mind about going out, and came back.

"I tink," he said, softly, "I tink you veel 'ave 'ole 'oliday to-morrow, as I am goin' to London."

He turned to Sir Billy.

"I vos ver' obliged to you vor vishing to make sure I vould awake at seven o'kluk. Ver' obliged. And de bart—de cold bart—ver' thoughtful of you to put it by my bed so dat I should not 'ave to walk to it. You are ver' obliging young gentleman."

Sir Billy coughed, and shuffled about uneasily.

The professor looked at them slily.

"I thought," he murmured. "I thought I vould not *vaist* de cold bart, so I put it on chest of drawers, and li'l tin under it, and when de tin vos pull, de bart tip up, and so somebody 'ave de cold bart all at once, *but not me*. Yes, you may blay all day to-morrow — 'ave 'ole holiday. You 'ave been ver' goot boys—I veel tell Mistare Soames vot goot boys you 'ave been!"

And smiling once more with inexpressible cunning, the professor withdrew.



"I VOS VER' OBLIGED TO YOU VOR VISHING TO MAKE SURE I VOULD AWAKE AT SEVEN O'KLUK."

When his footsteps had died away along the corridor, Sir Billy looked at Parsnip.

"He must have been *awake* when we went in," he whispered.

"Talk about wily," returned Parsnip, with gloom, "he's the wiliest old beggar I ever met."

"No good trying to get quits with *him*," said Sir Billy.

"No good at all," chimed in Parsnip.

So they went to bed dolefully agreeing that Professor Pulmeyer had been one too many for them.

*R. S. Warren Bell*

[The fifth story of this series will appear next month.]





Photograph by kind permission of

CAPE MOUNTED RIFLES—MARCHING ORDER PARADE.

"Navy and Army."

## WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL.

### VIII.—The Cape Mounted Rifles, and Mounted Police Forces of Cape Colony and Natal.

"CAN you tell me anything about the forces of Cape Colony?" "Will you inform me how to join the Cape Mounted Rifles?"—Such are the queries which have been reaching me in shoals during the past few weeks. As the subject is one of particular interest just now, when the eyes of the whole civilised world are turned upon South Africa, I cannot do better than devote an article to the subject. I am fortunate in being able to present to my readers, owing to the courtesy of Messrs. Hudson & Kearns, some excellent photographs which originally appeared in the *Navy and Army Illustrated*.

The Cape Mounted Rifles offer particular attractions to the young Briton who desires to settle down in South Africa. During the period of his military life he would see many places and

parts of the colony hardly otherwise accessible. He would make many friends, and gain, in the easiest way, considerable knowledge of the country in which he contemplated making his home. The Cape Mounted Rifles are now a popular force in the colony, well officered, well treated, and looked after in every way.

The corps has a distinguished history, although, on its present basis, it was only organised as lately as 1878. It was formerly a mounted police force, and known as the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police. It was formed by the late Sir Walter Currie, and, at the time it was or-

ganised, consisted chiefly of farmers' sons and others thoroughly acquainted with the country. These men all spoke Kaffir and Dutch, and as policemen were unequalled. They did not



Photograph by kind permission of

"Navy and Army."

A CAPE MOUNTED RIFLEMAN—N.C.O. IN MARCHING ORDER.

Articles on the Civil Service, Engineering, City Employment, Agriculture, Law, and Medicine, have already appeared. Back numbers can be obtained from the publishers.



Photograph by kind permission of

"GUARD! PRESENT ARMS!"—CAPE MOUNTED RIFLES.

"Navy and Army."

pretend to be highly disciplined, and, as a matter of fact, had nothing approaching military drill. They could come and go from one point to another, could *spoor* (track) cattle, could catch thieves, could ride and shoot well, being thoroughly accustomed to native manners and ways. After a time, the Cape Government commenced to recruit for the corps in England and elsewhere, and attempted to make the force semi-military. The attempt for some time failed, the only result being to make the corps a nondescript affair—neither police nor soldiers.

In 1878, the corps was converted finally into the Cape Mounted Rifles of to-day—a permanent military force paid out of Cape finances, and consisting of thirty-five officers and about a thousand rank and file. The corps has seen much service, and not a few of the officers and men have taken part in all the South African wars and rebellions of the last twenty years. Not many years ago the corps contained no less than five V.C.'s, of whom, unfortunately, there is only one, Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel Hartley, remaining. The regiment is split up into small detachments in the native territories.

Umtata is the headquarters of the Cape Mounted Rifles. Here are stationed the staff, the artillery troop, the band, one squadron, and the recruits. Here, too, the men go through their drills preparatory to being drafted off to the various out-stations, some of which are over a hundred miles from headquarters. The recruits are mostly obtained from England, but

occasionally they are enlisted in the colony itself.

Candidates who desire to enlist in the corps must apply to the Agent-General for the Cape, 112, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W. Enrolment is, in the first instance, for a period of five years. The life is an exceedingly hard one, and in selecting candidates preference is given to youths of strong physique, and especially to those who have been accustomed to athletic exercises and can ride and shoot well. The limits of age are from eighteen to twenty-five years, and candidates must be from 5ft. 6ins. to 5ft. 10ins. in height, and not less than 33½ins. round the chest next the skin, and not more than 175lbs. in weight.

A candidate engaged in England must pass a medical examination both here and in the Cape. After passing the examination, he must deposit the sum of £24 3s. with the Agent-General, to be paid over to the steamship company for his second-class passage to Cape Town.

As soon as ever he is duly enrolled as a member of the C.M.R. he receives pay as a second-class private at the rate of 5s. per day. In the table below will be seen the rates of pay for officers and men, but it must be remembered that out of this amount all members of the force must supply themselves with everything they need, except certain articles of uniform and kit, arms and saddlery, which are provided for them gratis. A sum of £10 is allowed to every recruit for the purpose of purchasing a horse, which he must choose and buy for himself on reaching the Cape. Officers must provide

themselves with, and maintain, two horses, and non-commissioned officers and men must provide themselves with, and maintain, one horse—so it will be seen that the rate of pay is not so high as it looks. It must be remembered, however, that the cost of living and the purchase of fodder are not nearly so expensive in the Cape as in England.

#### TABLE OF PAYMENT—CAPE MOUNTED RIFLES.

RANK.	PAYMENT.
Lieutenant-Colonel...	£650 a year, and £300 travelling allowance, and £100 a year command allowance.
Major .....	£500 a year, with £100 travelling allowance.
Captain.....	16s. a day, increasing by 1s. a day to 20s. a day.
Lieutenant .....	13s. 6d. a day, increasing by 6d. a day to 15s. a day.
Paymaster .....	£450 per annum.
Quartermaster .....	£420 per annum.
Adjutant and Musketry Instructor .....	Payment according to rank, and allowance of £150 per annum.
Gunnery Instructor .....	£365 per annum.
Sergeant, 1st class.....	9s. a day.
"    2nd    "    .....	8s.    "
"    3rd    "    .....	7s.    "
Corporal .....	6s. 6d. a day.
Private, 1st class.....	6s. a day.
"    2nd    "    .....	5s.    "

Now as to the prospects of the service, it is possible for a steady man who enters upon a re-engagement at the end of his term to do very well. If he takes care to make himself thoroughly efficient, keeps steady and on good terms with his officers, he can make sure of being promoted. Commissions are given to men who have shown special merit after a period of service extending over seven or eight years. The ordinary duties of the Cape Mounted Rifles in times of peace are mainly police work, and there is always ample opportunity for a man displaying special smartness and bravery which may win him early recognition.

There is a special service of mounted police (quite distinct from the Cape Mounted Rifles) in the Port Elizabeth and King Williamstown districts of Cape Colony. The term of service is for three years, and applicants must apply to the Commissioner. The pay in the mounted service is, for privates, 5s. 6d. to 6s. 6d. a day; corporals, 7s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.; sergeants, 8s. 6d. to 9s. 6d.; sub-inspectors, 12s. to 14s., and inspectors £300 to £400 per annum.

There is also an excellent mounted police force in Natal, which is noteworthy in that almost every public school in England is represented in it. When men are enlisted in England they are obtained through the Agent-General for Natal in London; *but there is no likelihood of recruiting being resumed in England for a long time to come.*

The headquarters of the force is at Pietermaritzburg, and there any aspirant must travel if he desires to enter. Applicants for admission must be single men between seventeen and twenty-five years of age, between 5ft. 6ins. and 6ft. in height, and of weight not less than 160lbs. Uniform, horse, clothing and equipment are supplied *as an advance* by the Government, to be repaid by monthly stoppages of £2. The rate of pay is, for second-class troopers, 6s. a day; for first-class troopers, 7s. per day. A sergeant receives his 10s. per diem, and an inspector gets from £350 to £500 a year. Promotion goes by seniority, and preference is given to those who can speak the Zulu language. The following letter from a trooper of the N.M.P. will give some idea of the kind of life they lead:—

I have been out on patrol for the last six weeks. The first part of the time was rather rough. We had to wade through the river several times waist deep, and sleep in Kaffir huts. We were inspecting "licenses" for Kaffir kraals, and some of them are in awful places. . . . We went in for the Richmond Show, and, coming out again at night, my mate got thrown from his horse (a young one, only half broken) and broke his wrist. . . . The other day we were camped at a farm-house. The man is a general grower of tobacco—quite a pioneer in this respect. He has 10,000lbs. of tobacco in his barn, and has had an offer of 1s. a pound for it from a Johannesburg firm. . . .

There is plenty of change, plenty of excitement, for those of an adventurous disposition. But service in the Cape Mounted Rifles or in the Mounted Police is only for those who can stand a hard life, who are prepared to "rough it," and make the best of things generally.

A. E. MANNING FOSTER.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**Despair.**—I should advise you to try again.

**Patriot.**—See the November number of THE CAPTAIN.

**Georgie.**—An underwriter for a large marine insurance company may receive from £2,000 to £3,000 per year.

**Impatient.**—You must obtain a nomination from the Home Secretary through an M.P. for the post of Assistant Inspector of Factories.

**C. S. James, and Vivian.**—Consult a good coach. You will find the names of several in our advertisement pages, or I will send you some privately by post.

**Lockwood.**—Write to the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W., for their "Handbook on Tasmania," enclosing penny stamp.

**Architect.**—Apply to the Secretary, Royal Institute of British Architects, 9, Conduit Street, W., for a printed form, which, when filled up, must be accompanied by a fee of two guineas.

**W. P.**—If you decide to go in for the Civil Service you must prepare yourself for the Second Division Clerkship Examination, in accordance with the particulars given in my first articles, published six months ago in THE CAPTAIN.

**A. G. M.**—To become a shipping clerk you should have a good ordinary education, be accurate and quick at figures, and have a full knowledge of the chief ports of the world, especially those connected with our import and export trade. Shorthand is most useful, and, in many cases essential. A knowledge of French, German, or Spanish would also be very advantageous. The usual term of apprenticeship is five years, and during that time £100 is given in remuneration. It is necessary to exercise the greatest care in the selection of an office, as in many places apprentices are turned away at the completion of their term. I should

certainly recommend you, if you want to "brush up" the subjects mentioned, to go to a good "coach" and have some thorough tuition, paying special attention to the languages.

**A. E. B.**—It is somewhat difficult to reply to your letter without knowing more of your attainments and capabilities. I can hardly give you a list of appointments for which you would be suitable under the circumstances. The best I can do is to offer you a few suggestions which occur to me from what you tell me about yourself. Why do you not try, in view of your mathematical attainments, to obtain a post as assistant master in some small school where, in your spare time, you may continue your own work, and have a shot, at any rate, for the Class I. of the Civil Service? Or, why do you not go on working and try for the degree at the London or Durham University, with a view to taking up tutorial work as a definite profession? A man with a good degree can generally manage to obtain a post in a school, and until that time you might be able to support yourself by private tuition.

**L. B.**—With regard to your inquiry concerning veterinary surgeons, for this department of the medical profession a special liking for scientific subjects (particularly physiology

and natural history), good intellectual abilities, a natural liking for animals, and a fair amount of capital are amongst the chief requisites. The Preliminary Examination (which it would be well to take while you are still at school) is the same as that required for registration as an ordinary medical student. After passing the Preliminary Examination (and if sixteen years of age) the best course to pursue is to enter the Royal Veterinary College, Camden Town, N.W., and go through a course of study for four years, in order to qualify for the diploma of the R.C.V.S. The educational or entrance fee is £84, and it may be paid in four instalments. These fees cover the attendance at all the courses of lectures necessary to qualify for the diploma. Before the diploma can be obtained the student must attend four sessions of not less than thirty weeks each at the Royal Veterinary College, and pass four examinations. There are, I may mention, many valuable prizes and scholarships to be obtained in connection with the college.

(Owing to exigencies of space it is only possible to reply to a limited number of correspondents in our pages. Mr. Manning Foster will, however, be pleased to answer by post any letters addressed to him; provided a stamped envelope is enclosed.)

## THE FIRST BOYS' MAGAZINES.

Our contemporary, *Literature*, has been discussing the magazines which have lately been issued for the benefit of boys. THE CAPTAIN is mentioned as being "one of the newest and most remarkable examples."

Harking back a long way, *Literature* recalls memories of *Every Boy's Magazine* (1863), published by Messrs. Routledge, and numbering among its contributors R. M. Ballantyne and the Rev. J. G. Wood. Its only forerunner of any importance was *Beeton's Magazine*, of which the first number appeared in 1855. Critics said of this that it was "too high, too solid, too good"; and now that one turns up an old volume, it certainly does seem to show a tendency to sacrifice amusement to instruction. There is no fiction. Instead of short stories we have short biographies of such personages as Oliver Cromwell, James Watt, Christopher Columbus, and Cardinal Wolsey. Instead of a serial story we have a serial account of the Conquest of Mexico; and the amount of useful information of one sort and another is rather large. The price was the odd one of two-pence per month.

Before *Beeton's* there were, strictly speaking, no boys' papers at all, but only papers for children in general, for Sunday School scholars,

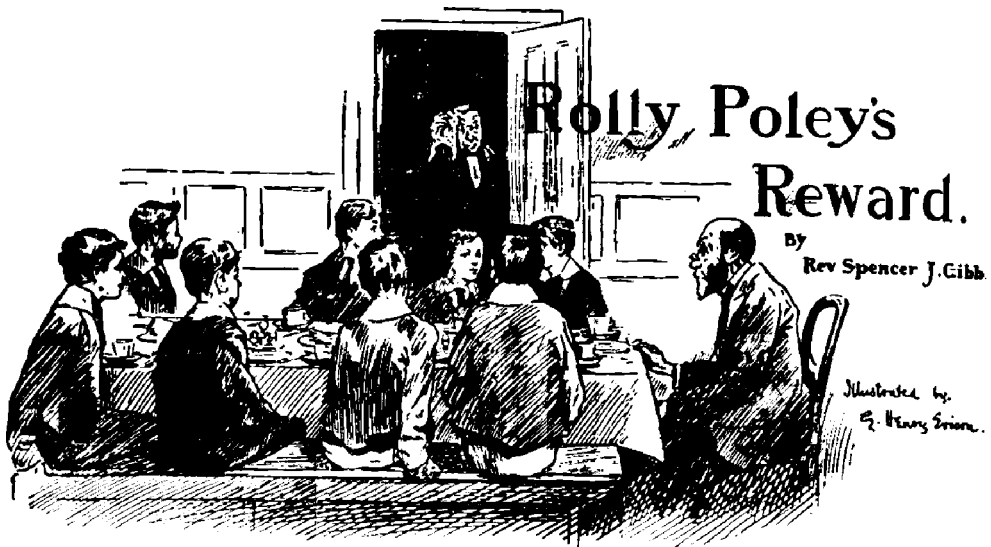
etc., such as the *Children's Weekly Visitor* (1833), the *Youth's Instructor and Guardian* (1817), and the *Youth's Magazine*, or *Evangelical Miscellany* (1805). This latter publication offered the young no more lively reading than is afforded by the biographies of biblical characters, moral essays on such grave subjects as "Obedience to Parents," or, "The beneficial Effects of Sunday Schools," and plenty of hymns, of the cheerful tenor of which the following lines are fairly typical:—

Since I soon must part for ever  
From the joys of time and sense,  
Let it be my first endeavour  
To prepare for going hence

What though I am young and healthy?  
Children less and younger die;  
If my friends are great and wealthy,  
Low as others I must lie.

Shall I, to indulge in pleasure,  
Overlook the judgment day?  
Shall I waste time's precious treasure  
Wantonly in idle play?

"Between this sort of thing and THE CAPTAIN," says the editor of *Literature*, "there is clearly a great gulf fixed."



**I** WANT to tell you this story, although the laugh at the end of it is against myself. So long as there *is* a laugh, and an honest one, what does it matter?

My name is Roland—Tommy Roland—and the fellows call me Rolly Poley. I am—or, at least, I *was* when what I am going to tell you about happened—the youngest boy in Lowchester Cathedral Choir School. I was quite a new kid, and everything was strange to me.

It happened that just before I arrived at Lowchester the city had been startled by a series of daring robberies, and the thieves had never been caught. The Lowchester police were poking their noses everywhere, but it was all in vain. The first scare of the robberies wore off, and everything went on as usual.

But not for long.

The robbers apparently did not like being so easily forgotten, and they reminded Lowchester of their continued existence in a tragic way.

One morning we were seated at breakfast in the long schoolroom, with Mr. Gardiner at the head and Mrs. Gardiner at the foot, and two Miss Gardiners one on each side, when the door burst open, and old Growler (as the boys called him from the exceeding gruffness of his tones), the school servant and general factotum, stood on the threshold with a face as white as the table-cloth.

"Oh Lor', sir!" he growled, breathlessly, throwing politeness to the winds. "Oh. Lor'!"

Mr. Gardiner looked at him with dignity.

"Royle!" he said, in icy tones—Royle is Growler's rightful name—"Royle, what is the meaning of this extraordinary intrusion? Either explain yourself or withdraw."

"Oh Lor', sir!" Growler repeated, offering to

do neither the one nor the other. "Oh Lor'!"

He took his large red handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his brow.

"Oh, my gracious!" he gasped; "they've done it this time, and no mistake! Oh Lor'!"

Mr. Gardiner gazed at him with a look which might have been reasonably expected to turn him to stone. His thoughts were apparently too deep for words.

"It's them robber gang again," continued Growler, using the red handkerchief with energy. "Whatever do you think they've a been and gone and done? Oh Lor'! Oh, my gracious! *They've a-murdered the mayor!*"

Had Growler thrown a loaded bomb into the centre of the table it could not have caused greater consternation, for the Mayor of Lowchester was universally respected.

"Murdered the mayor, man!" cried Mr. Gardiner, starting from his seat, and upsetting his hot coffee into the lap of the boy who occupied the end place. Mrs. Gardiner gave a shrill shriek, and the two Miss Gardiners cried "Oh, my!" and showed signs of becoming hysterical.

"Murdered the mayor!" repeated Mr. Gardiner, "how dreadful! When? How? Don't give way, Amelia," he added, as the hysterical symptoms of his eldest daughter became distressingly pronounced, "your smelling salts for the girl, Katharine, my love!"

"Why, it was this 'ere way, sir," said Growler, with deep breathing, "the milkman, he's a friend o' mine, he is, and he's just a-come from there. I could see there was something wrong with him as he come up to the door. His hand was tremblin' that violent that the milk was bein' shook out o' the can, and the cat she was

a-followin' of him a-mewin' as never was and a-lickin' up of the milk as he lets drop. That told me there must be somethin' out o' th' ord'ary wrong, as he's a careful man is Robert, and mighty partic'lar about his cans. 'Robert,' says I, when he gets within hail, 'you 'pear mighty shook! Anythin' wrong?' I says. 'Anythin' wrong!' cries he, a-tremblin' till the can rattled agen, 'anythin' wrong! I should just think there *was* somethin' wrong. That there robber gang has been and gone and done for the mayor.

They robbed his nouse last night—broke in through the scullery winder—and, one of 'em tumbled o'er somethin' or another, roused the mayor. He comes down stairs, cryin' "Who's that?" Before he got to the bottom of the stairs, one of 'em must have hit him o'er the head with some iron thing or other, for he fell all of a heap, while the whole gang of 'em got clean away. When they came to lift up the poor gentleman, he was dead. That blow had been harder, perhaps, than the ruffians meant it to be, and he never spoke again."

Thus, or in some such way, did Crowler give us the sad narrative

of the tragic death of the Mayor of Lowchester. I shall never forget the excitement.

Every clue was carefully followed up. The surrounding country was scoured for miles and miles. Every suspicious-looking house in the nearest quarters of the city was searched. Several men were arrested and led triumphantly through the streets, gaped at by curious crowds, but they were all in the end released again. The evidence against them fell through, or they definitely proved that on the night in question they had been miles away. The mysterious

gang was never brought to justice, and I suppose it is exceedingly unlikely that it ever will.

It was while the excitement was at its height that my own particular adventure happened.

I was walking one day down the High Street with Peter Rostron, a chum of mine, discussing the murder, when our attention was attracted by a glaring notice posted in a prominent place.

It had reference to the subject of the hour.

The police had at last dropped upon what they considered to be an important clue. There was a man whom they suspected of the murder, and a description of him was appended. "Of middle age," the description said, "and medium height; iron-grey beard and whiskers; blue eyes. He wears his hair long. Gentlemanly, and rather distinguished appearance."

Then the notice went on to say that anyone giving information which might lead to the apprehension of the individual with long hair and distinguished appearance would be "suitably rewarded."

"Don't I just wish I could drop

across the chap!" I said to Peter. "I'd haul him off to the police station double quick time."

"Don't talk rot!" said Peter. "Why, man, *that's* not the way to tackle a desperate character like this fellow would be sure to be. Haul him off to the police station! I should like to *see* you haul him off to the police station! What do you think he'd be doing all the time? Taking your arm, and asking you to hurry up, I suppose! If I came across him, I should suck up to him so that he mightn't suspect anything. Then I'd ask him to come a walk, and drop a



OUR ATTENTION WAS ATTRACTED BY A GLARING POSTER.

wink to the first bobby I met. That's what I should do. Haul him off to the police station indeed!"

And he laughed rudely.

I kept my temper, and didn't argue with him. In fact, I thought there might be something in what he said, though there was no need for him to get so cocky over it. During the remainder of that day I thought of little else save that distinguished-looking individual, and at night I dreamt that I had captured him. I was just counting the golden sovereigns which had been offered to me as a suitable reward when I awoke. I was very excited, and took the dream as an omen that I should find the villain. I determined to keep my weather eye open, as the sailors say, and see what would turn up.

And before the day closed something *did* turn up.

It happened that, in the afternoon, some time before service, Tomkins, who is our head boy, asked me to go into the cathedral and get an anthem-book for him, and I said I would.

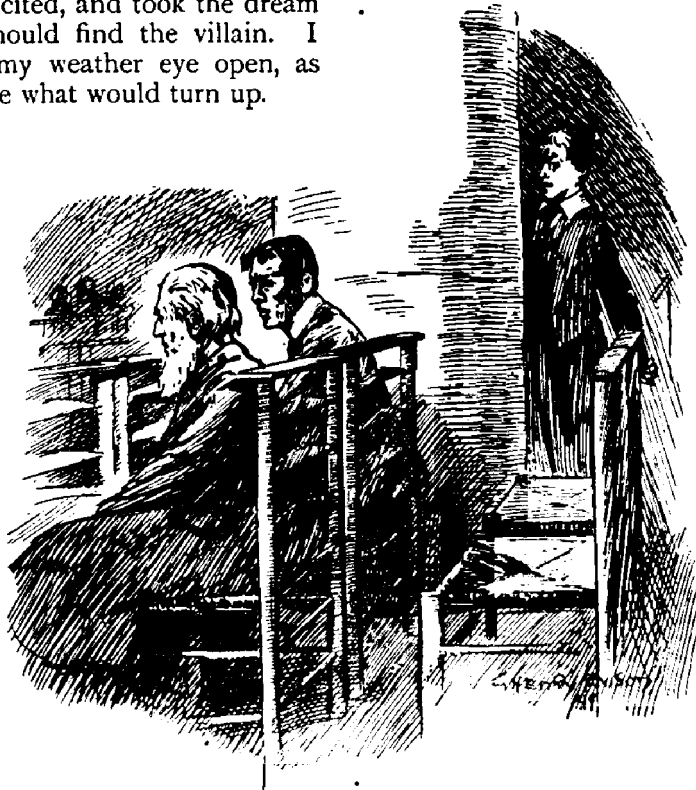
You see, if I had said I *wouldn't*, Tomkins would have punched my head, and I should have had to go in the long run, so it was best to be pleasant about it. A fellow never loses anything by politeness, and may gain a good deal. Still, it was a fag having to go. I had wanted to spend the time before service in searching for that distinguished-looking individual. The day was getting on, and, if my dream was coming true at all, it was time it began. I ran across the Close from our school, and entered the Cathedral. It was a glorious summer day, but dreadfully hot, and the great church felt cool and pleasant. I passed along the cloisters quickly, taking no notice of the few sightseers who are always loitering about in the summer time, and walked into the nave. I was just going on into the choir when I caught sight of two gentlemen who were sitting on chairs in the nave, engaged in earnest conversation. I stood quite still, and I'm sure that my heart stopped

beating altogether for a couple of seconds. It was all I could do not to cry out. For there, with his wicked head slightly bent, and his blue eyes gleaming with excitement, sat the gentlemanly, distinguished-looking individual—iron-grey beard, whiskers, long hair and all! His companion was much younger, but to my imagination he looked bad enough for anything. My dream *was* coming true, then, after all!

But what to do? That was the question. The fact of there being two of them considerably complicated matters. I began to think Peter

had been right about the difficulties of hauling people off to prison. I should have to resort to guile. I walked boldly up to the pair, and coughed to attract their attention. The middle-aged villain looked up with a frown. His look was not very encouraging, but if one undertakes a delicate job it does not do to be daunted by black looks. Therefore I met his frown with as sweet a smile as I could summon, and asked in rather faltering tones:—

"Would you like me to show you through the



"THE DEAN MUST DIE!"

Cathedral, sir? I——"

"No, no! Decidedly not, decidedly not, little boy! Show me round the Cathedral when I knew it long before you were born or thought of!"

I retired crestfallen, and was just about to go off in search of a policeman when I overheard a part of the conversation which I had interrupted. I was standing now only a few yards from the two ruffians, but I was hidden by a stout Norman pillar.

"Yes, Frank," the elderly man said in deep tones, "I must do it. It is useless for you to plead. I have thought the matter well over. The whole success of the plot depends upon it. It must be. *The Dean must die!*"

I staggered, and, but for the pillar, should

have fallen. "The Dean must die!" Our beloved old Dean! So he was to be the next victim! Not if I could prevent it.

"Yes," continued the shameless old reprobate, "he must perish. I shall kill him this very day, Frank—on this very spot. I have journeyed here to identify the place. Plead no more."

"All right, uncle," replied the other, with a yawn. "As you like. I vote we go and get something to eat."

I waited no longer. Every moment was precious. I turned softly and hurried from the Cathedral. Through the streets I ran helter-skelter. I tore breathlessly into the police station, and confronted the sergeant in charge. He rose from the stool on which he was sitting and stared blankly at me.

I pointed excitedly through the door in the direction of the Cathedral. Then I gasped:—

"Qu—quick, I say, quick! I've found the man!" Still the sergeant met my excitement with a stony stare.

"Found the man," he repeated slowly. "What man?"

"The man!" I cried, "the head of the robber gang—the distinguished-looking man of middle age, medium height, blue eyes, long hair, iron-grey beard and whiskers—the man who killed the mayor, and who'll kill the Dean in another two shakes if you don't jolly well hurry up!"

And with much gasping and spluttering I told my tale.

Then the heavy man acted. He summoned two policemen, quickly put them in possession of the facts, and sent them off with me. We were soon walking rapidly towards the Cathedral.

We passed through the Close Gate, and were nearly at the west door of the Cathedral, when I saw the two ruffians emerging. They were moving in the direction of the Deanery; in another moment they would be out of sight.

"There they are!" I exclaimed in a hoarse whisper. "Do hurry up, or they'll have done for the Dean! He's most likely in the garden. Quick!"

We were now close upon the unconscious couple. The tallest policeman suddenly gave a little jerky spring towards the distinguished individual, and next moment I heard the handcuffs click as they fastened on his wrists. The other bobby treated the nephew in

a similar way. And then followed some fun, I can tell you. The consternation of that fellow with the long hair when he found he was a prisoner baffles description. No one who hasn't seen it can have any idea what it was like. I never saw anyone look so surprised in my life. His face went all the colours of the rainbow, and then settled into an angry purple. I thought he would have burst a blood-vessel in his rage. He tugged at those handcuffs till they cut into his flesh; he stamped with his foot, and ground his teeth. For some time he was too angry to speak, but when at last he found his tongue, you should just have heard him. I should be sorry to repeat what he said.

As for the young man, he was considerably calmer. He kept muttering something about a "ridiculous mistake," "the blundering of inefficient police," and so on, of which, of course, no one took the smallest notice.

I suppose I must tell you the end of the story, though I'd much rather not. But I said you should have the laugh out of me, and so you shall.

By the time we reached the station that distinguished-looking fellow was a deal calmer, and the first thing he did, if you'll believe me, was to ask to be confronted with the Dean.



"HE SAID HE'D KILL THE DEAN THIS AFTERNOON!"



"Send for my brother-in-law, the Dean," he demanded, "at whose house I am a guest; he will settle this ridiculous business."

"Don't!" I fairly shrieked, hurrying forward. "Don't believe him. Why, you are a green set of chaps! Can't you see his game? He's desperate now. He said he'd kill the Dean this afternoon. I heard him not an hour ago. I——"

My protest was interrupted by a peal of laughter. The younger man was shaking with resistless mirth. The distinguished individual glared at me in a way that was truly awful. The sergeant shouted "Silence!" in his sternest tones, and the young man stopped laughing as suddenly as he had begun.

"I see it all," he said. "My uncle here is Mr. Denvers, and is, as he has intimated, the Dean's brother-in-law. He is at present engaged in writing a novel, the scene of which is laid in Lowchester, and one of the most interesting characters in which is a Dean. He was telling me this afternoon that he had decided that the plot of the story would not be complete without the death of the Dean—the Dean in the story, that is—and that he had decided this very day to write the chapter which should describe his death."

The policemen looked doubtful. The sergeant looked wise. I suppose I looked foolish.

"This 'ere," said the sergeant, "comes of listening to the tittle-tattle o' little boys. Jim, take them cuffs off. But," he added, with a touch of doubt, "you are wonderful like the description, sir. I hope, sir, you'll not be hard on a poor man as tries to do his dooty, sir."

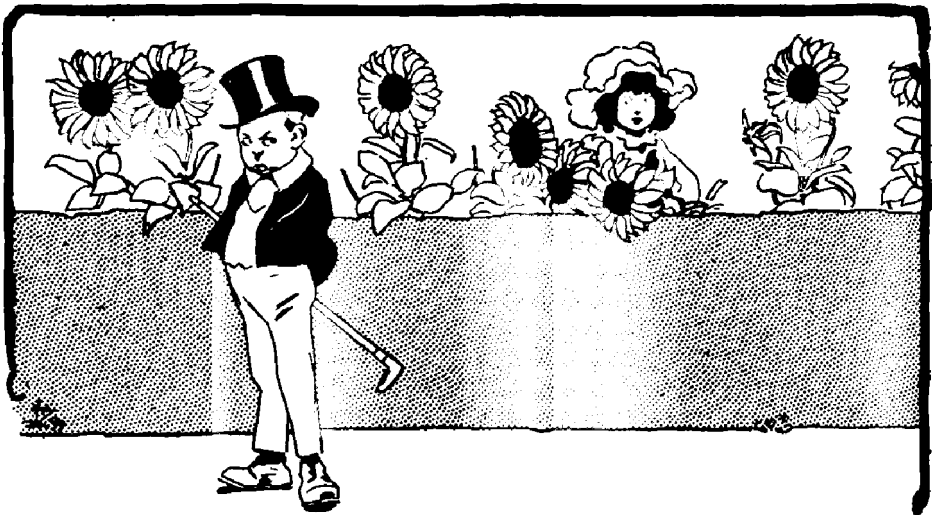
"Confound your description, and you too!" spluttered the distinguished individual. "Your superiors shall certainly know of this most unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the subject."

Then he felt his hands free, and, advancing to where I stood, he dealt me a box on the ear, from which I didn't recover for several days. He made no remark. His action spoke louder than words.

But his nephew called me aside.

"There," he said, as he slipped half-a-crown into my hand, "this may cure the old bore of talking, morning, noon, and night, about that blessed book of his, which no one will ever read!"

So, you see, I did get a suitable reward, after all.

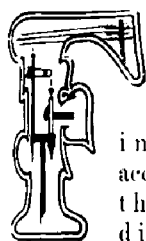


SHE: "Tis Algernon!"

HE: "Yes. I know she is there—treacherous vixen! I will punish her—I will not speak to her. She shall learn that Algernon De Spencer will not be played with!"

# HEROES OF THE LINE

A K



EW records of railway-men's deeds of bravery in time of accident equal the heroism displayed by Walter Peart

and Henry Dean, who, only a few months past, died from injuries received in their gallant and successful attempt to save the lives of hundreds of passengers travelling in the express which was entrusted to their care. Soon after the express passed Ealing, on its way to Paddington, the driver noticed that something was wrong; a huge beating bar of iron was plunging again and again into the engine's boiler.

Before the men fully realised what had happened, they were enveloped by clouds of scalding steam, but, nothing daunted, one shut off the regulator, while the other applied the brakes. They then sought shelter outside the cab, clinging to the flying engine, anxiously waiting for it to slacken.

Meanwhile the express was rushing madly onward, getting nearer every moment to Westbourne Park Station. Here various lines branch off, which are guarded by a veritable maze of signals. Peart thought of the dire results that would happen to a runaway at such a point as this. He also noticed that the train was not slackening speed as it at first had done. In fact, it seemed to be running faster than ever on its mad career. Something had evidently failed to act. He went back again into the blinding steam, and gave the levers a tighter grip. This time the train was stopped, but not until they felt it was slackening did the gallant men jump to save their lives. They were picked up just 120yds. from where the train was brought to a standstill. From then till the time of their death they were hardly ever again conscious. Hundreds of their fellow-



workmen journeyed to their gravesides to pay a last tribute to such undaunted courage.

Some readers will, possibly, remember the accounts in the newspapers of how Ben Hitchin stuck to his engine when he met with a fatal accident whilst driving his train on the night of October 2nd, 1897. Hitchin and his mate were running the 5.25 p.m. passenger train from Crewe to Carlisle. At Winsford Station Hitchin was struck on the head by a stone, probably

thrown by some foolish boy, who little thought his senseless act would be the death of the heroic driver of the express. He bravely stuck to his post, though he was suffering the most excruciating agonies, and brought the train safely to Carlisle. Seventeen days afterwards he died, having been in the company's service forty years.

Many years ago, Samuel Westlake, a driver on the Cornwall Railway, now part of the Great Western line, saved the lives of all his passengers and his train from destruction by the courage and determination he displayed in a very awkward predicament. One October afternoon he was driving the mail train along the single line which formerly ran from Par to St. Austell. There was a sharp downward gradient about half-way from St. Austell, and a heavy mineral train, running in the opposite direction, shunted at this station to let the mail train pass. Owing, however, to insufficient brake power, the driver was unable to pull up, and went on running along the single line towards Par. By this time the mail train was well on its way to St. Austell, and when about a mile or so from the station the driver perceived the runaway dashing towards him at a terrific speed.

Westlake was a man of resource, and applied the brakes without a moment's delay, quickly bringing his train to a standstill. Instead of jumping from the engine and leaving the train to

its fate, he reversed the engine and started running back towards Par. They went very slowly at first, and the runaway gained upon them every second. For some minutes it was merely a case of pitch and toss who would win, but as soon as the level part of the line was reached, the goods train began to slacken, and the space between the trains grew gradually wider and wider, until, in a few more minutes, the mail train was quite ahead of all danger, thanks to the heroism of the driver. But for his gallantry a great catastrophe must have occurred.

When thinking of the deeds of bravery of our enginemen, one must not, however, forget that foreign railwaymen have on many occasions performed some very valiant feats, and our American cousins figure conspicuously on the roll of honour.

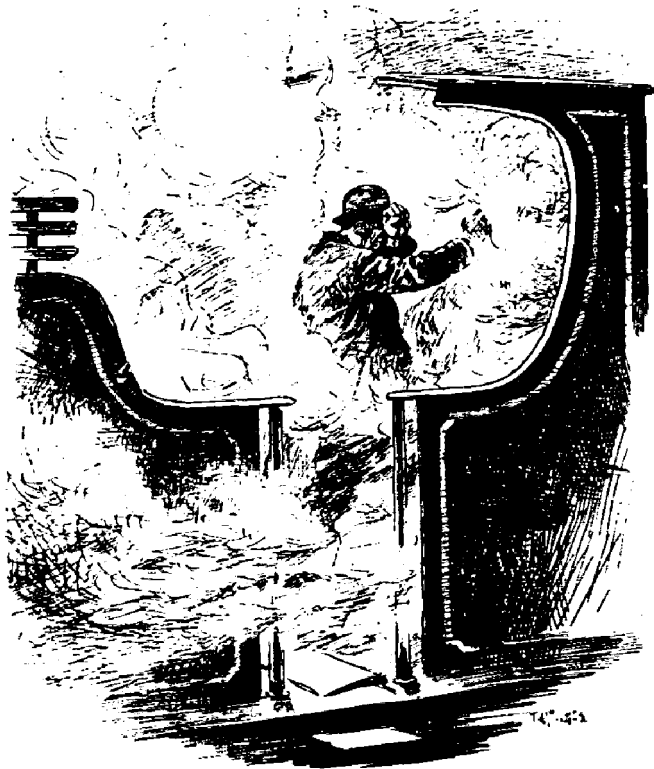
Anyone who has read about the terrible forest fires that now and again scourge America and Australia will readily grasp what an awful thing it must be for a train to be enveloped by the smoke and stifling heat of one of these conflagrations. Engineer Edward Barry was the man who, some years past, heroically raced his freight train through the burning woodland between Hickley and Lake Superior on its journey to Eastern

Minnesota. When he reached Hickley it had already been utterly destroyed by the flames, and many of the homeless inhabitants had assembled by the side of the line in the hopes of being rescued by a passing train. Barry's was a loaded freight train, but for all that the panic-stricken people clambered on board wherever possible, and soon, with over five hundred people clinging to it, the train started off on its wild rush to Lake Superior. It was a terrible journey, through clouds of stifling hot smoke, across burning trestle bridges, which collapsed soon after the train had passed over, down avenues of scorching flame, bumping over the uneven track, which was rapidly

becoming twisted from its parallel owing to the expansion of the rails. Soon Barry, looking ahead, saw a party of fugitives frantically waving for him to stop to take them on board, and although every second was priceless, so to speak, in the terrible race for life through the fire, the brave driver drew up his train for them to mount. Then, wrapping a wet towel round his head, Barry urged on his engine through the smoke and flame. Gradually it neared the outskirts of the fire, till soon the train, all scorched and looking a very sorry spectacle, drew up at Lake Superior safe out of reach of the fire fiend.

Only a few years past some madmen did their

best to wreck two fast express trains near Besildon Bridge, on the Great Western Railway. Fortunately, however, they were not successful. The drivers on both the up and down trains noticed three heavy pieces of metal, and three large wooden sleepers lying right across the lines. When they caught sight of the obstruction, however, it was too late to draw up, and to have slackened speed would have been fatal. Without hesitating for a moment the men "knotched up" the motion and gained speed every stroke, till, with nothing more than an ugly jerk, they cut through both sleepers



HE WENT BACK INTO THE BLINDING STEAM, AND GAVE THE LEVERS A TIGHTER GRIP.

and iron bars, and continued their journey in safety.

There are many deeds of bravery that take place daily on our iron roads that go altogether unrecorded. A very striking instance of one of these unrewarded acts amongst railwaymen is related by a well-known author. This he noticed from the window of a carriage in a London express which had stopped at Bedford.

"The greaser was coming along the train, tapping the wheels and clicking up the lid of each axle box. It seemed a mere matter of form, for there was nothing wrong anywhere, so, as the last carriage was reached, the guard started the train

The wheels began to move; the greaser clicked the first—but the box was dry! He knew the risk he was running, but the brave fellow, instead of letting it pass, flung himself on the step in a moment, with his tray. He threw up the axle lids one by one, as the express, at rapidly increasing speed, was running out of the station. By the time he had finished his work the train was over the Ouse. Throwing his tray off, he sprang after it, and saved himself from falling by a long, staggering run. He was 'only a greaser,' and did not get a K. C. B., or any other reward: but his deed is worth recording, though his very name is unknown."

Only a few months past, a brave platelayer, in the North of Scotland, saved a train from a terrible disaster. He was one of a gang at work on a broken rail on the Highland Railway, just south of Altnabreac Station, when a distant whistle warned them of the approach of the morning mail train from Wick to Inverness. The train was close upon them, and the men's trolley completely blocked the line. The men were all panic-stricken save one, named

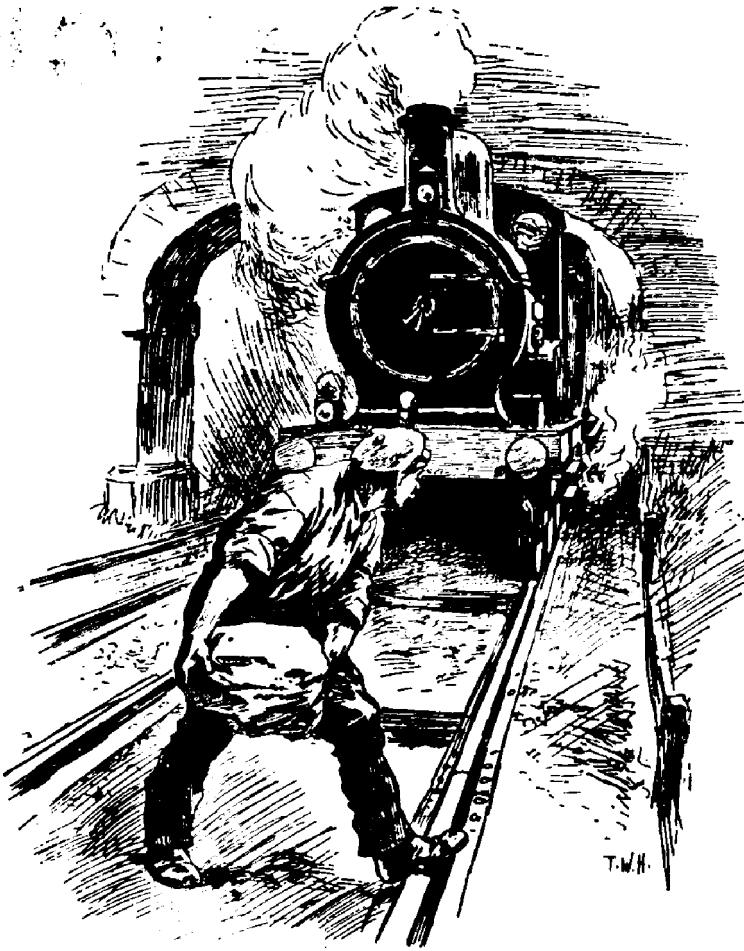
John Morrison, who, realising the terrible danger to the human freight that was rushing southwards, strove, with superhuman strength, to remove the trolley from the rails. In this he was successful, but, unfortunately, just as the obstruction was pushed out of the way, the engine struck young Morrison, and he was literally cut to pieces by the flying wheels, and one more name was added to the long list of railway heroes.

Splendid, indeed, and ever-to-be-remembered was the gallantry of "the man who saved the 'Dutchman'"—the celebrated G.W.R. express. Some navvies were working on an embankment near Bath, when, just as the warning whistle of the "Dutchman" was heard in the distance, a great piece of rock rolled down the embankment and stopped on the metals, right in the way of the express. One of the navvies hastened down the embankment at headlong speed, seized the fragment of rock, and hurled it off the line. But, alas! before he could himself escape the express was on him, and he was cut to pieces.

The grateful passengers made a collection, and this, swelled by the general public, amounted to a sum sufficient to pension off the widow and build her a cottage near the scene of this truly "golden deed" of a humble railwayman.

In an article such as this, dealing as it does with one or two of the most striking instances of railway heroism, it is, of course, impossible to even mention the hundreds of minor deeds of bravery performed every year by our railwaymen. Over

and over again instances might be cited where porters or others have flung themselves on to the line in front of an approaching train in order to rescue some luckless passenger who has fallen from the platform on to the metals, and scarcely ever do we hear of the drivers forsaking their engines in time of disaster, whilst the roll of brave men who have stuck to the foot-plate and sacrificed themselves in saving the human freight behind them is indeed a mournfully long one.



THE MAN WHO SAVED THE "DUTCHMAN."



An Indian Story.

By H. HERVEY.

ILLUSTRATED BY SHERIE.

THE rainy season of 1884 had been abnormally severe, and the country for many square miles around was more or less under water. The railway was the first to "go," speedily followed by the Government telegraph wires, which ran along it. The collapse of this latter necessitated my going out and spending two months in drenching rain, wading and floundering about the wrecked railway embankment, tinkering up wires and posts, and doing my level best towards maintaining a fitful communication under the most arduous difficulties.

The Panurthi "Travellers' Bungalow" was built on a knoll conveniently close to the railway. It was a comfortable, dome-roof structure, and far preferable to our tents, pitched on ground that still continued unhealthily damp at the best, and open to the invasion of snakes and other "varmints." I and the two railway engineers had a big "job" to carry out in the vicinity, at a large river, which the line crossed on a pier bridge. Dillon and Gorst, the railway men, and I chummed together in the bungalow; it was the beginning of Christmas week, and as—obviously—none of us could get away, we had resolved to celebrate the festival on the spot in the best way we could. We wanted for nothing, and our servants had duly paid a visit to Poodooserry, a large seaport about fifteen miles distant by rail, and brought everything necessary for our Christmas dinner, from crackers and champagne to turkey and truffles. Better still, Mesdames Dillon and Gorst were coming out by the morning train of the 22nd to join us; and as we were all musical,

and the ladies performed on the banjo and guitar respectively, we looked forward to a "high old time" of it.

That morning, after *chota haziri*, or early breakfast, we three rafted across the deep flood water intervening between the bungalow and railway, for the purpose of meeting our fair guests. A number of coolies followed to transport their "things," for they were to remain a week with us.

We "mooched" about, waiting for the mail train; there was no station at this spot, and Dillon intended stopping her with a flag. Such a proceeding, highly impracticable as it may seem to you, English reader, is one of common occurrence in India, especially under the conditions of general dislocation then ruling on that particular line.

"Halloa!" exclaimed Gorst, glancing at his watch, as a distant whistle fell on our ears, "ten minutes before her time! Well, I'm jiggered!"

"Stand clear there!" shouted Dillon in the vernacular to the coolies, as he displayed a red flag to the advancing train, which now came lumbering round the curve.

"Anything wrong here, sir?" asked the English driver, leaning over the rail, and touching his cap to his officer, after bringing the locomotive to a standstill.

"No; I only want to relieve you of two of your passengers, Black," cried Dillon. "Jot it down that I stopped you."

"Look 'ere, sir, this ain't the mail; it's a special!"

"The dickens it is!" exclaimed Dillon, astonished. "What special?"

"Ferrara's circus and wild beastesses, sir. They've been a-performin' at Nuthurnuggur, they ave, the last fower days, and be now a-goin' on to Poodooserry. We didn't put no disc in front, thinkin' it weren't wanted in this 'ere muddle."

"I am sorry! However, go ahead, Black. Say I stopped you all the same," replied Dillon, furling his red flag.

As the train passed we saw it carried the usual circus "fixings"—huge tent-poles, cars, a string of horse-boxes, open trucks with vans—while distributed here and there among the vehicles queer, Buffalo-Bill-looking fellows lounged about in a most happy-go-lucky, promiscuous fashion—keepers, no doubt, of the "wild beastesses." At the tail end were several passenger coaches, from the windows of which swarthy-faced men and women protruded their heads, and looked down at us as they passed. They were the "company."

"The mail is close behind, sir!" shouted the tail-brake guard, who recognised Dillon, and guessed his mistake.

"Hang it all!" fumed Gorst, looking after the receding train. "To think they'll probably open to-morrow night, and we fellers stuck here unable to budge! I've not seen a circus since I came to the country twelve years ago."

Well, in due course the mail came up. We disembarked the two ladies, ferried them over to the bungalow, and sat down to a sumptuous breakfast. That and the two following days were employed by our fair visitors in making all ready for our "jollification." We men were out on the works for the greater part of the time, but with the aid of the servants, and a heap of odds and ends they had brought with them, the bare bungalow had been transformed into a picture of comfort and festivity. The walls, door, and window-ways were decorated with greenery; a make-shift for mistletoe, in the shape of sprigs of milk-hedge, dangled from the *punkahs*, and the side-tables were resplendent with gay

boxes of sorts, suggestive of crackers, crystallised fruits, and so forth. Moreover, the dining-table had been set up so as to give room for dancing after dinner.

Christmas dawned: We were all up betimes, resolving to make as much of the day as possible. So as not to interfere with the interior arrangements, we had the breakfast-table laid in the verandah, and were all busily engaged in the discussion of that meal, when Mrs. Dillon, who sat at the head facing the railway, gave a little shriek, and pointed straight before her.

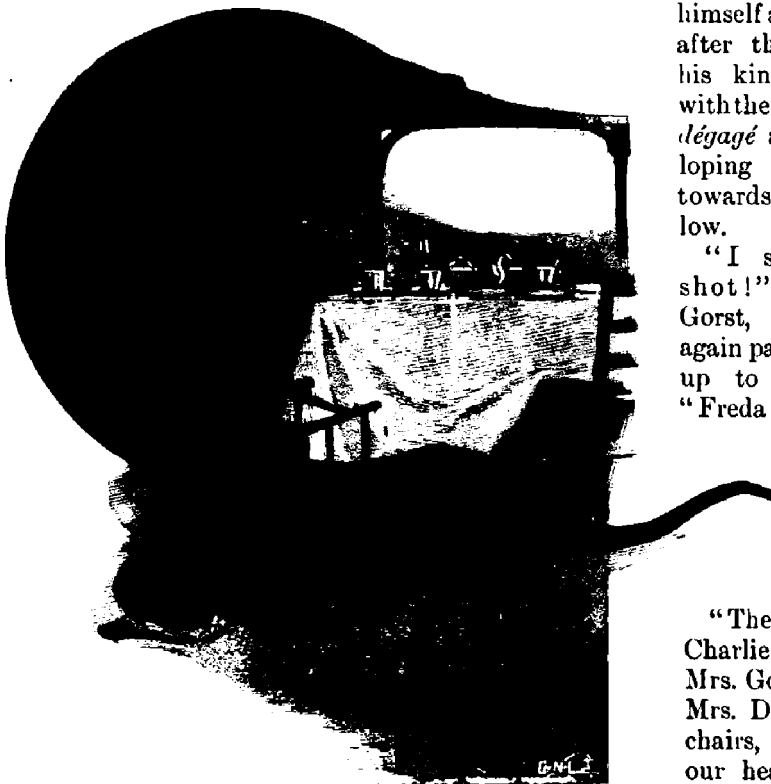
We all looked in the direction indicated, and judge of our astonishment when we saw a large tiger in the act of taking to the water that lay between the bungalow and the embankment.

"Tiger *here!*" ejaculated Dillon, as the whole party sprang to their feet, and retreated helter-skelter into the room behind us, while the attending servants tumbled over each other and vanished round the corner to take refuge in the outhouses. No sooner in than we barred the front and back door, and lifted the tables against them. Fortunately, the two windows—both on the verandah side—were furnished with stout iron bars, and, as we peered through them to take stock of our unwelcome and unbidden guest, he was just emerging from the water.

He indulged in a good shake, sat down and scratched his ear, gave himself a "lick" or two after the manner of his kind, and then, with the most leisurely *déagé* air, came lolloping up the rise towards the bungalow.

"I say, what a shot!" muttered Gorst, as the tiger again paused half-way up to lick himself. "Freda! quick! my rifle and bandoleer! I can't take my eyes off him!"

"They're not here, Charlie!" whispered Mrs. Gorst, who, with Mrs. Dillon, stood on chairs, peeping over our heads, and both of whom, I must say, were behaving with



HE PROCEEDED TO NEGOTIATE THAT MEAT IN THE COOLEST MANNER IN THE WORLD.

commendable pluck and *sang froid*, "there isn't a gun in the room; we've looked all round."

True, our three rifles and cartridges were reposing peacefully in the bedrooms, and to get at which, the verandahs constituted the only means.

"Hang it all! What's to be done?" spoke Dillon.

"Hush!" I murmured. "Let's see what he'll do."

Up the steps he came, and stood motionless for a moment full in our view, a magnificent beast: his bright fawny-black coat showing all the brighter for his recent immersion. He walked up to our abandoned breakfast table, and, after sniffing about among the viands, he reached out, secured a piece of cold roast beef, lay down, and proceeded to negotiate that meat in the coolest manner in the world.

"Well — I'm — blest!" said Dillon in an undertone. "Here, you, get out of that!" he added in a louder voice, clapping his hands.

All the attention the tiger paid to this demonstration was to raise his head, regard us benignly, blink his eyes, and go on with his meal.

"How absurd!" exclaimed Mrs. Gorst, tittering in spite of her fears, "why, he's exactly like a cat!"

As we intently watched him, it seemed to dawn on us simultaneously that the animal exhibited no ferocious characteristics, either in his proceedings or on his countenance; his movements had nothing of that stealthiness, his look nothing of that cruelty, the common attributes of carnivora of his species, and with which man is apt to associate them.

"Is it possible he's tame?" I asked.

"Just what I was thinking," replied Dillon.

"I'm sure he's tame," put in Mrs. Gorst.

"I think so too," observed her husband. "I wonder if this brute has escaped from anywhere? He——"

"I tell you," interrupted Mrs. Dillon excitedly, "he belongs to the circus, and is now touring on his own account!"

"By Jove! I believe you're right, Hilda," replied Dillon. "Then very likely he's harmless, eh?"

"Not so sure of that," put in I. "A tiger caged and a tiger free are two very different things."

Stripes having finished the beef, now paid a second visit to the breakfast table, and devoured a couple of cold fowls; he then scooped out the butter with his tongue, upset the milk-jug, lapped up the contents as the fluid streamed on to the floor, and, after turning up his nose at the Bologna sausage, the sardines, and bread, he came leisurely to our window and eyed us sedately, but not fiercely.



HE ALLOWED US TO STROKE HIM, PAT HIM,  
AND TICKLE HIS EARS.

"What cheek! Shoo!" cried Mrs. Dillon, shaking her petticoats at him from her vantage ground on the chair.

"Halloa, old fellow!" Dillon said, as if he were addressing a domestic tom-cat, "how do you feel after all that grub?"

Stripes looked up at him mildly, and yawned, disclosing in the act his formidable dental garniture.

"I say, what a mouthful of teeth!" exclaimed Gorst.

"Puss, puss! Poor puss, then!" at this juncture commenced Mrs. Gorst, jumping down from her chair, and pushing to the window.

"Get back, Freda!" cried her husband, seizing her by the arm.

"Don't be silly, Charlie!" she snapped. "I'm sure he is perfectly harm—— Oh, good gracious! there's Tim," she added, as a joyous, tiny bark was heard, and Tim, Mrs. Gorst's toy terrier, having slipped his collar somewhere in the back premises, now came bucketing along the verandah in blissful ignorance of its present tenant, and halted, transfixed with astonishment, right under the nose of the tiger.

The little dog was full of pluck. His hair rose along his nape; he stood his ground and showed his teeth, but his bark assumed a hysterical tone as he confronted the huge cat before him.

"Oh, he'll be killed!" screamed Mrs. Gorst. "Try and get him in through the bars, Charlie!"

But before Gorst could do anything, the tiger turned towards Tim, and as plainly as if he had uttered the words, invited the small terrier to a game of play, for he lay down on his side, stretched out his fore paws, and literally beamed on the dog. Tim, after much doubting and much sniffing, accepted the invitation, and in a few minutes both tiger and toy terrier were hard at it—rolling over and over, gambolling and "chivvying" each other up and down the verandah in fine style.

"Well, that clinches it," said Dillon, breaking the silence. "A tiger that larks about with a little dog cannot possibly have a 'kick' in him. I'm going out—the brute is as tame as a cat."

All being of accord, we issued forth, gingerly, and not altogether without misgiving, it must be confessed. But our confidence had not been misplaced. The tiger proved to be, as Dillon said, "tame as a cat." He allowed us to stroke him, pat him, and tickle his ears. If we ceased in these caresses, he rubbed himself against us for all the world exactly like the veriest domestic pussy on earth. But it was worth a king's ransom to note how our servants took in the situation. After assuring ourselves of our visitor's harmlessness, I went to the outhouses, and thundered at the kitchen door. A chorus of frightened voices responded, and it was not till I had shouted to Dillon to come round with the tiger, and the natives, peering through the door-cracks, had actually seen the animal among us, that they could be induced to come out, which they did one by one, pushing each other forward, and invoking the protection of all the saints in the Roman Catholic calendar, or every god in the Hindoo Pantheon, according as he professed Christianity or Paganism. Mrs. Dillon's and Mrs. Gorst's *ayahs*, or native maids, we discovered roosting among the smoke-begrimed rafters of the kitchen pent-roof, and it was with the utmost difficulty

their mistresses persuaded them to "come down out of that."

I should make this too long a story were I to describe in detail how we passed that memorable day, the antics that tiger played, his great good humour, his docility, his gentleness. Seeing that he had relished cooked food, and deeming it inadvisable to let him taste blood, we had a whole hind-quarter of mutton roasted, which he disposed of crouched by our side as we were at tiffin, or luncheon. During the afternoon, while we sat in lounge chairs reading, and we men smoking, Stripes treated himself to a siesta, lying stretched out full length, with the sun glistening on his magnificently marked coat, his flanks rising and falling in calm slumber.

Well, dinner hour came, and on our adjourning to the dining room, the tiger followed, attended by Tim, the terrier—now his steadfast friend. The servants, still apprehensive, moved about like so many cats on hot bricks, regarding the intruder furtively, and every now and then muttering curses at him.

"I wonder what he will say to a cracker?" queried Mrs. Dillon, as those indispensable Christmas adjuncts came on with the dessert.

"Pull one," said Dillon, suiting action to the words, we looking at the tiger the while.

He started a little at the detonation, opened his mouth, and "yowled."

"I say, better not try another—he does not like the noise," I admonished.

We dispensed with further crackers, and we burnt no brandy on the pudding. We tried Stripes with a piece of the indigestible compound, but he declined to engulf it.

"Now," said Gorst, after we had enjoyed a smoke, "how about our hop? Will he object to music, I wonder?"

"Shouldn't say so, if he belongs—as we believe—to the circus," I observed.

"Try him with a chord or two on your banjo, Hilda," said Dillon to his wife.

The instrument lay handy on a side table, and the lady, stepping thither, struck a few notes on the strings. Stripes immediately rose to his feet, and started stalking up and down the room!

"What does that mean?" whispered Mrs. Gorst, in a tone of apprehension.

"It's all right!" said Dillon, reassuringly; "his expression is complacent enough. Stop, Hilda—let's see what he'll do."

She did as he desired, whereupon, ceasing his perambulations, the tiger went up to Mrs. Dillon, and rubbed himself against her, emitting a sound that resembled a deep purr.

"Oh, he likes it, poor fellow, and is asking for more!" exclaimed the lady; and with the words,



she took up her banjo, and boldly struck some louder chords. Immediately the brute resumed walking up and down the room, looking at us inquiringly.

"I have it!" cried Dillon; "he's accustomed to perform to music. I'll take my davey he wants music! Strike up the 'Highland Fling,' Hilda, and, by Jingo! we'll all dance!"

We spread ourselves in a line across the room, Mrs. Dillon, half sitting on the side table, began to play the lively air. We began to dance, and the tiger, I suppose, imagining himself in his cage in



"DON'T STOP FOR YER LIVES!" SAID THE FOREMOST OF THE TWO, IN AN IMPRESSIVE VOICE.

the circus arena, commenced to bound backwards and forwards over the dining table, getting brisker as the performer played faster. We continued stepping it, half inclined to laugh at the absurdity of the whole thing, yet unaccountably apprehensive. We were becoming tired, for we had been keeping at it for some time, and were just thinking of giving in when, to our speechless amazement, through the door in danced two Buffalo-Bill-looking men, wet, bespattered with mud, holding a steel chain with a formidable collar and muzzle attached to it between them.

"Don't stop for yer lives!" said the foremost of

the two, in an impressive voice. "He likes music and dancin', but is as savagerous as a meat-axe dureckly it stops. Play on, marm! Dance on, all on us, till we manages to get this hyur on 'im."

It was no time to ask the why and the wherefore. We at once divined that the men belonged to the circus, and that they had been tracking the truant tiger, ultimately to find him participating in our Christmas party. Further, we realised the danger of our position now that in our innocence we had started the banjo. There was an earnest ring in the man's voice when he told us to keep going, and it was quite probable that the tiger, fond of music, might change his temper on its cessation. We danced on, therefore, "for our lives," Mrs. Dillon heroically sticking to her instrument and twanging away at the "Highland Fling," repeating it over and over again, sufficient to give her a sickening for that sprightly tune to the end of her existence. The tiger, apparently aware of his keepers' presence, jumped higher and higher, clearing that table and all on it with surprising agility. We were ready to drop; the perspiration streamed from our faces, and I don't think we had a minute's more dancing in us,

when the men, watching their opportunity, deftly slipped the collar round the tiger's neck, snapped it to, hustled on the muzzle, each man took a turn of the chain round his hand, and lo! the capture was completed, the animal accepting the inevitable, and squatting between his captors like a lamb!

For a moment we stood gasping and in silence; it all seemed a grotesque dream.

"Guess we'll licker up, Mist'ers, after that," spoke the elder man, wiping his brow with his sombrero-like hat.

"Liquor up!" echoed Dillon. "I should think so! All round, too!"

"Hyur's to yer, ladies and gents," said the Yankee tigerman, swallowing down a four-finger whiskey neat, in which he was imitated by his comrade. "'Tain't every day as one has for a Christmas guest a varmint o' such pyarts as this hyur catamount. He's durn'd harmless and playful, and'll jump through his hoops as often as yer likes ter hold them to him; but it's a case of vamoose shyarp out o' the door as soon as the tootlers in th' orkestry stops their tootlin'; for, dog-gone my cats, if he's to be trusted for an hour or so after! He gets sullen-like when they knocks off; but at other times he's mother's milk, he is. Come along, old Abe! Guess the boss'll have ter stand sam for this gallivant yer've given us."

# THE STAMP-COLLECTOR

Conducted by  
H. M. Gooch

## WAR: ITS EFFECT ON POSTAGE STAMPS.

HISTORY is written large in the contents of a stamp album. The rise and fall of kingdoms, war—horrid war—the traits of kings and governors, politicians and scientists, their ambitions and energies, all are portrayed on every page; to some—the inquiring collector—more vividly, to others present but not realised.

The existing unhappy conflict between two Christian nations—I trust by the time these lines appear in print the clash of arms will have ceased—suggests the transitory effect which war has had upon the issues of certain countries in the past, as well as probable changes in the future. At the moment there is ample scope for intelligent curiosity, and while the powers that be are on the tiptoe of expectation, wondering at every step which nation or nations will next be embroiled in the strife of arms, the philatelist from his watch-tower contemplates the passing of current postage stamps in accordance with the fortunes of war.

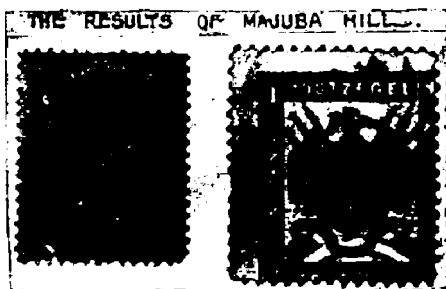
Majuba Hill, the results of misguided political action, placed the system of self-government which has since been their downfall in the hands of the Boers, and consequently removed the stamps of 1878, bearing the portrait of our Queen, in favour of the old Boer type of 1870 (see illustrations).

In April, 1879, the republic of Chili declared war with Peru on the grounds of a supposed offensive treaty with Bolivia. Seven months later, Tarapaca

fell a prey to the Chilian invaders, and fourteen months later—in January, 1881—Lima itself, the capital, was occupied, and held by the Chilians until October, 1883, when a provisional government was formed, and a treaty entered into, by which the Peruvian capital was evacuated. The entire history of this war, which proved so disastrous to Peru,

and from which she is now only recovering, will be found written upon her stamps. The illustration shows (1) the ordinary stamps used in Peru previous to the Chilian invasion; (2) the same overprinted with the Chilian arms; and (3) the same with the Peruvian triangle denoting the re-administration of the government by the Peruvians. The various surcharges are multitudinous, and, in some combinations, complexing. In future they may appeal to collectors in a new light.

Passing to another aspect of the subject, war has not infrequently caused the creation of provisionals, a class of philatelic goods eagerly sought after by the astute collector. A notable instance is furnished by the recent Matabele rebellion in South Africa. The



RESULTS OF CHILIAN INVASIONS.

stock of 1d. and 3d. stamps in the post office at Buluwayo became exhausted; recourse had to be made to the stamps of higher value, which, owing to there being little immediate demand for them, could be surcharged. Hence Fig. 4 was produced. Needless to say, these provisionals are not only highly interesting, but very rare. Their present market quotations are given:—

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
1d. on 3d. - - - -	80	0	65	0
1d. on 4s. - - - -	60	0	60	0
3d. on 5s. - - - -	15	0	20	0

Even these makeshift labels proved insufficient to meet the limited resources of a town under arms, hence a message was dispatched in post haste to the Cape asking the loan of current stamps which could be surcharged for temporary use. The stamps of the Cape of Good Hope, from  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 1s., were surcharged "British South Africa Company" in three lines (Fig. 5). These provisionals also are scarce, but not of the same degree of rarity as those previously described.

Such countries as Spain, France, Italy, etc., are liberally provided with historic incidents pictured in the stamp album. In the first-named it is almost to be regretted that we have not a stamp perpetuating the ignoble invasion of Britain.

When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain

The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

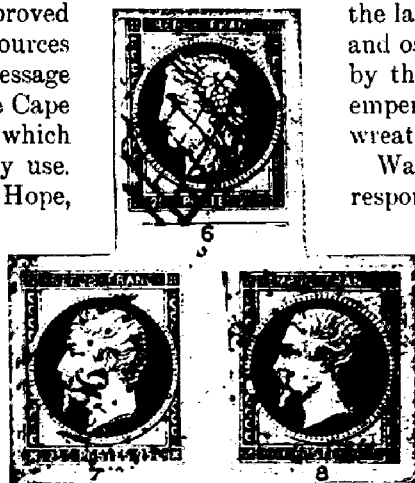
But philately in the sixteenth century was in embryo. In the case of France, however, the changeful history of the Republic, civil and military, is preserved from the reign of Louis Philippe to the present day. Let us look for a moment at the early issues. Commencing with the Republic of 1848, we have (Fig. 6) the first stamp issued, bearing the head of Liberty, and inscribed "Repub. Franc." Then came the presence of Prince Louis Bonaparte, Napoleon III., and the bid for the office of



SUDAN CAMPAIGN, 1897.



MATABELE REBELLION.



WAR IN FRANCE.

president, ending in his election by a vast majority of votes. Consequent on this, Fig. 7 was issued, the features of Liberty giving place to those of the new president, but still inscribed "Repub. Franc." A short twelve months, and it soon became evident that the Prince President was moving for absolute power; two years later witnessed the famous *coup d'état* and *plébiscite*, and the second empire was ushered in. Accompanying it was a new and all-important label, bearing the altered inscription, "Empire Franc." (Fig. 8). Then another step on the ladder of fame. Successive victories and ostentatious ambition were followed by the issues of 1862-70, portraying the emperor's features, crowned with a laurel wreath (Fig. 9).

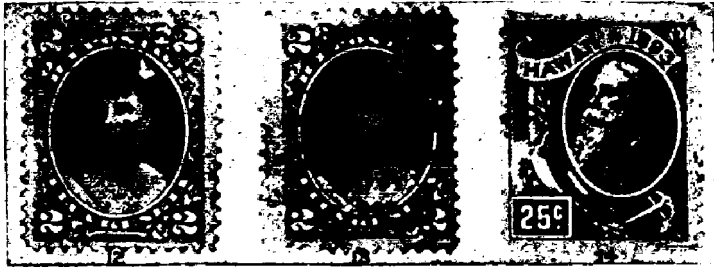
War has more than once been alone responsible for the birth of a new country in our stamp albums. The Sudan campaign in 1897 has added this portion of Africa to Egypt and the British Empire. Denoted in our albums by such a handsome stamp as Fig. 10, we welcome the results of the expedition. Crete, from the results of the blockade of 1898, and its provisional joint administration by the Powers, has furnished another new stamp-issuing country. The early military issues of this country are extremely scarce, while the present stamps (Fig. 11) are likely to have an interesting future.

The Hawaiian Islands, until 1893, enjoyed the peaceful rule of Queen Lilioukalani; then came the bloodless revolution of 1893, followed by the dethronement of the Queen and the establishment of a provisional government for six years under the presidency of Sanford B. Dole. Since then the islands have been annexed by the American Republic, and the close of the six years' presidency will determine the future constitution of the country. Let us see what effect this chain of events has had upon the stamps. In Fig. 12 we have the features of Queen Lilioukalani; Fig. 13, the same, but defaced by the surcharge—



CRETE BLOCKADE OF 1898.

"Provisional Govt., 1893," and Fig. 14 tells of the Republic, with President Dole at the head of affairs. Since the U.S.A. annexation the current stamps have had their colours changed (1c., 2c., 5c., 10c., 12c., and 25c.), and by this time next year will probably have retired altogether from active service in favour of the stars and stripes.



WAR IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

One has said sufficient to show that war plays an important part in postal history, which is reasonably keenly watched by philatelists. The present clouds *may* mean many an unlooked-for change, even in the stamps of those European States which for so many years have been at peace. Long may the peace continue!

Philately, which an unfriendly critic of a London daily recently described as "the crack craze of the nineteenth century . . . a mere speculator's gamble, as it is practised nowadays," will thus be seen to be capable of providing pleasure and profitable instruction, according to the methods which are adopted by the collector. True, there are speculators, unscrupulous dealers, and, alas, collectors—would they could be swept away! But, while they may exist, their presence

is no argument against what has proved itself to be in its lawful state a highly recreative and instructive study.

#### ORANGE FREE STATE.

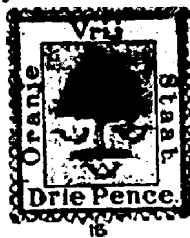
The Orange Free State is a country to which stamp collectors might profitably turn their especial attention just



now. The issues are straight-forward, and *all* can be obtained with but little outlay.

Until 1854 the Orange Free State was a British colony, but in that year the sovereignty was abandoned by the Imperial Government, and for a quarter of a century the country has been a self-governing republic.

In February, 1868, the first issue of stamps took place, three values being issued: 1d. brown, 6d. rose, 1s. orange (see illustration). The design is an orange tree loaded with fruit, and three post-horns on a background of eighty-six coloured lines. These three stamps lasted nearly a decade, when, the



necessity for a 4d. stamp being felt, the 6d. stamp was surcharged "4" in large black type. The permanent 4d. stamp was issued in 1878. In 1879

a 5s. stamp was issued. In 1881 the need for a  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. stamp arose, and again, pending arrival of the permanent stamp, the 5s. adhesive was surcharged " $\frac{1}{2}$ d." in black. In the same year, owing to a scarcity of 1d.

labels, the same value (5s.) was surcharged "1d." Then, in 1882, a new value was found to be necessary—3d.—and until the permanent stamp arrived the 4d. stamp of 1878 was surcharged "3d."; 1883 saw the issue of the permanent  $\frac{1}{2}$ d., 2d., and 3d. values. Five years later (1888) the 2d. stamps ran short, so that the 3d. label was surcharged "2d." in black. More surcharging took place in 1890, when the 3d. and 4d. stamps were overprinted "1d." in black. In 1892 the Orange Free State joined the Postal Union, and a  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. stamp became necessary. For the purpose the 3d. blue stamp was surcharged " $\frac{1}{2}$ d." in black (see illustration). In 1894 the 1d. stamp, hitherto printed in brown, was changed to violet. In 1896 the 3d. blue was surcharged " $\frac{1}{2}$ d." and "Halve-penny" respectively in black. The issues are completed to date by the  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. and 1s. values changed in colour respectively to orange and brown.

The issues of the Orange Free State are therefore quite simple, and offer a good field for specialising. What will be the future of the State?

I append a reference list of stamps to be obtained, with their present values unused and used.

#### REFERENCE LIST.

No.	Date.	Value and Colour.	Unused.	Used.
			s. d.	s. d.
1	1868	1d. brown	- 0 4	0 1
2	—	6d. rose	- 1 6	0 3
3	—	1s. orange	- 3 0	0 9
4	1877	"4" on 6d. rose	- 4 0	3 0
5	1878	4d. blue	- 0 9	0 2
6	1879	5s. green	- 7 6	7 6
7	1881	$\frac{1}{2}$ d. or 5s. green	- 0 5	0 6
8	—	1d.	- 1 0	1 6
9	1882	3d. on 4d. blue	- 10 0	3 6
10	1883	$\frac{1}{2}$ d. red-brown	- 0 1	0 1
11	—	2d. violet	- 0 4	0 1
12	—	3d. blue	- 0 6	0 2
13	1888	2d. on 3d. blue	- 0 6	0 6
14	1890	1d.	- 0 4	0 3
15	—	1d. on 4d. "	- 1 6	1 0
16	1892	$\frac{1}{2}$ d. on 3d. "	- 0 5	0 2
17	1894	1d. violet	- 0 2	0 1
18	1896	$\frac{1}{2}$ d. on 3d. blue	- 0 6	1 0
19	—	"Halve-Penny" on 3d. blue	- 0 3	0 3
20	1897	$\frac{1}{2}$ d. orange	- 0 1	0 1
21	—	1s. brown	- 1 6	0 6

My list excludes minor varieties of surcharges, etc.

In all there are twenty-one stamps to be obtained, and, excluding Nos. 4, 6, and 9, all can be purchased for 7s. 6d., *used*.

black. I hear that there are other values, also a series of "Postage Due" stamps.

*H. M. Gooch.*

### NEW ISSUES.

*We have decided to cease the supply of our monthly packet of new issues. Our philatelic pages are conducted by a COLLECTOR, independently for young collectors, and we have no desire to tread in any way on ground occupied by the DEALING fraternity. We trust this decision will be received in good part by our readers, especially those who have been regular purchasers of THE CAPTAIN packets of new issues.—ED.*

**ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.**—Mr. W. Cross has sent

me two new stamps, evidently the fore-runners of a new set. I think we shall agree that the stamps are very pretty; an improvement on the portrait series—*i.e.* brown, 1c. green.



ARGENTINE  
REPUBLIC.

**DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.**—One is

beginning to think that it is about time the Columbus commemorative scheme for the issue of special stamps was dropped! But they do not seem to be able even to let his bones lie in peace. Some months back Spain came to the conclusion that his bones should be removed from Cuba to the cathedral in Seville, which took place amid much pomp and ceremony. Now the Dominicans have come to the conclusion that they possess a duplicate set! So they proposed to erect a gorgeous tomb over them, and invite stamp collectors to pay for it by a series of stamps which have just arrived. I illustrate one of the values, but those who waste money over them will be foolish indeed. 1c. lake-brown, 2c. rose, 5c. blue, 10c. orange.



DOMINICAN.

**NEW ZEALAND.**—The handsome series of stamps printed in London and sent out to the colony has been nearly absorbed, so that new supplies have been printed in the colony from the plates sent out. Collectors should be on the lookout for variations of shade and perforation consequent on the new printing.

**PHILIPPINES.**—At last I have received from Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. the U.S.A. stamps overprinted "Philippines" (see illustration). I recommend collectors to get these stamps, for reasons mentioned previously. The following values are before me: 1c. green, 2c. carmine, 3c. violet, 5c. blue, 10c. brown, all surcharged in

### PHILATELIC NOTES

The Circus Stamp Co. have sent us a special price list they have just issued of remarkably cheap sets of stamps—a splendid way of adding to a collection at small cost. We notice a set of eight Transvaal stamps quoted for 10d., while twenty-two distinct varieties of this Republic are purchasable for 3s. 6d. Their address is 179-181,

Regent Street,  
London, W.

"Triangular" Cape of Good Hope stamps have always had a special interest attaching to them. We learn from the *Weekly Stamp News* that at the sale of Mr. Emil Tamsen's magnificent



PHILIPPINES.

collection of South African stamps by Messrs. Ventom, Bull & Cooper last week, some splendid pairs and blocks of Cape Triangulars were sold. We append prices realised for the principal lots:—

	s.	d.
1d. red, block of four and two pairs	28	0
" ten fine shades	26	0
4d. blue, two triangular blocks of four	25	0
" five fine pairs	25	0
1d. rose-red, blocks of six and four, pin-holed	34	0
1d. red, four blocks of four	42	0
4d. blue, thirty-six specimens	37	0
6d. lilac, block of six	47	6
6d. dark lilac, block of four	42	0
1s. yellow-green, pair	29	0
1s. emerald-green, block of three	59	0
Woodblock, 1d. red, fine	84	0
" 1d. scarlet, torn	63	0
" 1d. red, pair, one torn and one thinned	160	0

Some fine Transvaals were also sold.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**E. W. Lydall.**—The U.S.A. stamp is a reprint. To distinguish watermarks lay the specimen face down on a black coat-sleeve. If still stubborn, immerse in benzine. I cannot describe aniline colours. Look closely at the surface of our 4d. stamp; the colour of this and all other values are aniline, as you will see if you place in a tumbler of water. Glad you have profited by "The Stamp Collector."

**X. Y. Z.** is just the kind of reader one is glad to meet with. After eulogising "The Stamp Collector," he proceeds to detail his visit to Canada this summer (lucky man!); and, being a keen stamp collector, picked up a hint or two. First, "X. Y. Z." wants all our boy readers (and their sisters!) to look at the illustrations of the two Canadian stamps on page 181 (November), and turn them upside down, when an excellent portrait of an Indian will be seen. We quite believe our correspondent, but, after an hour's fixed staring at the

stamp in question, a relative began talking about lunacy, so we gave up investigating. We hope for another quiet time soon, and would be glad of the experiences of others. Secondly, "X. Y. Z." tells us that, strangely enough, the stamp with the figures in lower corners was issued *before* the one with the maple leaves in all corners.

**W. L. Parkin.**—From any of the firms advertising in THE CAPTAIN.

**Majuba** asks: "Can you tell me how to distinguish between reprints, forgeries, and genuine stamps?" "This is indeed a big order. I shall be pleased to examine 'Majuba's' stamps, if he is not a bore (Boer) (a pun here, please laugh), and provided there are not too many at one time. The differences include paper, ink, watermark, and many other details too lengthy to embody in these columns.

**J. Addison.**—I regret *crests* are quite out of my line. Try Messrs. Winch Bros., of Colchester, for the album, and mention THE CAPTAIN.

**E. J. Lamb.**—Thanks for letter. You will find all important new issues noted in our columns from month to month.

**J. G. R.**—(1) Senf's two vols., at 20s., answer your requirements, if you do not object to articles "made in Germany." (2) My time is too much occupied for me to examine collections. I write you under separate cover *re* same. (3) The July packet of new issues has been sent you.

**E. L. Davies.**—I have marked your stamps. Stamp for reply was omitted by you.

**H. B. Thomas.**—Regret to say that at present I do not know of a good beginner's handbook. Read "The Stamp Collector" as a substitute.

**G. W. L.** must not flare up because a reply to his query

does not appear in the issue following date of his letter. The sale of THE CAPTAIN is gigantic, and consequently it is printed two months in advance. When a stamp is enclosed a reply follows by post.

**F. A. Cowley.**—I do not know of any firm who would value your stamps, unless you really wish to sell. Be persuaded, and stick to your album.

**A. F. Lonsdale.**—The stamps you send are two of the commonest varieties from India. There is no 6d. green St. Helena stamp. If it has "Halfpenny" printed across its face, it is worth 1d. used, 2d. unused. The two stamps will be returned on receipt of postage.

**J. M. M.**—I consider the black and rose Italian stamps (first issue, used in Sardinia) genuine, and if so they are rare. The black is catalogued at 25s., the rose at 40s. The Sedang is bogus. The Heligoland and Samoa are reprints. The Victoria are genuine, but damaged; ditto the green Italy. Reprints are worthless.

**H. B.**—The stamp belongs to German South-west Africa, a new German Colony.

**Excelsior** asks what a set of supposed "Jubilee" stamps, recently sold in Fleet Street, is worth? Just as much as the paper they are printed on is worth. They were never official.

**Boer** asks whether the new issue for the Transvaal, of which I spoke on page 180, is now likely to be issued? That all depends. While there can be no doubt as to the final issue of the present war, the results of the issue have yet to be seen. Whether the republics under arms will revert to British territory is an open question. If they do, the future stamps will be British, or perhaps Transvaal stamps surcharged "V. R. Transvaal."

## HOW TO BECOME A PHONOGRAPHER.

(In reply to "T. M. H.")

It is quite possible for anyone to learn shorthand without attending classes, but it is not advisable, for this reason: Shorthand is essentially a progressive study, in which one form of outline gives way to another, and if, at the beginning, you misunderstand an exercise, you will become confirmed in the error later on, so that it becomes impossible for anyone to help you without your starting the tuition again, from the beginning perhaps. If you are not in town each day why not join one of the evening classes at the Board school? There is, I believe, no age limit, and the class of scholar is infinitely superior to the children attending day school. The teachers are fully qualified, and have to pass certain examinations; you may, therefore, be sure of receiving sound tuition. If you have no evening classes at Harrow, could you not get to Willesden? There are sure to be some there. The books you would require would be 'The Teacher' (this is 6d., and you might get through this alone), 'The Manual' (about 1s. 3d. and more difficult), and 'The Reporter.' A dictionary would be useful, but is not absolutely necessary; moreover, outlines change from time to time as

the system progresses, so that it is not long before a dictionary is out of date. You will find it of assistance to spend a few pence upon one of Messrs. Pitman's monthly publications, to be obtained from the Metropolitan School in Southampton Row, W.C. When you have gone through the books above mentioned (some also add 'Reporting Exercises') you should take, as exercises, some of the leading articles from the best dailies. Write them in shorthand and transcribe them again into longhand. This will not only improve your shorthand, but also your composition. Having done thirty or forty of these you should be fit for the Proficiency Examination of the Phonetic Society. You can enter for this at the Metropolitan School, Southampton Row, W.C.; the fee is, I think, 2s. 6d. When once this is passed, speed practice begins, and, if you wish to be successful at this stage, you must attend classes, lectures, etc.; etc., regularly and frequently. A speed of eighty words a minute is a very useful one for correspondence, etc. But of course, if you aspire to verbatim reporting, nothing below 140 would be of much use.

A. E. M. F.

# THE RODEN SCHOLARSHIP



BY  
FRED SWAINSON.

Illustrated by  
Whitwell.

I CAN easily explain how much the winning of the Roden Scholarship meant to me. My father had distinctly told me that if I failed to get it he could not afford to send me to Cambridge, and that the minute I left school I must come into his business, a silk merchant's in the city. I had not the least fancy for city work, but to go to Cambridge seemed to me then almost like going to Elysium.

Besides, I meant to make Cambridge but the stepping-stone to an appointment in the Indian Civil Service. Two of our fellows had done so, and, because of the mathematical training which they got at the university, each had headed the list. One was now the administrator of a huge district as big as Ireland somewhere out in India, and the other was a "personage" at Simla, one of the men who turn the wheels which make India work. For anything I know, Kipling may have written about him, for he is a very great man. I wanted—I meant—to be like Anderson and Armitage, and to this end the winning of the "Roden" was an absolute necessity.

I am not a clever fellow—a fair average, old Prosser, the Head, says I am—and so I knew I should have to work like one o'clock if I had to pull it off. And I did work hard. I backed out of my house eleven for "footer," much to the captain's disgust, for I *could* play "Socker," and, bar an hour's kick-about after dinner, I spent my spare time through the Michaelmas Term in breaking the back of the work for the Roden. Through the Easter Term, too, I left the cross country runs *et hoc genus omne* severely alone, and when I felt seedy from too much "book," I'd take an eight-mile walk out and home to clear the cobweb from my brain.

Why not, say some of you, have had a spin with your house fellows? I knew that if

I once put on running shoes, I'd have to go the whole hog; my spirit would be willing for books, but the charms of a jolly run on a clear bright February day would be too strong, and I'd let slip the hope of Cambridge in endless runs; so I refrained. The exam. for the scholarship was in June, and when I heard the click of the cricket bats down in the fields as I pored away over my classics, or when, on Saturday afternoons, I took my seat on a shady bench and watched the school eleven—I might have been one of them but for the Roden—running up their score against the Zingari or the Old Philbertians, etc., I thought that if I did really miss the scholarship I'd be the most savage fellow St. Philbert's had ever held. I had really worked for success, and, said I, between my clenched teeth, "By Jove! I deserve it. I've worked one whole year without a breather."

About a month before the exam. I felt that, bar one fellow, I could pull off the Roden. That fellow was Jessel. Now he is a clever fellow if you like. We are both in the Sixth, and it is an axiom amongst the form that Jessel, if he set his mind to it, could sweep off every prize that St. Philbert's could offer, just as easily as you could sweep off a dozen wine-glasses from a tray. But Jessel does not give his mind to it. Instead of confining himself to strictly school work, he wanders all over the shop reading Spanish and Italian, instead of Latin and Greek, and fooling over authors that none of us ever heard of, instead of crawling through his "trig" with Marshall, the mathematics man. The beaten path isn't wide enough for Jessel. But sometimes old Prosser will give him one—a nasty one—for his unprepared work, and then Jessel begins to show us fireworks—for a week. Then he seems like a lion who's been sleeping

and we like little mice who've been running over his nose till we've awakened him. Up go his paws, and we scuttle for our holes, but he's soon asleep again, and out we scurry once more. If Jessel took the Roden seriously I should not have the ghost of a chance, but I hoped and believed he'd been footling with Tasso and other discountable authors as usual. Thus, of the six fellows who were going to sit, I dreaded none but Jessel.

The examination came off in the long room, and as there were three or four other exams. besides my own due at the same time, there would be quite thirty of us all writing away for dear life. The examiner from Cambridge sat and talked in whispers with Prosser and Marshall and Bultitude and other masters, whilst we covered sheet after sheet, and I was only too delighted to think that I had never any time to glance towards Jessel in his corner, who would probably be writing what would astonish the fellows who would look over his papers. As the first, second, and third days were left behind, I felt quite satisfied with myself, Jessel did not seem quite satisfied with myself, Jessel did not seem quite such a terrible nightmare, and already I pictured myself an undergrad., marveling at the glories of King's Chapel. But the last paper of the exam., on the afternoon of the fourth day, sent a cold shiver down my back. It was the ancient history paper, and instead of taking us up and down at a hand gallop through the ages, and asking for such general information as "The Fall of Babylon," etc., the examiner pinned us down to one century, and that Greek History, and of Sparta into the bargain. Of ten questions, nine were on Spartan affairs. I nearly tore out my hair with vexation and horror, for not one question could I answer in any detail, and as for dates, which were demanded with fascinating directness, I could not put the cover over more than three. I felt that I had come a cropper at the last fence. However, I stuck to the work, cudgelled my brains for facts, and dredged my memory for dates, and occasionally I brought up some buried treasure from "the vasty deep," and put it down on paper before it sank again. Within one hour I had put down all I knew on the subject, as well as odd things I did not know, and had spun out what I had to say into as many sentences as I could; then I dared to lift up my head and look at Jessel.

I never was more delighted in my life than when I saw his face. It was puckered up into an expression of intense disgust, and he stared at his paper as though he'd like to jump on it. He was biting his pen furiously, and his hair was rather like a very untidy mop. "Good!" said I in ecstasy to myself; "he's on the rocks of Sparta,

too. Please stop there, Jessel, for my sake." Of course, I'd expected to see his pen waltzing over the paper in fine style, but he was evidently in just such a *cul de sac* as I was.

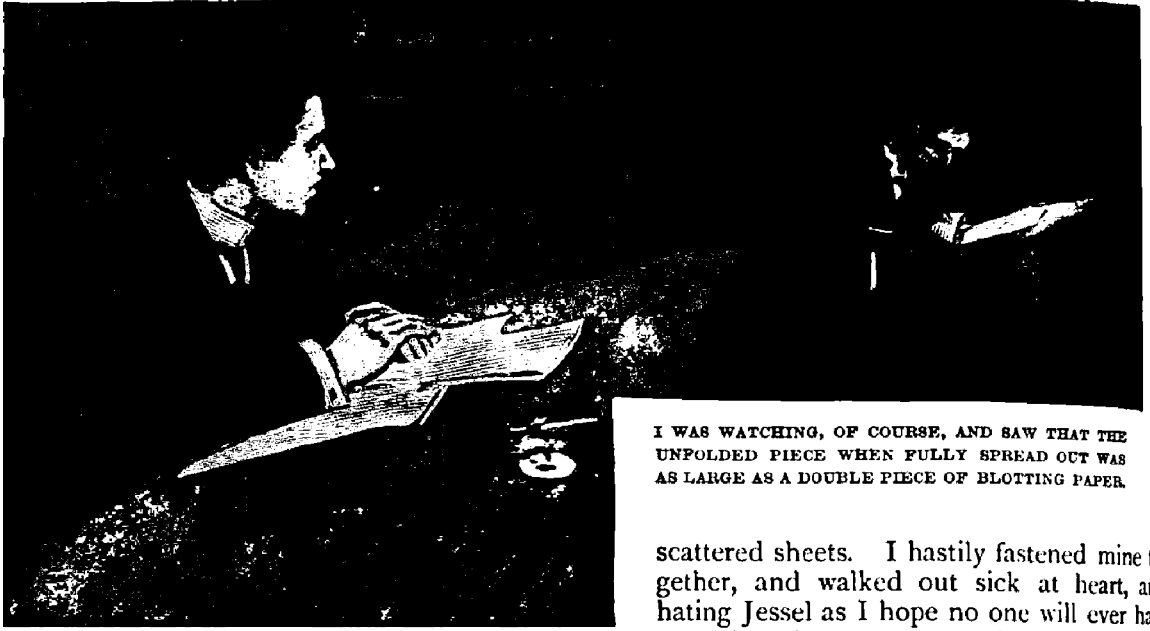
There were two hours before us yet, and I, though I might as well have got up and gone out, like the four other Rodenites, thought I'd wait, perhaps for an inspired thought on Sparta, and in any case I determined not to go out before Jessel took his departure. So I sat and waited and watched Jessel, in despair whenever he hinted at writing. He was sitting in a corner made by the old—centuries old—fireplace, and for anything the examiners on their dais could see of him he might as well have been up the chimney. But they never moved from their perches, but talked in whispers among themselves, and the Cambridge fellow seemed to be quite the *crème de la crème* of a joker, for Bultitude's and Marshall's sides visibly shook, and Prosser's keen blue eyes had a frosty twinkle in them. Yes, there was a high old time on the dais evidently.

Jessel, as I have tried to make out to you, was evidently at the end of his tether with regard to Sparta, and from his wry face it was evident he did not half like it, but after a little bitter thought, an idea—a bright idea, evidently—seemed to come into his head. He smiled slyly to himself, and then edged slowly to the end of his seat and peeped round the corner, looking keenly towards the dais. The jokes were still on tap there, and this seemed to give Jessel satisfaction, for he edged back again and took up his pen. Then, feeling carefully in his inside pocket, he took out a pink piece of paper and quietly unfolded it. I was watching, of course, with all my eyes, and saw that the unfolded piece when fully spread out was as large as a double piece of blotting paper, and, even from where I was, I could see the handwriting upon it, and it was *not* blotting paper. Jessel spread this out quietly on the desk in front of him, and glanced rapidly and hurriedly over the writing. When he had skimmed through it he took his pen and scratched over the exam. paper at lightning speed. Then in my heart I was sure what he was doing: *he was cheating*. I knew as well as though I saw it that the pink paper held history notes, and Jessel was cribbing from them at express speed.

You are not at St. Philbert's prone to think that another fellow is an arrant rogue—we have "no use" for rogues at our place—and had it been any other fellow but Jessel I should have said confidently: "That pink paper means nothing at all."

But Jessel is not popular at St. Philbert's, being an unconscionable fellow, everlastingly





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What was I to do? What could I do? I *could* tell the examiner. But there are things that an average fellow sticks at, and I stuck at that. Tell Prosser after the exam? Jessel would, of course, be struck out; but old Prosser would break his heart when he should hear that one of his darling Sixth, the Sixth of St. Philibert's, the grand old school, had been found cribbing in a public exam. I did not think of *that* twice. So I did nothing, but sat and hoped that one of the examiners would take a turn up and down, and hound Jessel off his evil work in time. But no, the jokes went on, and Jessel wrote on, now referring to his notes, and I looked on fascinated. Sometimes someone on the dais would move a foot, and then Jessel would stop writing instantaneously, listening if there was anyone astir, and, this proving a false alarm, would write again. I sat all this out to the bitter end.

When the examiner called out, five minutes from time, "You had better fasten your papers together now," Jessel hurriedly put down his pen, and as hastily crammed the pink paper into his pocket. Then he began to collect his

scattered sheets. I hastily fastened mine together, and walked out sick at heart, and hating Jessel as I hope no one will ever hate me. Jessel came out, softly smiling, and walked with a triumphant swing up the street, and then I saw him vanish into Bultitude's yard. To me there seemed a rakish shrug of the shoulders as he turned into his house that was simply maddening. I could bottle up my rage no longer, and with a very shudder of anger I went after him.

I knew his quarters well enough, and probably was only about a minute behind him. At his door I stood for a second considering how I was to open the ball, and whilst I was rapidly thinking it over, I distinctly heard him chuckle within, "And not one of them twigged it!" Thereupon I knocked.

"Come in."

"That's quite a mistake, Jessel," said I, *sans* explanation; "I twigged it right enough." Jessel had thrown off his coat on to the table, and the pink paper peeped guiltily from the inside pocket. Jessel, who was washing the ink-stains off his hands, wheeled round smartly at my entrance.

"Twigged what, Calthorpe?"

"Your cheating."

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"Calthorpe, if you really mean that I cheated, I have great pleasure in calling you a liar!"

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"You mean will I fight?"

"Exactly."

"I'm very busy to-night," said Jessel, with unspeakable coolness, and yet with obvious relief, "but I'm at your disposal to-morrow."

"Then turn up about six at the wall. We'll see it through before breakfast. There's no need for any seconds, or any formal rot, I think."

"I don't want any seconds."

"Naturally," said I, with intense contempt.

On the morrow morning, after half-an-hour's fighting, I stood over Jessel and asked him if he had had enough. He said, "Quite enough, thanks," though he showed me, by his rather odd manner, that in his mind our little "mill" had settled nothing definite. I, however, felt much better despite my damage. I'll pass over the other fellows' remarks about our variegated features, and Prosser's barbed insinuations in his little disquisition on "Is the age of brutality dead?" only saying that I kept my opinions of Jessel to myself, and he on his side was as uncommunicative as ever. In fact, a good number of the Sixth scouted the idea of our having fought each other as absurd, and they were not undeceived.

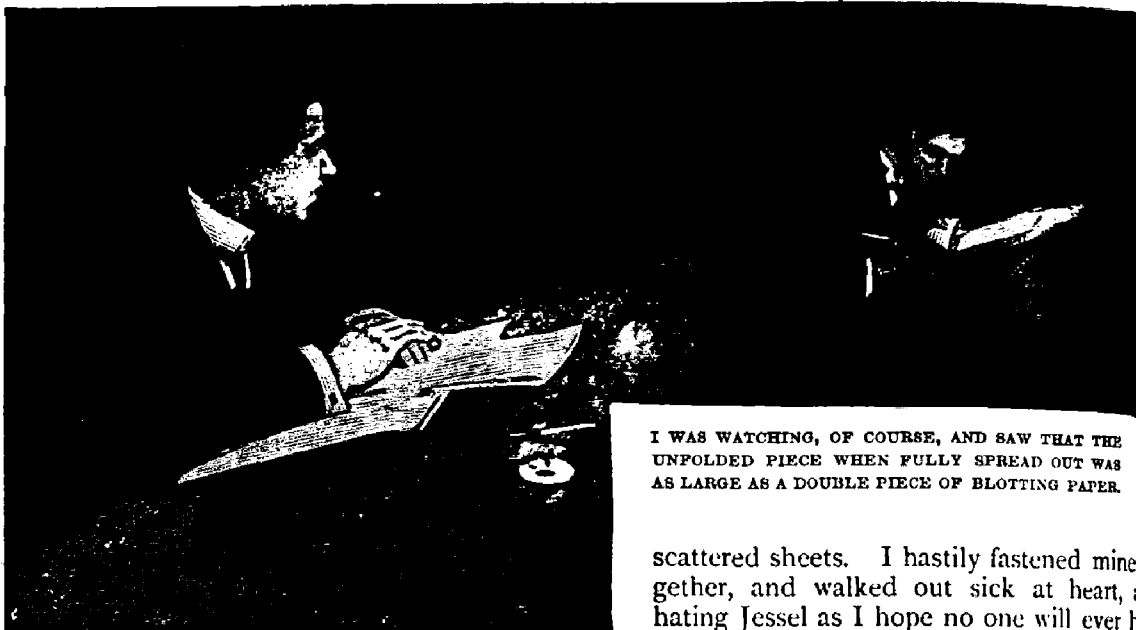
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I waited until the Sixth had oozed away from the notice board, and then strolled up to it myself to enjoy the pleasure of seeing my success in black and white. I'm too ashamed,



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really, to give you each result, but in every paper I had beaten Jessel, and you can very faintly imagine my utter stupefaction when my eye caught this stinger at the end of the list :—

#### ANCIENT HISTORY.

Calthorpe, A. ... .. 61 marks.

Jessel, V. ... .. 17 „

I stared at this result as though it fascinated me. In fact, it did fascinate me. A quiet voice behind me made me almost jump. "Seventeen marks looks an odd sort of result for two hours' continuous cribbing. At least it strikes me in that light, Calthorpe. What do you think?"

"There's something rotten somewhere," I said, turning round to Jessel, who had moved noiselessly up. "I—I—I——" stammered I. "I don't understand it at all."

"Yes," said Jessel coolly, "there is something rotten—somewhere. And you did understand the business quite well a month ago. Came to my room, in fact, and explained it to me very carefully lest I shouldn't see it, didn't you?"

"Look here, Jessel," said I, in a blue funk, "I believe I've made a horrible mistake, and am an unspeakable cad. Will you explain any——"

"Why should I?"

"I don't know," babbled I, in horror, "but it would relieve my mind." I got no farther, for Jessel laughed a quiet, calm laugh.

"Well, since you nearly relieved me of my front teeth a month ago, I suppose it is only reasonable that now I ought to relieve your mind. You won't like it," he said, giving me a long, keen look in which—and when I saw it a lump rose in my throat—there was not a particle of ill feeling. "Shall we turn in to your room?"

I led the way to my den, and, honour bright, it was as miserable a stumble as I ever want to walk again.

"I'm going to explain the business to *you* this time, though, really, Calthorpe, you aren't shining much in it. That ancient history paper was so much Chinese to me, and I think the examiner must have been some old Spartan come to life again to set us—me, anyhow—riddles about his country's history. I did as much as I could, apparently up to the limit of seventeen marks, then I was bowled out. So much for the ancient history. Now, do you know the *Harmshire Post* newspaper?"

"I do; most of the fellows in the school take it in."

"Well, ever see the three columns of stray notes about things in general—writer signs himself 'Ajax'?"

"Rather," said I. "We Sixth think 'em no end clever."

"Thanks," said Jessel, with a faint smile. "I write 'em."

"Eureka!" said I, beginning to see a little light.

"I send my notes to the editor on Thursday night, as the paper is printed Friday afternoon. Generally he sends me a rough draft of what he wants me to touch upon, and his official paper is often pink. In fact, you know its colour as well as I do."

"Go on, Jessel," said I hoarsely.

"When I was bowled out at the history I thought to myself, 'Here have I some beautiful foolscap paper, a good pen, the editor's notes for my weekly masterpiece, a comfortable seat, a quiet room, and two hours to write in. What more natural for me than to write quietly in the exam. room rather than in my den, with some beastly fags playing a lively game of cricket—ink-bottle and rulers, of course—just outside the door?' Mind you, I confess that doing so was irregular, and so I kept one ear open for our friends on the dais, but there was nothing smacking of cheating or cribbing in it. I am, Calthorpe, more or less, a gentleman."

I felt miserable, but said blankly, "Jessel, you *looked* guilty when I came in. You didn't want me to see the pink paper. That would have cleared up things at once."

"Why should I clear them up at once? Besides, then I did not want anyone to know I wrote for the *Harmshire Post*, and the editor didn't either. Each of us considered we were doing something *infra dig.*, he in employing a school-boy, I in writing for cash. I'm not of that opinion now, but he is, so please oblige me by letting Ajax remain Ajax."

Jessel was nineteen, and looked rather more than the school-boy, but I said nothing except, "What are you going to do, Jessel?"

"Do? Oh, nothing. I'm not fond of fighting. Fool's game in my opinion, but I'll give you a little advice instead of knocking you down. Don't ever believe a quiet, bookish fellow is necessarily a cheat, and, because a fellow does not explain, that he can't. That's all. And now, Calthorpe, we'll shake hands on that, and you shall give me some tea. I sincerely congratulate you on pulling off the Roden. I mean to go in for newspaper work when I leave."

\* \* \* \* \*

Two things I learned that memorable afternoon. First that quite the nicest fellow in St. Philbert's was Jessel, and we had never found it out; secondly, that I was the biggest cad, *plus* fool, that had ever carried off the Roden. What do you say?

# CHess NOTES

AND A NEW PROBLEM.

I HAVE before me a little book, the purchase of which I can recommend to every youthful chess student. It is called the 'B.C.M. Guide to the Openings,' and is published by Messrs. Trubner & Co., Charing Cross Road, London. The price is 2s. 6d. It contains 178 games, and includes the following openings: Giuoco Piano, Evans, Max Lauge, Two Knights' Defence, Ruy Lopez, Scotch, Petroff, Centre, Vienna, Allgaier, King's Gambit Declined, and the French. The games are short, pleasing, and instructive, and cannot fail to be of immense assistance to the young player.

Another useful accessory—it costs half-a-crown also—is Messrs. De La Rue's pocket chess-board and men. It is much used by fellows on railway journeys, and other suitable occasions. I have purloined one at times from young enthusiasts who mistake the significance of evening preparation.

A mistake young players are apt to make consists in their unwillingness to meet more advanced players. There is nothing like practice with a better player than yourself. I urge every boy and girl who aims at becoming proficient to seize the opportunity of being beaten by a strong opponent; and, secondly, don't refuse to take odds.

## CHess COMPETITION FOR JANUARY.

The key-move of the problem set for competition in the December number is: B × P.

I am giving another problem composed by Mr. Glynn for this month's competition.

**WHITE** (eight pieces).—K on Kt8, Q on Kt2, R on QB8, B on KB8, Kt's on Q3 and KB4, P's on QB3 and K5.

**BLACK** (five pieces).—K on K6, R on K8, Kt on QR5, P's on QR4 and Q4.

White has to play and mate in three. For the guidance of competitors I will say that the key-move is made by the rook. Give all possible mates.

Age limit: Twenty-one. First Prize: 10s. 6d. Second Prize: Vol. I. of *THE CAPTAIN*.

## NOVEMBER CHess COMPETITION.

**SOLUTION.**—1, R—KB7; 1, K—K3; 2, Q—K8, mate. Although this was an exceedingly easy end-game, 69 competitors gave wrong solutions (2, Q—Kt6 is not mate, nor is 2, B—B4); 106 competitors sent correct solutions, but 53 of these did not state their ages. I shall in future set problems involving a greater number of variations. Taking all things into consideration, the first prize (10s. 6d.) is awarded to **ARTHUR JAMES HEAD**, 256, Marylebone Road, London, W.; the second prize (Vol. I. of *THE CAPTAIN*) to **HAROLD BURTON**, Button Park, Pontefract.

**Honourable Mention:** J. L. Plumbridge, H. Dickens, L. H. Pascall, C. B. Joyner, A. E. H. Cable, J. Snellgrove, H. Krall, B. H. V. Gadsden, W. Mann, B. O. Willis, A. S. Atkinson, M. J. Hart, A. N. Thomas, G. MacMahon, E. J. Druce, B. Crafer, H. R. Walker, C. G. Wodehouse, L. Larquet, R. T. Hicks, R. H. B. Clark, H. G. Davies, A. Dewar, H. K. Shaw, A. H. Fowler, E. O. Tancock, V. Wells, H. A. Diboll, C. Harte, H. W. Lemon, R. C. Jennings, C. H. Barfield, F. M. Pinsent, F. Harris, H. T. Crichton, S. R. Masters, C. K. Granger, E. H. Nieass, E. H. Hodgson, H. Kershaw, C. Fox, H. H. Taylor, J. S. Staniforth, N. A. B. Hunt, F. A. Pruddah, P. Wilkins, J. H. Wright, C. Robbins, J. A. Rose, R. M. R. Thursfield, F. W. Ball.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**Lyddite and others.**—A for Q was a printer's error.

**J. Newton.**—(1) No competitor may be more than twenty-one. (2) Notice that Kt—QB3 was White's second move, not Kt—KB3.

**"One who Hopes to win a Prize."**—Shortest solution, of course.

**W. G. H.**—The pawn may become anything, whether a piece has been lost or not.

**A. T. Cameron.**—You cannot castle (1) when king is in check, (2) when king or rook has moved, (3) when king would, in castling, cross the line of action of any of the opposing forces.

**M. Fitzgerald.**—Thanks for your ingenious problem. Have written to you about it.

THE CHess EDITOR.



*"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."*

**The Aberdeen Grammar School Magazine** (October) gives "Our Mr. C. B." a pat on the back, and advises all its readers to devour the football articles in *THE CAPTAIN*. Speaking quite without prejudice, I think the *A.G.S.M.* is right.

**The Bathonian** (July) tells, in its editorial, how the College Company, during the first half of the summer term, considered as to whether it should, or should not, go into liquidation. Mainly owing to the exertions of the head master, however, a new scheme was formed which saved the situation. With the editor, I trust that the new company will control successfully the destinies of the school for many years to come. If the quality of the magazine is any criterion, all should go well.

**Brighton College Magazine** (July) is conspicuous for the variety of its contents. Particularly interesting, even to a non-Brightonian, are the letters of old boys that come from all parts of the world. I strongly advise the editor to run this feature for all it is worth.

**The Carthusian** (November) is considerably brighter in tone than I have ever seen it. In one or two parts of the editorial the writer almost verges on the skittish. This is certainly a fault on the right side. Carthusians will doubtless find some dark pages to read after they have left the old school; they can do with a little laughter now.

**Choristers' Magazine** (June) is the organ of St. Paul's Choir School (that is one of those puns, I believe). I wish the cover would stop on (that's another, very likely), but, of course, it's not bound to. (Not bad, that last one.) "A Holiday Walk and Talk" is long—let me leave it there.

**Cranleigh School Magazine** (October) does not please me with regard to its school notes. A little comment would be refreshing. Every big tradesman publishes a catalogue.

**The Droghedean** (September) utters the usual editorial groan for the incapability of the editor, but winds up very strong with rather more than six pages of advertisements. To adapt a sentiment from a popular song,

"I don't think that's the way to treat a reader."

**The Edward Alleyn Magazine** (October) has drawn *Punch*,—or, to be more exact, has obtained permission to republish a *Punch* drawing by Mr. E. T. Reed. The sketch deals with W. M. Bradley, the Kent cricketer, who is an old Alleynite. This is a triumph indeed.

**The Elizabethan** (October) strikes me as being "shoved together," rather than edited. The school notes are dull. I wonder why?

**The Erasmian** (September) reaches its second number, and is brimming over with legitimate jubilation at the fact. The *Erasmian* has been—may I say it?—wise enough to take a hint from these columns, and goes in for plenty of "Notes." The result is a very readable magazine. Continue to follow the mag. from Burleigh Street, Mr. Editor, and there will always be—well, a kindly word for you on this page.

**Esmeduna** (October) is the magazine of the Liverpool College, Shaw Street, and has been forwarded to me by Master Barclay. I thank the young gentleman for his courtesy, and agree with him that *Esmeduna* is well worthy of notice. The same correspondent also enclosed several pen-and-ink sketches, some of which were good, and all of which I shall keep in my strongest treasure-box.

**The Exonian** (October) has done fairly well for itself in the way of advts., but I observe one empty column. If I had been the editor, I think I should have filled that column with reading matter. But no; there it is—empty! a blank reproach to all Exeter people who deal in draperies or groceries. Ah me!

**The Haileyburian** (November 3rd) is, as usual, in excellent taste. I am always delighted with the "Poet's Corner" in the *Haileyburian*. Sorry I have no room to quote this month.

**The Hurst Johnian** (October) is again crammed full of good things. Its excellence, combined with its handy size, must tempt many people to read it in prep. But, of course, they don't get further than being tempted.

**The Lancing College Magazine** (October) is very varied in its contents, but perhaps a little scrappy. I should advise the editor to note review of the *Cranleigh School Mag.* just above.

**The Magazine of the Congregational School, Caterham Valley** (September) is terribly dull. An obituary notice of five and a-half pages is, I venture to assert, too long. I also observe with alarm that an article on "The Mural Painting in Chaldon Church" is to be continued. I shall not read it.

**The Malvernian** (October) is one of the best school mags. published. Every possible subject is dealt with, and dealt with well.

**The Marling School Magazine** (summer term) is one of those newly-born publications that fill me with mingled feelings of pride and apprehension—pride, because it is modelled very nearly upon the lines I have always laid down in *THE CAPTAIN*; apprehension, lest the originators should have tired already of their enterprise, and see fit to hold me responsible for a catastrophe. In the case of the *Marling School Magazine*, however, my apprehension is soon laid to rest. The tone is thoroughly good; irrelevant matter is sternly suppressed; school news is faithfully recorded. Go on in this way, Mr. Newcomer, and you are pretty sure to succeed.

**The Mill Hill Magazine** (November) contains a very lengthy article on the "History of the Natural History Society," which might have been "cut" with advantage, and these "Rugger" verses, which are quite worthy of quotation:—

MILL HILL! MILL HILL! shove with a will,  
Shove with a will with the ball at your feet;  
No slacking or shirking, but good honest working,  
Shove all together and never be beat.  
Back up directly, and pack up correctly,  
Three in the front row, and get the first heave;  
Hold them, or screw them, or straight ahead through them,  
Or heel out at once when the word you receive.  
Right! right come round, boys! keen as a hound, boys!  
Now break up smartly, and off in full cry;  
Right away! rush them! smother and crush them,  
Keep the ball moving! Hurrah! it's a try.

**N.E.C.S. Magazine** (Summer Term) is, I may remind some of my readers, the journal of the North-Eastern County School. The editorial staff have evidently taken some pains with the mag., but they seem to lack the saving grace of humour. I should advise them to turn the school wit loose now and then.

**The Newtonian** (October), if we may believe the editor, circulates very little amongst the old boys. I am not altogether surprised. It is too dull. Brighten it up, sir, and try again.

**The Novocastrian** (November) contains a story entitled "Foiled," which runs to four pages. It may be an excellent story from the pen of a worthy writer, but I consider the pages of a school magazine thrown away on short stories that have no bearing on the school itself. I may be wrong, but I have always thought that way. The rest of the journal, barring the ads., is good.

**The Olavian** (October) is as sumptuous and bulky as ever. Observe the cover, which could give points to many a publication to be bought at railway bookstalls. The bill of literary fare leaves nothing to be desired.

**The Ousel** (November 7th) is the journal of Bedford Grammar School, and appears weekly. It is not every school that could fill a weekly paper, even if funds would permit of its production. But the *Ousel* quite justifies its frequent printing.

**The Peterite** (October) is sober and sedate, but I cannot find any serious fault with it, unless it be the seriousness itself. The examination blunders are meant to afford comic relief, I expect, but I fear that line has been overdone.

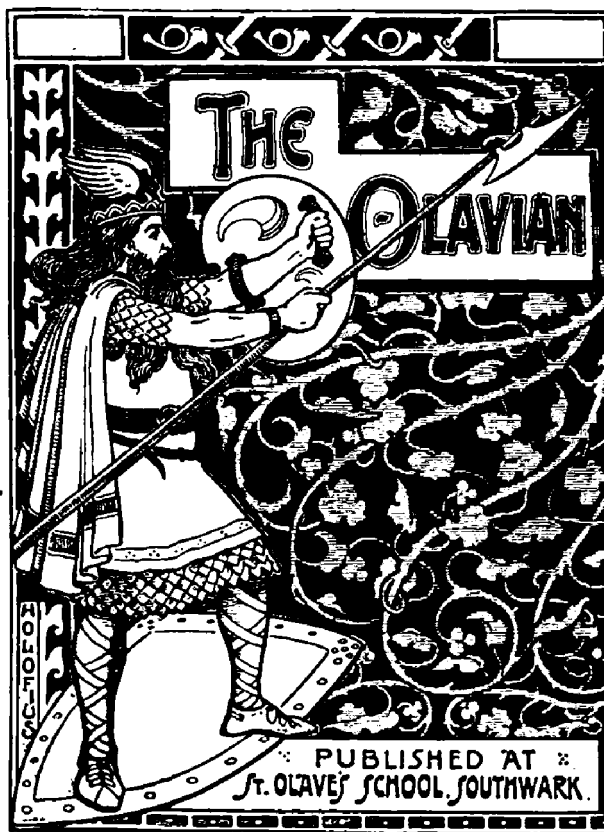
**The Quern-morian** (October) very sensibly quotes the pith

of Mr. Fry's article on "Hints to Football Captains." That the editor is a man of discernment is also borne out in the rest of the paper.

**The Scribbler** (October) is as irrepressible and enterprising as ever. This time it is a "Transvaal War Number," and a book on the French drama is given away as a supplement. By the way, I hear the proprietors of the *Scribbler* did rather good business out of my last review.

**S. Andrew's College Magazine** (September) comes from Grahamstown, and I suppose that is why I received such a soiled copy. However, I am glad to note that the cadet corps has been doing great things. It now only remains for the Boers to storm S. Andrew's College, and then history would be made fast enough. Good luck to all Andreans!

(Several reviews held over.)





# "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

The highest age limit is twenty-five.

**CONDITIONS.**—The Coupon on Page X. of advertisements must be fastened or stuck on every competition submitted. If this rule is disregarded the competition will be disqualified. Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

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.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

When competitions are to be sent on post-cards, no coupons should be attached, as this is contrary to post-office regulations.

Address thus:—Competition No. —, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by January 16th.

**No. 1.—Special Prize.** A "Gramophone" (value £5 10s. 0d.) will be presented to the reader who sends in the most correct list of the "Best Twelve Short Stories" which have appeared in *THE CAPTAIN* since its commencement, up to, and including, December, 1899. Those who missed the early numbers can order them through their newsagent, or direct from the publisher, post free, 9d. Likewise, Vol. I. may be had for 6s.

This competition will be decided like the "English Team for Australia" one, *i.e.*, by vote. Each short story named will receive one mark, and when it has been found how many marks each story has got, the lists will be gone through again, and the competitor who has the "Best Twelve Short Stories" in the most correct order will receive the "Gramophone." Send lists in thus:—

*I consider the following Twelve Short Stories, in order of merit, to be the best that have appeared in THE CAPTAIN since its commencement.*

STORY.	NAME.
(1) Mrs. Smith's Little Boy ...	John Jones.
(2) Red, White and Blue ...	Peter Brown.
<i>Etc., etc.</i>	

Age limit: Twenty-five. Last day for sending in, January 16th, 1900.

**No. 2.—£1 1s. 0d.** for the best poetical extract on "Resolution." Age limit: Twenty-five.

[Competitors should take care not to send in any extracts which have already appeared in our poetry pages.]

**No. 3.—£1 1s. 0d.** for best Association football team composed of amateurs and professionals mixed. This will be decided by vote, as in the foregoing comps. of this kind, and the winning list will be published in our March number. Age limit: Twenty.

**No. 4.—10s. 6d.** for the best map of South America. Age limit: Eighteen.

**No. 5.—10s. 6d.** for the best answers to the following geographical conundrums. All the answers are to be found in a good map of Great Britain. Age limit: Sixteen.

- 1.—Name a good place for pig's cheek.
- 2.—What town has a provoking name?
- 3.—Which is the best river to find a good kind of marble in?
- 4.—Name a noted town for gossip.
- 5.—Name a windy town.
- 6.—Where is it they both labour and eat together?
- 7.—What town comes very near an interjection?
- 8.—Where ought one to get good bread?
- 9.—At what place ought Alfred the Great to be shown as having neglected to look after those cakes?
- 10.—Where would you expect to see them burning a thing very useful in your garden?
- 11.—Where are you always too late for a dance?
- 12.—At what place is it natural to suppose you would meet with a man named Cox?

**No. 6.—Three prizes of 5s. 0d.** for the three best written copies of the first column of "The Professor and the Plot" (see page 372). This competition will be divided into three classes, *i.e.*:

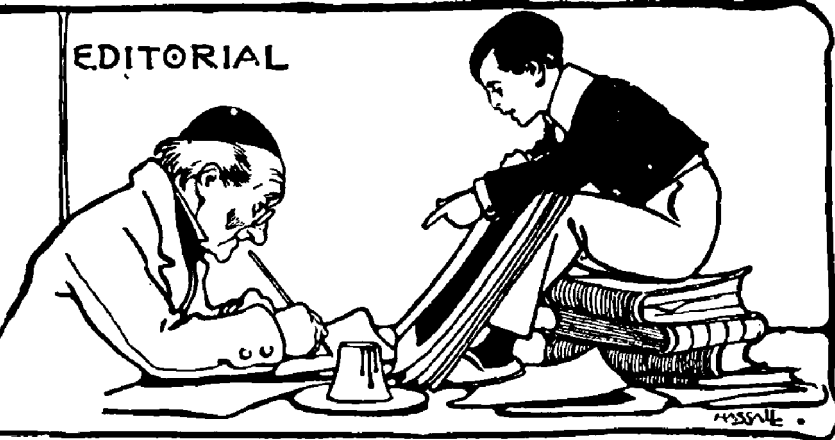
Class I. ...	Age limit: Fourteen.
Class II. ...	Age limit: Twelve.
Class III. ...	Age limit: Ten.

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—Consolation Prizes will be awarded in every competition—age being taken into consideration.]

(For particulars of Chess Competition see page 407, and for "Sphinx's" great "War Puzzle" see back of frontispiece.)

# THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



**Weak Eyes** comes along with a moan. He declares that the "Answers to Correspondents" are printed "so small" that by the time he has finished them, his eyes "ache and smart." As I have received complaints of this sort before, I am printing my "Answers" in nice big type, technically known as "long primer." But I am wondering how my readers will like the change, and shall be glad to hear from them on the subject. Now let's get right on with all the other "moans."

**A New and Ardent Reader** says that he hopes I won't put myself to any inconvenience on his account, as he knows that I am too hard worked already. He is quite right there. After informing me that he has had a little kitten given to him, and that he has called it "Captain," he inquires where he can get nigger dialogues for a Christmas entertainment. I think he had better write to Messrs. French & Co., theatrical publishers, Strand, London. This correspondent also wants me to tell him two songs that he can sing, and mentions incidentally that he is not very good at high notes. I should advise him to give "The Mulligan Guards," and "Tommy Atkins." When a high note has to be sung my "new and ardent reader" should get the pianist to "crash" down in the bass. This will drown "new and ardent reader's" failure to reach the vocal Alps he mentions.

**Tabbycat** says she won't begin by deploring the fact that she is "only a girl," and then, in a strange and sudden manner, asks me (1) whether I can tell her the addresses of Rudyard Kipling and Ranjitsinhji. Now, I have had occasion to write to both Rudyard Kipling and Ranjitsinhji, and have found them both very difficult gentlemen to "corner." I can't say

where either of them are at present, but they have both published books, and so "Tabbycat's" best plan would be to write to them "c/o" their publishers. (2) She should enclose a stamped envelope. (3) All letters to Mr. Fry must be addressed: C. B. Fry, Esq., care of the Editor of THE CAPTAIN.

**"A Young Fag"** wants to know if a competitor can enter for more than one competition in the same month. How many times have I got to answer this question? "A Young Fag" can go in for as many competitions as he likes (provided he comes within the age limit) so long as he attaches a coupon to each competition. If "A Young Fag" had taken the trouble to study the conditions which are printed every month, he would have saved himself the trouble of writing this letter.

**Observer** says that whenever he sees anything wrong, he *must* mention it to the people who are responsible for it, and so he writes to tell me of various typographical errors which occurred in a recent number of this magazine. I have, for instance, printed "*buhses*" instead of "*bushes*." I am very sorry. If such a thing occurs again I shall give the head printer notice to quit. "Observer" adds that his old school — Felsted — possesses the best public-school bugle band in England. I congratulate Felsted. If any other "observer" has any little item of interest he would like to send me about his school, why, let him send it, and I will "run it in."

**An Old Boer** wants to know "if you or your old pals can tell him what will cure spots or pimples." I am strongly of opinion that an "An Old Boer's" blood is out of order, and that he ought to look carefully after his

diet, eat plenty of fruit and vegetables, and obey the usual laws of health. Instead of writing and asking me questions that he ought to put to his mother, or doctor, why isn't "An Old Boer" helping his countrymen in the Transvaal? A little "roughing it" in that magnificent air would soon put "An Old Boer's" blood right. I may add that a second-class passage to the Cape costs £17.

**Douglas Adams** would like to know something further about the competition rules. He says that "he answered one competition quite correctly, but got no prize, and thinks that he must have made a mistake in some other way." Well, my dear "Douglas Adams," although I have said before that I cannot enter into correspondence concerning the competitions, I think I will answer your letter. Very often a good many competitors send in the correct answer, and, in such cases the prize is awarded to the author of the neatest list. You may be sure that all competitions connected with this magazine are judged quite fairly.

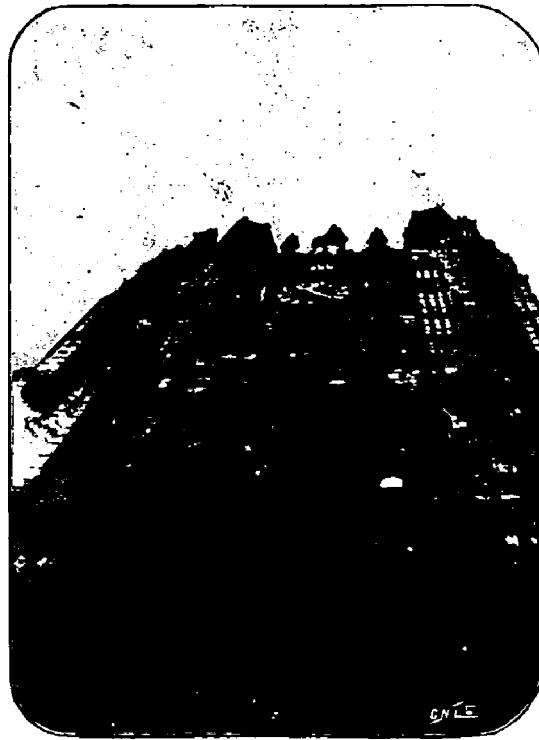
**"Training Simplified"** is a handy shilling manual published by Messrs. Sands & Co. Open it where you will, you find something interesting. Mr. Robert P. Watson, the author, takes "common sense" as the keynote of his book. This is what he says:—

Concerning food. As the tissues alter considerably in the ordinary natural course, so the food must vary, thus contributing to the entire body, and not to any special portion of the system. Mutton, stale bread, beef, rice, beef-tea, salt, raw eggs, porridge, skimmed milk, lamb, asparagus, arrowroot, old ale, brown bread, cabbage, jellies, fowl, cauliflower, oysters, tapioca, tea, sago, and rabbit may be highly recommended. Also, by way of variety, beetroot, claret, cocoa, coffee, mutton chops, fish, fruits, lettuce, puddings, and watercress. Abstain from carrots, pork, crabs, lobsters, bacon, celery, cream, cucumber, curries, duck, goose, jams, salmon, sausages, bottled stout, and beer.

**"Dear Mr. Old Fag,**—Seeing that in THE CAPTAIN you said you did not see why girls always begin with, 'I'm only a girl,' I am

going to tell you. Of course, it is very silly; but some girls have got into the habit of thinking boys are much better than they are; in truth they are not, though sometimes they are better fun. But because a girl can't generally go out and earn her fortune and play football, and fight, and everything (in public at least), but has to sew and wear gloves (which are horrid!), and not talk much slang, boys are apt to look down upon them, and think themselves far superior, and so some girls think so too. A girl can be every bit as brave as a boy, and when a girl does a brave thing it generally looks braver because she *is* a girl. Now-

adays, girls can do most things boys can, and be much nicer too, sometimes. I am a girl, and I am proud of it, only I think that every girl ought to try at the same time to show that she is as good as a boy, by being and acting as a lady—as a boy ought to as a gentleman—as well as being good in lessons and sports. Because a boy never begins 'I am only a boy,' it shows that he is not at all modest, and girls frequently are. — Yours ever, SMITE-THEM-HIP-AND-THIGH."



WREXHAM CHURCH TOWER.  
Taken from the base by Howard Sinclair Browne.

rather late and with its corners somewhat the worse for wear. "Aunt Buttons" would be obliged if I would have a competition "limit, sixty," so as to give the old folks a chance. (N.B.—"Uncle Buttons" also desires to send his kind regards.)

**P. S. H.** (Cork) writes as follows:—

"Dear O.F.,—As you invite criticism of 'THE CAPTAIN,' I think I may as well give you mine. It's 'A 1' in many respects, but needs improvement in the most important point in connection with a boys' paper, viz., serials. You cannot give a representative serial from any decent author in six numbers, and as for three numbers

**Aunt Buttons** is a very kind aunt who sends THE CAPTAIN every month to her young nephew at school. He appreciates it greatly, and never inquires why it sometimes turns up

—well. It won't do to abridge them, as in the case of 'King's Red Coat,' and I think you ought to run two long serials through twelve numbers. There's nothing disgusts a boy more than a short serial. Look at the length of Talbot Baines Reed's school stories (the best stories for boys ever written). Any of them would make twelve of 'The Two Fags,' or 'Red Ram.' I would suggest the following authors for **THE CAPTAIN** :—

"**SCHOOL STORIES**: Charles J. Mansford, Harold Avery, R. S. Warren Bell, Andrew Home.

"**SEA, OR PIRATE STORIES**: S. Walkey, J. R. Hutchinson, Gordon Stables, Harry Collingwood.

"**ADVENTURE**: G. M. Fenn, David Kerr, Fred Whishaw.

"**HISTORICAL AND 'OLD TIME'**: G. A. Henty, Edgar Pickering, Henry St. John.

"Of course, this list could be vastly improved upon, but these are my favourite boys' authors. I leave out such authors as Max Pemberton, who have taken to writing novels after winning their laurels in boys' literature. Your short stories and competitions cannot be improved upon. I would suggest a 'Biography of Boys' Authors,' living and dead, from J. G. Edgar to the latest favourite. **THE CAPTAIN** has a very good sale here, and I hope it will have a very prosperous career."

"P. S. H." will observe that I have let him have his say in full, and now I will beg him to remember that this is a monthly magazine, and not a weekly paper, and that our space is necessarily limited. I only run serials for six months because I like each volume to be complete in itself. My policy in this respect having met with the approval of the bulk of my readers, I don't think I will alter it. At the same time, I thank "P. S. H." for his outspoken criticism.

**E. H. L.** forwards a contribution, "hoping these poems of so rude-cut garb will meet your approval, and that you will allow them to cast a darkling cloud o'er the illumination of your splendid magazine." I am sorry I cannot accept Mr. "E. H. L.'s" poems. It strikes me that he is the sort of young gentleman who, nothing daunted by hard-hearted editors, will go on turning out reams of verse for many years to come. But I hope he won't send them to me. I can't afford to let "E. H. L.," or anyone else, cast "darkling clouds" o'er the illumination of "my splendid magazine."

**Mr. Andrew Home** seems to be a very

busy man. Before me lie two of his latest books: "The Fellow who Won," and "The Spy in the School," excellent volumes both, costing 3s. 6d. each.

"**Association Football**," by Mr. N. L. Jackson, ought to be in every school library, as the author deals most comprehensively with his subject. There are chapters on "Ancient History," "The Association Game," "The Play and the Players," "The Game and How to Play it," "The Schools," etc., etc. There are photographs of Westminster, Charterhouse, Brighton College, and Forest School football grounds, and a number of other interesting pictures.

"**Sphinx**" has sent us an engrossing War Problem, which you will find on the white side of the frontispiece. A prize of £1 is. is offered for the best solution. Age limit: Twenty-one.

"**How to Box**" (first article) appears this month. The series is being written by a practical instructor, who some years ago taught the gentle art to large numbers of "undergrads" at Cambridge. However proficient you may be you cannot fail to pick up a number of hints from this series, while novices will find Mr. Mace's advice most valuable.

"**Tom Browne's Comic Annual**," is on all the stalls. Don't miss it. Personally, I consider it to be a sort of literary and artistic plum-pudding. The tales will make you jump about like Spring-heel Jacks, only worse. If you want to make "pax" with your worst enemy give him a copy of this rib-cracking publication. The price is 6d. I have spoken.

#### OTHER CORRESPONDENTS.

**H. S. G.**—What on earth is the man doing with his arms spread out in that way?

**Phyllis Dale** wants to know the highest total scored at cricket by a girl under fifteen.

**B. G. S.** wishes to correct the list of the Bedford Grammar School Corps which appeared in our November number. The school has eight officers, and thirty N.C.O.'s. The commander's name is Captain Glünicke.

**Hilary (GUERNSEY)**.—I hope the Rugby game will never die out. It is a glorious game. No doubt many schools are obliged to play "Soccer," because to form a Rugby fifteen you want heavy fellows, and only very large schools possess a sufficient number of these.

**A Loyal Captainite.**—Your letter warmeth my aged heart. The photos you enclose are very interesting.

**D. Hawkins.**—I cannot say off-hand what I consider the twenty best books for boys. Some like one book, and some another.

**An Ardent Reader.**—If you go carefully through all your CAPTAINS, up to the present number, you will find that the majority of the prizes have been won by *boys*.

**Doris C.** warmly upholds her sex. *She* doesn't pine to be a boy, she declares.

**A. E. Kino.**—(1) I will deal with Australian boys all in good time. (2) Every month more copies are sent to Australia.

**X. E. R.**—Sketches not quite up to our standard, thanks.

**Small.**—Do not attempt to stop your growth. You may stop sooner than you want to, for all you can tell. Yes, smoking is a harmful habit. Do not smoke until you are a full-grown man, and then only moderately.

**An Old Boy.**—I will think it over.

**Enthusiastic Reader.**—I like the sentiment of your verses, but consider the metre a little "wanting."

**A. D. D.**—You will observe that I am altering the "get-up" of our cover.

**A. S. C. F.**—If you will supply me with a few extra tons of paper every month I will have articles about every sort of indoor and outdoor sport. As it is, I must keep to articles which appeal to "the many" rather than to "the few."

**T. Nicklin**, referring to our recent article on "Medicine," says it should have been stated that the Cambridge Science School is vastly better equipped than the Oxford. He adds that 140 freshmen are reading Medicine at Cambridge this year (1899). His information *re* naval chaplains I have handed to Mr. Manning Foster.

**H. B. Claude Bussey.**—I have read your letter with a great deal of pleasure. I intend to start that list of "New Books to be Read" very shortly.

**Pew.**—Your verses, "When We Rally Round the Old Flag," are very spirited. If you had missed the "l" out of "Flag," how complimented I should have been.

**J. M. C.**—(1) Nine or ten miles an hour should be a good average cycling pace for a girl; (2) Alas! too late now for a Christmas card comp.

**Albert P. T.** (1) says that he has adopted me for his elder brother. All right, I'm willing. Suppose Albert P. T. comes along and cleans my bicycle! (2) As regards the second part of

his letter, he should get the doctor to have a talk with his mother *re* football. In any case, he must abide by the wishes of his mother. (3) Drawing on envelope very accurate. Ten marks.

**D'Artagnan** wishes to thank the numerous ladies and gentlemen who have so kindly answered his query *re* the parentage of "Raoul."

**G. B. Owen-Tuck.**—I have made a note of your suggestion *re* Prize Poems and Essays. You see, our competitions must deal with subjects which appeal to the great bulk of readers.

**R. H. Southern.**—One article on hockey, perhaps; no space for a series.

**G. B. M. Power** (CLIFTON).—I am using your photograph.

**Edwin Todd.**—The little verse is rather too well known to quote.

**Pipes and Tweedles.**—If you read your CAPTAIN thoroughly you will observe that our tales deal with all kinds of schools. So long as I can get a real good yarn I am not particular as to what kind of school it deals with.

**Constant Reader** says "Rugga Football" (the article in our November number) loosened two of his teeth. Poor old chap! He seems a good sort and a sensible sort, for he sent all his back numbers of THE CAPTAIN to Southampton for the soldiers to read on their way to the Cape.

**G. A. Hedger.**—The only Rugby club playing at or near Barnes is the Hammersmith F.C. The hon. sec. is T. G. Gordon-Tiller, 71, Shaftesbury Road, Hammersmith, W. A 3d. Rugby Handbook in the "English Sports" series has just been issued by Wright & Co., 29, Paternoster Square, and this gives a list of the clubs in membership with the Rugby Union.

**Tomboy.**—I wish I had space and leisure to write a long answer to your interesting letter. You and others to whom I appear to devote little space must take the will for the deed. You're a good sort, "Tomboy"—I can see that.

**A. B.** (BUENOS AYRES).—A description such as you require would take up too much room. Can't you get a practical electrician in your part of the world to explain the matter to you?

**J. M. B.**—You go along to the nearest farm, and have a chat with the good wife there. She'll tell you all about it. I don't know anything about ducks myself.

**C. L. B.** (VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA) tells me that he has to pay ninepence for THE CAPTAIN out there, but thinks it would be cheap at half-a-crown! Now if I were a young man this would make me conceited.

**Spider.**—I thank you for your interesting letter.

**Arthur J. King.**—As you are strong and fit I think volunteering would do you a lot of good. You needn't "catch on" bad language unless you like, and, as you seem to be a fellow of some strength of mind, I don't think you need fear joining the volunteers on that account. If you keep from using bad language, in spite of what the other fellows do in your office, you will earn their respect, and, in time, your influence for good will be felt. It is not at all manly to use bad language. Some of the greatest men that ever lived were never in the habit of swearing—General Gordon, for example. I am sure you will make a good volunteer, as you are the sort of fellow we want in our "citizen army."

**B. H. K. Orchard** (PIETERMARITZBURG, NATAL, S.A.) writes: "It is with pleasure I at last read of a competition open to Colonials in the October number of *THE CAPTAIN*, and which I shall take part in. I wonder where W. H. G. is now. For at time of writing, Newcastle is in the hands of the Boers, and it was evacuated ere the Boers entered it. We are having stirring times in Natal now, but that does not hinder me from reading *THE CAPTAIN*. I am sending all my past numbers to the front for the use of the wounded men of our glorious army and volunteers in hospital."

**Lindleau** has "a great many tokens of public-houses and shops," and can I tell him if they are worth anything? I don't know. Perhaps some reader does, though.

**Sarnia.**—Sorry I cannot ask you to do the interview you mention. I thank you for your suggestion.

**D. O.**—I think the writer of that article on girls has been sufficiently jumped on. He says that in future he will confine himself to such subjects as "The Honorificabilitudinity of Homer," because Homer can't hit back like you girls did.

**W. H. A. R.**—Photo received. I will keep it until I have enough "pretty sisters" to make a page.

**Sent from the Stormy North.**—There are some splendid "Puzzles" in the Puzzle King interview. Boxing article, No. 1, in this issue. See August "Editorial" for hints on black-and-white work.

**G. E. M.**—"Conjuring Tricks," with many other subjects, must wait their turn.

**An Amateur Editor.**—As regards your question *re* "How to start a school magazine," see answer to "W. R." in the June number (No. 3).

**T. M. H.** wants to become a phonographer. Mr. Manning Foster has written a little article on the subject which "T. M. H." will find on page 401.

**Several readers** having written to me for information on models and model engineering, and little electrical matters. I beg to inform all such that they cannot do better than study the *Model Engineer and Amateur Electrician*, price 2d. Address: 6, Farringdon Avenue, London, E.C. The *Model Engineer* is full of information and pictures.

**Mr. Joseph Hyles**, 5, Wensleydale Road, Thornbury, Bradford, informs Mr. L. S. Argent that he has a copy of the "Duchess of Devonshire," by Gainsborough, to sell, price 10s.

**G. N.** says he is fifteen, and wants to cure his knees, which knock. I should advise him to write to Eugen Sandow, Esq., Savoy Street, London, W.C., who tells me that his system will cure knock-knees.

**C. Edward Stockton, John Cox, Guy Centaro, "Muriel,"** and others are thanked for their kind letters and suggestions. When a sufficient number of school cricket results have been received a third list will be published.

## Results of November Competitions.

### No. I.—Best Poetical Extract on "The New Year."

WINNER OF £1 IS. : WILFRED M. HALL, 18, Mount Preston, Leeds.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) has been awarded to: GEORGE STRATTON, 76, Mackintosh Place, Cardiff.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Reginald Holte Southern, Lilian R. Orniston, Norman Smythe, Frances Bernard, William Armstrong, Elsie Stevenson, Thomas Kembery, Lila Lang, Ernest Tancock, Alice Lennox Scott, H. M. Paul, Madeline Mather, Arthur Silcock, H. S. W. Edwardes, F. D. Thomas, Ethel Coppock, Beatrice Porter, S. G. Woodhouse, Herbert Brown, Mathew Cleland, Gordon Smith, Jean M. Thistlethwaite, F. Lucas, Cecil A. Stephens, J. Mathews, G. B. Owen-Tuck, Evelyn Mather, Herbert Fleming, Harold Brough, Gertrude Mallam, R. Harold Royle, A. Burt, V. E. Fanning, Alice Mackenzie Tickle, W. N. Hollowell.

### No. II.—Best "How to Make" Article.

£2 2s. divided between: T. J. CHILD, 137, Grange Road, Bermondsey, S.E. (*How to make a 10-Rating Racing Model Yacht*); and H. S. W. and ARNOLD EDWARDS, 30, Auckland Road, Upper Norwood (*How to make a Bicycle House*).

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: B. BURT, Evergreen Cottage, Roxborough Road, Harrow; W. F. LITTLE, 145, London Road, Croydon; and GORDON MCVOY, 17, Springfield Place, Leeds.

HONOURABLE MENTION: James F. Lyall, James Thomson, R. Trevethan, J. Corbet Browne, James S. Paterson, C. F. Jerran, F. C. Lucas, Cyril H. Smith, Alan H. Todd, F. W. Mullins, Eric Falkner, L. E. Walsh, F. W. Pounds, Arthur Harrington, Albert Coleman.

### No. III.—Best Essay on "Good Resolutions, and How to Keep Them."

WINNER OF 10s. 6d. : IDA WILD, 23, Tremadoc Road, Clapham, S.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: WINIFRED A. EVANS, Brinscombe Court, Stroud, Gloucestershire; and HEDLEY V. FIELDING, Royal Hospital, Dublin.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dorothy Morris, William Reilly, John A. Blackburn, Ernest Prah, Richard Care, Abraham Elkin, Gladys Peacock.

### No. IV.—Best Drawing of "A Fireplace."

WINNER OF 10s. 6d. : ALFRED RIGBY, 6, Springbridge Road, Alexander Park, Manchester.

CONSOLATION PRIZE (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) has been awarded to: MADELINE MATHER, "Oakhurst," Cheltenham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. Hully, C. H. Leigh, Stephen C. Wace, Henry S. Chamberlain, Irene Martin, S. Constance Kirkpatrick, Percy Bartlett, Herbert Macklin, Thomas Slater, Ellen Frances Cross Brown.

### No. V.—Most Lively Account of an "Association Football Match" between two Teams composed of Favourite Authors.

£1 is. divided between: JOHN M. SMITH, 2, Henry Nelson Street, South Shields; and S. G. PIGGOTT, "Rapsley," Ewhurst, Surrey.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: L. HOWE, "Broadview," Carlton Col-

ville, Lowestoft; and A. G. H. ELMSLIE, 1, Cambridge Street, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gerald Hedley, Harold Kingston, Stewart Davenport, F. Dolley, James Forrester, Bernard Charlton.

### No. VI.—Best Copy, in Plain or Coloured Printing, of the following Verse:—

I hold it truth with him who sings,  
To one clear harp in divers tones,  
That men may rise on stepping stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things.

WINNER OF 10s. 6d. : CLAUDE DREW, Trafalgar Square, Truro.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. Ker-Fox, Raymond Bins, Frederick Higgins, Eric Morley, Everest Windsor, Jack Mosse, E. Brooke-Hunt, W. Richards, J. Attner, Basil Browne, E. E. Walker, Margaret Cannan, Edith Humphreys, H. J. Carter, T. Slater, junr., Maude Gerrard, Robineta Bradshaw.

### No. VII.—Best Description of "My Favourite Picture."

10s. 6d. divided between: GWENDOLEN BRADDELL, "Tremaine," Grove Park Gardens, Chiswick, W.; and G. L. BOURNE, 25, Goodrich Road, E. Dulwich.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) has been awarded to: V. WAKEFORD, "The Yews," Glen-eagle Road, Streatham, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Lillie Lowes, H. T. Crichton, Edwin S. E. Todd.

### No. VIII.—Handwriting Competition. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

10s. 6d. divided between: LOUIS RICHARDS, Malpas Road, Truro, Cornwall; and FRANK THOMAS TURNER, 51, Plashet Lane, Upton Park, E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) have been awarded to: J. P. LINE, Westfield House, Baker Street, Reading; and LEONARD JOHN SMITH, 24, Gladstone Place, Aberdeen, Scotland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: V. S. Longman, Alphonse Blackmore, Vera M. Brunt, Lily Atkins, Bertram James Crafer.

### No. IX.—Handwriting Competition. (Age limit: Twelve.)

10s. 6d. divided between: SYBIL CLARKE, Cranford School, Buckhurst Hill; and EDWARD G. F. CUTTS, 34 Bath Street, Bevois Town, Southampton.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) has been awarded to: EDITH ALICE ANTHONY, 14, Victoria Road, Leamington Spa.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. E. Jeffrey, R. J. Little, Walter Henry Brunt, Madge Lush, Alan Stuart Mackie.

### No. X.—Handwriting Competition. (Age limit: Ten.)

WINNER OF 10s. 6d. : VINCENT LE LIÈVRE, The Rectory, Bieldside, Aberdeenshire.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE (Vol. I. of THE CAPTAIN) has been awarded to: GEOFFREY S. ASTLEY, Trinity House School, Colwyn Bay.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Francis Theakston, Hilda Goulden, Richard Inglis, J. Collingridge, Ralph Barker.



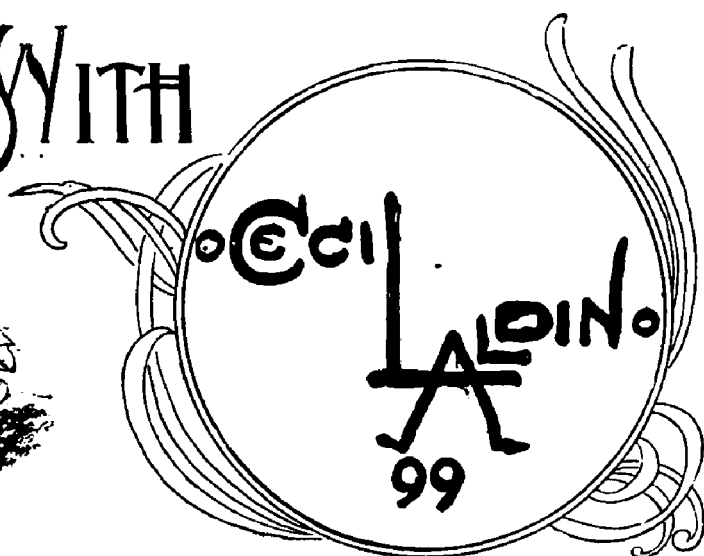
Photograph by

"THEN I HAVE A PIPE," SAID MR. ALDIN.

Geo. Newman, Ltd.



# AN HOUR WITH



BY THE OLD FAG.

"THERE'S nothing—absolutely nothing—to make an interview out of," said Mr. Cecil Aldin, the famous young artist, as

he poured me out a cup of tea. "I was born, reared, educated, put under a master, became an artist—that's all."

"What! No story of penury—no arrival in London with half-a-crown?"

"There has been no 'half-a-crown' period in my career," replied Mr. Aldin, pouring me out my second cup of tea (I am fond of tea), "and so what's the good of my pretending there ever was?"

I became an artist, and began to contribute straight away to the best papers, beginning with the *Graphic*. Editors seem to like my drawings and paintings, and so I draw and paint. Anything else?"

"Another cup of

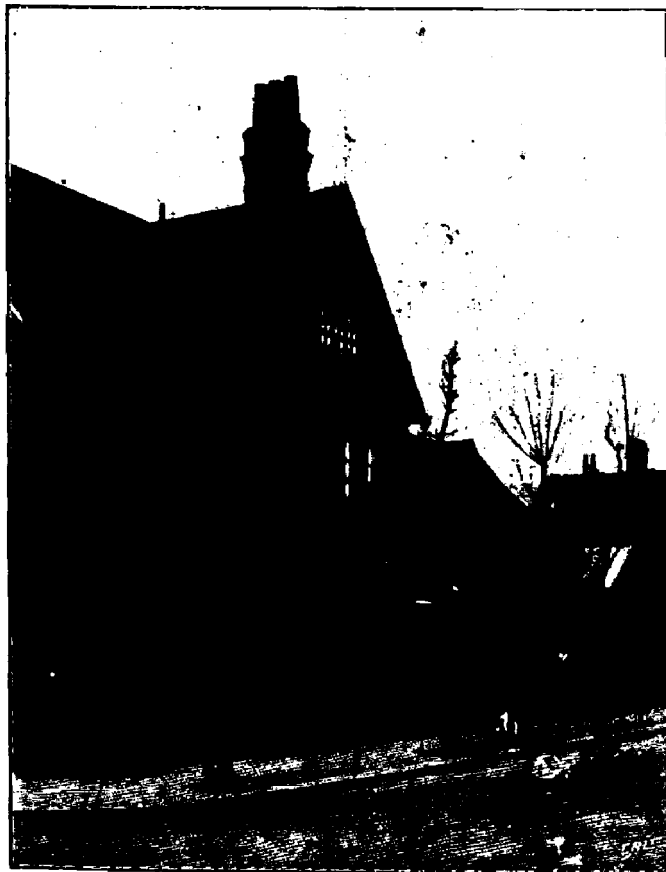
tea, please!" I gasped. Never had I conducted an interview of this sort before.

"You will pardon me for remarking that you are a cool fish?" said I.

"Certainly," was the prompt answer. "I've been called much worse things than that in my time," and he laughed.

I saw this would not do, and so, over my fourth cup of tea (I have told you I am fond of tea—I should have said *very* fond), I regarded Mr. Aldin's compact figure, curly hair, healthy face, and general air of contentment and happiness, and then observed:—

"Your work seems to agree with you. Did you never yearn to be anything else—such as an engine-driver, station-master, game-keeper, or 'bus-conductor?"



MR. ALDIN'S HOUSE, BEDFORD PARK.



From a painting

THE BONE OF CONTENTION.

by Cecil Aldin.

"No; never wanted to be anything of that sort."

"Well," I cried, "let's start at the beginning. I'll ask questions, and you answer them."

"Rattle ahead," said Mr. Aldin.

"You were born —" I began.

"1870."

"Where?"

"Slough."

"Good baby?"

"Indifferent to bad."

"Went to school?"

"Eastbourne College."

"Left school?"

"'87."

"And then——"

"Went straight to art, under Mr. Frank Calderon, son of the R.A. Stuck at Midhurst,

"That is very good of you," said Mr. Aldin. "Another cup of tea?"

It made six, and then I stopped. Six cups of tea ought to be enough for any man, however old he may be.

Having now told you how Mr. Aldin won success — just walked into the Temple of Fame, you know, and took a seat — I will describe his studio.

He lives in Bedford Park, that picturesque district of riverside London so beloved of artists. Near him reside W. B. Wollen.

R.I., H. H. S. Pearse (both of these at the seat of war as I write), and a whole corps of actors.



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES' BORZOI, "ALEX."

journalists, sculptors, and gentlemen of no occupation.

Mr. Aldin's house is large and healthy; there are merry voices in the nursery; and in the dining-room may be seen much brass-work dear to the eye and touch of the *connoisseur*. But the studio is the place. I can't tell you what shape it is—say octagonal, with a dash of circle and oblong—and as you enter you halt, and cough gently, for there, in the far corner, sits a very dainty lady model.

"Ah!" says Mr. Aldin. "Allow me to introduce you. Mr. O. Fag—Miss Smith."

We bow. He laughs long and loud.

"Why laugh?" say we.

"*She's wax!*" he cries.

And she is.

We come to an alcove. Lo! a gigantic horse.

"Dear me!" we exclaim. "Is this a stable?"

"Allow me to introduce you, Mr. O. Fag—my bay mare, 'Sweet Nancy.'"

We bow. Again he laughs.

"Well, is *she* wax?"

"No; *she's stuffed!*"

These two figures—the wax lady model and the stuffed horse—give Mr. Aldin's studio a strange and uncanny appearance. In the photograph which I had taken you will observe Master Aldin (aged 2½) sitting astride the mare. While I was there Master Aldin mounted the bull-dog and suggested a steeple-chase; but the bull-dog bucked, and Master Aldin was shot under the sofa, whence he was fished by his father, fully decided that a bull-dog is not an animal to go steeple-chasing on.

It would be strange if an artist, so famed for his delineations of the dog-world, did not keep a few of these creatures about him.

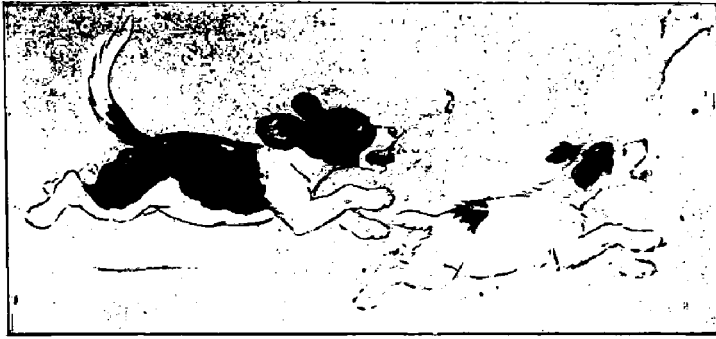
As I entered the studio, a large and charmingly ugly bull-dog rose on one side of the hearthrug to

greet me, with a spacious grin that ran round to the back of its neck, while something else of a canine nature began to uncurl itself on the other side, which, when fully unrolled, proved to be several fathoms of a remarkably fine Borzoi

hound. However, I am not nervous with dogs, and Mr. Aldin, as he afterwards remarked, never keeps a bad-tempered animal, so that we were all immediately on good terms. You know the picture, "Brighton Front," which represents a lady driving

tandem, well, the Borzoi is loping along beside the high cart, and, between ourselves, Mrs. Aldin is the original of the driver.

The member of his pack which attracted me most (sort of fellow-feeling, I suppose), was a wire-haired terrier—a grand old chap, "broken to ferrets," and keen as a knife on rabbiting.



"DOGS RUNNING"—FROM MR. ALDIN'S NURSERY WALL.



From a painting by

Cecil Aldin.

"THINGS LIKE THIS, YOU KNOW, MUST BE AFTER A FAMOUS VICTORY."



Photograph by

THE STUDIO.

Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

Mr. Aldin was at a farm, and the farmer was about to shoot this terrier "because he was such a confirmed poacher." But Mr. Aldin bought in the doggy for five shillings, and has had him now for nine years! He's a rare one in the country, but in town he is sluggish, and loves chiefly to lie in front of the great studio fire.

When in the country Mr. Aldin exercises his pack by means of his bicycle, but not much in town, although the bull-dog can run very well, and the Borzoi, of course, gets over the ground in fine style. A year or two ago, Mr. Aldin had a small monkey, which used to ride on his handle-bar. What with the dogs and the monkey, his rides were quite of a family-party nature. He gave the monkey to the Zoo after a few months.

Mr. Aldin has cycled during several holidays on the Continent, at Bruges, and elsewhere; but he never takes his own machine, as he believes that unless one is making a tour it is more satisfactory to hire, and save one's cherished mount from those children of wrath—the railway servants. As he does not go in much for landscape drawing, he seldom uses his machine for the purposes of his art. He is very versatile in his work, and has tried with much success practically all branches of drawing and painting. He

began by sketching animals—dogs and horses at shows, and similar objects—and, being successful with them, turned his attention to figure subjects. Latterly, he has been doing a great deal of book and magazine illustration, as well as a considerable amount of poster work, which he finds very fascinating.

By way of filling up the time, Mr. Aldin showed me a cool letter—quite one of the coolest, I should

think, an artist ever received:

DEAR SIR,—I am writing to ask you whether you have any objection to falling in with what I am about to propose. I have noticed in some of the illustrated papers that you have furnished the editor with sketches of dogs in various attitudes, as, for instance, the series which appeared in the *Sketch* a short time back. I go in for pen-and-ink work, but am not able to do any original drawings. Now, if you would allow me to make copies of your work, I think we might turn it to some advantage. I have sketched the series aforesaid, put them into a frame with a special border round



ROUGH-COATED BASSETT HOUND—THE PROPERTY OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.



AN AFGHAN HOUND.

if not asking too much, then I could show you a copy of the sketches, which would give you a very good idea as to how I get them up, and we might then arrange for future business, if you feel so inclined.—Yours faithfully,

Needless to say, Mr. Aldin did not "arrange to call on" this very cool correspondent.

Thinking my readers might like to hear how a black-and-white artist (especially a very busy one) gets through his work, before taking my departure to Turnham Green station, *en route* for Burleigh Street, I tackled Mr. Aldin on the subject.

"Now," said I, "suppose you describe your day's work for the benefit of my crew. Begin at the beginning, please."

"All right. Rising early in the morning, I proceed to light the——"

"Steady on! How early?"

"'Bout eight."

"Yes—you proceed to light the fire?"

"Fire? I didn't say 'fire.' No, gas—light the gas. Having lit the gas, I shave——"

"My *dear* sir, spare us these details, *pray*! We will grant you have shaved, dressed, and breakfasted. Then?"

"I go to my studio——"

"Quite so. Yes—seize your brush and pen, smooth out your board, or canvas, and work like a——"

"One moment, my dear sir. Do you think I am a machine to be turned on at nine in the



WHERE MR. ALDIN WORKS.

each of my own design, and presented it to my father as a birthday present. The man I took it to to be framed asked me whether I could do any more, so I told him I would first of all find out your address, and communicate with you before attempting such a thing. He tells me he thinks they would sell well, especially at this time of the year. What per cent. would you want if you agree to my proposal? The picture-framer says he would want 10 per cent. which seems rather a lot, as, if he sold the picture, the buyer, in all probability, would have the picture framed at his shop, which should almost pay him. If you could arrange to call on me,



THE STUFFED HORSE—MASTER ALDIN UP.

morning and off at nine at night? No, no! On reaching the studio I sit down in front of the fire and read the paper."

"Ah!—like to keep level with the war news.

Excellent! Having spent an hour with the paper, you say to yourself, '*Work!*' fling the paper down, and go to your easel."

"Not at all. I light a pipe."

"Of course you light a pipe. I gave that in. But, having lit your pipe, you—you——"

"Take my doggies for a stroll to Hammersmith and back, along the towing-path."

"Ah!—very healthy. On getting home you go straight to your studio, and commence——"

"No; by the time I reach home I generally find lunch waiting. I have lunch, and then——"

"Ah, I see now! Don't work till the after-

noon. Go on! Having finished lunch, you go to your studio, and——"

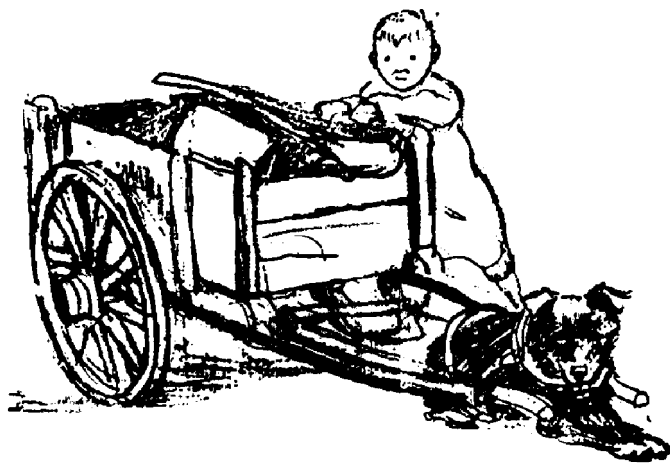
"Sit down by the fire."

I mopped my brow. When was the work going to begin?

"Yes," I said meekly. "To think over your work, I presume?"

"No fear. I sit down by the fire and go to sleep."

I gazed round the room—pictures, pictures, pictures. I knew Mr. Aldin's work is always in request, and *always done up to time*. When, then, did he work? I asked myself. This not



A SKETCH IN BRUGES.

proving much use, I asked *him*.

"Having taken your afternoon nap, Mr. Aldin. I presume you seat yourself before your easel and——"

"Then I have a pipe," said Mr. Aldin.

"Yes, yes. Let that be understood. Pass over the pipe."

"But I *won't* pass over it. I light it."

"And then——"

"Read the paper for a bit."

I gazed despairingly at the wax lady, at the stuffed horse, at the dogs. No good! *They* couldn't help me.

"When," said I, in a slow, hopeless way, "you have read the paper for a bit, you——"

"Have tea," was Mr. Aldin's prompt conclusion.

"Look here!" I cried. "Are you in earnest?"

"Yes — telling you how I work."

"Pray *tell* me how you work, then. Let us say you have had tea. The tray removed, you——"

"Take my doggies for a walk to Chiswick or Barnes. Tell you an anecdote about Barnes. Once upon a time——"

"Hold!" I cried. "Is this how you work? Pray be serious. On returning from your walk, you——"

"Dine!"

"And after dinner?"

"Sit down by the fire——"

"Yes; and——"

"Light my pipe."

I rose from my chair gravely and sternly. I laid my hand on his shoulder. I looked him in the eye. Then, in deep, troubled tones, I said:

"And after you have lighted your pipe——"

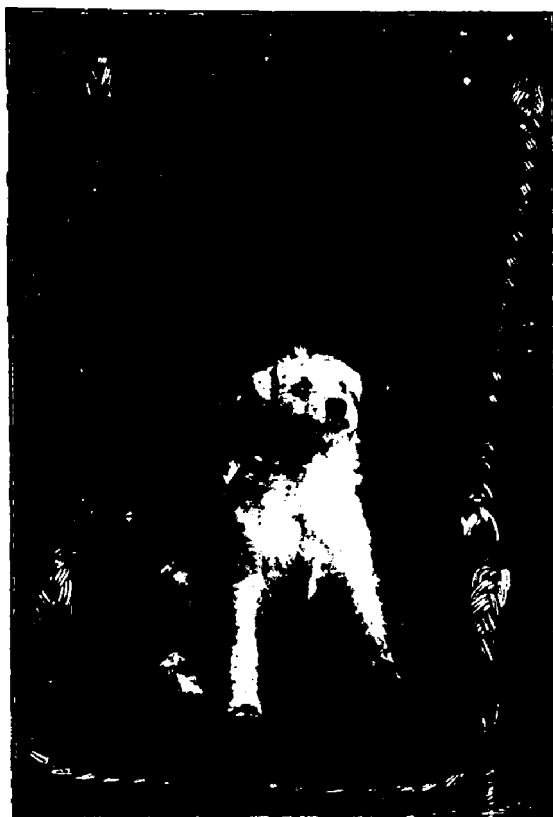
"I read the paper for a bit."

No good, you see. He wouldn't tell me when or how he worked. I put on my over-



Drawn by a Somali.

A PORTRAIT OF MR. CECIL ALDIN.



A photograph by

Cco. Newnes, Ltd.

A CONFIRMED POACHER.

coat and hat, seized my umbrella, and, casting one furious look at him, departed.

As I strode towards the door, he—yes—sat down by the fire, lit his pipe, and began to read the paper for a bit!



MR. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR'S FAVOURITE COMPANION.

# THE PERIL OF TWO.

A Game and a Fight.

BY GEORGE G. FARQUHAR.



IT WAS only a scratch match, but that it called forth great interest was apparent from the many excited spectators assembled to witness it.

All Manley House knew that Paul Gwynne and Frank Beeston were to captain the opposing teams, and all Manley House also knew that whenever these champions made their appearance in the football field, smart play was sure to be the order of the day.

"Gwynne's fifteen will win," opined young Vereby—Manley House played the "Rugger" game—"that's a certainty."

"Don't be too cock-sure," bluntly put in his companion. "Beeston's the best three-quarter back in the whole school, and if his forwards only hold their own in the 'scrum,' the other side won't have a look in."

"Pooh, my dear fellow! Gwynne's as fast a man, every bit; and I've no doubt he'll tell his men to keep the ball tight, so as to make the most of their extra weight. But here they come. Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Both Paul and Frank were great favourites in the school, not because of their intellectual attainments—to tell truth, neither shone very brightly from a master's point of view—but on account of their redoubtable prowess in all sports. Beyond that we are not prepared to go, holding the opinion that he would indeed be a prejudiced judge who awarded the palm of superiority to either.

But the ball is in motion, kicked off by Johnson Major. Beeston's full-back returned it with a long drop into touch, and the first scrimmage took place near the half-way flag. For the next few minutes the game was slow; to the intense chagrin of the onlookers, scrimmage succeeded scrimmage with monotonous regularity. Just before half-time, however, Gwynne

managed to get hold of the ball; there seemed no stopping him; amid deafening cheers from his admirers he raced along, close to the touch-line, at his topmost speed.

"Bravo, Paul!" shouted the enthusiastic Vereby. "Hand 'em off! That's the way. Look there, Howard. See him scud! Bravo, bravo!"

His tone changed to a disgustful howl when Paul, almost on the goal-line, was collared and brought to grass by two of Beeston's men.

In the scrimmage that ensued the superior weight of Beeston's forwards was strikingly apparent. Getting their heads well down, they pushed like niggers, carrying the ball with them, and compelling the opposing eight to give ground, inch by inch, until the game was worked back almost to the "25" flag before the serried mass broke up again into the "loose." From both sides of the enclosure the eager spectators showered ironic comments and gratuitous advice.

"Stick to it, Bees! Shove 'em off the earth! That's the style! Played—played, Bees!" cried one section of the crowd.

"Now then, Gwynnes, hold up! Tuck your head in, there, you Rodgers! Don't shirk 'em, man! Hi, use your feet—give it boot!" chorussed the other.

"Give it grandmothers!" Howard put in sarcastically. "Let me tell you Gwynne's crew doesn't stand a dog's chance in this show——"

"Don't they—don't they, though?" Vereby chipped in, his voice rising into a shrill cheer. "Look at that! Just you see that, old chap—and weep!"

Howard's jaw fell. "That" had been a particularly brilliant bit of play on Paul Gwynne's part, wholly redeeming the non-success of his former effort.

After being kicked aimlessly hither and thither in the "loose scrum," the ball at length went bounding over the field towards Gwynne, the right wing three-quarter. Darting forward, he picked it up neatly, and started for another run. But Beeston was already speeding in his direction, bent on collaring him, and so preventing the threatened attempt to cross the goal-line. The watchers, breathless with in-



terest, strained their eyes to see what would happen when these two redoubtable champions met in full career. What actually did happen, however, came with the unexpectedness of a surprise to them all. Probably feeling that his chances of passing Beeston were small indeed, Gwynne suddenly slackened his pace, glanced swiftly aside at the goal-posts—and the next moment the ball was sailing through the air, and over the cross-bar!

It was the cleanest and prettiest dropped goal ever kicked in Manley Meadows.

Young Vereby was in the seventh heaven of delight. He spun round like a dancing Dervish, snapping his fingers, crowing and gloating in exuberant glee.

"Grand—glorious!" ejaculated he, in high-pitched tones. "Gwynne for ever! Good old Gwynne!"

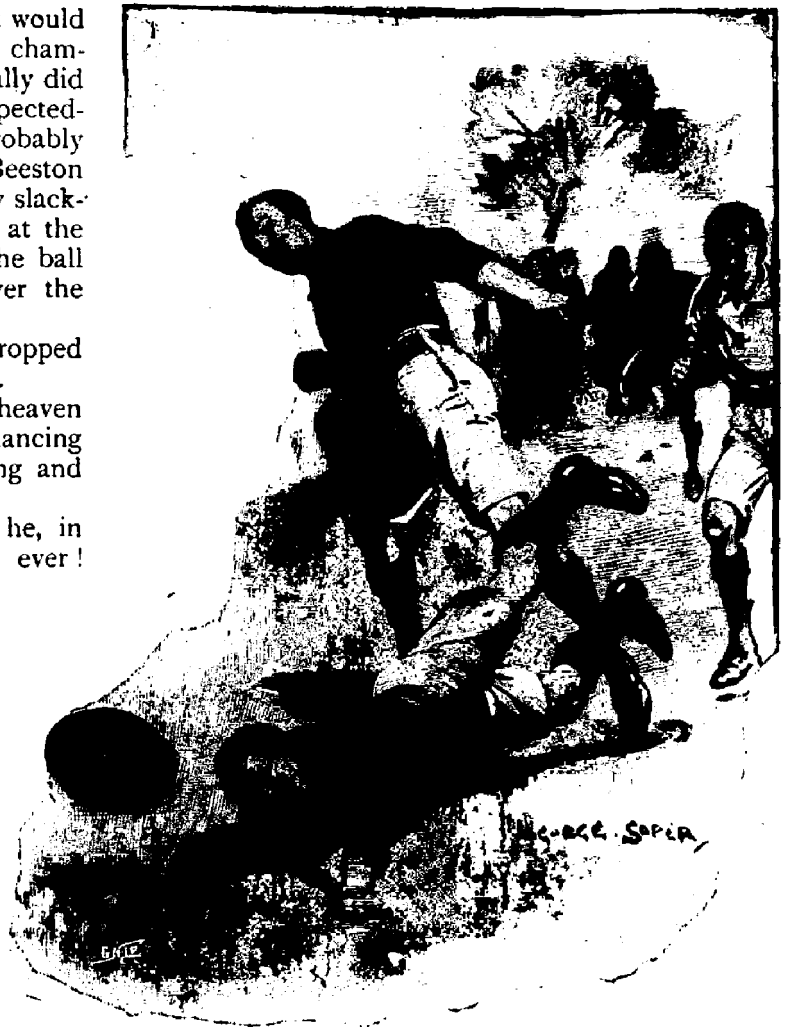
Even Beeston's partisans, to their credit be it recorded, could not refrain from joining in the shouts of admiration which the feat had called forth. As keen enthusiasts in a noble game, they knew both what clever play was and how to appreciate it to the utmost.

When the ball was again set going, Beeston and his men shaped themselves to retrieve their fallen fortunes. Grim and earnest, they pushed, ran, and tackled in manful fashion; but, although they rushed the ball more than once into close proximity to the enemy's goal, they always failed to cross the line. If the attack was dogged and protracted, the defence was equally stubborn and unrelenting.

At half-time the teams changed over with the score unaltered—a dropped goal, or four points, to nil.

But the run of the day was in the second half. From a series of neat passes, following a "line-out," Beeston himself secured the leather, and, spurting past the opposing forwards, dashed at full tilt towards the goal. Only Gwynne and the full back, or goal-keeper, were now in front of him; if he could elude Paul, Frank would assuredly succeed in grounding the ball behind the posts, and so obtain the coveted "try."

The distance between them decreased rapidly. With set and resolute face Paul prepared to tackle the advancing man. When within half-a-dozen yards of his opponent, Frank made a feint of dodging, quickly resuming his original course as Paul swerved aside to circumvent the seeming ruse.



PAUL MADE A SWIFT DASH FORWARD, AND APPARENTLY LOSING HIS BALANCE, THRUST OUT HIS LEG.

"He's missed him—he's missed him!" yelled the spectators, excitedly.

Instantly their voices were hushed. With blanched faces they looked at each other in silence. Just as Frank seemed to get clear away from his adversary, Paul made a swift dash forward, and, apparently losing his balance, thrust out his leg. Stumbling over it, Frank fell heavily to the ground. He lay there quite still, never attempting to move, and when he was assisted to his feet it was seen that his left arm hung limply by his side. He had to be carried from the field, and the match thus came to an abrupt conclusion.

"I don't like to think so, but it looked to me very much like a beastly, intentional foul," said young Howard as they walked away.

"Not it!" returned the other indignantly. "He fell—that was plain enough. And Beeston wouldn't have got through in any case; there was still the full back to pass."



REVOLVERS IN HAND, THEY STOOD THERE, BACK TO BACK, FEARLESSLY  
AWAITING THE END.

"Rot! Beeston would have got round him as easily as—as—I should get round a lemon cheese-cake," which feat, unless the speaker's reputation belied him, would have been no very difficult task.

Frank's injuries, happily, were not so serious as at first was feared. In a few days he appeared to be right as ever, but it was noticed by divers of his companions that the intercourse between him and Paul—never, perhaps, of the most cordial nature—ceased altogether from that time forth. How long this strained relationship could have lasted without an open rupture, cannot be known, for not many weeks afterwards, financial difficulties overtaking his father, Frank

was withdrawn from the school.

And now we must skip a few years, and change the scene of our narrative.

The 29th Royals were stationed at Jutapoor, in the north of India, at the time of the rising of the Chul hill tribes. This rising led to one of those British "wars in miniature," which awaken little interest in the newspaper-reading public. Upon the military police and a detachment of the 29th devolved the duty of quelling the disturbance, the whole column being placed under the command of Colonel Forster.

The expedition had been out some weeks, when Lieutenant Gwynne, in charge of a foraging party, started out from the camp. Among the members of the party chosen for this duty, Private Beeston was numbered. Although the lieutenant had been gazetted to the regiment a couple of months before it left England, no signs of recognition had passed between him and his former school-fellow. Wealth and opportunity had made one an officer; adversity had compelled the other to enlist in the ranks.

After several slight skirmishes in the neighbourhood of Taison and William's Peak, the rebels seemed to lose all stomach for further fight.

They had evidently taken to the hill-fastnesses to the north. That, at least, was the fixed impression in the mind of Colonel Forster. Accordingly, Lieutenant Gwynne adopted little precaution in approaching and entering the deserted villages, and his confidence was so far justified that not a solitary straggling Chul had been seen by any of the men under his leadership.

The little band reached the Guluk Hollow on the return march without having experienced any mishap. Two hours previously they had defiled through the narrow valley on the outward journey, and as they now entered it, the same deathlike stillness seemed to hover over

the place. But when they had traversed half the hollow the silence was suddenly broken.

Wild yells resounded from the adjoining slopes. The mountain sides were quickly alive with fierce hill-men, and the ping-ping of bullets from long-barrelled flint-locks startled the ears of the unwary cavalry. They were caught in an ambush!

Against such overwhelming odds it would have been madness to contend. The handful of soldiers, however good an account they might have rendered of themselves, would inevitably have been annihilated. Only one course was open to them.

"For your lives, men!" cried the lieutenant, at the top of his voice. "To the plain, to the plain!"

*Sauve qui peut!* Helter-skelter they went, over bush and boulder, at a breakneck gallop. All but one. Frank Beeston's horse, struck by a bullet in the flank, staggered and fell, throwing its rider awkwardly to the earth. Frank had been in the rear of the diminutive force, and the incident, unnoticed by his comrades, did not check their flight. Lieutenant Gwynne alone saw his subordinate's predicament.

For a second, no longer, the subaltern appeared to hesitate. Then, wheeling round his horse, he rode back to where Frank, half stunned, had struggled to his feet.

"Get up behind me, Beeston," he said, quietly. "My horse can easily carry us both. Give me your hand."

"Go on, go on!" replied Frank, in husky tones. "Don't stop for me. Your horse will be over-weighted. Ride for your life!"

"No," said the young officer, leaping lightly to the ground. "Come, let me help you upon his back. Either both of us or neither shall be——"

As Paul spoke, the horse twitched the bridle from his grasp with a toss of its head, and, emitting a snort of terror, started off at full speed after the fast-disappearing troopers.

"It is to be neither," said Gwynne calmly.

Putting out his hand he added slowly:—

"Frank, we were friends once."

"And we are friends at the last," replied Frank, feelingly, as their hands met. "The old school cry, Paul—you remember it?"

Above the clamour of the savage horde of advancing hillmen there rang out the hoarse shout of these two lusty voices:—

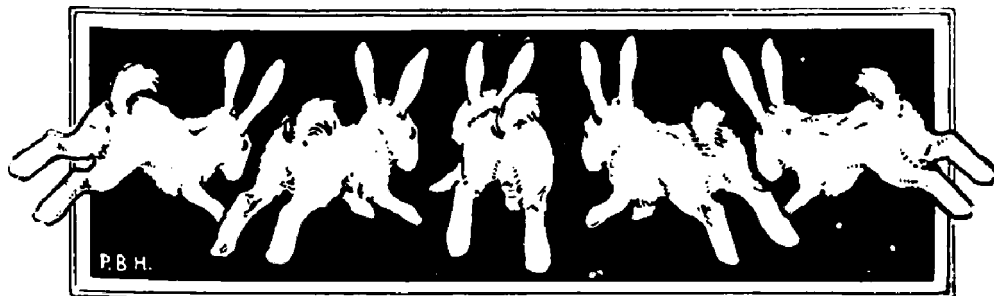
*"Crescat Manleia, crescat Manleia!"*

Revolvers in hand, they stood there, back to back, fearlessly awaiting the end.

Suddenly, from the mouth of the defile, sounded a loud clatter of oncoming hoofs; it was answered by a wild huzza from the heights, above which now appeared the khaki uniforms of the 29th. The Chuls, surprised in turn, out-manœuvred at their own game, turned tail and scattered like stricken deer up the pass.

It befell that, an hour or so after Lieutenant Gwynne's departure from the camp, a friendly hillman had arrived there with news of the Chul gathering. Acting upon this intelligence, Colonel Forster had posted a strong body of his forces at the lower outlet of the valley, while the major portion was sent, necessarily by a long détour, to occupy the plateau behind and above it.

The pell-mell retreat of Lieutenant Gwynne's party had forced the colonel's hand, causing him to hasten forward the charge. And it was to this opportune attack that Paul and Frank—sworn comrades from that day—owed the preservation of their lives.



# GLORY.

CANNON to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them,  
Volleyed and thundered;  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
They that had fought so well  
Came through the jaws of death,  
Back from the mouth of hell,  
All that was left of them—  
Left of six hundred.  
When can their glory fade?  
Oh! the wild charge they made!  
All the world wondered.  
Honour the charge they made!  
Honour the Light Brigade!  
Noble six hundred!

TENNYSON.

.. ..

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;  
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—  
But we left him alone with his glory.

WOLFE.

.. ..

Who pants for glory finds but short repose,  
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.

POPE.

.. ..

Real glory  
Springs from the silent conquest of ourselves;  
And without that the conqueror is nought,  
But the first slave.

THOMSON.

.. ..

Oh, what a glory doth this world put on  
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth  
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks  
On duties well performed, and days well spent!

LONGFELLOW.

.. ..

When our souls shall leave this dwelling,  
The glory of one fair and virtuous action,  
Is above all the scutcheons on our tomb,  
Or silken banners over us.

SHIRLEY.

.. ..

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour—  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

GRAY.

Glory is like a circle in the water,  
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,  
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.

SHAKESPEARE.

.. ..

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,  
The farmer ploughs the manor;  
But glory is the soldier's prize;  
The soldier's wealth is honour.  
The brave, poor soldier ne'er despise,  
Nor count him as a stranger,  
Remember he's his country's stay  
In day and hour o' danger.

ROBERT BURNS.

.. ..

And glory long has made the sages smile;  
'Tis something, nothing, words, illusion,  
wind—

Depending more upon the historian's style  
Than on the name a person leaves behind.

BYRON.

.. ..

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride  
Once so faithful and so true.  
On the deck of fame they died,  
With the gallant, good Riou;  
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave,  
While the billow mournful rolls,  
And the mermaid's song condoles,  
Singing glory to the souls  
Of the brave!

CAMPBELL.

.. ..

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye  
lift up, ye everlasting doors: and the King  
of Glory shall come in.

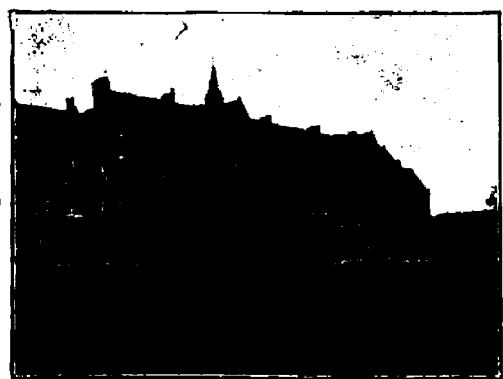
Who is the King of Glory: it is the Lord  
strong and mighty, even the Lord mighty in  
battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye  
lift up, ye everlasting doors: and the King  
of Glory shall come in.

Who is the King of Glory: even the Lord  
of Hosts, He is the King of Glory.

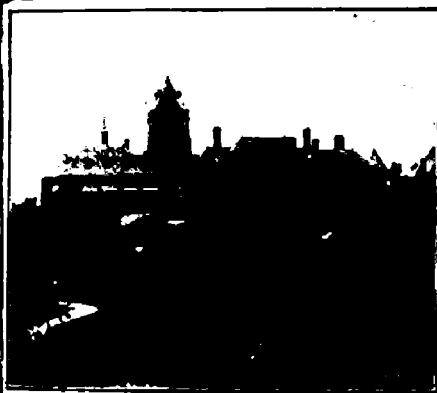
PSALM XXIV., 7-10.

# SOME ENGLISH GRAMMAR SCHOOLS

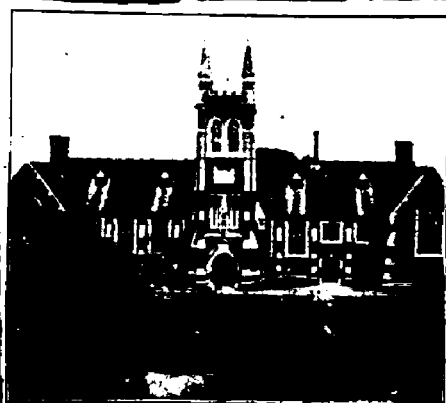


PERSE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE

BEDFORD

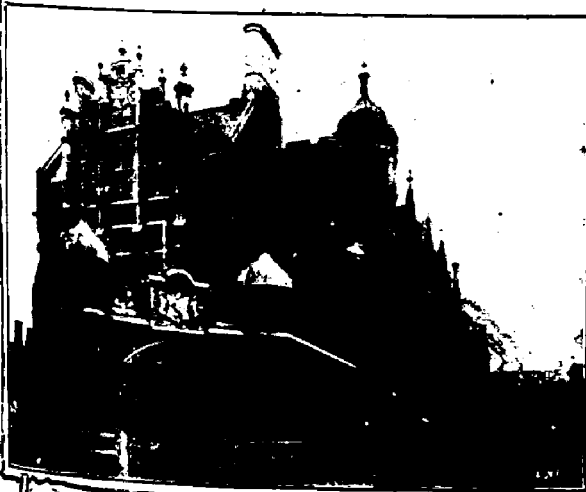


DARLINGTON



WHITGIFT GRAMMAR SCHOOL

FROM  
PHOTOGRAPHS  
by READERS  
OF THE  
CAPTAIN



MONMOUTH



BLACKBURN

# THE NEW GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.—V.

By W W MAYLAND.

Illustrated from Photographs by Alfred Johnson

I CAN tell you, it was most ignominious. I felt such a kid, you see. At breakfast, on the

following morning, my huge captress (feminine of "captor") took a positively childish delight in treating me as a *dolly* sort of thing that you buy in the Lowther Arcade. She pinched me to see if I would squeak, and pulled my coat to make me say "papa," and "nanima."

For a giantess she was, as you

may imagine, very skittish and playful.

After a time she thought it would be a good

idea to give me something to eat, so she sat me down on a rolled-up table-napkin (*I—who had re-*

cently *paddled* out as far as the Eddystone) and made me sip tea, and nibble bread-and-butter (such a mountainous loaf she had—I could *hide* behind it!) and eat egg out of a spoon.

Then, when she thought I had had enough, she picked me up and *kissed* me! Of course, I struggled and fought with

her, but what was *my* puny strength compared with that of a giantess?



EGG OUT OF A SPOON.



SHE PUT ME TO BED.

"Now," she said, assuming a way of talking which people suppose to be popular with babies, "oo must go to by-bye. Ickle fing tum with me, dear ickie fing!"

*And again she kissed me!*

I resented her attentions to the best of my ability, but when I really managed to hurt her she just smacked me—and that was still more ignominious (for a grown man) to put up with.

To be brief, she put me to bed, taking a confounded wax doll (several sizes bigger than me) out of its cradle to make room for me.

But this was all child's play (gigantic child's play) compared with what was to come. After I had enjoyed a nice nap (and I wanted it, I cantell you) my torturess (femine of "torturer") carried me out into the garden and bade me drag a little wagon containing absurd, silly-looking dolls—*such* sticks! But they were all almost as big as I was. One of them sat on the shafts, and one behind, and the other two stood up in the vehicle, staring at nothing in a particularly idiotic way. I played the game of doll-drag for several hours. My giantess was inexorable. She kept me at it; I felt like a galley-slave on dry land. If you look at the picture, you will notice what a resigned, dog-like look I have on my face. I felt like it, too. When I showed signs of flagging, my torturess got a little

switch and applied it to my legs in a most barbarous manner—made them sore for *weeks* afterwards. It's wonderful what a little it takes to amuse a torturess. She just sat on a bit of stone and watched me drag those wretched dolls about *all* the afternoon. She was eating peppermints all the time, and didn't give me *one*. I thought it was very mean of her.

However, all things have an end (I comforted myself with this reflection every time she switched me) and when tea drew near she caught me up and took me indoors. It grew dark soon after tea, so my torturess had to amuse herself as best she could in the house. A happy idea soon flashed across her mind, and she chuckled. Then I knew I was in for *more* merriment. I was. Picking me up by my coat-collar (as if I had been a feather) the giantess took me into an apartment that seemed to me quite as big as the British Museum—only damper. Having turned on the bath she got out a sailing-



I PLAYED THE GAME OF DOLL-DRAG FOR SEVERAL HOURS.

boat, placed me in the stern with a "stern" (ha ha!) injunction that I was to look after the sail, and set us both adrift.

It was a very anxious time. Had I fallen overboard I should certainly have been drowned, so I held on to the rope like grim death, while my torturess, with a fan, supplied a perfect gale of wind that sent the boat skimming over the surface of the bath-ocean like one o'clock (or

any o'clock you like). No doubt she derived great amusement from this pastime, but I was in a dreadful state all the time, fearing that the boat would tip over. I flatter myself that I showed no lack of courage. I sat in the stern, clutching the rope and wearing an expression of resigned melancholy. In all my life, never before had I been dumped into such an abject position of servitude.

In addition to all this I was dying for a smoke—I would have readily sacrificed the remainder of my sailing-trip for a pipeful of

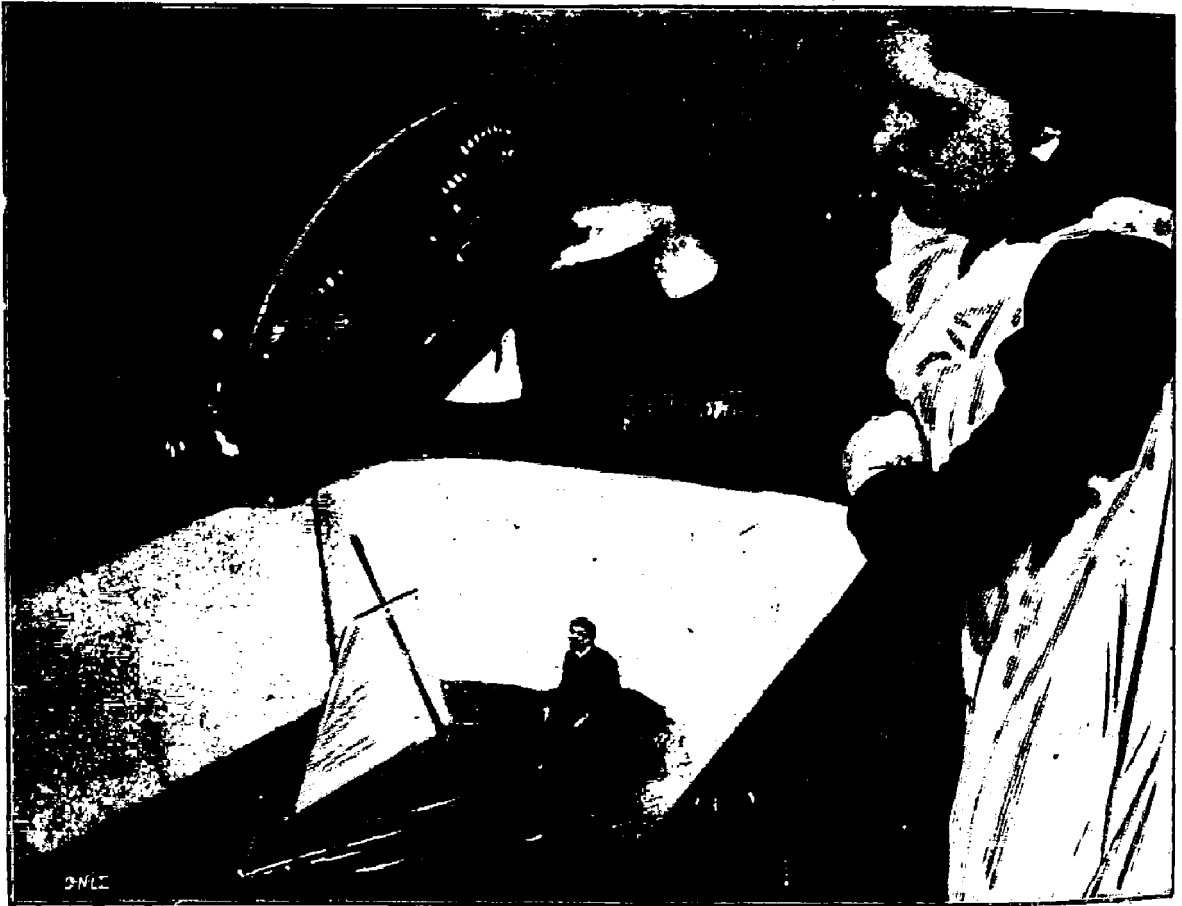
and started a conversation in what seemed to me not so much a high tone as the roar of a hundred-ton gun.

"What have you done with Mr. Gulliver?" demanded giantess No. 2.

"Oh, nursie," cried my torturess, sobbing and wringing her hands, "he's drowned!"

"Drowned!" shouted the other, appalled at this information.

"Mortally drowned," returned my torturess, rushing out of the bath-room, and leaving me to my liquid fate.



HAD I FALLEN OVERBOARD I SHOULD CERTAINLY HAVE BEEN DROWNED.

tobacco. My torturess didn't seem to think of this, however. She just fanned away, crowing with delight, and the little boat skimmed over the surface of the bath-water like a live thing. (I believe that is the usual yachting expression to apply to a boat that goes at a good rate.)

Once the boat did tip over. I fell into the icy depths of the bath. I was at my last gasp when a tremendous giantess (several times larger than the young lady who had turned me into a plaything) rushed into the bath-room

But giantess No. 2 tenderly fished me out of the bath (calling me "sir" all the time) and put me before a fire to dry; and when I was dry she wrapped me round with paper, and secured me with long pieces of ribbon, and tied a label on to me, and took me to the post office and registered me. And lo! (have any of you ever experienced such a thing?) I went back to London as a registered letter, and was delivered to my mother by the eight o'clock postman.

Of course, they were all very glad to see me,



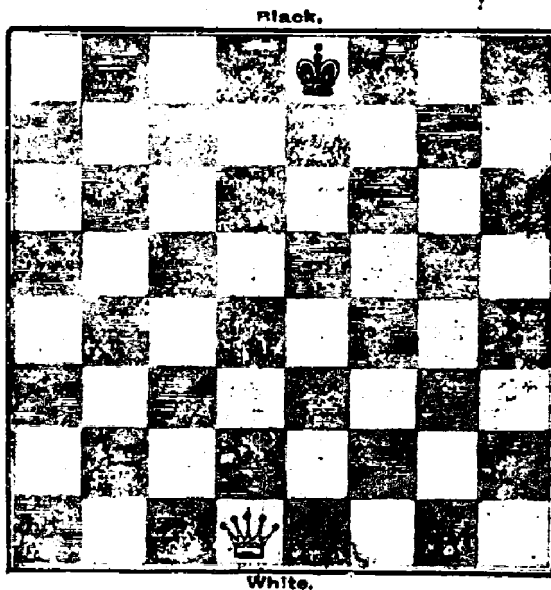
but they were amazed at my *smallness*. They asked doctors about me, and the doctors all diagnosed my complaint (silly old owls!), and

all prescribed different medicines for me. So between them I had a very poor time of it; I assure you.



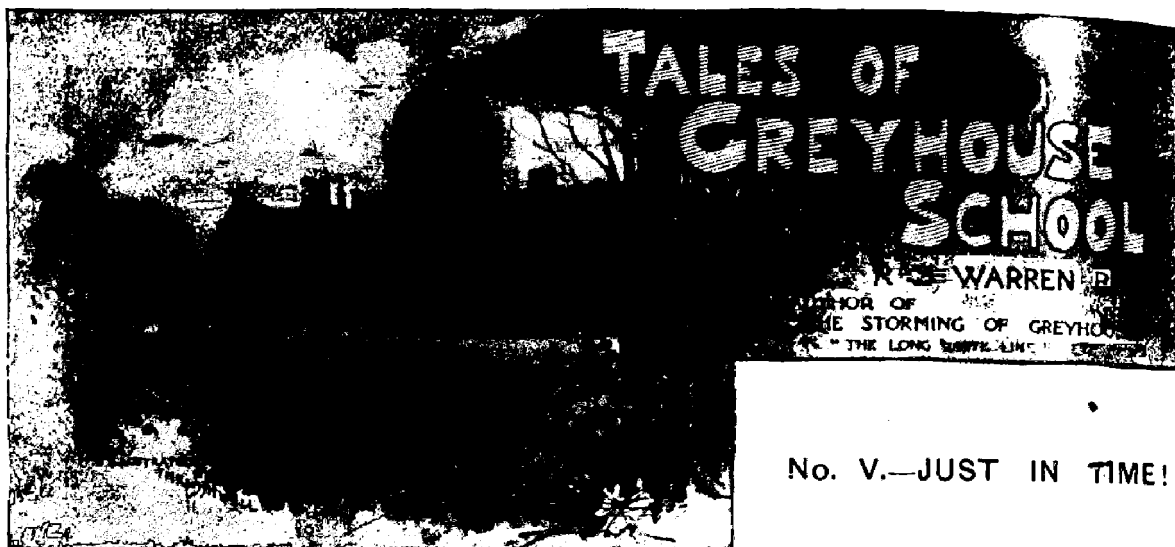
I WENT BACK TO LONDON AS A REGISTERED LETTER.

*(To be concluded.)*



CHess PROBLEM FOR FEBRUARY.

*For full particulars see Competition Page (506).*



No. V.—JUST IN TIME!



HONOURABLE FITZCLARENCE DEWBERRY was a very well-to-do young gentleman, and fond of letting people know it. In addition to a generous supply of pocket-money, he appeared to

possess a number of relatives who seemed eternally anxious to heap gifts upon him. He owned rings, scarf-pins, studs, shirt-links, and other valuable articles, and in addition a massive gold watch and chain.

It was a pity that the Honourable FitzClarence Dewberry, having so much that was worth money in his pockets, did not keep a stricter eye upon that much. Anyhow, whilst he was engaged in a game of football one afternoon in the Lent term, the gold watch and chain I have spoken of were stolen from the waistcoat in which he left them. The theft was committed in the changing-room.

Needless to say, the Honourable FitzClarence Dewberry was greatly perturbed by this loss, for the watch was a curious and quaint one, having descended to him from a bachelor uncle. Mr. Dewberry caused inquiries to be made, and offered a reward on the notice board, and bemoaned his loss in the Fifth Form room at great length. I regret to say that nobody felt at all sorry about the watch.

A fortnight later, whilst Mr. Dewberry was strolling aimlessly through the town of Peter-shall—whence, you will perhaps remember, proceeded the stormers who did not succeed in storming Greyhouse—he happened to halt before the window of one Moses, a jeweller,

and observed, exposed for sale amid a variety of other goods, his gold watch. He knew it, as he afterwards explained to the bored Fifth, by its rum old face.

He went in. One Moses, recognising the Greyhouse cap, was all bows and smiles.

"Here, I say, you know," began Mr. Dewberry, "that's my watch you've got in your window, you know."

One Moses saw that this was not a purchaser, so his manner changed.

"What d'yer mean?" he demanded, roughly.

"I want my watch," explained Dewberry, "it's in your window. It was stolen from me."

One Moses now grew very angry.

"Stolen! Get out with you. Nothing here's been stolen. The watch you mention was sold to me by a very rethpectable young gentleman, who knew how to keep a civil tongue in his head."

"Tongue be hanged!" shouted Mr. Dewberry, whose choler was rising. "I tell you that curious-looking gold watch in your window *is mine*; and before it was mine it was my uncle's, Lord Tanhurst's; and before it was his—"

"Look here," interrupted the jeweller, "let's come to business. You're a Greyhouse school-boy, ain't you?"

"I belong to Greyhouse School—yes," was Dewberry's way of putting it.

"Very well, then. You go back to your school, and tell your master that your watch is in my shop window, and that it was sold to me by one of his pupils—feller wearing the same cap as you—name of Wardour."

"Wardour!"

Dewberry fairly gasped in his astonishment. "Ah!" cried one Moses, "you knows the



"I TELL YOU THAT CURIOUS-LOOKING WATCH IN YOUR WINDOW *is mine!*"

name, then? Yes—Wardour. I was out, but he sold the watch to my assistant for six pound ten."

"It's worth fifty guineas!" exclaimed Mr. Dewberry.

"I daresay it is," returned the jeweller; "but

you can have it back for seven pound. My boy fancied the young gent must have been a bit hard up, and would come and buy it back; but he didn't, so I put it in the window."

Dewberry gaped at the jeweller, and the jeweller smiled.

"You can have it for seven pound," repeated Moses. "That's ten shillings for our trouble."

"I hav'n't seven pounds on me. But keep it till to-morrow, will you?"

"I'll save it for you," said one Moses, suavely.

Dewberry went out in a sort of trance. "*Wardour!* Impossible!"

He got back to Greyhouse somehow, and at once repaired to the captain's study and told him his tale.

"Of course," concluded Dewberry, "I don't suppose for a moment, Wardour, that you —"

"Of course not," said Wardour. "The jeweller has fudged up the tale. However, I'll go over with you on Monday and make him prove his words."

Dewberry being a weak, indiscreet youth, babbled to the weary Fifth about the event of the afternoon, and soon the story was public property. Nobody credited a word of it. There are ill-natured fellows in every school, and a conscientious captain can't be popular with everybody, and so here and there remarks were let drop concerning Wardour's poverty, and that this year he was being paid for by an old friend of his father's, and all that sort of thing. No decent chap attached any importance to such mutterings; even the fellows who were not well disposed towards Wardour did not believe in their hearts that he was capable of stealing anything (though they admitted that he was capable of administering a jolly good licking when he had a mind to!)

However, the excitement increased when it was babbled forth by Dewberry (who couldn't keep anything in), that he and Wardour had visited the jeweller's shop together, and that Wardour had been confronted by the jeweller's assistant, who swore that Wardour had sold him the watch.

Never the most placid of individuals, Wardour fairly boiled over when the shift-eyed assistant calmly told this tale, and had there not been a counter intervening, it would have gone hard with that assistant.

One Moses merely shrugged his shoulders.

"You see how it stands, gentlemen," he said. "If a common man had brought me that watch, I should probably have communicated with the police; but when a gentleman wearing the Greyhouse cap came in, my boy naturally took him to be 'all right,' and gave him what he thought was fair for the ticker."

Dewberry was really a good-hearted fellow, and he interfered at this juncture in what was (for him) a very business-like way.

"Well, now, look here, *you*," he said, casting a withering glance at the jeweller's assistant, "I don't believe a word of your story, but it's my

watch, and as Mr. Moses says he'll let it go for seven pounds—well, here's the money. There—that ends the matter."

Thus the watch got back to its rightful owner and the two Greys left the shop.

"I must give you that seven pounds, Dewberry," said Wardour.

"Not at all, old man."

"Oh, but I must. I insist. That miserable little beast of an assistant swears that I sold him the watch, and the worst of it is that on the day he mentions, I *was* in Petershall, and must have been passing the shop even about the time he says I called. Yes, I'll refund you that seven quid, Dewberry."

Dewberry again said: "Not at all," and wouldn't hear of it.

"As you know," said Wardour, rather bitterly, "I'm never very flush, but I'll write to my gov'nor for the cash to-night."

And in spite of poor Mr. Dewberry's protestations, Wardour wrote for the money, and paid it over to him.

"Look here," said Dewberry, gazing disconsolately at the seven sovereigns, "I'll put these in my desk, and I'll get to the bottom of this matter, and when the real thief's found, I'll pay the money back to you—you'll agree to that, eh?"

"Yes, I'll agree to that," said Wardour, readily enough.

## II.

THE HONOURABLE FITZCLARENCE DEWBERRY was a man of means, as I have said, and so he went to the Head and asked if he might put the affair into a detective's hands.

The Head, needless to say, was greatly disturbed by the news which Dewberry brought to him.

"This is a very serious matter," he said. "I, like you, cannot believe for a single moment that Wardour had anything whatever to do with the watch. Somebody resembling him must have sold the watch, and given up the name of Wardour, of Greyhouse School. It is really very awkward. I cannot allow you to employ a detective—it would never do. These mysteries can generally be solved without professional assistance. At present leave the matter to me, Dewberry, and—yes, tell Wardour that I would like to see him. Pray don't mention this conversation to your schoolfellows."

But Dewberry couldn't hold his tongue, and everybody knew all about the interview by evening chapel. Many were the curious glances cast at Wardour as he walked to his seat at the head of the Sixth. Nobody believed he had

taken the watch, and yet — how came the jeweller's assistant to make such a statement?

To be brief, the Head spared no pains in his endeavour to find the thief. He called on the jeweller, and cross-examined the jeweller's assistant (whose name was Cable) and, in short, did everything in his power to clear Wardour. But the youth, Cable, stuck to his story. Wardour, and no other than Wardour, had sold him that watch, he declared. Matters were at a deadlock—when, lo! going into the changing room to fetch Wardour's sweater, one Saturday afternoon, Sir Billy came plump on Mike Smith, the general odd-job boy of the school, calmly rifling the pockets of Hallam's coat.

Mike was an eel-like person, wiry as a cat, and strengthened by much hard work.

He and Sir Billy eyed one another for a moment, and then Sir Billy sprang forward to clutch him. Mike put out his foot, and Sir Billy stumbled over it. Before he could get up Mike was out of the room like a flash of lightning, and speeding across the playground. Sir Billy scrambled to his feet, and gave chase, shouting for all he was worth, and, as luck had it, who should come bolting through the quad but Parsnip, sent from the field by Wardour to hurry Sir Billy up.

"Here, where's that sweater, kid?" demanded Parsnip roughly.

"Come on! Catch him!" yelled Sir Billy, pointing wildly at the retreating Mike. "He's a thief—he——"

Parsnip tumbled to the situation with wonderful smartness (for him), and joined in the hunt. Mike dashed through the door leading to the main corridor, down this, out on to the broad stretch of gravel which fronted the school, cut down the drive, and jumped the hedge on the opposite side of the high road.

This was out of bounds for Sir Billy and Parsnip, but what recked they of such things? A few moments, and they were over the hedge, too, following hard on Mike, who was pelting across country like a hare, evidently heading for Petershall Common, a fine open sweep of moorland two miles away.

The chums began to flag long before Mike did, and Parsnip was puffing piteously.

However, they pegged away, and managed to keep the fugitive in view until he reached the common, when he became a speck, and finally disappeared in the distance.

The chums were not to be beaten, however, and kept on his tracks. Suddenly Sir Billy got an idea, and pulled up sharp to give it utterance. "I'll bet he hides in the ruins!"

He referred to Petershall Castle, a decayed collection of walls, turrets, and hollow-tooth-like

dungeons. What was left of this battered old place reared its hoary head skywards on the extreme edge of the moor. The two boys laboured on, and reached the spot just as the afternoon was beginning to fade into evening. They walked through the ruins, and peered round the ivy-clothed buttresses, but nothing did they see of Mike.

"Pooh! He's probably miles away from here," said Parsnip impatiently; "and, I say—what'll Wardour do to you for not bringing his sweater?"

They had stopped by what was once the Keep. Near by a huge, arch-shaped mass of masonry frowned upon them.

"Hush!" exclaimed Sir Billy. "What's that?"

Parsnip pricked up his ears.

"Someone coming up the steps. Here, let's hide among the ivy and watch him."

The two quickly stowed themselves away, and presently, with loud-beating hearts, observed the very object of their pursuit issue from the staircase of the Keep and creep along the arch.

The chums kept perfectly still, hardly venturing, indeed, to breathe. The boot-boy's acute senses told him that some foe was in his vicinity. His ferretty eyes shot a glance of keen suspicion at the mass of ivy at the foot of the castle wall, and just caught the white glint of Parsnip's collar.

That was enough for the thief. Quick as thought he was skimming for dear life up the pillar again. Directly the two Greys observed this change in Mike's tactics, they rushed from their place of concealment, and began to swarm up the arch after him. As chance had it, Sir Billy got off, as the term is, a foot or two in front of his chum, and began the ascent of the pillar first. Without a backward glance he writhed along the arch. Light as he was, the rotten structure trembled beneath his weight.

Parsnip was heavier than either the fugitive or Sir Billy, and not a quarter so active as either of them. Sir Billy climbed on, crossed the summit of the arch—the rottenest and most perilous portion—quite safely, and proceeded to pursue Mike.

He was close on his quarry when he heard a cry and a crash, then a thunder of masonry meeting the turf, and a great cloud of dust near ten centuries old.

The fugitive stopped and looked round, and this was the scene that met his eye.

The summit of the crumbling arch had given way, and Parsnip had only saved himself from certain death by desperately clutching a clump of ivy. He was thus suspended in mid air, unable to raise himself or grip any part of the

stone-work with his feet. There he hung, the height of a high house from the ground, swaying backwards and forwards, his life depending on the strength of the roots to which he was clinging.

Sir Billy took in all the details at a glance, as people do when placed in such predicaments.

Parsnip was hanging on that side of the chasm which adhered to the castle wall. In order to assist him, then, Sir Billy saw that he must reach that side, too, and at once! *He must jump the yawning gap which separated them.*

"Yah!" yelled Mike, who had paused to watch events, "yer daren't!"

Sir Billy took no notice of of him.

"You'll tumble," was the rascal's encouraging remark; "you'd better go down and let 'im fall on yer—it'll be softer for 'im."

Sir Billy, by way of trying his steadiness of hand, stooped swiftly and seized a large piece of stone which was lying near him. This, with unerring aim, he flung straight at Master Mike, and struck him on the neck. As it happened, Mike had stopped at the point where the Keep stairway began. The effect of the blow was that he tumbled backwards down the stone steps, and went on rolling until he suddenly disappeared from view.

Delighted at the success of his shot—quite a chance one—Sir Billy gathered himself together, and with a tremendous bound cleared the gap, falling with a thud into the ivy on the opposite side. Then, making sure that he was in a secure position, he leaned over towards Parsnip until he was able to grasp his wrists. How he managed the rest will never be known. The thought of his friend's danger must have endowed him with some measure of that might which is seldom dealt out even to grown men. At any rate, although the effort brought out the veins on his neck and forehead like knotted cords, and put a strain upon his muscles which fairly made them crack, he pulled Parsnip up.

He pulled him up, and they sat side by side on the ivy, overwhelmed by the terror of the death one of them had just escaped, and shuddering as they looked down from the arch to the ground.

After this there was silence for a time. Then



HIS LIFE DEPENDING ON THE STRENGTH OF THE ROOTS TO WHICH HE WAS CLINGING.

Parsnip observed: "By the way, where may Mike have got to?"

"I hit him on the side of the neck with a brickbat—it was a pretty shot, you ought to have seen it—and he disappeared!" quoth Sir Billy.

"Disappeared! Why, he must have fallen clean down the subterranean staircase which begins at the foot of the Keep. Then we've got him! What luck!"

Arrived at the front of the Keep, they started down the staircase so well known to exploring Greys. Down and down they went until they were in complete darkness. The stairway kept straight on until it reached the foot of the wall, and then it began to burrow about. Parsnip marched steadily in front, while Sir Billy followed, the excitement of the adventure causing him to forget all about the terrible strain he had recently undergone while rescuing Parsnip from his perilous position. They knew that the passage ended in a cell, and here, they fancied, the thief must have taken refuge.

After many tumbles they reached it. Both had been there before, and remembered a good deal of the route. They stopped, and felt round for the boot-boy. But the cell was empty.

"Where can he have got to?" exclaimed Sir Billy.

Hardly had he spoken these words when the heavy door was slammed to from the outside. The bolt was shot into its socket, and a voice observed:

"You can stay there till somebody lets you out, Misters. You don't ketch Mike Smith in a hurry!"

They were neatly trapped.

### III.

As soon as they had recovered from their first surprise, they threw their combined weight

against the door again and again. The stonework was Roman, and calculated to stand the buffets of both Time and Men for countless generations. The bolt's socket did not bulge the fraction of an inch. The chums only bruised themselves, so at length they desisted.

They were in complete darkness, for neither possessed a match.

"Well, this is pretty thick, eh?" observed Sir Billy.

"The door, or the adventure?" inquired

Parsnip, with surprising wit.

"Both," said Sir Billy, "about as thick as they could be. He doesn't mean to leave us here, surely," he continued. "I expect he'll come back soon and drive a bargain. I scored first by knocking him down the staircase: he scores next with this. He'll return, and try to make us promise not to touch him if he lets us out, I expect."

"He won't do anything of the sort," Parsnip rejoined. "He'll just clear off out of the district and leave us to our fate."

The idea sobered them. They stood still without speak-

ing for a full minute. Then they began to feel their way round the cell.

As they knew, the place was not more than 8ft. square by 6ft. high. It was supplied with air from the underground passage by means of a very narrow slit in the wall, and, as the atmosphere of the passage was not of a very pure order, the quality of the air in the cell may be imagined.

"If anyone comes along, we can yell to them through that slit," said Parsnip.

"If," returned Sir Billy, slowly.



THEY THREW THEIR COMBINED WEIGHT AGAINST THE DOOR AGAIN AND AGAIN.

"I say, old chap, don't lose heart," said the other. "We shall get out all right. It's merely a matter of waiting."

"How long?"

"Hang it! Won't they search for us?" demanded Parsnip.

"How are they to know we are here?"

"Mike won't dare to leave us—at any rate, not for long."

Parsnip seemed determined to take a cheerful view of the situation. After a time they went to the door and yelled to Mike to let them out. There was no reply.

"Oh, he'll come after a bit," said Parsnip; "he's only riled with us for chasing him."

They sat down on the damp floor, and tried to chat cheerfully about the approaching sports and other Greyhouse matters. But the weirdness of their plight oppressed them. If all the Lower Fourth had been with them, this would have been rather a lark, but they were just two—alone—and nobody knew they were here.

Again they hammered on the door and yelled frantically to Mike. They kicked the door and threw themselves against it again and again. Nobody spoke to them from without.

Evidently Mike had left them to their fate.

In dull despair they sat down by the door and huddled together for warmth's sake. Conversation was impossible. They now perceived it was quite probable that they would have to spend the night in this loathsome chamber. Their imprisoned state would have had its terrors for grown-up folk, and these two were only youngsters. What wonder that Sir Billy slipped his hand into Parsnip's, and didn't dare pass a remark, because of the big lump in his throat!

The hours crept on, and they grew cold and stiff. They rose to their feet and paced up and down the cell. By this time, as Parsnip presently said, the other chaps must be in "prep.," wondering where on earth *they* were. When "chapel" had arrived, and they had still not turned up, the Head would be informed—telegrams would be sent to Belsert—Mr. Soames would reply that he hadn't seen anything of them—then the Head would grow anxious.

Perhaps a search party would be organised—perhaps they would wait till morning.

Meanwhile——

The idea of spending the night in that cell filled them with frightened energy. They belaboured the door with bruised and bleeding knuckles, and cried out desperately for "*Help!*"

Nobody answered—nobody came.

Parsnip had long ere this lost his cheerfulness. Now he was as despondent as his chum. But he found a bit of hardbake in his pocket,

and this he shared with Sir Billy. Each made his portion last as long as possible, lingering long and reluctantly over its delicious flavour.

For they were desperately hungry and shivering with cold. To add to their discomfort, denizens of that dark cell—queer, crawling, creepy creatures—paid them visits. Some were dry and some slimy; some peered at them with bright black eyes; such unseen horrors had this dreadful gloom!

In course of time they slept, only to awake and start to their feet with exclamations of horror. Then they would sleep again. And so the long night passed, and the day came; but within the cell it was eternal night, and the prisoners did not know that the sun outside was shining.

#### IV.

NEARLY three days had elapsed since Sir Billy and Parsnip tore out of the school precincts in pursuit of Mike Smith, boot-boy and thief.

Detective Halward, of Scotland Yard, was smoking the pipe of peace, and enjoying himself very much. His copy of that week's *Tit-Bits* had just arrived, and Mr. Halward was surveying the first page, his intelligent countenance decorated by what seemed to be a fixed and permanent grin.

"Here's a good one," he was just saying to a companion, when "*Yo-hoop!*" went the speaking-tube whistle.

The other man put his ear to the tube, and then turned to Mr. Halward with: "The guv'nor wants you."

Reluctantly then did Mr. Halward lay aside his favourite paper, and betake himself to the sanctum of Detective-Superintendent Ramsey, otherwise known as "The Guv'nor."

"Halward," said Mr. Ramsey, gravely pulling his long moustachios, "a young fellow was run over by a cab yesterday, and taken to St. Matthew's Hospital. To-day I hear he is dying, and wishes to make a confession. The usual police will be there, but I want you to be present, too. The confession may be an important one."

Detective Halward climbed into a hansom, and was quickly whirled away to "Matt's," as the students educated there were pleased to term that immense institution.

Arrived at the hospital, the "tec." was conducted to the casualty ward. Evidently something of more than usual importance was in the wind, for those of the inmates who were strong enough to do so were reclining on elbow, and gazing hard at a bed which was partly hidden from their view by a high screen.



"We can let the lad say what he wants to, now you have come, sir," whispered the doctor in attendance, approaching Halward.

When the detective—who was quite accustomed to scenes of this kind—took his place at the foot of the bed, he found that a nurse was supporting the sufferer's head on her shoulder. The doctor stepped to the bedside and applied his fingers to the lad's pulse. Then the sergeant who had been summoned from the nearest police-station to hear the confession gave a short cough by way of announcing that all was ready. The young constable he had

brought with him to do the writing examined his pen, and the nurse bent gently over her charge.

"Now, 26," she said, "you may begin."

The patient opened his eyes and gazed feebly round. Then he sighed, his eye-lids drooped, and he would have sunk back on to the pillow had it not been for the nurse's arm round his shattered frame.

"A spoonful of brandy," said the doctor to another nurse who was in attendance.

She procured the stimulant, and administered a small portion of it to the dying boy. A faint tinge of colour rose in his pallid cheeks, and his eyes opened more briskly this time. Instinctively he fixed them on the doctor, and demanded in a hoarse whisper:—

"Is it all up with me?"

"I am afraid so," replied the doctor, who knew that the pulse he was feeling would not beat for many more minutes.

"Then I'll round on that chap," gasped the lad, adding in an affrighted tone: "He can't know I split on him before I die, will he?"

"No," said the doctor; "you need fear nothing from him."

The look of dread passed from the boy's face, and a strange light of revenge for a moment lit up his dull eyes.

"I'll tell you all I know, then. My name's George Cable, and I'm assistant to Moses, a jeweller at Petershall."

Then he closed his eyes.

"Another spoonful," said the doctor, in a matter-of-fact tone.

The liquor put fresh life into No. 26. He opened his eyes again, and proceeded with his

confession, idly watching as he spoke the rapidly-moving pen wielded by the policeman in attendance.

"Soon after I was taken on by Moses I met a chap called Mike Smith in a public-house. He and I became friends. Until I met him I was all right, afterwards——"

He stopped speaking. The doctor motioned to the nurse, and again the dying lad's dry lips were moistened.

"I went to the bad. He was at Grey-house School, and used to nick things, and I used to buy

them in the governor's name. They were only little things at first — pencil-cases — then they got bigger, and I was scared."

He sighed, and closed his eyes.

"I'm tired," he said. "Why can't you let me go to sleep?"

"Make an effort, my lad," said the doctor, in a firm voice. "Your evidence is important. Tell us what Smith made you buy from him."

"The best was a watch," said No. 26, "a real beauty. I gave Smith six pound ten for it. I had to, else he said he'd round on me for buying the things before that. And when



THE HOURS CREEPT ON, AND THEY GREW COLD AND STIFF.

inquiries were made he said I was to say it was sold me by Wardour, of Greyhouse School, who he'd got a grudge against, and so I said so.

Again he collapsed, and again the life-sustaining liquid was poured down his throat. Detective Halward felt disappointed. It was,

then, just a common burglary. This was hardly worth wasting time on.

"Is that all?" asked the doctor.

No. 26 sat up without the nurse's assistance.

"No," he screamed, "it's not all. Two fellows saw him stealing, and chased him to Petershall Castle, and there he got them in



DETECTIVE HALWARD LEANT OVER HIM AND SAID, SHARPLY AND DISTINCTLY:—"Where's Smith?"

a trap, and bolted them into a dungeon, and that was on Saturday afternoon, and so they must be dead now—it's almost three days . . . ."

The detective was listening now for all he was worth. They had been informed at "the Yard" of the strange disappearance of two Greyhouse boys, and a man had been sent down to hunt for them.

No. 26 was gasping for breath. Detective Halward leant over him and said, sharply and distinctly:—

"Where's Smith?"

"We came up to London . . . he made me . . . Saturday night . . . ." murmured Cable huskily, "said he'd kill me if I didn't . . . ."

"Where is he?" demanded Halward, pushing aside the nurse and holding the boy up in his strong arms.

"Seven . . . Great Spencer Street . . . down in Shoreditch . . . ."

Once again he rallied, and gazed at the man who was supporting him.

"Shall you take him—you're a 'tec,' arn't you?" he said.

"Yes—I shall take him," said Halward shortly.

A look of great terror came into the boy's eyes.

"You—won't tell him—I told you!" he gasped.

"You needn't be afraid," said the detective reassuringly. "I won't say a word about you."

"Then—I'll go to sleep. I was afraid—he might get to know . . . ."

He sank back, and the nurse arranged the

bed-clothes about him. But the doctor suddenly stepped forward and gazed steadily at No. 26.

"Dead!" he said, looking at Halward. "You were just in time."

On leaving the hospital Detective Halward promptly dispatched a wire to his colleague at Greyhouse. Then, hailing a cab, he drove to Great Spencer Street, Shoreditch, and nabbed his man just as Smith was preparing to decamp. For some years afterwards the erstwhile boot-boy at Greyhouse knew no home save that provided by a benevolent Government for the benefit of persons of his ilk.

Sir Billy and Parsnip, when the door of their prison was flung open, were in a pitiable state indeed. Covered with grime, hardly able to move, famished, and parched with thirst, they fainted clean off at the mere sight of their rescuers.

Wardour was of the party. So was Hallam. With the detective's aid they carried their two school-fellows out into God's pure air and sunshine, and applied restoratives.

When Sir Billy came to, his first question related to Smith.

"They caught him," said Wardour.

"And he took Dewberry's watch?" asked Sir Billy.

"Yes," said Wardour; "that's proved."

"Oh! I'm so glad," cried Sir Billy, weakly. "Because, you know——"

"Yes. I know why," interrupted Wardour, with a bit of a catch in his voice. "Here, old boy, have some more of this."

*R. S. Warren Bell*

[The concluding tale of this series will appear next month.]

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## MY LETTER BAG.

By C. B. FRY.



**ASPIRANT** (TORONTO) is a very keen cricketer, and by the same token likely to achieve his object, viz. : improvement at the game. He is to spend next summer, or the summer after, in England, and wishes to make the best use of this opportunity of learning some cricket. He will, of course, improve his knowledge of the game immensely by watching first-class players with intelligence, so it will be worth his while to join a county club. As to net-practice and coaching, he will, I am afraid, find some difficulty. I have made a note of his case; will institute inquiries and give him all the information I can in the next issue of *THE CAPTAIN*.

**J. B.** (GLASGOW) wants to know the best training for taking down surplus fat. He does not give his age, habits, or pursuits, so I cannot be very precise. Taking his hand-writing as a basis of judgment I advise him, if he can, to go in hard for football. It would no doubt benefit him to undertake a course of dumb-bell work—say, a three months' course with 11b. dumb-bells on Sandow's system of exercises, of which a chart, with directions, can be obtained for 2s. 6d. from Sandow, Ltd., Savoy Corner, W.C. But—again I judge by hand-writing—"J. B." had better do only half the work prescribed daily. A trot of a mile or so three times a week might do "J. B." good. Wonders can be done by diet, but this is rather a tricky game. I should rather like to know what "J. B." regards as surplus fat. Boys have rum ideas on physiological questions.

**F. R.** (GARSTANG).—The usual arrangement of a field for a medium-pace, left-hand, round-the-wicket bowler would be: two slips about five yards from the wicket and about two and a-half yards from each other; point, square with the wicket; third man, rather finer than usual; cover-point, extra cover, mid off, rather farther out from the bowler than usual; mid-on, long-off, rather straight (*i.e.*, behind the space between bowler and mid-off). But you must remember that the arrangement of the field depends, not only on the kind of bowling, but also on the style of batsman and the state of the wicket. Also, with regard to a left-hand bowler, it makes a difference whether he breaks

ball or goes with his arm. In the latter case, you had better have a short-leg and only one slip.

**R. E. T. H.** (SANDROYD).—I wonder whether you have read my football articles in *THE CAPTAIN*. There are some hints there about passing and shooting, which, you say, are your weak points. The only way to learn how to shoot well is to practise with what the French exercise book calls "assiduity." Never be slack at practice; always try to send in a low, hard, skimming drive; keep your toe well down, and plank your instep (*i.e.*, the part of your boot where the laces begin) plumb against the centre of the ball, which should be well under you at the moment of kicking; let your leg swing as far back as possible before kicking, and follow through after the ball. You cannot shoot hard or accurately with your toe; the instep should be used, and unless you keep your toe pointed down you are sure to loft the ball too much. Skill in passing, too, comes only with practice. Use the outside of your foot, and push rather than kick the ball.

**C. F., junr.** (PONTNEWYDD).—I am sure I hope your opinion is justified. In any case, you seem a bit of a hero-worshipper, which is a rare good thing in any one. Mind you try to realise in yourself your idea of your hero, whoever he may be; you will then do well. But remember, it is your idea that counts. Considering the time of the year, you shall have what you ask.

**G. M. B.** (SUNDERLAND), being fifteen years of age and 5ft. 6½ins. of stature, wishes to know what dumb-bells to use and what instruction book. He is quite right to ask both questions. Unless used systematically, dumb-bell exercises are likely to develop one muscle at the expense of another; or one of a pair instead of both. Heavy dumb-bells are bad. A pair weighing ½lb. each would suit "G. M. B." Sandow's chart of exercises is the best—*vide* "J. B. (Glasgow)" above. A good little book is "Physical Training at Home," by A. Alexander, published by Cox, Field Office, E.C. Then there is Sandow's little red book, which contains a grand chart explaining all exercises. The last for choice. Grip the bells tightly; do each exercise conscientiously; concentrate your mind on your muscles, and stop just as the muscles employed get comfortably tired.

**Rugger** (LEAMINGTON).—"Some Hints on Rugby Football" next month.

**G. B. B.** (EXETER) asks two questions: (1) Is it out at cricket if you hit the ball with the wrong side of your bat? (2) What part of the head should be used to "head" the ball at football? You are at liberty, "G. B. B.," to use your bat in any way you please to hit the ball; you may hold it by the blade and play the ball with the handle if you like; or you can use it as a billiard cue; none of that is "out," but for my part I do not think you can improve on the face of the bat for the purpose for which it is intended. As for your being able to hit harder with the back, that is nonsense: the surface is convex, so the ball would, nine times out of ten, glance off at an angle. Considering your ideas on batting methods, I am surprised you get a headache from "heading" a football. Meet it with the point of the forehead, plump on your fringe.

**A. E. C.** (CANNON STREET) is going in for a quarter-mile race in March next. As he can only train in the evenings or on Saturday afternoons, he wants to know what can be done in the way of training with dumb-bells, Indian clubs, and artificial leg exercises. He can do a little running on grass at night. He is sitting at a desk all day. His is a typical and interesting case that deserves attention in detail. There is not the slightest doubt that, with the apparently very limited opportunities at his disposal, "A. E. C." can, nevertheless, turn out for the race he has in view as fit as a fiddle and perfectly trained. I wish he had informed me whether he has any experience of running. However, let us see how he ought to train. He has a good six weeks before him. By means of dumb-bell, club, and free gymnastic exercises, he can get every muscle in his body into perfect condition. He should use a pair of 1lb. dumb-bells, and a pair of 2lb. clubs (*i.e.*, weighing 2lbs. each). He should also get Sandow's book, and the chart sold with Sandow's patent dumb-bells, and Alexander's "Physical Training at Home" *tride* "G. M. B." above). In Sandow's chart he will find a course of exercises for the bells; these he should do every morning, but limit himself to the number of extensions prescribed for the first day; he need never do more. In Alexander's book he will find some club exercises. He should do the bell and club exercises on alternate mornings immediately after getting up, and then take a cold bath or groom himself all over with a half-wrung sponge. In Alexander's book he will also find a number of exercises for the trunk and legs which he might

do in the evenings of the days on which he does not run. He had better spend a week in this style before taking to serious running practice. But apart from serious running, he will find heaps of chances of indulging in a short trot or sprint; for instance, on his way to business in the morning. It will be quite sufficient if he runs seriously two evenings in the week and on Saturday afternoon. But I advise him to run on a road rather than on grass, except in very dry weather. He should mix his practice with discrimination. One evening he might run an easy three hundred yards and then a couple of fast bursts of eighty yards; on another he might run an easy half-mile; on another, six fast bursts of thirty yards and a fast 150 yards. He must never do more than somewhat as above on one occasion. He might, when he gets into condition and feels himself fit, run a full quarter at full speed, but must not do this more than once in the first fortnight and twice in the last month of training; and he must do light, easy work during the week before his race. He must try always to run on his toes, with a springy action and as long a stride as convenient, and to improve his pace as much as ever he can by short, sharp sprints.

**G. R. H.** (WALTHAMSTOW) is fifteen years old, 5ft. 6ins. high, and weighs 8st. 11lbs. He wants to know whether 11 4-5secs. for the hundred yards and 60secs. for the quarter are good for him. Yes, they are decidedly good. He also wants to know whether he will develop into a first-class runner at these distances. It is early yet to venture an answer to that question. I should say he has a very good chance of turning out well if he is neatly built and well proportioned. Any way, he has good reason to cultivate his running and is sure to achieve some measure of success if he sticks to it.

**N. G.** (ST. MARY AXE).—There is no rule as to the referee blowing his whistle before the throw-in. In throwing-in you must keep both feet flat on the ground. I am not sure how the rule is worded, but all the good referees so interpret it.

**G. C. Sparks** (LONGUEVILLE, N.S.W.).—The "Book of Cricket" was completed in sixteen parts. I am glad you liked it. There was no room for rules or such-like matter.

**G. S.** (PORTISHEAD).—Your weight seems rather heavy. But, on the other hand, your development is good, save that your waist is about three inches too big and your upper-arm and fore-arm rather too small. You are a clear

case for Sandow. I should write to Sandow, Ltd., Savoy Corner, E.C. Walking is splendid exercise, but you need not overdo it.

**D. S. L. (CRANFURD).**—I fear you have a hard job; but keep on trying. See article No. 1 of Hints on Association Football in THE CAPTAIN.

**Geo. Alexander.**—Watson, of Hull, I fancy, has a photo of the third Test XI.; Hawkins, Preston Street, Brighton, of the fifth. Cross-country running is liable to take the edge

off your sprinting power; it is an excellent pursuit, but does not go well with running on a cinder track. The style is quite different.

**What ho!**—Many thanks; but I do not attach much importance to the newspaper article you send. The writer is either ignorant or muddle-headed—both, most likely. His statements are incorrect, his arguments mere quibbles. He falls into the common blunder of not distinguishing between words and facts.

**F. G. Turvill.**—Reply next month

*C.B. Fry*

## A LAY OF LOOT.

BY FRED GILLET.

TOM was a warrior,  
Glad or sorry, or  
Dull or funny,  
This tale he told.  
"Sir, I flatter me,  
My anatomy  
Aches of money.  
I've sampled gold  
Once too many! My  
Friend the enemy  
Found our cavalry  
Drawn in line.  
Saying, 'That'll con-  
clude the battle,' con-  
cealed by gravel, re-  
cessed a mine



With rapidity,  
Rammed with lyddite,  
Backed by dynamite—  
Bang! Untold  
Showers of nuggets bu't.  
(They had dug it just  
Where a miner might  
Dig for gold.)  
Gold made quite a fuss  
Left and right of us,  
Front and middle!  
We set our lips,  
Charged to glory, sir—  
That's my story, sir,  
How I'm riddled  
With golden chips!"



THE FEAT OF WILLIAM TELL.

# THE ART OF TAKING AIM

Illustrated by Frank Feller.



THE ART of aiming and hitting, sometimes called marksmanship, is natural to mankind, and is "as old as the hills." That was "a decided hit" of the stripling David, when he "chose five

smooth stones out of the brook," and with one of them, deftly flung from a sling, laid low the giant Philistine, Goliath of Gath. Stone-throwing has been practised by striplings ever since. Though a very primitive method of attack, the sling was used by soldiers for many centuries. Virgil, as versified by Dryden, tells us that

The Tuscan King  
Laid by the lance, and took him to the sling.

Amongst the most famous slingers were the inhabitants of the Balearic Isles, and it is recorded of them that they were able to sling stones with such force, that no armour was proof against their blows, while their aim was unerring. They usually carried three slings, one tied round the head, another fastened to the girdle, and the third twisted round the right wrist. These world renowned warriors were

ambidexterous, and were quite as skilful with the left hand as they were with the right. This dexterity, or rather ambidexterity, was acquired by every-day practice, even from early childhood; for, while quite youngsters, they had to sling down their daily bread from the tops of high poles, where their parents put it, and the children only got what they brought down by their accurate slinging.

Archery succeeded slinging, and every young Englishman in the days of Edward III. was the owner of a bow of his own height. Usually it was made of yew. The string was of gut, horse-hair, hemp, or silk, and occasionally of women's hair, plaited or spun. The arrow was exactly half the length of the bow. It was dressed with three feathers, two of which were plucked from a gander, and the other from a goose. Practice at the butts was constant, and it was considered disgraceful to shoot at less than 220 yards. When perfection at that distance had been attained, practice at the popinjay was permitted. A favourite but certainly cruel pastime was to catch a goose, put it in a hole, and cover it with turf. Then, as the poor bird broke out of its prison, it was shot at till killed.



INDIAN ARCHERS  
TARGET SHOOTING  
AT FULL GALLOP.



The longest bow-and-arrow shot on record was made by a Lancashire toxophilite, and he, in three flights, covered a mile, being about 587 yards for each arrow.

Edward III. was an ardent archer, and enjoyed attending the shooting matches. It was at a meeting of this kind near Nottingham that three famous archers shot before the King. The marks were two hazel rods set up at twenty-score paces. At the first flight

Cloudesley with a bearing arrow  
Clave the wand in two.

The champion archer then called his little boy and tied him to a stake, and, placing an apple on his head, turned his face away and bade him stand steady. The con-

fident father then stepped out six-score paces from the stake, and, bidding the mazed spectators be silent, he drew his bow, and as the old ballad says:—

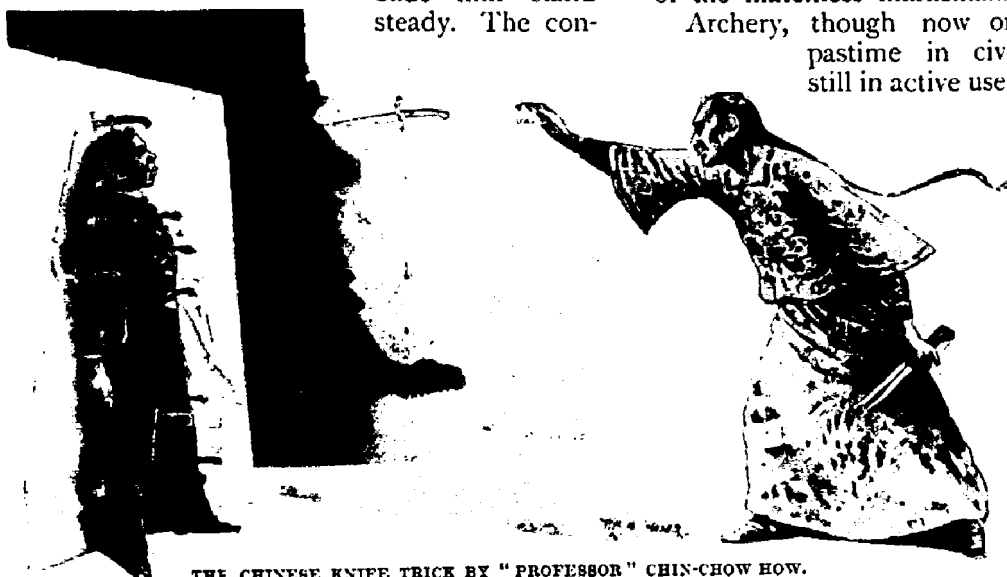
Then Cloudesley cleft the apple in two,  
As many a man might see.  
"The gods forbid it," said the King,  
"That you should shoot at me."

This pleasant little tale reads very like the familiar Swiss legend of William Tell, but both the English and the Swiss versions were current about the same time, and probably both originated in the still older Scandinavian fable of the matchless marksman.

Archery, though now only practised as a pastime in civilised countries, is still in active use amongst the savage

tribes of Africa and India. A favourite amusement with them is to shoot at a target while galloping past it, and the more skilful of them will put three out of four shots in the bull's-eye.

A famous music-hall performance is that of "Professor" Chin-Chow-How, the



THE CHINESE KNIFE TRICK BY "PROFESSOR" CHIN-CHOW HOW.

against the crack shots at a Wimbledon prize meeting, he was simply nowhere.

The Ambidexterous Pistoller is a gentleman who, shooting first with one hand and then with the other, will put a dozen bullets successively into a visiting card at a distance of about ten yards.

Have you ever tried to "ring a stick"? Lit by a flaming naphtha lamp, there is a stall, which looks like an overgrown umbrella stand, full of walking sticks of all kinds. At these a man is throwing wooden rings, about as large as those used for cornice poles. These are supplied by the proprietor of the stall at six a penny. The skill of the thrower is shown by his pitching the rings on to the handles of the sticks.

If you ring a stick, it is yours. When you have got the knack of aiming accurately you can get one ring on out of three, and then the proprietor usually suggests that you should "give some other bloke a turn!"

Cock-shies at cocoa-nuts is a healthier amusement, because it must take place in an open space, and if on the sands at the seaside it is healthful and invigorating. The odds are in favour of the nuts, but recently a gentleman, who was showing his boy how to aim at them, took a nut with every ball, till the owner,

far-famed Chinese juggler. He aims with murderous-looking knives at a boy who stands against a wooden target, into which the knives are cleverly stuck all round, but without touching the half-scared boy.

"Buffalo Bill," in his "Wild West" show, made us familiar with horseback shooting; but he used a gun and fired at glass balls or oranges which were thrown up by a young lady, also on horseback. Colonel Cody has had many imitators apparently quite as skilful, but there is a good deal of trickery in some of these performances. Of course, if bullets are used, the feat of breaking ten out of a dozen balls would be really wonderful; but if cartridges made up to look like bullets, but which are really filled with small shot, are used, there is nothing very marvellous in the performance.

When Dr. Carver, the once renowned American sharp-shooter, was in England, some years ago, he attracted a good deal of attention by the astonishing way in which he broke a hundred little glass globes in as many shots; but when the doctor tried his hand

"BUFFALO BILL" SHOOTING AT GLASS BALLS.



THE BACK POSITION.

The renowned marksman, Farquharson, shooting at Wimbledon.

looking very glum, said, "You don't want to bu'st up a poor man, do you?" The winner only took one nut, though he had won eighteen, and was at once proclaimed "a real ge'mman; one of the right sort."

Of pea-shooters and catapults the less said the better, unless it be by way of depreciation. By their admirers they may be looked upon as merely harmless toys; but, on the other hand, they may be used in many dangerous ways, and are, therefore, very properly proscribed by the police regulations.

Amongst the oddest of odd shots was undoubtedly the man who amused Henry VIII. by making some marvellous scores with a bow

The prone position, being the steadiest, is generally chosen for sighting rifles, and the pool ranges at Bisley are always fully occupied for this purpose. It often requires several shots to find the bull; but as the entries are only limited by the length of the marksman's purse, he keeps on paying his shilling till he gets the correct elevation, and finds the allowance to be made for that *bête noir* of the rifleman—a "fish-tail" wind.

The value of the bulls'-eyes made at pool varies with the weather, being, perhaps, five shillings in fine weather, and as many pounds in bad. The whole of the entries, less 25 per cent. deducted by the National Rifle Associa-



SWISS SHOOTING  
FOR PRIZES.

and arrow while standing on one leg, the other being stretched across his breast. He was known henceforth as "Foot-in-Bosom." But this odd picture has been quite eclipsed in modern times by the renowned marksman, Farquharson, who, some years ago, at a Wimbledon meeting, startled the shooting world by firing his rifle while lying on his back. He made such marvellous scores, and won so many prizes, that the novel position was not only practised by most marksmen, but now the posture is actually taught as part of the musketry instruction in the regular army. In all-comers' contests, where any "position" is permitted, the competitors often assume it with marked success.

tion, is divided amongst the makers of bull's-eyes, and paid in cash the next morning.

Half a century ago the Swiss had the reputation of being the most famous shots in the world, and it was not surprising that they should have been tempted by the splendid shooting prizes offered at the first Wimbledon meeting to turn up in large numbers. That notable meeting of July, 1860, attracted marksmen from all parts of the world; but only four or five of the Swiss were able to hold their own against our volunteers, though these were but novices at rifle shooting. The Switzers took a few prizes at the shorter ranges, but were completely beaten at the longer distances.

Nevertheless, the Swiss are still famous shots,

and love rifle shooting, and on Sundays, in the summer-time, they may be seen in every village shooting for prizes, and the valleys re-echo with the "ping" of the rifle bullet on the old-fashioned iron targets, which they still prefer to the canvas substitutes which we use.

Their neighbours, the Tyrolese, are almost as good marksmen, and take as great a pride in teaching their children the art of shooting. They may be seen winter and summer in the mountains, snugly perched on some crag of porphyry or dolomite, attended by a youngster who watches with eager earnestness and evident delight the result of his father's

effort to knock over a capering wild goat half a mile away.

There is only one other foreign sharp-shooter about whom we propose to say a word, and that is the Boer of South Africa.

Rorke's Drift and Majuba

Hill told us only too well of their skill as sharp-shooters, and even at the present moment we are learning still more of the ability of the Boer as a marksman. Boers generally ride from farm to farm armed with a good rifle, carrying a well-filled bandoleer, ready to bring down any big game they

may come across, and this constant practice makes them the sure shots they undoubtedly are.



TYROLESE MARKSMEN.



HOW THE BOER BECOMES A MARKSMAN.

# The Anonymous Editor.

Being the story of a  
School Magazine.

BY

THE REV. J. HUDSON. M.A

Sketches by T. W. Holmes.

No one knew whence it emanated; no one knew the editor; no one could identify any of the contributors, though it was evident to all that the writers were moving in our very midst, from their intimate knowledge of the minutest affairs of school life.

From the moment of its first appearance it proved an extraordinary and unprecedented success.

This was largely due to its sheer audacity. From its titled cover, bearing the motto, "*Bretons never shall be slaves*," to its last page, it was certainly no respecter of persons. It was marked by caustic wit and satire, by impertinent personalities, and, I am sorry to add, by an extreme disregard for truth. Its correspondence columns discussed in the most free-and-easy way the hardship of sundry school rules, the lamentable quality of the grub, and the general idiocy of masters. Things that no one would have dreamed of sending to the *Bretonian* were unblushingly inserted in the *Round Table*.

The paper was clever, personal, and sarcastic; it spared no one, from "the Rev. the Head Master," as he liked himself to be styled, to

the humble boots-boy. All were indiscriminately lampooned in its scathing columns. It was illustrated by pen-and-ink sketches, rude enough from an artistic point of view, but highly facetious and effective.

Respectable masters found their little oddities of speech or manner exaggerated and ridiculed, and masters' wives found themselves associated with the latest craze in rational, or irrational, costume.



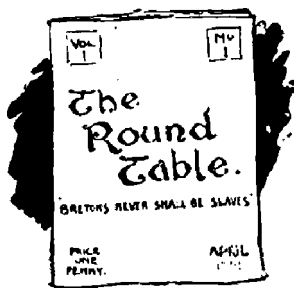
**B**RETON COLLEGE is one of the largest and most famous of the public schools of England.

I could tell you of its royal foundation, its princely benefactors, its noble pile of buildings, and of its many *alumni* distinguished in Church and State.

It is, however, to one little incident only in the chequered history of its annals that I am about to refer—an incident that caused immense excitement at the time, and will be readily recalled by any "old boy" whose eyes should happen to fall upon these lines. It may be questioned, indeed, whether any school ever had a bigger sensation, while it lasted, than that caused by the sudden disappearance of the celebrated school magazine called the *Round Table*.

The regular school magazine, the *Bretonian*, was a highly respectable journal, but undeniably dull; by the mass of the boys it was never read at all.

The term before that in which the events I am about to describe occurred, a new school paper had most mysteriously made its appearance. It was called the *Round Table*. The only names that appeared at the foot of any of the articles were the romantic names of four of the knights of King Arthur's Round Table.





LE MAISTRE, EDITOR OF THE  
"ROUND TABLE."

thing of this?—at least he must certainly not expect an answer. A master must have strong suspicions, and make those suspicions a certainty, before he might tackle any boy with being the culprit. This was a system almost peculiar to the school itself; no doubt it was carried too far, but I am only concerned to state the fact, because it explains why, to boys and masters alike, the identity of the staff remained so long a mystery.

Everybody began to look forward to the fortnightly appearance of the *Round Table*—some with lively anticipations of amusement, others with feelings the very reverse.

Everybody admitted that the *Round Table* was "bad form," and so everybody bought it to see how bad it was. No one knew whether his own name might not be the next to appear in some unflattering connection in its irreverent columns.

Such, then, was the magazine that suffered a sudden collapse in the very hey-day of its pride and prosperity.

The staff of the *Round Table* consisted of five boys: Le Maistre, editor and chief manager—a boy of brilliant abilities (as his subsequent career proved) but misdirected energies, Russell and myself of the Upper Fifth, and Wright and

Proctor (two of the most mischievous fellows that ever breathed) of the Shell.

One column of the journal was entirely devoted to school scandal, and it usually fell to my lot to concoct the requisite amount of "copy" under this heading.

We started our venture with one object—namely, to make it pay. Literary ambition, in any true sense of the term, we had none. A certain amount of amusement we no doubt extracted, and we were proud of its notoriety. We also managed to pay off a few scores by pillorying anybody who had offended us, but its financial success was our main concern, and to this we sacrificed everything, including truth.

We were all of us short of pocket money till we hit upon this very lucky speculation, and it was indeed for a short time a veritable gold mine to us. We originally published the magazine at the modest price of a penny, but now that it had fairly established its position we were about to raise the price when the great catastrophe occurred.

For the first term, and a part of the second, did the school authorities put up with our paper. Whatever they thought of it they affected to ignore its existence. But, whether because familiarity bred contempt, or we really



PUBLISHING OFFICE OF THE "ROUND TABLE."

imagined ourselves unassailable, "the pen of a ready writer" began to indite paragraphs that it became impossible to ignore. At last a number appeared containing some severe strictures on the head master's grandmotherly



WRIGHT.

government, and a ballad (based upon one of Horace's odes) addressed to the senior mathematical master's wife, who affected a juvenile manner, but was known to be well stricken in years. And this issue of the magazine proved the last straw.

The first step the authorities took was to threaten Bell, our local publisher, with legal proceedings unless he divulged the editor's name. This he flatly refused to do, but Le Maistre, who had a high sense of honour, determined to give himself up on condition that the names of his colleagues should not be disclosed, and that the publisher should not suffer. His terms were accepted, and his friends found it convenient to withdraw him from the school—at any rate, *pro tem*.

We wanted to surrender our names and share his punishment, but this he generously forbade. The masters were, however, making great efforts to discover us, and we shrewdly suspected that if detected we would suffer a similar fate.

Such was the state of affairs when one morning I received a letter in a handwriting unknown to me, and bearing the London post-mark. On opening it, I read as follows:—

DEAR SIR,—As I am well aware that I am addressing the gentleman that used to write for the *Round Table* under *nom de plume* of "Geraint," and have also learnt of the unfortunate suppression of that journal, I beg to make you the following offer:—

I propose to bring out a new magazine, identical in character with the *Round Table*, to be called the *Phoenix*—a very appropriate title for a magazine which may be said to rise from the ashes of the old.

As, however, your late venture has come to grief simply because it was published by a bookseller in Breton itself, whose living depends on the school patronage, and who is therefore in the power of the school authorities, I intend to issue the *Phoenix* on a different plan.

It will be sold in Breton, but published in London, by a man whose name shall be known to no one but myself, and though I must necessarily know your names, it may, perhaps, be safer for you not to know mine. I will pay you and your colleagues at the usual rate of a guinea a column for your contributions. No one can possibly be

held responsible for the magazine except the publisher and myself. If you think the idea a good one, kindly send me as soon as possible two columns of "Gossip," of the same kind as that contributed to the *Round Table*, and sign it with your former *nom de plume*, "Geraint." I will send you a cheque by return of post.

Address your MSS. to: "Editor, X.Y.Z., 269, Commercial Road, London, E."

I have every reason to think that the resuscitation of the magazine in this way will prove a great financial success, while securing you from all risk.—Yours very sincerely,

A. B., *pro* THE ANONYMOUS EDITOR

J. H., Esq.,

Breton College, Blankshire.

I had scarcely finished the perusal of this strange epistle, when Russell, my class-mate and late collaborator, entered my study. He had received a letter exactly the same as mine, and the writer knew both his real name and his late *nom de plume*.

"This is very queer, Russell," said I. "What do you make of it?"

"I don't know," he said, "unless, indeed, old Le Maistre is at the bottom of it. You see, our correspondent knows our names, and what we each wrote. Yes, I verily believe either Le Maistre is going to start the paper again himself, and is taking these precautions to secure us, or else he is getting someone else to do the editing business, so that he can plead 'Not guilty' to that if the Head

should make inquiries, and we can also say we know nothing about it."

"I believe that's about the ticket," said I, "but we'll first see Wright and Proctor."

It transpired that they also had received letters similar in every respect to our own, mentioning their *nom de plume*, and asking them to supply to the new magazine matter similar to that contributed to the old, and sign their names as before. We all of us therefore concluded that Le Maistre, our late chief, was the originator. At the same time it might be a hoax.

We finally came to this conclusion: that we would write articles for the first number, but if



"THIS IS VERY QUEER, RUSSELL. WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?"

the promised cheques were not forthcoming we would simply let the whole thing drop. As the paper was to be edited and published in London, the Breton authorities would have little chance of spotting us, except by intercepting our letters, and we would take good care they did not do this. Altogether the temptation to earn a couple of guineas a week was too great for a poverty-stricken school-boy.

We accordingly arranged that Russell was to slate the head master on the old question of the food supply (I may add that he did it most effectually, anathematising the "junk," and hinting in the same breath at the scarcity of cats and the prevalence of sausages in the school neighbourhood); Wright was to burlesque the sermon-style of the Fourth Form master, who in a chapel homily had once informed the boys that they came to service "borne upon the shoulders of a surging mob"; Proctor was to write a parody-poem on the matron, a very irascible old dame; and I was to send a couple of columns of "gossip" as before.

Here are one or two specimens of my "gossip" contributions:—

The master of the Third Form is trying that familiar experiment known as "raising a moustache!" Whether it is due to the natural sterility of the soil, or to his using a bad top-dressing, we do not know, but the crop does not promise to be a very luxuriant one.

The Rev. W. D., our well-known historian, was seen in the holidays at Ascot. He appeared to be enjoying the races immensely, and was laying heavy odds on his favourite!

The Fourth Form are having an easy time this term; they are reading a very difficult classical author, but the master one day accidentally left his crib on the desk, and the form has appropriated it, and now use it regularly. Mr M. is ashamed to ask for it back. We are reminded of the old saying: "The ass knoweth his master's crib."

A curiosity may be seen in the study of Greene mi!

The beef (familiarily known as junk) which forms the *pièce de resistance* at Friday's dinner is so tough that this enterprising youth has got the school carpenter to carve a bit of the said junk into the shape of an antique snuff-box, as a memento of Breton.

We hear that our eminent German Professor, Herr Shwiller - Shwaller, whose amazing rotundity has long been a source of serious anxiety to his friends, is going to abjure lager beer, and try a course of vegetarianism, teetotalism, and anti-fat. We hope that his

one will soon resume its normal colour.

Most of my paragraphs had a substratum of truth, covered over with glaring exaggerations and distortions. Anyhow, fact or fiction, they were

sufficiently objectionable to cause great annoyance to the parties concerned.

We all of us sent our scurrilous compositions to the address given—and waited.

A few days passed, but we none of us received the promised remittance, nor any acknowledgment of our MSS. We therefore came to the conclusion that it was either the trick of some unscrupulous London journalist to get "copy" gratis, or else that our anonymous friend had not yet secured a publisher, or that publication was delayed. So we decided not to write anything more, but to let the matter drop.

A few more days passed, when, coming in one day from the river, I received an urgent message requesting my immediate presence in the head master's study. I proceeded thither, and was somewhat surprised to find amongst the waiters in the ante-room my three friends—Russell, Wright, and Proctor.

I began to feel somewhat uncomfortable, for though half-a-dozen likely enough reasons occurred to me why my presence and that of my friends should be requested (we none of us being immaculate characters), yet I could not get rid of the disagreeable conviction that the wretched *Round Table* was really at the bottom of it.

The boys were called in one by one; most of their cases were very trivial—lateness, laziness, etc.—and were very summarily disposed of.

When all were dismissed our four names were called out, and we all walked in together.

The Rev. the Head Master sat at his usual desk, with thunder on his brow, the Rev. W. D. on his right, and on his left a stranger with an eye like a gimlet.

There was an ominous silence for a minute while the Head glared at us through his glasses. Then he fixed the eye of scorn upon me, and bellowed out:—

"Is this your handwriting, sir?" at the same time handing me a document which seemed unpleasantly familiar.

I looked at it, and, to my horror, discovered it was the identical MS. of gossip I had confidently sent to the anonymous editor of the *Phoenix*.

The Rev. W. D. was purple with rage, and, looking at me as if he were going to have an apoplectic fit. Evidently the allusion to Ascot had hurt the old boy's feelings.



RUSSELL.



PROCTOR.





-T. HOLMES-

"IS THIS YOUR HANDWRITING, SIR?"

I saw at once the game was up, and denial useless; so, with as much calmness as I could assume, I confessed that I had written the lines before me.

"Very well, sir," went on the head master, waxing eloquent in his ire, "then I have good reason to believe that, under the name of 'Geraint,' you contributed similar lying and libellous rubbish to that detestable and despicable periodical, now happily defunct, called the *Round Table*."

The Head was simply gorgeous in his grandiloquence when once his temper was roused.

I briefly replied that I *had* contributed articles under such a *nom de guerre* to the paper indicated.

"And *you*, sir," quoth the angry pedagogue, facing round to Russell, "*are you*, or are you *not*, the author of this degrading and dastardly diatribe on the wholesome and adequate diet provided in this establishment?"

As he spoke he thrust a sheet of foolscap right under Russell's nose, on which I just caught a glimpse of the words "junk" and "sausages."

"I am," briefly replied Russell.

"Very well; then you are also, I infer, the author of similar fictitious falsehoods and abominable fabrications that have appeared in the *Round Table* above the signature of 'Lancelot'?"

"Yes, sir," said Russell.

"And you, misguided Wright, I think concocted this profane production, ridiculing the pulpit utterances of your worthy preceptor? I thought so. Then you are also the compiler of similar shameless scurrility, signed 'Merlin,' in the wretched print I have just referred to?"

Wright, of course, assented.

"And you, Proctor, I need not say, are responsible for the vulgar ditties and doggerel, which, under the profaned name of poetry, and sheltered by the knightly name of 'Sir Galahad,' you have put forth to outrage all our feelings?"

Proctor was fain to admit the soft impeachment.

"You may go now," he concluded; "I have nothing more to say to you at present. My next words to you will be to-morrow morning in the presence of the whole school."

With beating hearts, and fearing the worst, we filed out of that awful chamber, wondering how the Head had got hold of our manuscripts, and

forgiving the "Anonymous Editor" for not having sent us money, seeing he had evidently never received our compositions.

We speculated also as to our doom. We could hardly doubt that we would share Le Maistre's fate, and expulsion would entail serious consequences for some of us. We might even have to submit to the indignity of a flogging as well. I am not sure we would not have forestalled our sentence and run away, but (fortunately, as events turned out) we were short of cash, owing to the non-arrival of payment from the Anonymous Editor.

Anyhow, all four of us endured agonies of suspense during the rest of that day.

However, no harsh measures were resorted to. More prudent and tolerant counsels prevailed.

Probably on calm consideration the head master reflected that, if we were expelled, some of our parents might take the case to the *Times*, and such a correspondence would bring the school into unenviable notoriety; it would tend to keep alive a scandal which it were best to consign to speedy oblivion.

Consequently, the next day the head master harangued the school in his usual dignified way. The gist of his remarks was that, in consideration of an apology from the guilty members, and an assurance that no such amateur editorship should be again attempted, nothing more would be said about the matter.

We gladly gave the required assurance, and so the *Round Table* was finally broken up. No number of the *Phoenix* ever appeared.

Le Maistre was received back again in our midst, and, after a brilliant school and university career, is now the editor of one of our leading reviews, and has made his mark.

He had had nothing to do with our anonymous communications, and could not help us to a clue.

The mystery remained unsolved all the rest of our school-days and for some time after; but one day, many years after I had left Cambridge, happening to require the services of a skilled detective, I paid a visit to Scotland Yard.

I was introduced to Detective Hewitt as the smartest man in the force. His face and lynx-like eyes seemed familiar, and I was puzzling my brains to think when and where I could have seen him before, when it suddenly flashed upon me that he was the stranger who had stood at the head master's left hand in that study scene of our school-days.

I interrogated him, and then the whole truth was brought to light.

The school authorities, having utterly failed to discover the names of the staff of contributors to the *Round Table*, simply put the matter into the hands of the police. Detective Hewitt set to work at once, and speedily got into his clutches a poor little printer's apprentice, in Bell the bookseller's employ, who was commissioned to bring proofs to our studies in play hours.

By bribes or threats he extorted from the trembling urchin our real names, and the fictitious signatures we adopted.

This would have been quite enough really to bring us to book. But the detective was a safe man, and wanted to have a clear case.

He knew that if we chose to deny it, and if our parents or solicitors took up the case, the evidence of a frightened child would not be sufficient to convict us. So he returned

to town, and wrote to each of us the seductive epistle which lured us to his trap.

Concluding that money was a consideration to us, he pandered to our greed and vanity, with only too successful results. The *Phoenix* existed only in his fertile imagination, and Detective Hewitt was himself "The Anonymous Editor."



DETECTIVE HEWITT.



# SOME HUNTING STORIES.

Illustrated by Harrington Bird.

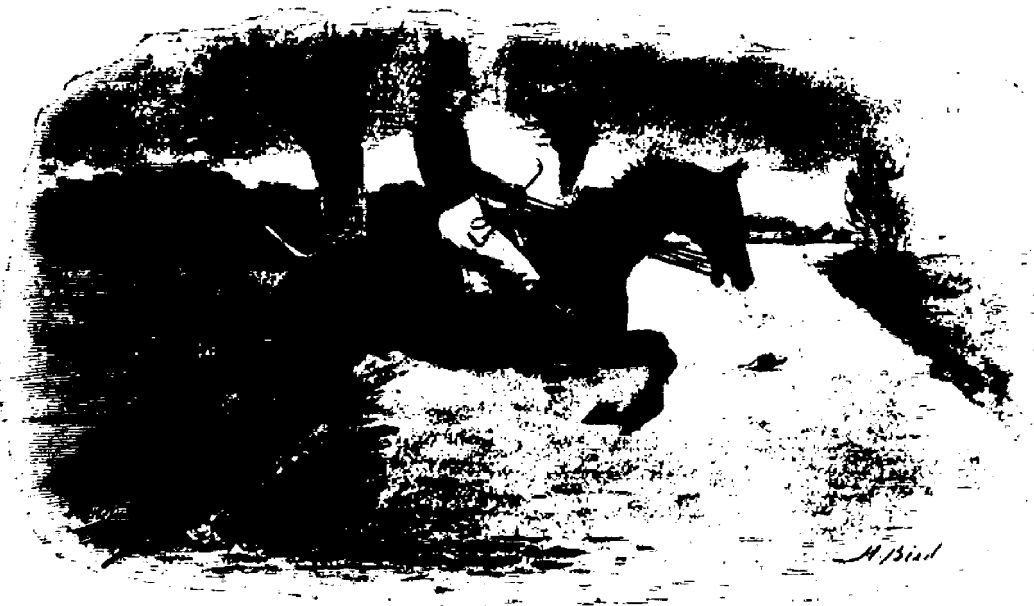


The author—the Rev. T. F. Dale, M.A.—has some excellent tales to relate, and improves the occasion by showing what a marked effect hunting has had on the English character.

A DELIGHTFUL volume is "The History of the Belvoir Hunt" ("Belvoir" is pronounced "Beavor," by the way), dealing, as it does, with the family history and the fox-hunting of the Dukes of Rutland.

the flying pack race over the Leicestershire pastures, while on the third he may set his teeth and sit down in his saddle . . . while the pack works out the line over the stiff fences and across the deep ploughs of Lincolnshire. . . . Our great English families have been marked by a taste for the chase which, in its pleasures and hardships, its joys and its disappointments, is a great school for the leaders of men.

So Mr. Dale. To estimate aright the effect of hunting on politics and society would, as he remarks, be a task not unworthy of some grave historian in the future. Meanwhile it may well be admitted that since the middle of the eighteenth century the pastime has exercised a very marked influence on our social and national fabric.



CLEARED THE RIVER SWIFT, NINE YARDS WIDE.

It was a fortunate day for fox-hunting when the Manners family left the historic beauties of Hadden House (in Derbyshire) for the more modern magnificence of Belvoir (in Leicestershire). For a family, indeed, to whom the chase is a favourite recreation, Belvoir has an unrivalled situation. From the towers and terraces of the castle, woods and plains, tillage and pasture, in short, almost every variety of hunting country may be viewed. . . . The follower of the Belvoir hounds may one day hear the immemorial woodlands ring with the note of the horn and the melody of the hounds, and on the next may see

The chase of the stag, which had necessarily been confined to great nobles, gradually gave way to the hunting of the fox, and with the change of the beast of chase came the alteration from an aristocratic and exclusive sport to one popular and democratic in character. The hunting-field, owing to the natural love of Englishmen for sport, has reflected faithfully the gradations of the social changes that have passed over England, and has probably not been without its influence in bringing about those changes. The equality and the courtesies of the hunting-field have hindered the growth of that

democratic jealousy which, for all her legends of equality, divides France by so much bitterer a class feeling than any which exists in England to-day. . . . It was at Belvoir that Disraeli learned to understand and respect that English aristocracy which he had in his very early life been somewhat inclined to despise, and though he does make Sidonia win a steeplechase on an Arab (!), he really gained at Belvoir some grasp of the interest and importance of fox-hunting as a factor in our national life.

Though now debarred by growing years from doing more than joining a meet at the covert side, the Prince of Wales used to be an active follower of the chase at Belvoir, and his Royal Highness "has probably not forgotten the gallop in which he jumped over a prostrate farmer, nor has the characteristic kindly courtesy with which he pulled up and returned to apologise been forgotten either." It is just one hundred years since the father of the present Duke of Rutland came of age, and £60,000 were spent on the consequent festivities. The struggle with France "stimulated Englishmen of all classes to take part in manly exercises, and thus favoured the rise of fox-hunting," so that the fifth duke, who was an ardent devotee of the sport, gave 800 guineas for a hunter which is said to have cleared the "River Swift, nine yards wide!" and a succeeding duke swashed and swam through canals and streams which he could not jump.

During his younger days he jumped the Croxton Park wall on the south side of the park, not far from the race-stand, the wall being over 5ft. high, with a considerable drop. He also jumped the River Witham, between Great Ponton and Grant-ham, at a very wide place, and Lord Forester, seeing him do it, shouted to his brother, Henry Forester: "Now then, lad, why don't you follow him?" The duke also swam the Nottingham and Grant-ham Canal on horseback, and had great difficulty in getting his horse out, the banks being boggy and rotten; and once, while jumping in Lincolnshire, he had the misfortune to jump a fence near a pond on a hard-pulling horse, which, before he could stop him, rushed madly into the pond. Both horse and rider were nearly drowned,

and were extricated with much difficulty, covered with black mud.

No wonder that, with such a cross-country training in riding, a scion of this family, Lord Charles Manners, when surprised by a squadron of French lancers in the Peninsula, gave the spurs to his Leicestershire mare, and dashed across a ravine "somewhat broader than the full breadth of the Whissendine," landing safely on the other side, amid a volley of threats and *sacré*-ings from his baffled pursuers. Here is a feat, too, which recalls the riding of Zieten, Frederick of Prussia's great cavalry leader, between the arms of a windmill in brisk motion:—

On one occasion, when we had found a fox, and had just got him away, there happened to be a man ploughing with a team of three horses, which, of course, would cover a considerable space of ground. A young man, who was, I conclude, unable in the crowd of horses to steer clear of the ploughman, rode his horse at full gallop between two of the horses that were attached to the plough, jumping the chains and fortunately doing no harm.

It was to the Belvoir Hunt and its wonderful runs that the adjacent Melton owed the impetus which has now made it what it is:—

It was not, however, the country so much as the hounds and huntsmen (at Belvoir) that attracted men, and many, too, who did not belong to the regular Melton set were drawn by the courteous rule of the castle to take their pleasure in the hunting field with the Belvoir instead of the Quorn. For while the latter hunt is an exotic, the Belvoir may truly be said to be an indigenous plant . . . causing Melton to grow and expand into an important town from the insignificant village it was till fox-hunting became the sport of princes.

The sport attracted such celebrities as the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, the Empress of Austria, and other foreign magrates, of one of whom the following story is told: In the course of a run in the sixth duke's time (1863), it was found that a man had shot the fox just in front of the pack, and concealed it in a hovel hard by. The duke at once rode up to



SNATCHED THE WEAPON AWAY FROM HIM.

the man, and demanded instantaneous delivery of the fox. But the man refused, and a short struggle took place, which ended in both rolling over, with the duke on the top.

In the meantime a Spanish count, seeing that the farmer still retained his gun, jumped off his horse and snatched the weapon away from him, for which he got some kudos, as the gun might have gone off and caused an accident. The duke, having got the better of the tussle, jumped up quickly, opened the door of the building, and took out the dead body of the fox, which he handed over at once to the huntsman and told him to give it to the hounds, which was done immediately, nearly the whole field being present by that time. The count then came up to His Grace with the gun, and said to him, "What shall we do with the gun, my lord? Shall we shoot him?" (meaning the offender). This, of course, caused great amusement and shouts of "No, no! Put the gun into a wet ditch." The count seemed to have been much disappointed at this, and remarked, "We should have made away with him in my country."

It was under this duke that the Belvoir Kennels acquired such a renown for the unrivalled excellence of their inmates, which were all characterised by such a strong family resemblance that a distinguished visitor said: "What is the use of bringing me to see these hounds? I cannot tell one from the other." Perhaps the most interesting part of this volume to the hunting man proper will be the letters which the duke addressed from time to time to his famous huntsman, Jem Cooper—anative of Portsoy, near Banff, and a worthy successor to the equally renowned Will Goodall—on the breeding and perfection of his hounds; letters distinguished by a dignified familiarity of tone and by a constant solicitude for his dogs, such as was shown by Shylock for his ducats and his daughter. But there came a time towards the end of this duke's reign, in 1888, when the Belvoir Hunt ceased, to some extent, to be what it had hitherto been. The truth is that the duke was no longer able out of his own purse to "stand the racket" of the hunt, and, not without reluctance, he was compelled to

accept a subscription of £1,500 a year from the Lincolnshire side of his country. This was one result of the agricultural depression, which came as a great blow to all the old territorial houses.

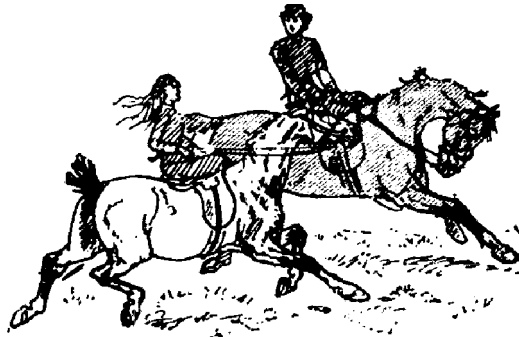
For it not only crippled their means, but weakened and destroyed the class of squires, farmers, and yeomen who were their natural supporters, and the foundation on which rested much of their power and influence in the State, besides clearing the country districts of the younger labourers, for whom the towns had, and still have, a fatal attraction. This change naturally affected fox-hunting. The Belvoir Hunt was no longer the duke going out for his pleasure and sharing it with his friends and neighbours and their guests, but in addition a mob in scarlet and black, not unwilling to ride over both hounds and huntsmen, if they did not get out of the way. From all

parts of the kingdom and of the world that field was gathered, and a Croxton Park assemblage on a Wednesday became one of the sights of the world.

The present duke, more familiarly known by his former title of Lord John Manners—the first of our statesmen to advocate national holidays—resolved to give up the sole responsibility for the hounds in 1896, while still retaining possession of the priceless family pack under another master, a state of things which causes Mr. Dale to conclude:—

The closing scenes may give rise to a sigh for the country life of England, passing away from us, perhaps, for ever. Yet, though we cannot stay the movement, which is sweeping away so much that is beautiful and picturesque from our midst, we cannot but look back on the life and sports of a day that is past with a pleasure largely mingled with regret at the inevitable change.

But even if this country life, of which Belvoir was for so long the lordly and magnificent centre, does pass away, posterity will be able to form a very vivid idea of its charms from Mr. Dale's volume, which, with its extracts from other cognate works, its racy narrative, its hunting songs and ballads, its portraits, maps, and photographs, will form a mine of material to the future Macaulay or the future Buckle.





# HIS FIRST CASE

BY  
**JOHN PATRICK**

Illustrated by Ivester Lloyd.

Now, it is a remarkable coincidence that I should be the only person to remonstrate with him and the first to entrust him with a case. But so it was, and it came about in this way.

In those days I was an enthusiastic stamp collector, and just when Wilson's detective fever was at its height I was lucky enough to secure for my collection a New Zealand penny first issue, valued at 3os. Well, on returning from a visit to Flaxbourne on Wednesday afternoon, I encountered Mr. Ashman, who was also a collector, in the corridor.

"You've got a first issue penny. I believe?" he said.

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"I'd like very much to examine it; there's just time before 'call-over.'"

Two minutes later I was turning over the leaves of my album. When I reached the New Zealand portion I uttered an exclamation of surprise, for the valuable stamp was gone. Half of the mount was still adhering to the page, but where was the stamp? I was positive that it was in the album when I went out. Then the truth began to dawn upon me. Someone had entered the study while I had been in town, and had stolen the stamp!

Well, what must Ashman do but report the affair to the Head, who got us all in the big class-room next morning, and gave us a nice little lecture. He said the honour of the school was at stake, and that the theft reflected to a great degree on all those present. Then he offered to deal leniently with the culprit if he would stand up and confess. As there was no answer to this he continued at some length, and then dismissed us.

When I entered my study after morning school I found Wilson sitting at the table, poring over "Sherlock Holmes."

"I say, Pat," he began, as I entered, "what's all this row about a stamp being stolen? I hope you'll let me investigate the case for you."

**I** WAS during one summer term that my chum and study mate, Wilson, developed a bad attack of detective fever. "Sherlock Holmes" was the cause; and who hasn't suffered from the same complaint after reading the adventures of that remarkable person?

The book was a birthday present from his sister, and it was not long before Wilson had (as our house master, Mr. Ashman, put it) "Sherlock Holmes on the brain." When asked, during a history lesson, "Who won the Battle of Waterloo?" he promptly replied: "Sherlock Holmes, sir"; and for the life of him he could not discover why the class laughed. Eventually he announced to the whole school that he had started in business as a private investigator, and would be pleased to clear up any mysteries that might exist.

Being his chum, I had tried to persuade him from taking this step, partly because, although he was a good cricketer, he had got into the habit of "cutting" practice since the arrival of that mischief-working book, and the eleven had suffered accordingly. In the match with Warwick House he went in with thoughts of Sherlock Holmes uppermost in his mind, with the result that he was cleaned bowled first ball, and we lost the match by twenty runs.

I jumped at the offer, and told him the particulars.

He was silent for a few moments, and then began to cross-question me. When I had answered about twenty queries he discovered something which he said would help him a little. This was the fact that the stamp was not a perfect specimen, for a small piece of the left-hand top corner had been torn off.

During the next three days, however, he began to realise that the way of a private investigator was not the path of roses he had imagined, for during that short space of time he had to go through no less than four pugilistic encounters, all of which were the outcome of asking impertinent questions as to the whereabouts of certain boys on the afternoon of the theft.

However, he survived all this, and one evening a week later he came into the study with the "Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes" and a small parcel under his arm. I groaned as I noticed the title of the new book, and began to wonder what the parcel contained.

Having placed the book carefully on a shelf along with a number of others, he sat down opposite me and slowly began to untie the parcel. It contained a packet of sensitised paper and a photographic printing frame. This latter he opened and took out a piece of paper, which he handed to me. A glance was sufficient to show that it was a *photograph*—or, rather, a "shadowgraph"—of the missing stamp.

"I've got on the right track at last," he said, in reply to my inquiring look; "but where the aforesaid track leads to I'm hanged if I know! Look here, Pat, I've come to a full stop, and I've half a mind to chuck the whole business."

"How's that, Ted?" I asked.

"Well, I'll explain everything, if you'll agree to listen."

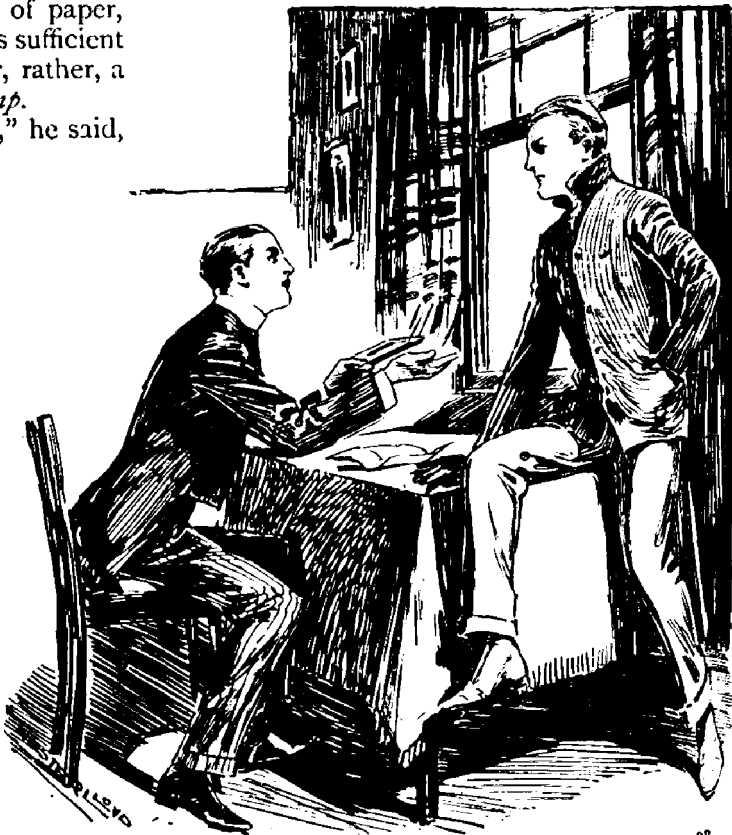
"Fire away!" I said.

"Well," he began, "it's this way. I hunted about for a couple of days without doing any good. Then chance threw a clue in my way—you know they say chance is the greatest detective, and I believe it's true. Anyway, as I was going along the corridor on Friday evening I came across this printing frame, and on picking it up I found this photo of your stamp in it. Next I noticed this packet of printing-out paper. Now, instead of leaving these alone, and watching to see who they belonged to, what must I

do, fool that I am, but bring them along here? You chanced to be out, so I could examine them in peace. No insinuations intended, old man.

"What I wanted to find out was who owned the frame and printing paper, for should I succeed in doing this, I would, in all probability, have the thief. Firstly, I examined the frame, but could discover nothing likely to be of any use, so I turned my attention to the packet of P.O.P. Here I had better luck; for, as you can see, there is a blue stamp in one of the corners, which reads:—'Suckling's Photographic Supply Depot, Flaxbourne.'"

"Well, after this, I began to think I was Sherlock Holmes the second; so I walked down to Flaxbourne on Saturday afternoon and interviewed old Suckling. I must say he is about the most thick-headed old fool I ever came across. When I asked him if he remembered who bought these things, he scratched his head and blinked at me like the old owl over in the Botanical Gardens does when you pelt him with acorns. Then he lugged out a lot of books, and spent nearly half-an-hour examining them. After all this performance he managed to remember that this frame and packet of paper had been purchased, on the same afternoon as



A GLANCE WAS SUFFICIENT TO SHOW THAT IT WAS A PHOTOGRAPH—OR, RATHER, A SHADOWGRAPH—OF THE MISSING STAMP.

your stamp was stolen, by a boy wearing the school colours. More information than that he could not give; and there the case stands. Unless we can find the owner of these things, I'm afraid it's all up a gum tree.

"There is still one thing that may help us, though," he went on, after a lengthy pause. "It is evident that the thief is trying to sell the stamp to a dealer, and has submitted a photograph of it. So if we watch the board where the letters are put up every morning, we shall see if anything arrives from firms who deal in stamps; for all of them have their names embossed on their envelopes."

For a whole week we examined every letter that came in, but without success. By this time my chum was beginning to get tired of the whole business, and I had given up all hope of ever seeing my stamp again. Then chance again came to our aid.

Wilson had been giving Sherlock Holmes and his "Memoirs" a rest, and had been devoting himself to cricket, with a view to making a century in the forthcoming Warwick House return match. We were strolling in from the practice nets, about seven o'clock one lovely morning, when we met Bisset, with his camera under his arm. He was an amateur photographer, and had been up Mount Sugarloaf for the purpose of taking a photograph of the sun rising. If ever anyone was a slave to art Bisset was. Just imagine getting up at four in the morning, and tramping three miles to take a picture!

"Have you taken any good snap-shots lately, Bisset?" asked Wilson, as we walked across the "quad."

"Yes, I took a good one while I was in Flaxbourne last Wednesday week," replied Bisset. "And," he added, "I'll show you a print of it if you like."

We followed him to his study, which was in a marvellous state of disorder; and, after waiting for fully ten minutes, while he hunted about amongst a large collection of photographs, we were permitted to look at the snap-shot.

It represented a runaway horse, attached to a baker's cart, careering madly along Cashel Street, and I think it was about the best thing Bisset had ever done.

Wilson examined it for a few moments, and then I saw his face light up in a peculiar manner.

"Can I have this print?" he asked, turning to Bisset.

"Certainly," was the prompt reply, and the next instant I was following Wilson along the corridor.

When he reached the "quad" he began to caper about in a most unexplainable fashion.

"It's all right, Pat," he exclaimed. "You'll have your stamp back to-night, if everything goes right. This photo is the clue."

"The clue! How?"

"Just examine it yourself, and you'll see."

I seized the print and scrutinised it closely, but I must confess that I didn't notice anything remarkable about it, and I told Wilson as much as I handed it back to him.

I could plainly see, by the look on his face, that he was disgusted at my stupidity, and I hastened to apologise.

"It's all right, Ted, old man," I said, in a soothing tone; "I admit I'm a little dense, and very slow at seeing anything."

At this he calmed down considerably, and proceeded to explain matters.

"Can't you see that Suckling's Photographic Supply Depôt is in the background?" he began.

"Yes," I replied.

"And don't you notice," he continued, "that a boy, with a small parcel in his hand, is standing in the doorway?"

I took another glance at the print, and agreed that it was so, and that the aforesaid boy was no other than Rhodes, who occupied Study No. 7 in our house.

"Now you've struck it!" cried the delighted Wilson. "This photograph was taken on the afternoon during which your stamp was stolen, and it shows Rhodes in the act of leaving Suckling's shop. Now what does he want with photographic appliances, for he hasn't got a camera? The only conclusion that I can arrive at is that he wanted to take a print of your stamp on sensitised paper. To do this you put the stamp into a printing frame behind a piece of plain glass, and place a sheet of printing-out paper behind it. On exposing to the light you get a shadow-graph of the stamp."

Just then we entered our own house, and Wilson stopped and took a letter from the rack, addressed to Rhodes in his own handwriting. It bore a Dunedin post-mark.

"That fellow Rhodes is too cunning to live," said my chum. "Just fancy! He sent this envelope down to Dunedin when writing to the stamp firm, so that the reply wouldn't come in one of their embossed envelopes."

"How do you know that?" I asked.

"How do I know it!" he repeated. "Why, you can see that the envelope has been pinned on to a letter, and also that it has been folded up."

So saying, he dropped the letter into his pocket and walked away, leaving me wondering at his great wisdom. It was not until just before "Prep," however, that he proposed to visit Rhodes.





"NOW," CONTINUED WILSON, STERNLY, "GO STRAIGHT UP TO THE HEAD AND CONFESS; IF YOU DON'T, WE SHALL HAVE TO REPORT YOU."

"Will you come along with me?" he asked.

I said that I would, and together we made our way to Study No. 7. Rhodes, who was sitting at his table reading, looked up as we entered, and asked our business.

"Oh, it's about that stamp you took out of Pat's album last Wednesday week," replied Wilson, in the coolest manner.

Rhodes turned pale, and stammered out:—"What stamp? I don't understand you."

"Now, look here!" thundered Wilson; "hand over that stamp without any bother. We know you've got it, for here's a letter from Dunedin about it."

Throwing the letter on to the table he looked straight at Rhodes. The latter hesitated for a moment, then reluctantly unlocked his drawer, and took out an envelope, which he handed to me. It contained the missing stamp.

"Now," continued Wilson, sternly, with his eyes still on Rhodes, "go straight up to the Head and confess; if you don't we shall have to report you."

The culprit was too surprised to resist, and obeyed like a lamb. As he shuffled out of the study and along the corridor towards the Head's room, Wilson turned to me.

"Whatever happens, old man," he said, "let this affair remain a secret. There goes the bell; come along."

Next morning the Head briefly announced that Rhodes had left the school, and I don't think anyone regretted his departure, for he was universally disliked.

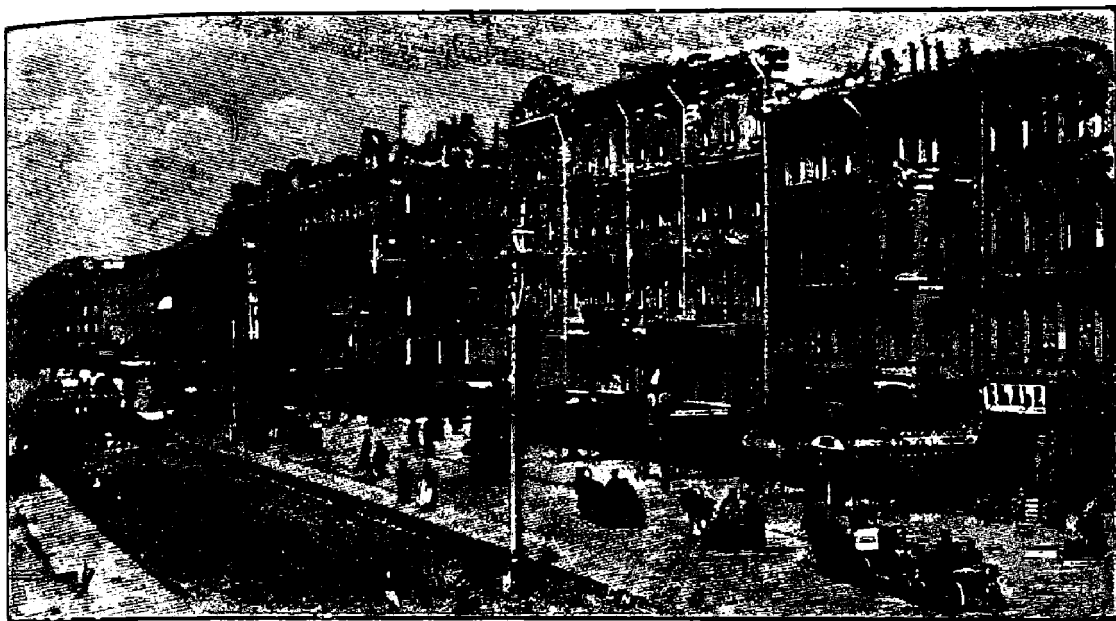
A week later Wilson was the happy possessor of "A Study in Scarlet," on the fly-leaf of which was inscribed, in my handwriting:—

*"To E. Wilson, in recognition of a valuable service and his first success."*

[In explanation of the "local colour" of this ingenious story, I should mention that the author resides at Christchurch, New Zealand.—Ed. CAPTAIN.]



FIRST NEW ZEALANDER: "See, there's a ship bound for England. How'd you like to do the trip, eh?"  
SECOND DITTO: "Shouldn't—too cold! Frozen all the way, you know, and then too hot at end of the voyage—even! Understand?"



THE NEWSKI PROSPECT.

## A RAMBLE ROUND ST. PETERSBURG.

By H. A. SAMS.

"Hi, *izvorschik*!"

A funny-bearded little man in a capacious coat, tied round his middle with a brightly-coloured belt, a big fur cap drawn well down over his twinkling eyes, whips up his horse, and before you stands a rickety little victoria.

The Russian for "to take a cab" is "to sit on an *izvorschik*," applying the name of the driver to his vehicle. This you promptly proceed to do by beating him down twenty kopecks on his original offer. It is quite the correct thing. Ivan does not resent it, but smiles, and with a polite "*Pozhalnista*," or "Please," he undoes the rug, and in you jump.

Rattle, bump, jolt you go over the cobbles and undulating surface of the side streets, expecting each minute to be your last, and that either you will be pitched out or that the flimsy little carriage will give way at the springs. But nothing of the kind happens; with a lurch you whiz round

the corner and find yourself looking down the famous Newski Prospect, the Prospect of the Neva.

It is truly a magnificent street—wide, straight, and long. At the Neva end gleams the golden spire of the Admiralty; as you bowl along, you catch sight of a palace, a theatre, a cathedral, a museum, and innumerable churches.

Newski Prospect at first sight is not unlike any other fine continental boulevard. It is the life upon it that makes the difference. Every third man wears a uniform of some sort. The officers stroll up and down in long grey coats, with clanking sword and spurs. Innumerable soldiers throng the street, soldiers of the Guard and of the Line, and here and there a Cossack, his breast a cartridge case, his belt an armoury of daggers; every officer is saluted, and if he is a general, half turn and stand at the salute till he passes. Policemen and post-men are, of course, in uniform;



A ST. PETERSBURG "CABBY."



A TYPICAL POLICEMAN.

so is the Russian professor, school-master, undergrad. and school-boy.

So much for the man in the street. Along the road dash the carriages and smart *izvorschiks* at a pace that would soon attract the attention of a London

"Bobby." The coachman holds his arms out straight and stiff before him to give a smart appearance to his team. The horses have nice long tails; the collar is arched high over the horse's neck, giving a Russian vehicle a character all its own. From the shaft to the hub of the front wheels ropes are fastened, probably, from

the pace they go, to keep the wheels on. Now and then a squadron of cavalry clatters down the Prospect, officers and men as fine a set of soldiers as you could wish to see.

Newski Prospect is one long Bond Street. The shops are magnificent. Finest are the—well, we have no word in English. "Sweet-shop" is an insult. Whether one has a sweet tooth or only likes cheese, the artistic eye is charmed by the dainty loveliness of these *magazines de bon-bons*. You cannot resist the temptation, but go in. A girl politely asks you what you want, and while she is executing your order, sweetly invites you to taste the tempting delicacies around you. Politeness forbids you to eat in this way more than your order, though, if you did, she would smile and thank you. As a return for the never-failing courtesy of the shop-people, the hat and the smoke are always removed. There is no hurry, and you complete your purchase as if you were giving or taking a present.

The Russians are a pious people; the number of churches seem at first sight out of proportion, but, as a matter of fact, more are

wanted. Outside every church is a sacred picture, and, as the people pass, they stop and cross themselves devoutly, with bared heads and meek, down-cast eyes. If there is not a church at every corner, there is probably a chapel with an altar and several *eikons* or sacred pictures. These at night sparkle like diamonds with their innumerable tapers placed and lit by many a passer-by. The cathedrals are splendid, especially St. Issacs. The style is Byzantine—the interior not so gaudy as in a Roman Catholic cathedral, not so cold and stern as our dear old English fanes. The marbles are rich and massive; the altars are richly dight with silver and gold. The tapers on the altars "make light to counterfeit a gloom." Here there is no pealing organ, no music save the deep voice of the chanting priest and the clear notes of the responding choir. No one sits, but either stands or kneels. The more pious prostrate themselves to the ground, and press their foreheads against the old mosaics. It is an impressive sight.

The Russian in the street is a dignified and solemn being. At home he is as vivacious as a Frenchman.

Then you hear the rich, musical words flowing from his voluble tongue; the merry jest flies round, and you feel annoyed that you cannot understand its drift. Russian is indeed a difficult language. The words are unlike anything to which an Englishman is accustomed. But when spoken by the dainty lips of Marie Ivanovna, how sweetly it rings, like the bells in the yoke of her beloved *t-oika!*

A Russian family generally lives in a *kvatier* or flat. The entrance is through a big gate-way, where stands the



A PEASANT.



TAGGING FOR BUILDING FUNDS.

*dvornik* or door-keeper. He is an important person, at the same time your servant and your master. As the former he gives you your letters, brings up the wood from the huge stack in the court-yard, is a handy-man and general messenger; as the latter he is the link between yourself and the police. He takes your passport, gets the police permit for you to leave the country, and keeps the Russian dis-

trict police-station informed of your movements. It is a lovely system.

Passing through this gate, you cross one or more court-yards as the case may be, and mount the staircase that leads to your *kvatier*. The rooms lead one out of the other. The windows are double, a necessary precaution in a Russian winter.

Family life is simple. Up any time before twelve, as your inclination or business requires; a glass of tea or coffee to wake you up. Breakfast is at noon, and is a meat meal with a glass of tea after it; as yet the *samovar* has not put in an appearance. Dinner is at four or five o'clock—soup, meat, and sometimes pudding—and again a glass of tea and cigarettes, in which the ladies join, especially if they be elderly. After

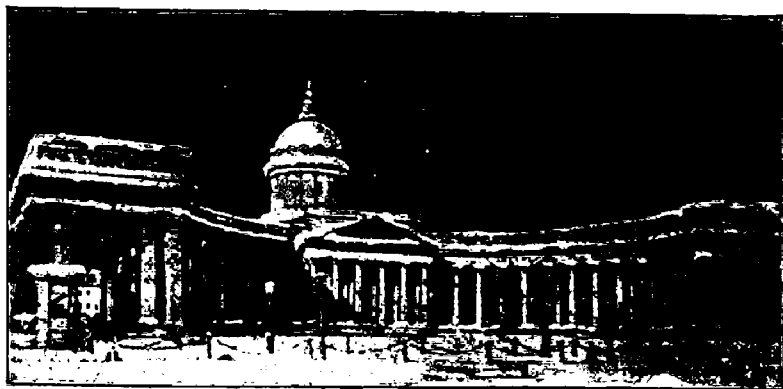
dinner, a walk on the Newski, or "forty winks" if you were up early. At eight or nine in the evening, in comes the steaming *samovar*, one of the *penates* of a Russian family, as the *eikon* and burning lamp are another. Then the hostess dispenses tea with grace and kindness. Then through the steam of tea and smoke of

cigarette, go round the tale and gossip, *io kakoi skandal!* To this festive meal comes the guest; after it to the guest-chamber, where Ivan Petrovich is asked to sing some plaintive gipsy love-song, or, while the hostess plays, he dances with Marie Ivanovna a gay mazurka or simple *Vingerka*. At midnight, beer or wine is brought in, and the fun is kept up till three or four in the morning. Or else furs and goloshes are donned, and away in a string of *izvorchiks* to some *café* on the Newski, to listen to the Hungarian band, sip wine, and eat *caviare*.

It is a jolly life, this life of St. Petersburg. How little it is known to the average Englishman, whose ideas of Russia are a jumble of politics and the knout! Ivan Petrovich is a good sort, and to know him is to like him.



A STREET HAWKER.





BY JOHN MACKIE.

Author of "They that Sit in Darkness," "The Last Creek," "Touch and Go," etc.

Illustrated by Stewart Browne.

#### SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—XVII.)

WALTER DERRINGHAM, an orphan, runs away from home, leaving behind him his one friend in the world, Muriel Wray. On arriving in London, Walter chases and captures a pickpocket who has stolen a gold watch from a gentleman in evening dress. The gentleman proves to be a Canadian cattle-farmer, Mr. Dunbar, who offers Walter a crib on his ranche in the wild North-west prairie country. Walter accepts the offer, and accompanies Mr. Dunbar to Canada. Nearing the ranche, whilst passing through a valley, the party is attacked by hostile Indians. Dunbar and Derringham, after a savage encounter with the red men, obtain the assistance of a neighbouring rancher and his cow-boys, and also that of the mounted police. After various tactics have been employed by both sides, one Indian is captured, but the notorious outlaw, "Make-Thunder," escapes. Derringham accompanies Dunbar to the latter's ranche, and settles down to his work. One Sunday Derringham goes off with Broncho Pete—a cow-boy—to explore a mysterious locality in that neighbourhood known as the Land of the Lost Spirits—this being the place, according to the superstitions of the red men, to which "bad" Indians are consigned when they die. Exploring forwards, Broncho Pete and Derringham come suddenly upon an illicit whiskey distillery, owned by an outlaw named Campbell, a member of whose band is the bad Indian, Make-Thunder. Pete and Derringham narrowly escape being shot on sight. The smugglers imprison them and set a guard over them. Laying their heads together, the prisoners determine to escape. In the silence of the night they loosen the stones of the window and prepare to decamp.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

##### THE PURSUIT.

PETE clambered on to the partially demolished wall, and peered into the gloomy depths below.

"It's a long way down, Wally," he observed, 'but the rope's nigh touching the water. I'll go first, and you follow me up. Here goes!'"

He took hold of the rope, and with his feet braced against the cliff, began to lower himself down. When he had disappeared from view I took his place on the wall and watched him, as, hand under hand, he gradually neared the cold, black water. It must have been at least thirty feet from where I knelt to its surface. Pete must have been close to it, when suddenly, to my surprise, he stood upright, felt about with his feet, relaxed his hold on the rope, and steadied himself against the face of the cliff with his hands. He looked up towards me, and cried:—

"Come on, Wally, I believe I've struck a ledge!"

In two minutes more I stood by his side. It was indeed a ledge, but an exceedingly narrow one.

"Now then, Wally, we'll have to make for the boats," whispered Pete.

We crawled along the rocky shore in the shadow of the banks, every now and again pausing to listen and peer into the deceptive semi-darkness. How every tree-stump and rock seemed to resolve themselves into some sinister, lurking enemy! Every moment I almost expected to see a little tongue of fire spurt out from the gloom, presaging the deadly, leaden messenger, or to be challenged in a rough voice by someone on watch.

But at last we reached the little natural harbour, and turned into it with a world of dread and apprehension in our hearts. What if the boats had been carried well ashore, or rendered useless? There would then be nothing for it but to search for some logs or spars, lash them

together, and trust ourselves to their frail support. But the boats were there, made fast to the little jetty, and there was exultation in our hearts as we fairly ran down to them. And then, O horrible sense of disappointment and dismay! — we discovered they were both securely chained to a huge pile, driven into the sand, with the great padlock in such a position that we could not get at it, so as to spring the lock by the usual means adopted in such cases, by dealing it heavy blows with large stones.

"Wally, old stocking," whispered Pete, "it's a blue look-out. But we mustn't waste time. Let's look for some logs—anything at all; it won't do to stop round this 'ere shop long."

It was indeed a tantalising sight to see the two boats lying there so trimly side by side, with the oars in them, and still so utterly useless for our purpose. But my old faculty of observation once more stood me in stead.

"Pete," I said, "I believe I know where they keep the key of that padlock. It is kept hung up on a nail in the still-house at the far end of the building. I once saw Jim put it there."

"Are you quite sure it was the key of this padlock?" asked Pete.

"I'm almost sure of it," I replied; "at least, it was the key of a padlock—you can always tell the difference. You just stop here, and I'll go and get it."

Pete wanted to go himself, averring that he knew the ground better than I did, but I would not have it. The suggestion and project were mine, and mine would be the risk.

"You run as much risk of being shot, Pete, by staying here," I declared. "I'm going, so it's no use your trying to persuade me to the contrary. So long, old chap!"

I hastily shook him by the hand, and was off before he could prevent me or say a word. The still-house was the farthest away of the log huts, so I skirted the hollow among the pines in order to enter it by the doorway at the back. It was dark in the shadow, and I stumbled against rocks and tree-stumps. Every little noise brought my heart into my mouth, for I thought the smugglers must necessarily hear it, and I knew that meant certain death for both Pete and myself. Still, I will say this for myself, that it was not so much the actual fear of death that concerned me, as the failure or mismanagement of the mission which I had taken upon myself, and upon which the life of another hung.

I crouched and crept along as best I could until I stood on the top of the lip of the little hollow just behind the still-house. Everything seemed perfectly quiet, and the huts had a deserted appearance. There was a light breeze

blowing, and one or two loose boards on a ruined shed flapped cerily to and fro. I looked across the dim lake to the south where the shadow of the mighty western cliff lay like a great eclipse athwart the dim waters, clearly defined, black as jet, palpable. Suddenly from the blackness there gleamed out a light so intense, so bright, that for the moment it fairly dazzled me. It lit up the weird gulch of waters as if the sun were blazing directly overhead, and the vast cliffs with every tree and scar stood out distinctly. But the cause of that flash itself I could not determine. It was of such infinitesimal duration that, but for the sudden affright of the bird-world, I could have almost fancied myself the victim of some optical illusion. What weird phenomenon of nature was this?

But there was no time to lose in idle speculation, and I turned at once to the hut. Quickly I walked over the intervening clear ground. Luckily the door stood wide open, and I stepped inside. It was pitch dark, and owing to the number of formidable obstacles, mostly in the form of tubs and jars, littering the floor, I nearly broke my neck in trying to get to the spot where the key was kept. I would never get there without a light of some kind. The noise caused by my tumbling about would be more likely to be heard than any light employed for a minute or two was likely to be seen. If the key was to be found, one would have to take risks in finding it. I struck a wax vesta and made my way quickly to where the key was kept. Thank goodness! there it was, and hastily I secured it. I was now close to the door, when suddenly the match burnt my fingers, and hastily I threw it from me. In another second a great tongue of flame shot up from an open keg close to the wall, and in another moment it seemed as if the whole place was ablaze. Some kind of oil or spirit must have been left uncovered, and my match had done the business. For a moment I stood helpless, incapable of thought or action. To try and stop the progress of that fierce flame would be a fatuous task; turning, I dashed across the space of open ground by the way I had come. That hut burned as if it had been made of tissue paper soaked in kerosene. The breeze fanned the flames through the doors and windows with almost incredible rapidity; there was a series of loud reports, as jars and kegs of spirit were exploded by the fierce heat, and before I had reached the little harbour immense forks of blue flames and red were shooting through the roof. Glancing over my shoulder I could see the smugglers rushing out of their hut evidently in a great state of consternation. Would it serve to distract their attention while we made

our escape? If so, then the dropping of that match was a lucky accident.

"Quick, Pete," I cried, almost breathless, handing him the key. "Had we not better take both boats?"

But there was no time for that, for just as we had unlocked the padlock and were about to jump into one of them, someone, hatless and shirtless, came tearing round the bend of the rocks. It was the brutal Bill, and in an instant I noted that he was unarmed. He was evidently a man of prompt action, for without uttering a word he rushed headlong upon me, like a wild animal, as I stood on the edge of the natural quay. Pete was a little to one side, taking aboard the heavy chain that secured the boats. On came Bill, with the glare of a savage creature in his eyes. So great was the light from the burning hut that I could see his features distinctly. I waited until he was within a couple of feet of me, then, springing quickly aside, I put out my foot, tripped him up, and in another second he had pitched with a great crash, head-first into the boat. I thought the fall must have killed him and swamped the boat, for it plunged down in the bows until the water ran in over the sides. But Pete evidently did not want to be burdened by the carcase of the smuggler, for he promptly jumped into the boat after him, caught him by the feet before he

could make a move, and tipped him over the side into deep water.

"Jump in, Wally, for goodness' sake!" cried my comrade; "they'll be on us in another second. Crikey! here they come. No time to trouble about the other boat—in with you, and row for all you're worth."



I PUT OUT MY FOOT, AND HE PITCHED HEAD-FIRST INTO THE BOAT.

I jumped in, and, seizing an oar, shoved off; at the same moment three or four smugglers came rushing down towards the quay. As we passed under the archway, *ping! ping!* went a couple of revolver shots, and the bullets flattened against the rocks close to our heads. Just as we cleared the archway and shot out into the lake the wild crew of desperadoes had reached the quay. *Ping! ping!* went their revolvers again. *Whiz—zip!* went the bullets. But either that lurid, wild light was deceptive, or they were too excited and full of rage to take the careful aim necessary to make good shooting with a revolver, for although one or two of the shots struck the boat, they did no harm to us. I noticed that the second boat in

the meantime had drifted from the quay towards the archway. Pete and I now crouched in the bottom of our boat, and, taking an oar, I used it as a scull. We noticed that some of the smugglers were helping the hapless Bill out of the water by means of a boat-hook. The smuggler-chief himself stood for a

moment on the quay, the very picture of impotent rage.

"Oh, you fools!" he shrieked, "I'll make you pay for this! I'll roast your bodies over a slow fire until there's nothing left of you but your bones! You'll not escape us!"

In another moment he had dived from the quay, and made for the drifting boat. He succeeded in catching it up, clambered in over the side, made back to the quay, and was joined by three of his fellows. They shipped the oars, and immediately their boat shot through the archway in hot pursuit.

"Git up, Wally, and row like mad!" cried Pete.

We had about seventy yards of a start on the smugglers, but unless we could increase our lead the outlook was rather a hopeless one. It was our intention to make as nearly as possible for the cave in which we had first found the boat, jump ashore, and rely upon our fleetness of foot to out-distance the smugglers in the rough, wild, pine-clad country. The chances were, however, that, should they think we were going to escape them, they would fire a volley into us and the game would be up. It was a case of life or death, so we strained every nerve in our bodies, and shot along at a spanking pace. In another minute or two we would be out of the still water and have rounded the last of the outlying islands.

"Pull, sonny, pull!" cried poor Pete, as he bent to his oar like a man possessed. "Never say die!"

But I saw to my dismay that the smugglers were gaining upon us. In a few minutes more we would be in their power. And now, Campbell, the smuggler-chief, stood up in the bow of his boat and watched us intently. He was excited to an extraordinary degree, and behaved just like a maniac. He shook his fist at us, and laughed in a way that made our flesh creep.

"Stay with it, boys!" he cried to his men; "we're gaining on them, and soon we'll have their bodies roasting on the embers of their own fire;" he raised his voice as he cried out to us: "Ho, there! you silly fools! you may as well save your wind and knuckle under—you haven't got the ghost of a show!"

To this invitation Pete and I made no reply, but rowed all the harder, with the energy of despair. We shot past the point of the last of the islands, and stood out for the open waters of the lake. Suddenly, that weird, dazzling light which had so startled me several minutes before when on the island, burst out again somewhere ahead of us—but it was no momentary flash this time.

Instinctively Pete and I turned to look at it. What we saw was a sight that neither of us are likely to forget to our dying day. There, within two hundred yards of us, were a couple of large rafts, each with a species of lug-sail, bellying to the breeze, slowly drifting down upon us. Upon them stood a large number of men. It was evidently a magnesium light that was being burnt, so as to give the occupants some idea of their proper position. My heart throbbed wildly, as in the fierce white light I could make out distinctly the khaki uniforms, slouched hats, and long boots of mounted police troopers; and the leather trappings and picturesque gearing of the cow-boys. We could see them looking at us and our pursuers in evident astonishment.

"Hurrah!" shouted Pete, "Pull like mad, Wally! Thank God, we're saved!"

But the smugglers did not intend to let us escape so easily.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE GREAT FIGHT.

WHEN the smugglers realised that they were running right into the lion's mouth, they backed water instantly, and stared at their much-dreaded enemies—the police—with amazement and consternation. But only for an instant; for, with a cry like a wild beast that has been balked of its prey, Campbell raised his revolver, levelled it at us, and fired.

Fortunately Pete and I had divined his intention in time, and ducked, so that the two bullets he sent on their way went whizzing over our heads.

The smugglers put about, and made back the way they had come.

In another minute we were alongside the raft, and the next thing I knew was that Colin Dunbar, the rancher, was wringing my two hands in his as if he meant to do me bodily harm. The good man seemed so overcome at our unexpected meeting that he was quite unable to speak.

In another moment the police officer, whom I had met at Waller's, appeared. With self-possession and readiness that with him had become second nature, he leapt into the boat, calling on three of his men to follow him.

"You come, too, Dunbar," he cried. "And as for you," indicating Pete and myself, "give up your oars to those who are fresh; but stay in the boat—we'll want you to pilot us to the lair of the real spirits of these parts. We must take those chaps alive if we can. Sergeant-major Wilde, try and place the two rafts one on either side of the island, land the men, keep them well



in cover, and await further orders. Lay to, boys!"

In less time than it takes to write it, two brawny troopers were pulling together with a long, measured stroke that sent the boat flying through the water. Everything had happened in such an inconceivably short space of time that it seemed almost like the incongruous turn of some vivid and fantastic dream to be chasing our late pursuers. It was turning the tables upon them with a vengeance. The magnesium light that had burned on the raft had now gone out, but the glare from the burning hut still shed a weird, lurid light on the deep, mysterious

his fist at us in a way that would have been ludicrous had it not savoured of tragedy.

As our boat churned through the water, Pete and I told our story to Colin Dunbar and the officer of police in as few words as possible, and described the physical peculiarities of the smugglers' retreat. It transpired that one of the notes, put by me into a bottle and consigned to the lake, had been found some days previously on a strip of sand by the western cliff. It had been discovered none too soon, for in another twelve hours the search party would have left, under the belief that Pete and I were both dead, and our bodies lying in some inaccessible spot



LEVELLING HIS REVOLVER AT US, HE FIRED, AND ONE OF THE TROOPERS DROPPED HIS OAR WITH A BULLET THROUGH THE FLESHY PART OF HIS ARM.

waters, and threw the rugged, pine-crested islands into bold relief.

The smugglers made back for their stronghold even more quickly than they had set out from it. We could see the gaunt figure of the smuggler-chief as he sat in the bow of the boat, his hands gripping the sides, his head slightly bent forward, watching us with a peculiarly concentrated stare. He reminded me of some huge ape behind the bars of a cage, which, having spent its strength in a wild paroxysm of rage, was lying back in a state of impotent senility. He did not attempt to fire at us, but once or twice he seemed to rouse himself, and shook

in the Land of the Lost Spirits. They had lost no time in withdrawing from the observation of the smugglers, so as to throw them off the scent, and in building rafts in a secluded cove.

Our boat was fast catching up on that of the smugglers, but in another hundred yards the latter would gain the archway, and then they would, to a large extent, be the masters of the situation. The two troopers bent to their oars right bravely, but it was of no avail. The smugglers, with something that sounded like a wild howl of triumph, passed under the archway, and, just ere they did so, the smuggler-chief seemed to recover something of his old

vindictiveness; for, levelling his revolver at us, he fired, and one of the troopers dropped his car with a bullet through the fleshy part of his right arm. Immediately his place was taken by another man.

"Hold hard!" cried the officer of police. "There's no use exposing ourselves more than is necessary to those wretches, who know well enough it means the gallows for most of them even if they don't get shot. We'll surround the island when the rafts come up, and take them all in good time. Meanwhile, we'll take care that no one tries to escape. Nicholls"—this to the trooper with the injured arm—"you'll be rowed to the raft as soon as it comes up, and Dr. Haultain will see to your wound. It was fortunate we brought the doctor with us. I wouldn't wonder, by the way, if these scoundrels could account for the mysterious disappearance of Dunthorne about a year ago."

We stood out from the shore, and waited for the rafts to come up. By the light of the blazing still-house we could see the smugglers running up from the little harbour towards the remaining huts. It was quite evident they were barricading themselves in, and making preparations for a siege. They might as well shoot a few policemen and cow-boys, seeing that in any case their lives would be as good as forfeited. The rancher had ripped open the trooper's coat-sleeve, and was binding it up until such time as the doctor appeared upon the scene. In order that one of the rafts should be stranded at the far end of the island near the kitchen garden, we pulled slowly round in that direction; we would thus be able to signal it on its arrival. We were passing the high rock where our late prison was, when, looking up towards the great gap which Pete and I had so lately made in the stone wall, and from which our improvised rope of blankets still dangled, we saw in the imperfect light the dim figure of a man making frantic signals to us. Who on earth could it be, and what were the designs of this person?

"Don't go too near," I counselled, the past threats and cunning of the arch smuggler-chief occurring to my mind at that moment, and visions suggesting themselves of a keg of gunpowder with a fuse attached being dropped into our boat should we approach too near.

But to our surprise we saw the man, apparently unarmed, swarm down the rope until he dangled from it with his feet just touching the water.

"Here's something queer," exclaimed the officer. "Pull in, but be very cautious. He's a dead man if there's any treachery."

A few strokes from the oars, and we were close to the swaying figure.

"Alan!" I exclaimed in astonishment, for it was indeed the smuggler who had all along been our friend, and doubtless to whom we owed our lives when, on the first day of our arrival, the ballot-box was called into requisition.

The police officer caught him by the nape of the neck, and pulled him into the boat.

"Dunthorne!" he exclaimed, with a look of incredulity and amazement, which also found a reflection on the faces of the others. "In the name of all that's wonderful, how did you get here?"

"I came here much as these two did," he replied. "I was taken prisoner, and to save my own life agreed to join them. I had to swear never to betray them, and I have kept my word. But I made a stipulation that they were never to expect me to pull a trigger or lift a hand against the uniform, and in return I promised never to lift a hand against them. Should my name not already be struck off the strength of the force you will surely not ask me to go back upon my word. I have been watched like a prisoner myself all these weary months. What would the force have gained if I had been shot? Can you tell me my position now, sir?"

"You are Corporal Dunthorne still," replied the officer, "and we'll put you on board the raft. You have been the victim of circumstances, and the commissioner is a just man. You have my sincere sympathy, and I am sure you will have his."

The officer shook him heartily by the hand, and the action was immediately followed by the others. It was with no little emotion that Pete and I did so also. This man's personality, which had before been such a mystery to us, was now made plain enough. In a few words I told the officer of police how undoubtedly he had saved our lives more than once, and how he had befriended us all along.

In a few minutes more one of the large rafts bore down upon the island. The great lug-sail bellied to the breeze, and loomed up vaguely like some uncanny thing in the lurid half-light. As it was hauled down it flapped and shook with a noise like muffled thunder. The raft ran into the little bay by the kitchen-garden, and grounded on the beach. We signalled it, and pulled alongside. Immediately the men sprang ashore. The trooper who was shot through the arm was handed over to the police surgeon, who had with him all necessary surgical appliances, and our friend Alan Dunthorne, smuggler and non-commissioned officer of police, was left to assist him. Pete and I were given revolvers apiece with a belt of ammunition, and

were told by the officer to keep in his neighbourhood and that of the rancher, but on no account to expose ourselves to the fire of the smugglers, as, naturally, they would blame us for all their troubles.

By this time the second raft had pulled in to the rocks on the east side of the island, nearly opposite the little glade and pathway which led down from the burning still-house. The men spread out until a species of semicircle was formed opposite the hut in which the desperadoes had entrenched themselves, but not within a hundred yards of it at the nearest point, as there was the clearing to reckon with; not to keep well in cover of trees and rocks meant certain death.

The officer, who was a plucky fellow, crawled forward under the scanty cover of the rickety shed, and called upon the smugglers to surrender. But the only reply was a couple of bullets fired into the rotten shanty, that caused him to beat a discreet and prompt retreat. Then an order was given by the officer to fire a volley upon the hut, but the damage done was evidently slight. Then from their log stronghold several little jets of flame spurted out in irregular succession. A cow-boy who had, after the manner of cow-boys, somewhat recklessly exposed himself from behind a tree, dropped like a stone with a bullet through his leg. He was borne away at considerable risk by another cow-boy and a trooper.

"The deuce take them!" muttered the officer, who was now close to me, under cover of a large pine. "I'm afraid they are going to give us some trouble. They must have done something worse than make whiskey in their time, or they wouldn't stand out like this. What sort of chaps did you say they were like, Derringham?"

"The sort of brutes who take a delight in thrashing boys, sir," I replied. "They laid me on the ground and flogged me with a rope the very first day I was here, because I cheeked them."

Then I blushed for myself in the dark, because surely now I was something more than a mere boy! At least, I thought I was.

The officer laughed.

"Served you right for checking your elders — Goodness!"

It was my turn to laugh now. A bullet had made the bark fly close to his head. He ducked in rather an undignified fashion.

"Those chaps are no tenderfoots," he remarked, thoughtfully.

It was a picturesque if tragic scene. The blazing hut, the little stronghold from which jets of flame kept darting, the clear piece of encircling ground on which to venture meant death,

the dusky group of pines where the sharp ring of the unseen troopers' rifles spurted out the death fire; beyond that, the gleaming lake with its dark isles; above that, those great gloomy encompassing cliffs, and, above all, the luminous grey-green of the heavens, in which the stars were beginning to go out one by one, just as the lights disappear in a great city at peep-of-day.

It was beginning to get piercingly cold; for a sharp frost had set in, and in a day or two we knew that there would be ice on the Lake of the Lost Spirits.

"I say, Derringham, this won't do, you know," remarked the officer. "You're shivering with cold, and there's hardly room behind this tree for both of us. Creep to the bank and find Dunbar, or your late friend in misfortune—the man with the business eye, and the nose that looks two ways at one time —"

"Broncho Pete is as good-looking as you, sir, or anyone else, when you get to know him!" I interrupted hotly.

"Keep your coat on, Derringham," laughed the officer. "I quite agree with you. It's only the little way we have of talking out here, and merely meant to save any demonstration of affection."

I thought of Pete's quaint "Wally, old stocking," and knew that there was something in what he said. I stammered out an apology, and crawled back to the bank. I was not long in finding the rancher, who seemed to have been anxious as to my safety.

"We'll await the end here together, Derringham," he said. "It can't be long now. Something's pretty sure to happen. Their ammunition is bound to run out, but just before that they'll make a break, you'll see."

We soon found out how true his words were. Suddenly, as if he had just recollected something, he said again:—

"By the way, I had nearly forgotten. You won't guess what I've got here for you, Derringham?"

I looked at his face, and I did guess.

"It's a letter from the Old Country!" I cried.

"Yes," he replied. And, after fumbling in an inside pocket for a most absurd time, he pulled it out. "I thought it was just possible you might like to see it when we found you."

I almost snatched it from his hand. I knew that, excepting my Uncle Gilbert, there was only one other person who was likely to write to me, and that was my girl friend, Muriel Wray.

"Is it from her?" asked the rancher smilingly, and watching my face. I had mentioned her existence to my friend.

"Yes, sir," I answered, and somehow could not help blushing, simply because it was from a girl and not from a boy. Then I felt ashamed of myself for being so disloyal, and strove to make amends.

"But she's one of the best sort of girls I ever met, sir—a regular brick, and quite as good as most fellows!"

"Don't apologise for her," remarked Colin Dunbar drily. "I'm quite sure, from the little you've told me, that she doesn't require it. Put that letter away—there's something going to happen now, and no mistake. Just look there!"

He sprang into an almost upright position. I thrust that dear letter into my pocket, and looked, too. It was a remarkable sight that met our gaze. Some adventurous trooper had set fire to the coarse dry grass in the open. A great gushet of flame ran quickly down to the lee side of the log hut. In a minute more a pile of firewood and rubbish close to the gable end had caught fire, and in two minutes more the whole place was ablaze. A triumphant murmur of voices from the troopers and cow-boys was heard.

"Stand to your posts, men, and look out!" cried the officer.

"They are going to make a rush for it," cried Colin Dunbar. "Now, stick to me or the inspector, Derringham, and don't be rash. By Jove, they're coming out!"

## CHAPTER XX.

### TO THE DEATH.

WHEN the stronghold of the smugglers burst into flames their fusilade stopped abruptly, and immediately the officer passed the signal to his troopers and the cow-boys to cease firing also. Why they should have wasted ammunition in firing upon that strongly-built log hut at all was a mystery to me. The only vulnerable part of it was the roof, which was composed of birch bark and was now ablaze. Surely the time had come for the desperadoes to surrender.

The troopers closed in cautiously to the edge of the clearing, the grass of which was burning like a miniature prairie fire. Indeed, it was difficult at times to see the hut at all through the lurid murkiness. It was a wild, picturesque scene, but one which I would not care to see again. It was a terrible thing to think of those



WITH A BLIND, WILD, HELTER-SKELTER RUSH, THE DESPERADOES MADE A BREACH FOR ONE OF THE RAFTS

misguided men rushing on so recklessly to their grim fate. Suddenly I heard a voice at my elbow.

"I say, Wally, old stocking, don't you be a-gittin' too near. Them coves are only foxin'. They're up to some demon's work, you kin bet your boots."

And Pete was right. For, in another second, with a blind, wild, helter-skelter rush, the desperadoes made a break for one of the rafts. It was doubtless their idea to push off from the shore, hoist the lug-sail, and let it drift with the wind. It was a mad idea at the best, for before such a slow and clumsy contrivance as a raft could get clear of the shore it was tolerably certain that the fugitives would be shot down.

*Bang, ping! Bang, ping!* And as they ran the smugglers faced about and fired upon such of the cow-boys and troopers as came too close upon them. But the desperadoes had somewhat the best of the start, for what with the burning grass, the smoke, the uncertain flickering light, and the fact that they had made their exit by a back way, a good many of the troopers and police hardly realised at first that the enemy had fled. But they very soon found out, for as I ran with the officer through the burning grass and blinding smoke towards the huts, we could hear the ominous rifle and revolver shots ring out, and the hoarse voices of the men as they rallied to the pursuit.

How that flame scorched my face and hands! and how that black smoke suffocated us as we stumbled blindly through it! Pete and Colin Dunbar had attempted to follow, but a gust of wind just then swept up an impassable barrier of flame in their faces, and they were obliged to retire. When the fire caught the drier and ranker grass among the trees, and the whole island was ablaze, it was every man for himself, and that meant a rush for the rafts. Then no one knew where his comrade was, and confusion for the time being reigned. It was a nightmarish, fitting scene for the Land of the Lost Spirits.

The officer and I quickly passed the burning huts, and as we crossed over the slightly rising ground beyond, we saw three of the smugglers keeping the police at bay, while a couple of them endeavoured to push off the raft upon which was the surgeon and the wounded trooper. The sight startled me.

"There are only five of them there," I cried. "Campbell, one of the others, and Make-Thunder, have escaped somehow!"

A sudden thought struck me.

"They've made for the little harbour where the boats are," I cried. "If we jump into this one down here and row round we might stop them."

It was only too true. When the huts were practically surrounded no one thought of the smugglers' boat in the harbour. So while one lot of the smugglers ran one way, Campbell, Bill, and the Indian, with the cunning of foxes, ran another; and they did not run in vain, for there was not a soul to prevent them from jumping into the boat and pushing off.

The officer and I rushed down to the remaining boat, which, luckily, the desperadoes had not seen in time, and jumped in. Another trooper followed us, and without waiting for further assistance we pushed off. The trooper and I took an oar apiece, making the boat fairly spin through the water. We rounded the rocks, and there, some two hundred yards ahead of us, was the only other available boat, with two white men and an Indian in it, steadily making its way between the islands in the direction of the canyon.

I really pitied the officer when he saw how completely he and his men had been outwitted, just when it seemed that he had as good as effected a capture.

"I'll never forgive myself," he groaned. "It is the greatest mistake I ever committed in my life! And to think that we had them as good as surrounded! But we must capture them—I can't go back without them. They can't row farther than the head of that canyon, anyhow, no matter how long it may be."

He sprang from his seat in the stern.

"Give me that oar, Derringham," he cried. "You've done enough for one night."

I gave it up to him, and, to tell the truth, I was not sorry. The strain of the past twenty-four hours had almost been too much for me.

It was a wonderful dawn, that in the Lake of the Lost Spirits, and as we sped through the water I had an opportunity of observing it. The wan light stream dived like one vast shaft over the high, dark, eastern cliff, and the great gulch of black waters was filled with that luminous greyiness one only sees during a thunder-storm. Looking back, I could see a red glare showing through the dark, straggling pines on the two little islands we had just passed. It looked like an angry dawn in a world of gloom, but I knew it was only the flare of the burning buildings and the grass in the fastness of the outlaw's. I realised then to the full the truth of the scriptural saying: *The way of transgressors is hard*. I thought of one of the men, Campbell, we were then in pursuit of, and of his misspent life, and it occurred to me that probably it was the seeds of insanity that had allowed him to drift so easily into his evil courses. I told the inspector of his mad fancies, but he said nothing. Goodness knows



"BACK-WATER! BACK-WATER! WE ARE RIGHT ON TO THEM!"

I owed the smuggler chief no debt of gratitude, but is it not better to err on the side of mercy—if erring it be?

On, on we sped over the dark waters and through the chill morning air.

"Are we gaining on them do you think, Derringham?" cried the officer, with something that sounded almost like a ring of entreaty in his voice.

"I think so, sir. In fact, I'm pretty certain of it. You see, the Indian can't row, and the other two have to do all the work, and they are pretty well played out."

It was as I said. Already I could distinguish the occupants of the boat more clearly, and I knew that it was not altogether owing to the increased light. And now the great cliffs began to draw in upon us on either side, until at last we were in a species of canyon. How high these cliffs were! Looking upwards, and then down at the water, was to make one feel giddy. And how deep was the black water beneath us! There was no strip of shore on either hand—not a broken piece of rock on which even a cat could gain a foothold. To come to grief there meant saying goodbye to this world.

On, on we sped. Was the canyon going to

pierce into the bowels of the earth for ever? The cliffs were now so high, and came so close together, that it seemed as if twilight had again settled down on the face of the waters. Suddenly I thought the distance between the two boats had considerably lessened.

"Let me take your oar, sir," I begged. "They are getting played out. You'll be able to keep an eye upon them better. It is Campbell, Bill, and Make-Thunder, and you'll have to be very careful."

I daresay it was presumptuous on my part to tender such advice, but I knew the men from experience.

He allowed me to take his place. He then took his position in the stern with a rifle in his hands. It is one of the regulations in the police force that firing on a criminal must only be resorted to as a very last remedy. The canyon now became so narrow and tortuous that at times we lost sight of the desperadoes altogether, but still we were gaining upon them. Suddenly, with a warning shout, the officer cried:—

"Back-water! Back water! We're right on to them!"

The trooper and I obeyed with all the

strength that was left in our bodies, but that did not prevent us running full tilt into the fugitives' boat with a force that sent me sprawling backwards. When I picked myself up I was alone. The other boat was empty, and lay close against the foot of a rough ledge or incline, exactly like a bridle track, that ran upwards into what seemed that other world of light and day. But great boulders had fallen from the cliff above right on to it, distracting the eye, and thus preventing me at first noticing the human figures, some hundred feet or so above, who were about to take part in the last scene of a stormy drama. And then the sharp ring of a pistol shot made me look more closely, until I could see plainly what was going forward.

When the desperadoes had reached the ledge they had jumped quickly ashore, leaving their boat to its fate, and it was when suddenly rounding the bend that ours had crashed into it. They ran quickly up the steep and shelving slope, but the police by this time were close at their heels, and they knew that there was nothing for it but to surrender or fight.

Campbell faced about and fired one shot out of his revolver at the police inspector. But his aim was wild, and the bullet went wide of its mark. The police, being determined to take their quarry alive, did not shoot. Then the desperate smuggler chief called upon the brutal Bill and the Indian to stand and fight. From motives of prudence Bill stood his ground, and kept the police at bay with his revolver, but the Indian, with a series of long strides, kept on. Infuriated by this exhibition of cowardice and disobedience, Campbell, with almost superhuman agility, bounded after him, and caught him in his arms. It was only at this juncture that I properly saw what was going on, owing to a turn in the ledge. The sight was such a strange and terrible one, that, while it lasted, Bill, the pursued, and the police merely stood still and watched. It was one of the shortest and grimmest wrestling matches I ever saw in my life.

Make-Thunder, my old would-be assassin, wriggled round quickly when he found himself in the smuggler's grip, and flung his arms over and about the latter's back after the most approved manner of wrestlers. Then for at least two minutes the two spun round furiously on the brink of that terrible abyss. Now the smuggler would draw the Indian to him, and lift him off his feet. Then the Indian would manage to free himself, and the spinning would begin again. But at last the end came. Campbell had managed to force Make-Thunder close to the edge of the precipice, when suddenly,

freeing himself from his grip, he struck the Indian a terrific blow on the chest, that sent him spinning over the brink. It was then the police made a rush in upon Campbell. But the smuggler chief had as little intention of being taken prisoner as of going over the cliff in the embrace of a redskin; for, turning towards his would-be captors with a mocking grin upon his face, he made them a low bow, and sprang into that nightmarish abyss. It was a sickening sight to view his body pass through the air. I tried to shut my eyes, but I could not—the scene quite fascinated me. So perished this strange man, and with him, probably, the secret of his downfall.

But the end of the drama was not yet. When the police rushed in upon Campbell, Bill, seizing his opportunity, made a dash past them, and came thundering down the slope. He knew that if he could only kill me, push off with the two boats, and round the corner, he was saved, and his two opponents outwitted with a vengeance. My revolver lay in the stern of the boat, but I had no time to pick it up. The police, some seventy or eighty yards behind him, dared not fire, lest they should accidentally shoot me. I seized an oar, determined to receive my old friend, Bill, in the only way that I thought would impress him. He had evidently made up his mind to make very sure of me, for he did not seem in any hurry to fire. But he delayed too long. Just ere he reached the water's edge he stumbled, and lurched forward. Now was my opportunity. Before he could recover himself I stood up in the boat, swung the oar over my head, brought it down heavily on his thick skull, and in another instant he fell senseless into the boat.

"Well done, Derringham! Well done, my boy!" cried the officer, as he and the trooper reached the boats. "You've made a capture, anyhow, and retrieved our fortunes. If you haven't broken his head he'll make a brave show in handcuffs and leg-irons!"

They placed him in an easy position in the boat in which he had come, the trooper taking off his coat and placing it under his head, and then, knowing the desperate character of the man with whom they had to deal, they took the precaution of making fast his feet and hands.

I confess that though this was the man who had treated me so brutally, I almost felt sorry for him, fearful lest my blow had killed him. It is not pleasant to think that you have killed any one, even in self-defence.

"Can't you do anything for him, sir?" I asked. "Put some water on his face—try to bring him round, or something of that sort."

The officer shook his head.

"It's no use," he replied, "you'll see, he'll come round soon enough. Get him back to where Dr. Haultain, our surgeon, is; that's the best plan, I think. Roberts," turning to the trooper, "you stop in the boat with him, and Derringham and I will tow you back to camp. It's well on in the forenoon now, and they'll be wondering what's become of us. It will be four or five o'clock before we get back. Derringham, let me shake hands with you."

I could not exactly see what there was to

shake hands about, but I shook hands with him all the same.

During that long row back, despite the stormy events of the past twenty-four hours, I kept wondering what was in Muriel Wray's letter. Though I was dying to read it, the very thought that it was safe in my breast pocket was wonderfully comforting.

About four in the afternoon, dead tired, we reached the island.

What had happened in our absence?



HE STRUCK THE INDIAN A TERRIFIC BLOW ON THE CHEST, THAT SENT HIM SPINNING OVER THE BRINK.

*(To be concluded.)*



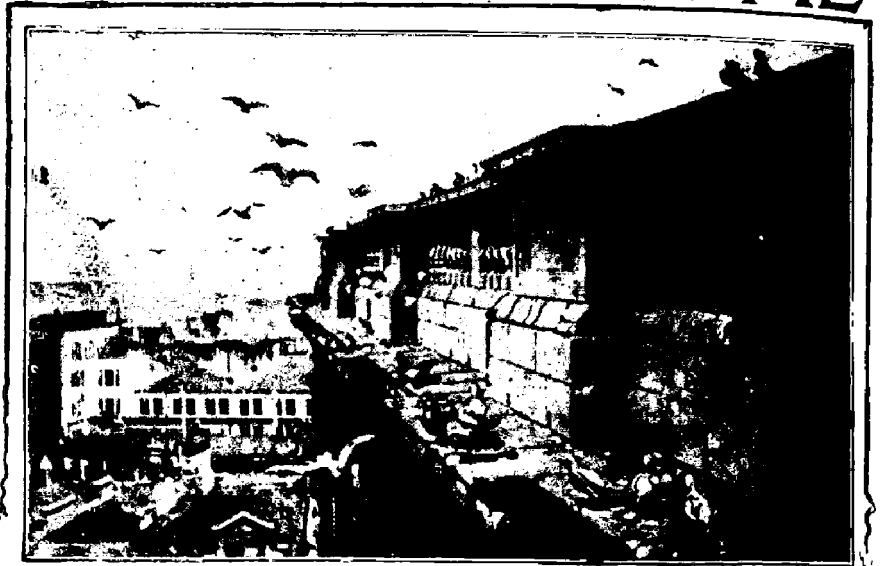
# THE LONDON PIGEON AT HOME

BY  
HARRY  
HOW

I HAVE recently been making a round of the principal places where the pigeons of the public most do congregate—the Temple, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Guildhall, Custom House, British Museum, and Palace Yard, Westminster. It has been a delightful experience—the tour, for those who care to undertake it, is exceptionally cheap, and the amount of pleasure to be derived from it incalculably great.

My first visit was to the Temple, and here the birds have as pretty a rendezvous as the most fastidious pigeon could desire.

Could all the dead and gone King's Bench Walk pigeons of twenty-five years ago come back to their old haunt again, they would not find one of the most faithful of friends they ever possessed. Mr. Leggat has left the neighbourhood. Mr. Leggat kept a coffee-shop in Tudor Street, a thoroughfare not many yards away. He and his customers fed them for five - and - twenty



ST. PAUL'S—ON THE CORNICE—NORTH-EAST SIDE.

years. For a quarter of a century the coffee-shop proprietor collected all the scraps which his patrons left over from their early breakfasts, and carried them to "his birds," who, in re-

sponse to his whistle, would fly to him, fighting for the privilege of perching on his head, arms, and hands. A new generation of pigeons has arisen, however, and somebody else has, so to speak, taken them under his wing.

Fountain Court is not a stone's throw from King's Bench Walk. It is a charming spot, so perfectly illegal. At all times of the day you will find the birds clustered round the edge of the fountain, standing gracefully on the circle of stonework, and admiring themselves in Nature's mirror. The pigeons of Fountain



THE TEMPLE PIGEONS.



FOUNTAIN COURT, TEMPLE.

Court are not without their own particular friend. If you just stand with your back to the fountain, and look up at the building immediately in front of you, you will observe that the window-sills of the rooms on the top floor provide a resting-place for a series of long, green boxes filled with flowers. Every morning, at nine o'clock, as though by magic, one of the windows opens. You hear a "ting-ting-ting." The Court is immediately filled with birds. They seem to come from everywhere—from the houses at the back of Essex Court, the Library, the Old Hall—and they all take wing to the window-sills where the flowers are blooming. Then a figure appears. He has a plate in his hand, evidently filled with food, and for a long time he feeds the pigeons to their hearts' content. It is a big battle for

grub. At last the pigeons have had their fill, and away they go to the fountain below.

It is generally admitted by students of the public pigeons that the tamest are to be found at the Guildhall, whilst the wildest are located at the Custom House Quay. In the courtyard of the former place, as many as 138 have been counted, and very few of them will refuse to gather at your feet—especially should you happen to have a handful of corn—although it may be a first introduction. I have seen many a young city clerk come here between twelve and two o'clock and feed the birds. Their wants, however, are not forgotten in a semi-official way. One of the officials at the Guildhall Police Court gives them numerous "handfuls," and the memory of old Rowe is still treasured as a friend of the birds. Old Rowe—who used to swear the witnesses in the justice room—had small water troughs placed in the yard, at his own expense, in order that his flock might drink. It was a kindly act, though the birds could drink to their fill at the fountain by the side of the church of St. Lawrence, Jewry. The birds build in the old parts of Guildhall and on the outside of many of the city churches. In the breeding season the young



CITY CLERK FEEDING PIGEONS AT THE GUILDHALL.

pigeons flutter to the ground and are stolen before they obtain strength to fly back again. One gratifying fact came to my knowledge whilst watching the Guildhall pigeons. Although all these birds at this and other places are "strays," and practically belong to the people, who for the most part feed them and care for them, yet when some of the birds were maimed by catapult shooting and such-like, the Corporation stepped in, claimed the pigeons, and prosecuted the offenders for cruelly treating their property.

Whilst the pigeons are perfectly domesticated at the Guildhall, a visit to the Custom House will soon convince one that in most cases they are not so there. Of course, there are many birds here which trip quite contentedly about the gravel quay by the side of the river, but the constant shocks from the whistles of the steam tugs tend to make them wild. They appear to delight in perching on the barges and the rigging of the vessels; indeed, the three hundred and odd birds to be found here obtain most of their food from the barges which carry corn. No provision is made for them by the Custom House authorities, but the pigeons are well aware of the fact that on the Surrey side of the river is a big corn wharf, and to this haven of plenty many of them will migrate during the day, returning to roost under



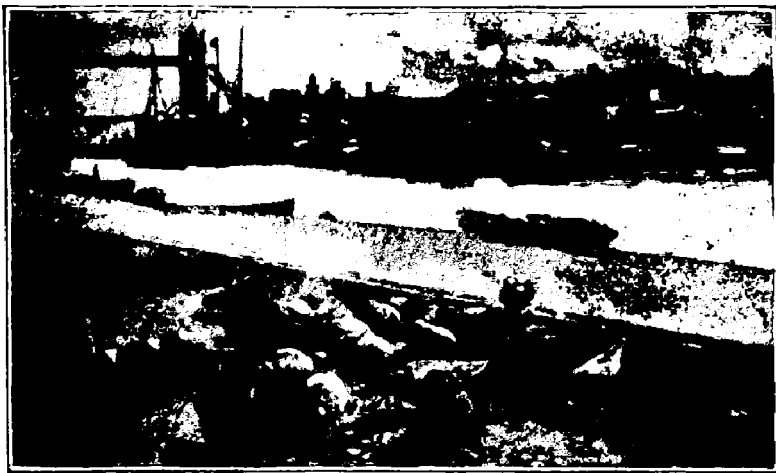
BRITISH MUSEUM PIGEONS.

the sheltering ledges of the Custom House at night.

Seafaring folk are generally credited with being able to out-do all comers in the spinning of a yarn; and it is to be hoped that a jolly-looking lighterman was telling the truth when he assured me, without moving a muscle, that he had frequently taken a dozen pigeons for a trip up the river whilst they picked up the stray corn from the bottom of the barge, quietly unconscious that they were being carried away from home.

He put it down to the steadiness with which he handled the great oars.

In the words of an official: "Everybody feeds the pigeons at the British Museum, the visitors and readers particularly." The resident servants also find a few spare crumbs from the table, but there is certainly no official feeding. It seems that pigeons have colonised the neighbourhood of the British Museum for a great number of years, possibly longer than at any other public building in the metropolis. They have been increasing yearly till they now comprise some 250, and, unlike any other feathered colony,



THE CUSTOM HOUSE PIGEONS.



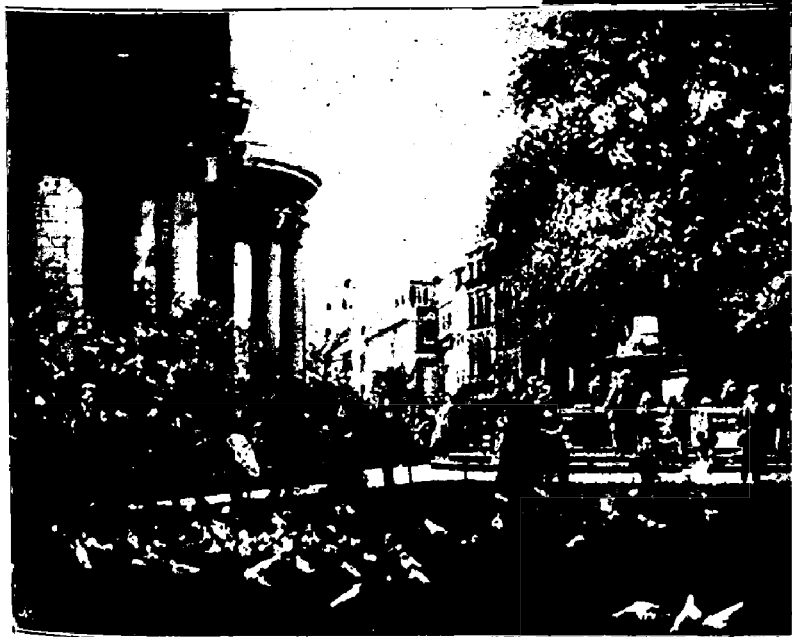
ST. PAUL'S PIGEONS.

number amongst them many pure and thoroughbred wood pigeons. The presence of wood-pigeons here is regarded as quite an unusual thing.

Our informant said that, although he had been at the museum for thirty years, yet he never remembered the time when pigeons were not there, whilst an official of forty years' standing stated the same thing. Furthermore, it was stated by a man, who as a boy knew the museum before the collections were housed in the present building,



THE LUNCH HOUR.



ST. PAUL'S—BEFORE THE NORTH DOOR.

that very few, if any, pigeons frequented Montagu House, but that pigeons established themselves at the Museum very soon indeed after the erection of the present building—that is to say, 1844-45.

The favourite haunt of the pigeons at Bloomsbury is apparently the steps of the main entrance, and many a

youngster is to be found there at all hours of the day provided with anything and everything in the way of food, from a Bath bun to a brandy-ball.

The great spot, however, to find the children is in the gardens which surround St. Paul's Cathedral. If you can find a seat—for they are generally fully occupied at mid-day—sit for an hour and watch the pigeons near



ST. PAUL'S—"THE PUBLIC ARE REQUESTED NOT TO FEED THE PIGEONS ON THE GRASS." BUT THE PUBLIC DO.

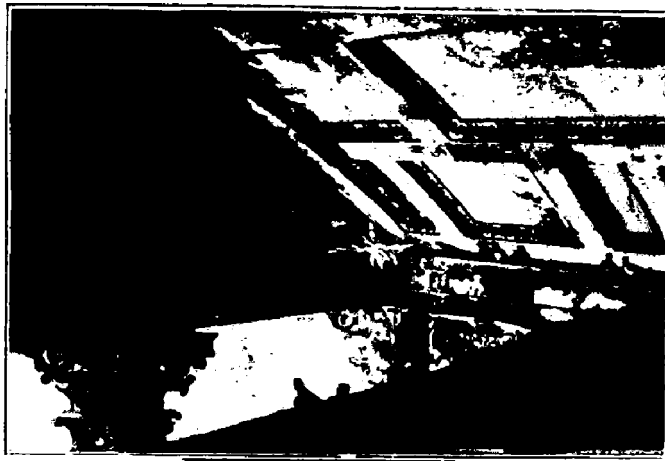
the fountain, or perched on the ledges of the sacred edifice, or clustered together in batches of fifty on the grass. Persuade one of their many friends to whistle, and you will see a hundred form themselves into a little cloud of wing and feather and fly down. They are the children's playthings: little mites of six and seven seat themselves on the asphalt pavement whilst the birds feed from their hands.

As an instance of how great is the love of many of these children for their feathered friends, the story is told of a little girl, who had daily given them food, being very ill in the hospital. She was constantly turning to the nurse and asking: "When shall I be able to see the pigeons, nurse?" She lay in her cot for some weeks, and when her mother took her home again, nothing would satisfy the child

until they had taken her to the gardens. She screamed with delight; for, when she held out her hand with a biscuit, the pigeons came flocking round, and she cried out: "They know me again, mammy; they know me again!"

The pigeons of St. Paul's are altogether unlike any others. They number some four or five hundred. There are two or three distinct companies. There is a colony in the north-east garden, and a second at the west front. The "west-enders" never associate with the "north-easters," but keep themselves quite distinct and apart.

The gardener here, although he is rather inclined not to say anything in favour of them, for they do much to spoil his admirable floral work, is, nevertheless, not found wanting with a handful during the winter months when few of the public are here, and the policemen join him in the task.



ST. PAUL'S—WEST PORCH, WHERE THE PIGEONS BREED.



ST. PAUL'S—COURTYARD OF NORTH GATEWAY.

As at other buildings, the pigeons of St. Paul's Cathedral rest on the great cornices, where they have ample room to take their forty winks—if they indulge in them—whilst a very popular breeding-place is inside the west porch, a picture of which is shown here. At the time this photo was taken a well-made nest was in a corner, containing a couple of young birds.

One of the pleasantest hours I passed with the pigeons and their friends was at Palace Yard, Westminster. No wonder the birds come to this spot—everybody takes an interest in them. The sparrows have an inkling of the kindly treatment to be found here, and join in the banquet which is set forth on the stones of Palace Yard.

The birds principally breed and build at the Abbey and the Victoria Tower, though a few are to be found behind the statues of the kings and queens alongside the residential portion of the yard. I had just learnt from a policeman that a couple of jackdaws had ere now stolen the pigeons' eggs; he had seen the thieves perched on the very summit of the Clock Tower looking very wicked. Certainly a pigeon is no match for a jackdaw in cunning.

A high police official has kept a kindly eye on them for the last ten years, and



THE PIGEONS OF PALACE YARD.

talks most enthusiastically. He has known a pigeon remain at this spot—the Inner Court—for five years, and he, too, remembers a swallow here as recently as ten or eleven years ago. The bird made a nest in one of the square places leading up to the committee's corridor. He has a very generous word to say for the cabbies. He seems to know every bird, for he

points them out one after the other, and tells me the length of time they have been at Westminster. Amongst the crowd are three or four without any tails—possibly from shooting matches. Yes, the pigeons know where to find their firmest friends—to many of them Palace Yard is a haven of refuge. If you doubt it, seek out from the congregation a poor little bird with only one leg, and no foot to that. It may often be seen in the middle of the yard, picking up the corn in perfect contentment, for it is very well aware that the cabmen know it is there, and always drive with greater care when they approach the unfortunate little fellow.



PALACE YARD—  
THE POLICE AND  
THE PIGEONS.





## GERMAN COLONIAL ISSUES.

**E**LSEWHERE in this issue of THE CAPTAIN I have alluded to a proposed new issue of stamps for the German Empire, which is to take place early this year. As the new issue will no doubt become general throughout the German colonies, my readers will be glad to learn something about a series of stamps which, although current for some two years or more, have remained in comparative obscurity. I refer to the issues for the following German colonies — Cameroons, German East Africa, German China, Marshall Islands, German New Guinea, German South-west Africa, and Togo.

The care which has been taken by the German postal authorities to avoid any speculation in their stamps is a great credit to them. For ten years a simple series of labels comprising six values has done duty for an empire numbering over fifty million souls, and never a jubilee issue, or other philatelic catchpenny, has emanated from the Fatherland. I am informed that the postmasters of the various colonies receive strict injunctions not to sell the surcharged stamps to dealers or collectors, but to limit their sale to actual postal requirements.

This being so, and considering that a new issue is forthcoming, it is not surprising that collectors are seeking for these surcharged German colonial stamps, with a view to completing their sets before they become obsolete.

Following I give a list of the colonies, their geographical bearings, and the varieties current.

**CAMEROONS.**—This will be found on the west coast of Africa, situated between the Niger territory and the French Congo. The present stamps are but six in number, consisting of the 3, 5, 10, 20, 25 and 50 pfennig stamps of Germany, surcharged "Kamerun," diagonally, in black.

**GERMAN EAST AFRICA** is situated on the east coast of Africa and has a population of between two and three millions. The first issue of stamps took place in 1893, and consisted of the current German issues surcharged with new values in the currency of the country — pesas, (64 pesas = 1 rupee = 1s. 4d.). The following were the values : 2 pesas on 3 pfennig; 3 pesas on 5 pfennig; 5 pesas on 10 pfennig; 10 pesas on 20 pfennig; 25 pesas on 50 pfennig. In 1896 the diagonal overprint "DEUTSCH OSTAFRIKA," in black, was added, so that the total varieties to date number ten.

**GERMAN CHINA.**—These are stamps for use in Kiao Chaw and the Chinese Treaty Ports. The surcharge is simply the one word "China," diagonally, in black. All six values so surcharged are obtainable.

**MARSHALL ISLANDS.**—A chain of islands to the north-east of Australia. Only two stamps have been used there at present, the 10 pfennig and 25 pfennig German issues, surcharged "Marshall-Inseln" in black.

GERMAN NEW GUINEA, or Kaiser Wilhelm's Land, is the north-east portion of the island of New Guinea in Oceania. Four stamps are current, the 5, 10, 20, and 50 pfennig issues of Germany surcharged "Deutsch Neu-Guinea," in two lines, in black.

GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA is situated on the Atlantic, near Bechuanaland. There are two distinct issues of stamps, consisting of a difference in the setting of the surcharge. The 3, 5, 10, and 20 pfennig stamps were first surcharged "Deutsch Sudwest-Africa," in black. Quite recently the surcharge has been altered to "Deutsch Sudwestafrika"; the 3, 5, 10, 20, and 50 pfennig stamps being so surcharged.

Togo is a German protectorate on the slave coast, Upper Guinea, between Dahomey and Ashanti. The six current stamps of the German Empire are in use, surcharged "Togo," diagonally, in black.

All the above colonial stamps will doubtless become obsolete on the appearance of a new issue for the mother country. A complete collection should not be difficult to obtain, but those desiring it should be getting to work early.

### OUR NATIONAL COLLECTION.

FOLLOWING upon the information given in the December issue of *THE CAPTAIN*, the *London Philatelist* contains a short article on the Tapling Collection from the pen of Mr. Bacon, who has arranged it.

Mr. Bacon informs us that he has now completed the arrangement of the collection. The trustees of the British Museum have adopted a suggestion which has been made to them for exhibiting larger portions of the collection at one time than has hitherto been possible. The system it is proposed to adopt consists of employing a number of cabinets with small drawers. Each of these drawers will be covered with plate glass, and will only pull out sufficiently to allow of the examination of the sheets of stamps it contains. The cabinets will be built upon precisely the same lines as those which are now in use at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, for the display of butterflies and moths, except that the drawers will be shallower. These cabinets, when finished, will be placed in the King's Library, and anyone entering that part of the

museum will be allowed to inspect whatever portion of the collection he chooses; and this he will himself be able to do by simply pulling out and shutting the drawers containing the stamps of the countries he desires to see. It will be some time before the cabinets are ready to receive the stamps, but when completed the arrangement of the collection will be of the highest service to all classes of stamp collectors. Many a schoolboy will then be able to inspect for himself precious labels, which, previous to his visit to the British Museum, he has only been able to dream about.

We would suggest that headmasters take their pupils to the museum for an afternoon's study of the Tapling Collection of postage stamps; pointing out to them the advantages to be derived from close acquaintance with the study of philately.



ANTIOQUIA.

### SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

*The Editor will be glad to receive, from correspondents at home or abroad, reports of new issues for description in these pages. Due acknowledgment will be given. Whenever possible, the information should be accompanied by a specimen, or specimens, of the stamps referred to, which will be returned.*

ANTIOQUIA.\* — A series of commemorative labels has been issued to perpetuate the memory of General Cordova, who, had he lived, would have rejoiced in the age of 102!



BOLIVIA.

I give an illustration of one of the stamps, and a list of the various values: ½c. blue, 1c. blue, 2c. brown, 3c. vermilion, 4c. brown, 5c. green, 10c. vermilion, 20c. violet, 50c. olive, 1 peso greenish grey, 2 pesos bronze green. Registration stamp, 2½c., oblong, blue. "Too late" letters, 2½c. blue; Insured letters, 10c. mauve on lilac.

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC. — The new stamps which were illustrated last month have been added to, so that the new Argentine stamps form one of the prettiest sets which are at present in use. The following is the complete list of values and colours: ½c. brown, 1c. pale green, 2c. slate grey, 5c. deep rose, 10c. deep green, 12c. pale blue, 16c. orange, 20c. lake, 24c. mauve, 30c. rose, 50c. blue, 1 peso black and deep blue, 5 pesos black and orange, 10 pesos black and green, 20 pesos black and red.

\* Stamps for illustration and description received from Messrs. Whitfield King & Co.



**BOLIVIA.\***—South America is strong in new issues just now. This is another republic which has just been supplied with a new set of stamps.

I illustrate the 2c. value.

The portrait in the centre is that of General Sucre. The set comprises: 1c. dull blue, 2c. red, 5c. deep green, 10c. orange, 20c. rose, 50c. bistre brown, 1 Boliviano dull mauve.



MEXICO NEW ISSUE.

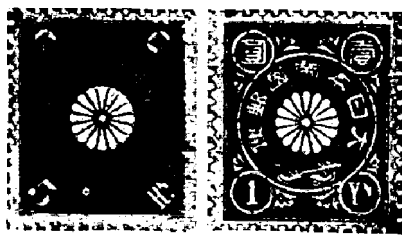
**CANADA.**—Mr. H.

Bradford has sent me a new post-card bearing a 1c. stamp with a space reserved for advertisements. The card, Mr. Bradford says, is limited in use to large firms who order quantities. 1c. rose on straw.

**FRANCE AND FRENCH COLONIES.**—A complete new issue of stamps is announced to take place shortly. In the meantime the 5c. stamps of both the mother country and her colonies have been changed from deep green to yellow-green.

**GERMANY.**—For ten years our neighbours have preserved the same modest series of six stamps for use throughout the German Empire. Some new values, including 40 and 80 pfennig stamps, and higher values up to 5 marks, are to be issued, and it is further announced that on January 1st, 1900, a new design will be brought into use for Germany and colonies, consisting of a bust representing "Germania." Why not the "mailed fist rampant"?

**JAPAN.\***—A splendid series of new stamps has recently been issued for the Great Sun-source country, two values of which, the 5 rin and 1 yen, are illustrated.



JAPAN NEW ISSUE.

It may not be generally known that the umbrella device in the centre of all Japanese stamps of late issue is a "chrysanthemum," part of the Mikado's arms. The values and colours are as follows: 5 rin grey, 1 sen salmon, 2 sen green, 3 sen marone, 4 sen rose, 5 sen orange yellow, 8 sen olive green, 10 sen blue, 15 sen mauve, 20 sen orange red, 25 sen pale green, 50 sen brown,

1 yen carmine. (100 sen = 1 yen = 4s. 6d. British currency.)

**MEXICO.**—Messrs. Bright & Son have sent me a handsome set of new stamps, two values of which I illustrate. The following are the values and colours: 1c. green, 2c. vermillion, 3c. ochre, 5c. blue, 10c. mauve and orange, 15c. lilac and brown, 20c. red and blue, 50c. lilac and black, 1 peso blue and black.



**PERSIA.\***—Owing to large thefts of stamps from the General Post Office at Teheran, the current stamps have been printed on greyish paper instead of white. The colours of the high values have, however, been entirely altered, and are now: 1 kran lake, 2 krans green, 3 krans lilac, 4 krans orange-brown, 5 krans olive, 10 krans blue, and 50 krans brown.

**SAMOA** has been handed over to Germany, and in consequence the current set of German labels has been overprinted "Samoach" in black. For another addition to "Germany and Colonies," see page 286.



SIAM.

**SIAM.\***—I illustrate a new design which has been adopted for this country. The full set consists of the following: 1 att blue, 2 atts green, 3 atts red and blue, 4 atts rose, 8 atts green and yellow, 10 atts indigo, 12 atts lilac and carmine, 24 atts lilac and blue, 64 atts lilac and brown.

**SPAIN.\***—Two changes of colour have taken place here, the 5c. from blue to green, and the 10c. from brown to red.



SPAIN.

**TIMOR & MACAU,** two Portuguese colonies, have just issued some provisional stamps, specimens of which are to hand from Messrs. Bright & Son, and one value of which I illustrate. The surcharge is in black on all values.



TIMOR AND MACAU.

\* Stamps for illustration and description received from Messrs. Whitfield King & Co.



An Adventure with a Man-Eater.

By H. HERVEY.

SKETCHES BY G. M. DODSHON.

DUTY took me to Paddakka, a native city, but a miserable out-of-the-way place for the handful of Europeans who vegetated rather than existed there in a chronic state of deadly-liveliness. It was notoriously feverish, lying as it did immediately to the north of the Pullybally Jungle, and exposed to the miasmatic exhalations from that region whenever the south wind listed to blow. The railway station was three miles to the west of the city and European cantonments. It was distressfully dull. I had been before, and I knew the local exiles to be a humdrum set—without a “kick in them,” so to speak. Therefore, on alighting at the railway station from the evening local train, I rejoiced to see Sparkes on the platform. He was an officer of the company. I had met him some years ago on this very line, and I remembered him as a happy-go-lucky, jerky-of-speech, devil-may-care young fellow, but for all that good-hearted and a thorough gentleman. Since we last met I had been serving in North India, and Sparkes, who was then on probation, had developed into a full-fledged district traffic manager, though I soon found out he was the same casual sort of chap as of old.

“Halloa, Sparkes! How are you?”

“Hervey, by all the powers!” shaking me warmly by the hand. “Delighted to see you! So you are not stuck in Madras?”

“No, I’m still on the move. But what are you doing here? I thought you were on the western line somewhere.”

“So I am. Sent up to Cooty to relieve Blessington Naylor—run home on privilege leave. Come down here to have a look round. By Jingo! Here’s a rum start, though,” pointing to the P.W. inspector, who was speaking to him when I interrupted.

“What’s a rum start?”

“Tiger on the line.”

“Tiger on the line? Where?”

“In the Pullybally Jungle; pounced on the Lurraky Bridge night watchman a week ago; pounced on his successor at the same spot last night.”

“Indeed!”

“Yes, sir,” now spoke up the Eurasian inspector, “it’s a man-eater—lately come—a thin, mangy beast. The Lurraky villagers are in a panic, and when I was there to-day, making inquiries, they begged me to stay and shoot it. Not a ganger will take the night watchman’s duty at the bridge, though it means promotion.”

I knew the bridge to be situated in the worst part of the jungle, about a mile from the village referred to; it was an old two-arch affair, spanning a river very subject to sudden freshets. The monsoon had broken, and the water had been known, during previous seasons, to rise

above the parapet ; so a night watchman was necessary, as the only two trains—mails—both passed the spot during the dark hours.

"Within the last month, sir," continued the inspector, "the tiger has been frequently seen by drivers and guards of passing trains. Last week, immediately after the first man was killed, I went down by the mail, when I saw the tiger lying on the permanent way, and we nearly ran over him. He does not show by day, but seems quite fearless by night."

"What will you do?" I asked, turning to Sparkes.

"Go down and shoot the beggar; will you come?"

"When?"

"To-night."

"How? On foot? It's a good ten miles, isn't it?"

"Hang it! No; we'll do better than that."

"On a trolly, eh?"

Sparkes pondered. "What have you in there?" he suddenly asked the inspector, and indicating a shed on the other side of the line.

"An old engine, sir, that used to assist the down trains before the gradients were modified. It has not been used for years."

"Why has it been left here, then?"

"Mr. Tredethlin thinks it is not worth the haulage to the shops, sir; the boiler is on its last legs."

"Any drivers or fellows in the running shed?"

"No, sir," grinned the inspector. "They've long since been withdrawn, and the shed is closed."

"Hang it all! Never mind; we'll run the thing ourselves! Get some men together, Mendez," he added to the inspector, "to coal and water her. Come on, Hervey! Let's go and have a squint at the old kettle; if she holds water, we'll boil her up in a jiffy!"

"What on earth are you going to do, Sparkes?" for, not being a railway man, his jargon puzzled me.

"Fill her, and fire her up in the first place."

"Fill what, and fire what up?"

"The old engine."

"What for?"

"We'll run her to the Lurraky Bridge to-night after the up mail passes, and try and wipe out the varmint."

Here was something that promised to be exciting. Not only the novelty of going after a man-eater on a locomotive, and perhaps shooting him from the footplate, but the consciousness that our boiler was on its "last legs," and might "bust up" at the smallest pressure! I became inoculated at once!

Not so the grey-haired inspector; he stood aghast on hearing Sparkes' proposal. "Who is to drive the engine, sir?"

"Drive her myself," replied Sparkes, lightly. "Hang it! I've not been in this company for eight years without learning something of engine driving, have I?"

"But, sir," continued the subordinate, "consider the state of the boiler—it may burst; then think of the consequences. I beg you to pause, sir, before running the risk."

"Confound it, Mendez! I know what I'm about; so don't you fret. Collect the men sharp, and bring them across," leaping down on to the metals; I following. Mendez had only to whistle, and a number of gangers speedily assembled. The engine seemed sound enough, but then we were not professionals; Mendez knew no more than Sparkes of locomotives, while such machines were out of my line altogether. Procuring feeders and oil from the station, we had her well lubricated and cleaned; then filled, coaled, and the fire set going. As soon as the gauge indicated that steam was up, Sparkes and I, who had partaken of dinner in the meanwhile, mounted the engine; he depressed the handle, and, to our satisfaction, the "old kettle" slowly trundled herself into the open. We backed her into the shed again, to await the passing of the two night trains, which would not happen till eleven o'clock, and adjourned to the station to while away the interval, for there was no sleep in us.

"I say!" exclaimed Sparkes, "we shall want a bait!"

"Ask Mr. Mendez; the gangers are sure to have a goat or a dog, or something," I said.

"Heart alive!" ejaculated my friend. "You forget; it's a man-eater we have to deal with. He'd turn up his nose at anything but a human being!"

"True, I had forgotten. But how are you going to fix up a human bait?" I asked.

Mendez was summoned, and on his appearing, Sparkes said: "We want a man for a bait, Mendez. Hang it! The tiger, if he's a man-eater won't look at anything else."

Mendez stared with all his eyes. "With due deference, sir," said he, after a pause of bewilderment, "do you think anyone will consent to be a bait?"

"We'll bowl the tiger over before he does the chap any harm. Not much chance of all three of us missing him, is there? I'll give the feller one hundred rupees for his trouble."

Mendez laughed outright in spite of himself, and the idea appeared to me also quixotic in the extreme.

"Sir, you will get no native to risk his life in



WE GAVE THE "BAIT" A HOIST UP INTO THE TREE.

such a manner for ten thousand rupees. But I have a proposition to make."

"Well, out with it."

"There's a big tree at this end of the bridge, sir; a man might be induced to sit in the tree, out of harm's way, in the topmost branches, and make a noise, which would attract the tiger."

"Happy thought! Look out for the feller at once, and promise him the hundred rupees."

No! Not one of the men would undertake the risk, and Sparkes was lapsing into despair when Mendez reappeared with an East Indian lad, one of the railway telegraph signallers, who expressed himself willing to represent the "bait."

"You're a brick!" exclaimed Sparkes delightedly. "We'll see you safe in the tree, and will take you off again as soon as we've shot the brute. But whether we do or not I promise you the hundred rupees."

Well, first the down, then the up mail duly passed through, and, as the tail light of the

latter vanished round the curve, we boarded our engine, and, accompanied by Mendez, the "bait," and three gangers to act as firemen, off we started. Oh, the exhilarating sensations of that midnight ride! The moon shone full; the night was calm; the line, in its ascent of the incline, meandered like a snake through the dense jungle. The excitement engendered by the situation—the off-chance of the boiler blowing up—invested the entire adventure with a well-nigh delirious fascination! The engine behaved well, and clanked along merrily; Sparkes seemed to know what he was about, and nothing transpired to alarm us. Our rifles were slung across our shoulders, our bandoleers encircled our bodies, and we looked ahead in the expectation of meeting with some wild denizens of the thick jungle that grew down to the very telegraph poles on both sides of the track. We proceeded slowly at first, so as to give the mail plenty of time to make an offing; but when we had traversed about five miles Sparkes "let her have it," and we flew along at express speed. The old locomotive swayed and plunged along on the metals; the trees and poles raced past us like so many spectres from another world; we clutched the rails, and, before we knew where we were, a turn in the line brought us within sight of our destination—the Lurraky Bridge. As Mendez had stated, there stood the tree; we pulled up abreast of it, and, descending with the "bait," we gave him a hoist up, and returned to the engine.

"I say!" called Sparkes to the lad. "Mind you hold on like grim death. Don't be funky; we shan't be more than about fifty yards off. Mr. Mendez says the tiger isn't afraid of a train, so I don't suppose the sight of the engine close by will scare him. See?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right! But, I say, what's your name?"

"John, sir."

"John what?"

"John John, sir."

"Oh, hang it! Two Johns are too much: I'll christen you Demijohn. Look here, when we sheer off you must set to and sing—to attract the tiger, you know."

"What shall I sing, sir?"

"Oh, confound it! Anything; the tune the cow died of, or the old hundredth if you like. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

Sparkes hereupon reversed his engine, and we backed till we again halted about fifty paces

from the tree. A deep silence reigned, the forest was singularly quiet, the moon shone as bright as day nearly; we strained our ears to catch the least sound in the thicket, and then Sparkes spoke. "Hi! You in the tree there!"

"Sir!" came the low response.

"Sing, can't you, you duffer?"

The lad obeyed. For now the well-known strains of "Hard times come again no more," in the boy's shrill, yet sweet voice, broke the stillness, and we could scarcely refrain from joining in the chorus. We leaned over the rail, listening to the song, and keeping watch on all sides. One of the gangers touched me on the arm. "Look, sir!" whispered he in the vernacular, pointing to a spot where a small *nullah* debouched on to the track. I nudged Sparkes in turn; we saw the head and shoulders of a tiger clear of the undergrowth, gleaming in the bright rays of the moon.

"Steady!" whispered Sparkes. "Let him come out; let's make sure he is the brute we're after."

The animal was closer to the tree than to us.

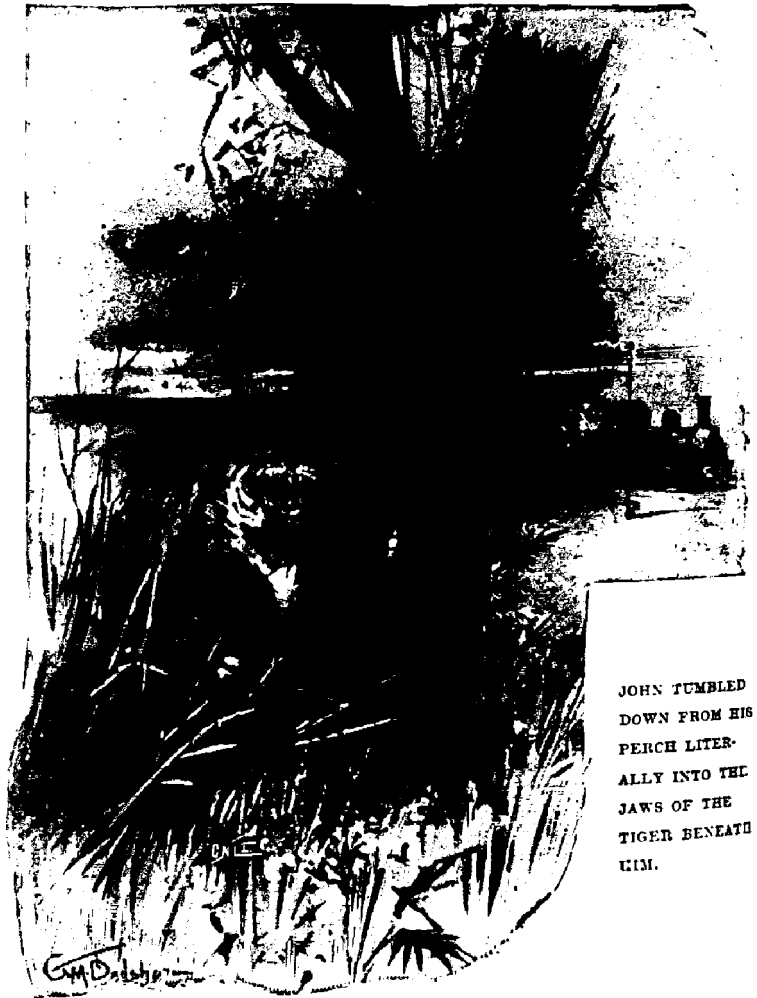
The lad continued his singing; evidently he had not noticed the tiger. Stripes regarded the tree attentively for some seconds, then turned and looked at the engine, that simmered gently. He now came out into the open and paused; we obtained a good view of him, and Mendez whispered that he *was* the man-eater. "I recognise him by his leanness, sir," he said to Sparkes. "Better fire now."

Before anyone of us could raise rifle to shoulder, the tiger bounded across the metals. The lad now saw him with a vengeance; his tune changed abruptly, for, dropping "Mary Blane," which he was in the middle of, he set up a lugubrious howl of fear, followed by appeals to us and every saint in the Roman Catholic calendar to come to his aid. The animal squatted under the tree, and gazed up among the branches; he was in a patch of moonlight, and offered a splendid target.

"At the shoulder," whispered Sparkes to me and Mendez. "Let fly at the word 'Go'!"

But, as we held our breath preparatory to pulling trigger, there came a crashing sound, and, before we could realise it, the lad John tumbled down from his perch

literally into the jaws of the tiger beneath him. We could just see the brute seize the poor-boy and commence to drag him away; then for a moment all became confused. Quick as thought Sparkes sprang off the engine. I and Mendez followed, and now the question presented itself—how to fire at the beast without injuring the lad? With foolhardy rashness we rushed up to the animal, which slowly but surely dragged his victim towards the undergrowth. The lad shrieked and struggled; but the big cat held him by the right shoulder, so the unfortunate fellow could not do much. We hesitated to fire. Unless we reached some mortal spot, we should render him even more dangerous; he might, in his agony, rend the lad to pieces; he might release his present victim, and make a new one of one of us! Truly those were terrible moments! At length fortune favoured us. The tiger, in his efforts to carry off his burden, endeavoured to toss it over his shoulder, in the manner usual to his species. The act exposed his fore-quarter, but only momentarily. That moment sufficed, for, before



JOHN TUMBLED  
DOWN FROM HIS  
PERCH LITER-  
ALLY INTO THE  
JAWS OF THE  
TIGER BENEATH  
HIM.

he could alter his position, Sparkes and I fired.

With a roar that echoed through the silent forest the brute relinquished his prey, dropped on his side, and, after a few kicks, gasped out his life with two bullets clean through him.

Beyond a lacerated shoulder the boy John was not seriously injured. We made every haste back to Paddakka. Sparkes wired for the railway apothecary, and by eight the next morning the lad had been properly attended to, eventually to recover completely.

Sparkes' exploit created no small stir. Any other man would have got into "hot water" for doing what he did in the matter of that engine. Nay, he fully expected a "wiggling," or something worse, as soon as Mr. Maggs, his supreme chief, heard of the escapade. But he took time by the forelock, and propitiated the great man by sending him the skin of the man-eater—mangy as it was—as a memorial of how Sparkes rid the railway of a man-eater that had carried off two night watchmen in succession!



THE LAD SHRIEKED AND STRUGGLED, BUT THE BIG CAT HELD HIM BY THE SHOULDER.

# A BOY KING.

## HIS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

TWELVE years ago, in a room of the palace at Madrid, a tiny boy-baby lay on a costly cushion, irilled with priceless lace, that rested upon a richly-chased salver carried by no less a person than a princess of Spain.

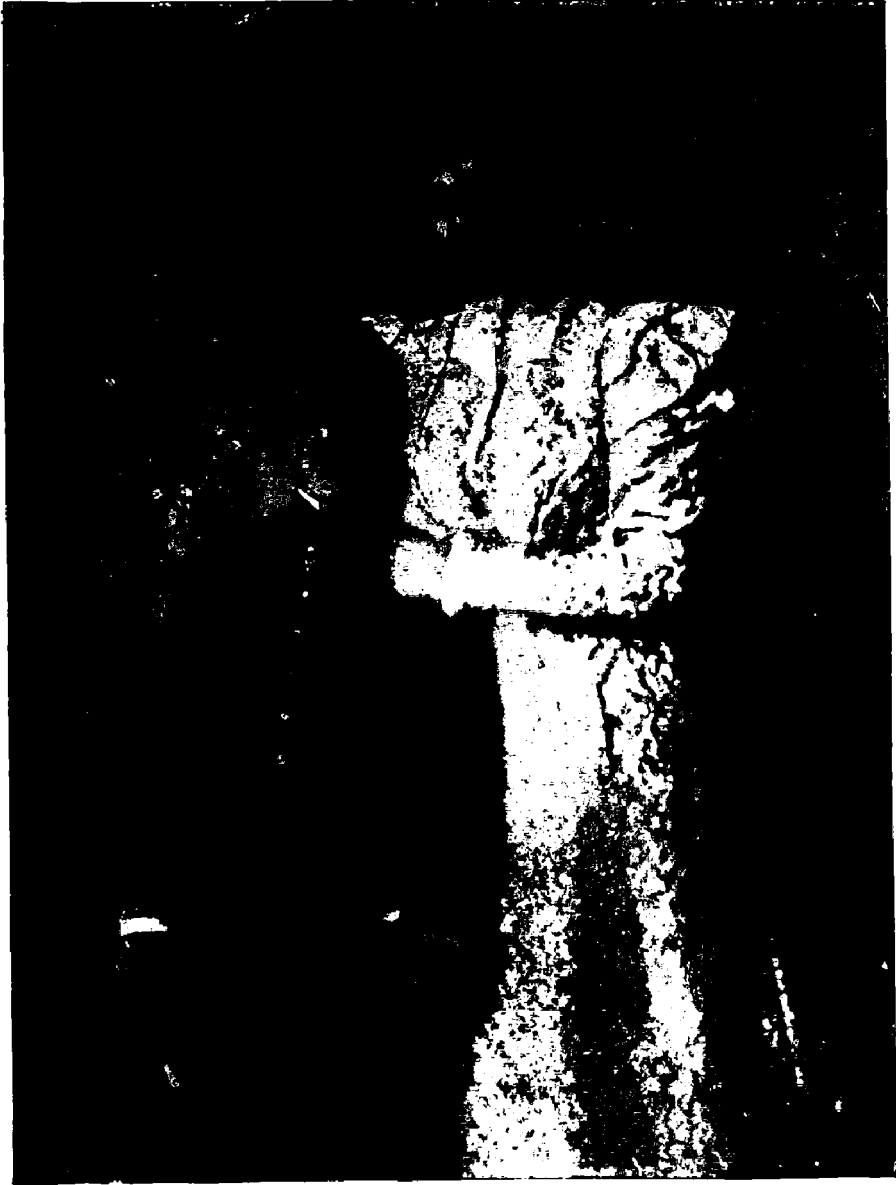
The princess was the Infanta Isabella, aunt of Alfonso III.—the baby-boy was that new-born monarch himself.

Carefully the Infanta bore her charge towards a group of embarrassed gentlemen, and delivered the salver to one of them—Señor Sagasta, the Spanish Minister. That nervous dignitary clutched the platter tightly—for he held the future of Spain between his hands—and exhibited the pink little morsel to his colleagues, crying in a discreetly-moderated undertone, "Long live the King!" to which the bystanders responded, less cautiously, with a couple of "*Vivas!*" which so startled his infantile majesty that he burst into

bitter wailing, and was borne off, silver platter, cushion, lace and all, back to his royal mother.

To-day that little pink morsel is a slight, pale, delicate lad of twelve years, with fair hair, rather inclined to curl, and gentle blue eyes,

Alfonso III. is the youngest of the earth's rulers, so young, in fact, that he is as yet only King by the letter of the law, and his mother, the Queen Regent, governs in his name. Yet he knows his royal dignity, and, if it inconveniences him at times, can defend it with a right kingly hauteur. A year or two since—when his youthful majesty was not more than ten, if so much—he had a severe cold, which confined him to his apartments, preventing him from enjoying his usual daily drive.



"I AM ALFONSO ONLY TO MY MOTHER!"

The royal indisposition had continued for some days when the Count de Morphi, a Spanish nobleman of Irish birth, and private secretary to the Queen Regent, went to inquire after the

King's health. "Good morning, Alfonso," said the Count, with not unkindly familiarity, "I hope you are feeling better to day."

The pride of the ten-year-old monarch was stung by that informal "Alfonso," and drawing himself up with extreme coldness and dignity, the little king retorted:—

"I am Alfonso only to my mother; I am the King to you."

History has not preserved the count's reply.

But there is another side than this to the character of Alfonso III. The palace at Madrid is a barrack-like structure, without garden, park, or lawn to lend it shelter or render it beautiful. Below, and not far off, is a wide shallow ditch, the famous Manzanares. One day, when the King was not more than six years old, he happened to be perched at a window of the palace, doubtless feeling terribly bored. Suddenly he saw a couple of jolly little Spanish urchins playing in the Manzanares ditch. Alfonso summoned his governess.

"What are they doing?" he inquired, pointing to the lads below.

"Making mud pies, your Majesty," explained the governess, after an inspection of the busy figures and their occupation. Alfonso descended from the window.

"I will go down and make mud pies too," he decided. Poor young King—he had to learn the truth of that old proverb (so cruel when it is used to fetter childish wrists!) that "rank imposes responsibilities."

But if other boys are not allowed to play with Alfonso—and Spanish court etiquette absolutely forbids the idea—he is fortunately allowed to play with them. The distinction is a fine but a fortunate one. It allows the little monarch to possess a perfectly drilled and uniformed regiment of boys, four hundred and fifty in number and supplemented by an excellent band—also of boys.

This regiment is Alfonso's greatest treasure, and however dull the business of being a King may be at times, there is little doubt that such a living plaything would reconcile most boys to the drawbacks of professional monarchy.

Alfonso loves soldiers—the grown-up variety as well as the small make-believe one—and no wonder, for he has a splendid mounted body-guard of his own, a detachment of which rides on each side of his carriage when he goes out driving. Small marvel that he is a warlike little soul! At all events he has as great an attachment for the Spanish flag as any middy on a British cruiser can have for the Union Jack. This feeling on the part of his patriotic majesty afforded a striking pose to the famous Spanish sculptor, Señor Querol, who had been com-

missioned to execute a statue of the child king.

Finding it difficult to hit upon an attitude for his model which should be at once spirited and natural, he stood one day studying the young monarch, who, in his turn, sat looking out of the window. Suddenly the strains of martial music floated to the ears of the King and the sculptor. The former sprang up eagerly as a stand of colours was borne along the street at the head of a marching regiment. "The flag, señor, the flag!" cried the King; "salute it!" and himself set the example. The watchful artist took the hint, and made the statue to represent Alfonso in the act of saluting his country's banner.

It was with regard to this statue that Alfonso took occasion to define his ideal of manly beauty.

"Are you going to make me big?" he asked the sculptor.

"The statue will represent your Majesty a little larger than you are at present," was the reply.

"Well," said the five-year-old monarch, "I want you to make me very big, señor, and to give me a long moustache!"

Evidently Alfonso had to learn once again that there are limits to a boy-king's authority. At least, it may be presumed so, for Señor Querol's statue has no moustache, and is not much above a yard high.

In spite of his fondness for soldiers, and his ambition to be very big and moustached like a musketeer, Alfonso is a kind-hearted little king. Some two years ago he was taken to see his first bull-fight. It was much against his mother's wish, but there was little or no choice, for bull-fighting is the national sport, and a Spanish King, young or old, must countenance it if he is to gain and keep the popularity without which a seat on the Spanish throne might prove somewhat insecure. So Alfonso sat in the royal box—an interested spectator of the gorgeous preliminary "show." But when the fighting commenced in sickening earnest, and the bull began to gore the horses with his cruel horns, Alfonso turned very pale, and, stricken with boyish horror, begged to be taken from the theatre. The Madrilenos looked and scowled; their hearts were harder than that of the gentle child that a stern destiny had set to "govern" them. If Alfonso had not been so young he might have shaken his throne with that outburst of noble disgust and pain.

He has rather finely-strung nerves, has Alfonso, as one would guess from the incident just narrated. This sensitiveness shows itself frequently in quaint fashions. He once went to



church in the usual royal state, to find that the ordinary preacher had fallen sick and that a new priest occupied the pulpit. The substitute—unused to court fashions—delivered a fervid and impassioned sermon. Soon Alfonso's nerves could stand it no longer; he rose abruptly, and suggested to his mother that the preacher be stopped forthwith. "I never heard anyone shout so in my presence before," he added indignantly.

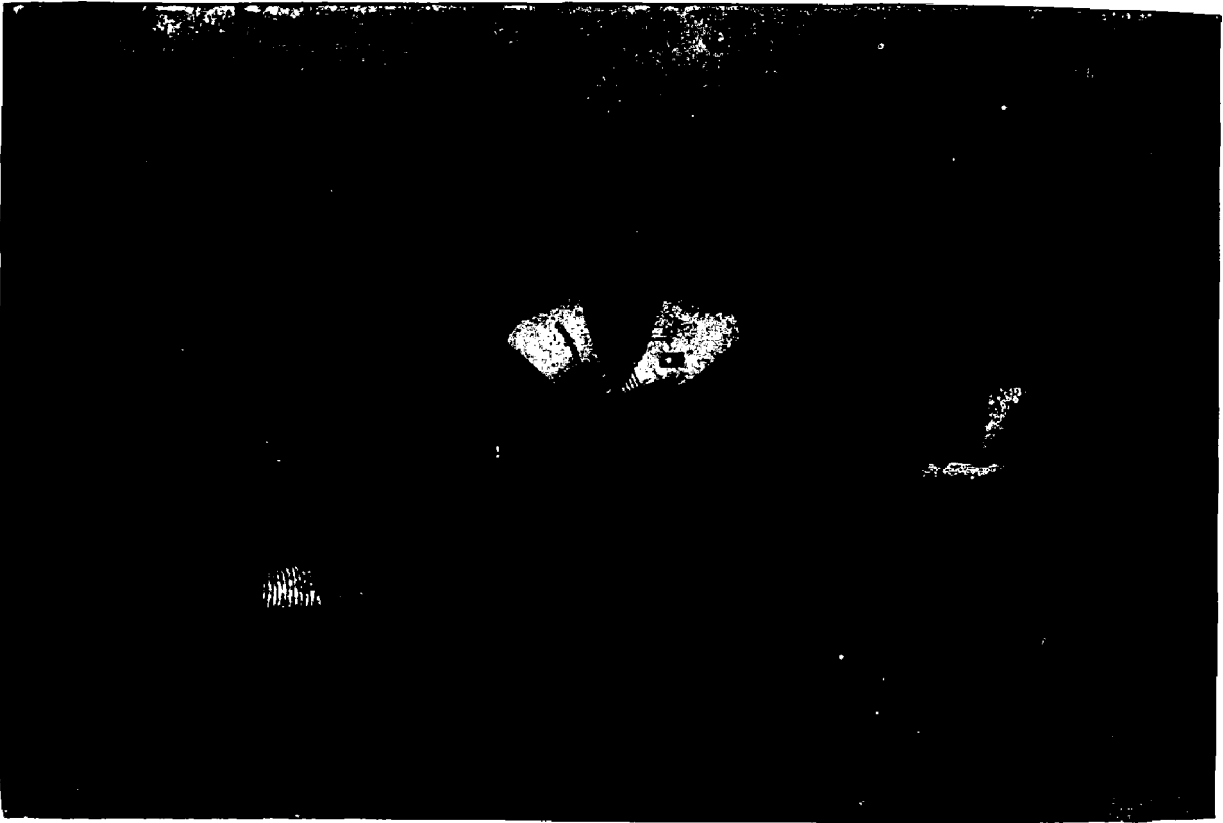
His Majesty can handle a difficulty with firmness and tact. The Pope is his godfather, and having received an autograph letter from

acknowledging the salutations of his subjects, and, to put it plainly, went on strike. His governess protested. Alfonso was firm. "Very well," said the lady at last; "if you do not obey me, I shall not allow you to go driving with me."

"Halt!" cried the King to the coachman. The carriage stopped.

"Here is a lady who wants to get down," said His Majesty, with provoking self-possession, indicating the governess.

Everyone smiled respectfully, the lady tried to look angry, and failed. Alfonso was master



THE KING OF SPAIN AND HIS SISTERS.

His Holiness, Alfonso made shift to answer it himself. His mother looked over the royal epistle and altered a misplaced capital, suggesting that a clean copy of the note be made. "Not at all," said His Majesty; "my godfather did not see the letter before you made that alteration, and so he won't know that I didn't make it myself. I shall send it as it is." And he did.

The tact with which His Majesty manages the Queen Regent gives place to more peremptory methods in the case of less august persons. Driving out one day with his governess, the little King grew tired of

of the situation, and the cavalcade rode on again.

The slumbers of this child monarch are guarded by a remarkable body of men, known as Monteros del Espinosas. They all come from one village, the hamlet of Espinosas, which for centuries has had the sole privilege of furnishing the night watch of the palace. At eleven o'clock every evening the corps goes on duty, when the palace gates are closed by a splendidly attired official, who, armed with lantern and bunch of keys, goes the round with the Monteros, locking door after door as he goes.

## HOW TO BOX.—II.

ATTACKING, COUNTER ATTACKING,  
Etc.



ON GUARD.

By JEM MAQE, Jun.

In attacking, do not run or rush in upon your adversary, but gradually, by manœuvring, work your way well to within hitting distance; then strike out with all possible speed at the spot you intend to reach. Do not be too anxious to lead, unless you are pretty sure of getting home, as "counter" hits are generally the most telling. I do not mean by this that you are not to lead; for remember, in all contests and competitions for a limited number of rounds, it is the leading that counts, in which case, endeavour to be first. But when it is for endurance, remember the above advice, and stick to it.

The illustrations are meant to show the manner and position of the various hits, which I will now proceed to explain in detail.

**No. 1.**—This may be delivered in various ways; the important point is in judging your distance, the rest will depend very much upon circumstances. Having worked your way well to within hitting range, make a smart and well-directed blow straight at the head. Now follow me closely. If your adversary stops the blow with a *guard* only, the first thing to remember is that he is close to you and still within range.

You can therefore repeat No. 1, or make No. 3 or even 4 or 5, whichever appears the most open to you. If your opponent steps back out of reach of your attack, you can still follow him up as above, for always bear in mind that *no man can fight retiring*; but, as a general rule, you will find it policy to step back also—thus saving your wind. If your opponent not only guards the attack, but simultaneously counters No. 1, you must convert your No. 1 into No. 1a, by using the right-hand head-guard, and retire again.

**No. 2.**—This is of necessity a counter action.

It would look very unsightly to see a man making a lead at the body, and at the same time using head-guard No. 1, although the same action would be very neat and appropriate if your opponent led a No. 1. Just try this with a friend, and remember to make the right-hand head *parry*, and drive the left home on the mark.

**No. 3.**—If you refer back to the introduction, you will see when this hit is to be used to the best advantage—that is, when the tendency of your adversary is to attack in the direction of the left eye, or even straighter at the head. If

you have sufficient confidence to miss it by slipping the head to the right front, then by all means do it, thus: If I may so express it, as your opponent's left hand is travelling through the air in the direction of the intended spot, suddenly slip the head to the right front as aforesaid, step outside your opponent's left foot (so bringing your left foot outside and alongside of his), simultaneously landing your left fist just above the belt. This action, neatly executed, will have the effect of driving the wind out of your adversary, and cause him to throw up his hands, thus leaving

him at your mercy.

**No. 4.**—We now come to the all-important and scientific knock-out blow. Before entering into the particulars of this, I must impress upon you the absolute necessity, in all counter or cross-counter hitting, of striking out simultaneously with your opponent's attack, when he will be coming forward to assist and receive your counter, otherwise half the effect of your blow will be lost.

Your opponent attacks your head, we will say, with an inclination towards the left eye. Here, then, is your opportunity. Let him come,



HIT NO. 3.

on; don't be too eager to strike out, and thus give yourself away, but, as he is lunging, make the following movement: (1) Raise your heels from the ground, make a sharp turn to the left—that is to say, twist yourself round on the ball of each foot—strike across your opponent's left arm, just in front of the shoulder on to the point of the jaw (see illustration No. 4), at the same time drawing the left shoulder back as far as possible, with the arm in the position (on guard), of a guard similar to the ordinary guard of the right; and if your aim has been sure, the battle will be over and the victory yours. Once more I will explain, more explicitly if possible. When standing on guard, you should be facing to your right half front; but when you have attempted the cross-counter, you should be facing to the left half front; exactly the reverse, excepting that the feet remain upon the same ground. The above combined movement should be made with a regular swing round.

The heavier the blow, the longer your opponent remains "out," more especially if he happens to have had his mouth open at the time. Remember this, and keep your mouth shut.

**No. 5.**—The movements for this counter are in every respect similar to those of No. 4, excepting that in turning or twisting to the left, you droop the knees and deliver the blow under the heart (as indicated on illustration).

Notice the difference in the effect of hits "3" and "5." Before passing on to No. 6, it will be well to consider here, in connection with Nos. 4 and 5, the difference of height between yourself and your opponent, as you will find, if he is taller or even as tall as yourself, No. 5 will be much easier to get home than

No. 4. Of course, much depends on circumstances. If he has a long neck and offers the head, go for it. That, of course, you can see directly he shapes himself. If, on the other hand, he is shorter than you, either No. 4 or No. 5 may be applied at will, No. 4 for choice. Again, if he is much shorter than yourself, No. 4 will be the best hit.

I do not lay this down as a rule, but the difference will at once be seen when you face your adversary. If he be the taller of the two, you will find a difficulty in crossing his left shoulder, to effectually reach the point of his jaw, whereas the left side of his body will be fully exposed to you, and on a level with your right hand.

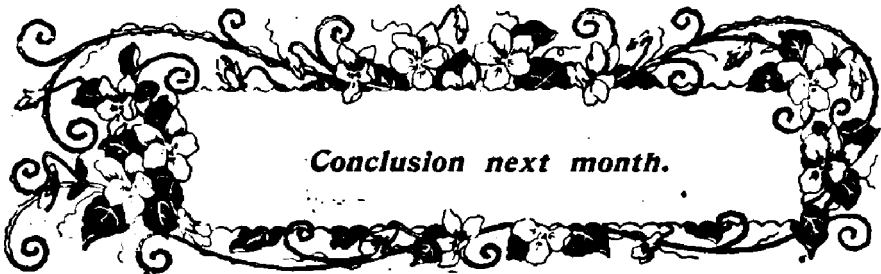
**No. 6.**—As already explained in connection with this movement, I have introduced the left-hand head-guard, in order to avoid the unsightly "thick ear." For although you may be able to slip to the left or right, as the case may be, when your opponent aims at the side of the head, the difficulty is to slip sufficiently either way when the blow is aimed straight at the head. (Of course, this difficulty can be got over after some practical experience, but I am speaking to you as a learner).

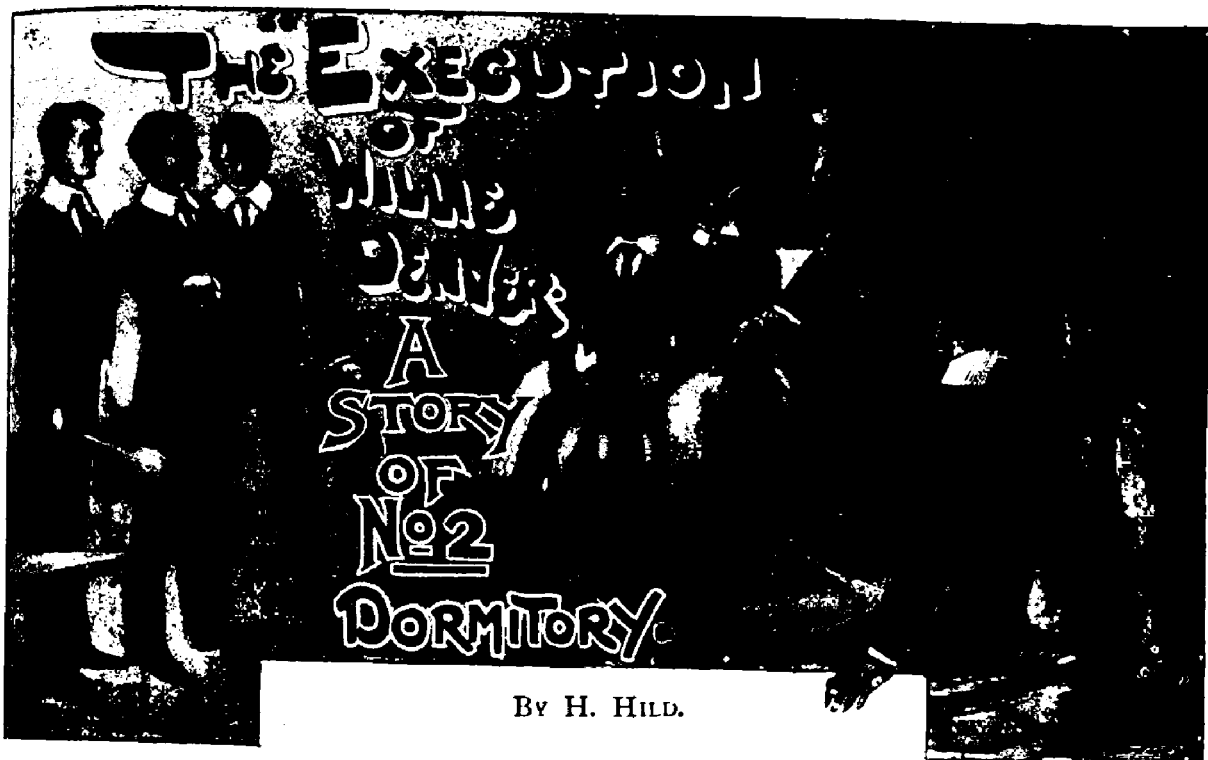
Therefore, instead of attempting the slip, try this: Parry the attack with your left arm by throwing it across the front of the body, momentarily covering the vision of the right eye, and force your opponent's arm upwards and to your left front, at the same time striking home under the heart with your right. If this be well done, it will extend the side of your adversary for the reception of the blow.

Parry, if possible, *behind the elbow*. The parry and blow should strike together.



HIT NO. 4.





Illustrated by W. J. Urquhart.

**P**RISONER at the bar, do you plead guilty or not guilty?" William John Denver glanced round the crowded court-room—No. 2 dormitory of St. Dunstan's—and anxiously scanned the faces of the judge and the jury—the rest of the eleven inmates of No. 2—and saw there a bitter loathing, a fierce denunciation, an inexorable demeanour that boded no good to him.

William Denver was sixteen, rather short, according to the general average, bright-faced and intelligent, but with a certain doggedness about his appearance that plainly revealed a spirit that rebelled against all tyranny and the like of it. Thus he made an interesting prisoner.

"Prisoner at the bar, are you guilty or not? If you don't answer, Willie Denver, we'll make it warm for you."

Thus the stern strange words of the judge, a tall, dark-featured lad, by name Ernest Markham, who sat aloft on a chair placed on a low form which had been dragged from a corner to the centre of the room. All around sat the jury and witnesses, scattered promiscuously wherever a seat, whether bed or form, was obtainable.

Denver stood between two youths, who, in

their characters of warders, or "*gendarmes*," as they styled themselves, fulfilled their office capably enough as far as facial expression went.

There was sensation in court when the accused answered firmly in the negative, and demanded a recapitulation of the charge and the hearing of the evidence.

"Allright, Willie Denver, you pretty hypocrite!" ejaculated the unprejudiced and most upright judge. "You calculate you're putting this court to all the inconvenience you jolly well can. You reckon you aren't guilty and don't know what the charge is. You didn't have a hamper of goods—observe this prisoner's innocent face, gentlemen of the jury—and you didn't have it addressed to Smiley's. down town, so's we shouldn't know about it. And you never—you beautiful member of a respectable dormitory—you never got out first ball in the second innings against Fisher's eleven, so's you could scoot down and fasten on the luscious—ah!—contents of that hamper, and pack 'em all into that lovely, capacious mouth of yours without any help from us, now did you? Oh! William John Denver, when we think over it—when the awfulness of what you've done comes upon us, it well-nigh throttles us. We expected so much more from you—you—you glutton! We are ashamed of you, prisoner at the bar——"

"There isn't any bar," snapped the accused.

"Well, there's a prisoner anyhow," retorted the judge savagely. "You needn't think you'll have grounds for appeal because there's no bar. If you want a bar you can have one. I'm the bar."

"You look it," remarked the prisoner very softly and very audibly.

There was a sensation again in court at the accused's daring, and a little titter, which was instantly suppressed.

"You were seen to enter Smiley's premises," Markham resumed, more fiercely, "and the contents of that package disappeared within an hour. Oh, chummies, think on it and weep—within an hour. Why I couldn't have polished them off myself in the time, and I'm a biggish eater."

"You'd have liked to have tried," suggested the prisoner, who was taking advantage of the new Act, and giving evidence on his own behalf in his own way, if riling the judge can be considered as favouring his own cause.

"Bring forth the evidence," thundered the judge, and instantly from under one of the beds was dragged into view a battered old basket hamper, lid awry and out of shape.

"There you are, you picture of innocence! There's the evidence that you cannot answer—the fact—fact, mind you—that'll land you on the scaffold. Look here," and Markham stooped down and dipped his hand in the basket and held up an object. "That's a currant," he exclaimed, "and here's a squashed grape and a lump of candied peel. Now, what have you to say before sentence is passed upon you?"

"Simply this: that it's nothing at all to do with any of you, and you're all a pack of greedy porkers."

"Gentlemen of the jury, consider your verdict," shouted the judge.

"We have considered our verdict," said Dick Meredith, foreman of the jury. "We

consider the prisoner guilty, and deserving of any sentence your lordship may deem fit to pronounce."

"Ha!" said the judge, his good humour returning. "Remove the prisoner while we discuss his fate. The sentence will be communicated to him in an hour from now, and it will probably be carried out at midnight to-night: it'll be full moon then. Get thee hence."

## II.

THAT night, just as the moon dipped behind a great bank of clouds, a group of dark forms stole silently away from the school, keeping in the deeper shadows all the while and saying nothing. Not until the school-house was well out of sight did anyone speak, and then it was Judge Markham's official tones that first broke the stillness.

"Keep close hold of the greedy mongrel, boys; he's artful enough to dodge you in the dark. Don't give him a chance."

"You'll look a sweet lot if the doc's waiting for you when you get back," hinted the prisoner in an unconcerned voice.

"Have you been peaching?" inquired Meredith bitingly.

"Not I," said Willie. "I shouldn't like to do you all a bad turn. It might

ruffle your beautiful tempers."

"If you have it'll go awful hot for you, William John," insinuated the judge. "Do you know what we're going to do with you?"

"I don't mind a ducking," remarked Denver by way of reply.

A general laugh broke out.

"You're wrong, you're heaps wrong," said Markham. "We aren't going to disturb no fishes with such a carcase."

Surely a judge is allowed a casual lapse into ungrammatical phraseology.

"I reckon you daren't hang me."

"We reckon we're not going to put in any hard work hauling you to a high tree branch.



"THAT'S A CURRANT,"  
HE EXCLAIMED.



THE TUBE WAS DIGGING PAINFULLY INTO HIS BACK, AND HE WAS JUST BEGINNING TO GET ANGRY.

There's not much of you, but you're heavy. No, you doomed mortal of a kid, what we're going to do with you to-night is something unique, something unparalleled, something that'll make your blood curdle and make you wish you'd never incurred the condemnation of No. 2 by such a mean, unwholesome job. Get along, boys."

Then followed a silence for about five minutes. The moon came out again, and lighted up the little band with their prisoner, bound and blindfolded in their midst. They branched off a roadway, and cut down a narrow lane. Some fifty yards down they halted at a low gate, and the party at once clambered over and entered a broad level field. It was very gusty, and the clouds were driving hurriedly and threatening rain.

Markham kept close to the edge of the field and passed on swiftly. He stopped suddenly

before a long, dark object that stood motionless close to another black thing, which looked sinister and awe-inspiring in the alternate light and darkness. Markham did not hesitate. He stooped down behind the first object, and appeared to be unfastening something. Then, just as the moon shone again, he stood up and threw off the tarpaulin that concealed from view that which was underneath.

"There she is—isn't she a beauty?" he exclaimed. "Won't she just scatter little bits of Willie Denver all over the county, and the next one too! Tie him on!"

Then the prisoner realised his fate. Near the school was the practice ground of the local volunteer artillery corps. They often drilled there, and many a time the boys had slipped away and watched them. And many a heart had thumped as the forty-pounder boomed out.

"Do you take me for a Sepoy?" said Denver, undismayed yet, as they dragged him to the muzzle.

"A Sepoy's a decent animal beside you," muttered Meredith, driving the prisoner's back against the edge of the grim barrel.

"It's a brilliant sort of trick to play," said the prisoner, sprawling his leg out and upsetting one of the executioners.

"Wait till she goes off," muttered the downfallen, savagely.

"That's where the brilliancy'll take place."

Denver made no reply. A sharp tug of his shoulders told him that he was tightly bound. The tube was digging painfully into his back, and he was just beginning to get angry. Up to the present he had held his temper in hand, but now he felt he could keep up very little longer. The joke was beginning to lose its humour.

Having tied him securely, the band came and stood in front of him. Denver heard Markham speak, and then felt the bandage drop from his eyes. He blinked for a moment or two, and could not make anything of the blurred scene. When it became more distinct, and he saw clearly the row of grinning faces, he jerked forward impetuously, and opened his mouth to speak, but Markham checked him.

"The brilliancy is overpowering him," the

judge said mockingly. "Better tie his mouth up a little."

Denver, as strenuously as he could, resisted the gagging process, and bit half-a-dozen fingers very sharply (judging from the savage comments on his vigour) before he was forced to give in. Bound, and one against a dozen, he could do little, and at last stood utterly helpless, yet still defiant in the face of his merciless executioners.

"I should like to load it and fire you off," said Markham pleasantly. "Only I daren't. Still, we'll do as much as we dare. We're going off to bed now. We'll rescue you in about three hours' time. And if you speak a word to the doc., or to anyone else about it, we'll—we'll—well, you'll see what'll happen unto you. Ta-ta, now, dear chappie!"

With mocking laughter the whole band took to their heels and fled, leaving their victim in his uncomfortable position, inwardly writhing, but outwardly calm and defiant.

The vengeful band were not long in reaching their dormitory. It was just half-past twelve; at about three o'clock Markham, who was going to keep himself awake with an exciting book, would rouse the others, and then they would sally out again and release the prisoner. The boys said little, and soon clambered into bed. The "judge" took up his book and sat down near the light, which was turned low and shaded. Sounds of heavy breathing soon

all the blood rushing from his face, and made him leap to his feet with a startled cry. Instantly everyone in No. 2 Dormitory was wide awake and staring at him.

And each one heard the rumbling echo, the echo of a heavy gun report!

### III.

DENVER watched the vanishing group until the darkness swallowed them up. Then the cruelty of the situation came fully upon him. He had been unjustly accused, and this made his position all the more intolerable. He had not eaten or tasted a single article in the hamper; he had had it sent for Smiley's little crippled boy, who was an inmate of the local hospital, and would be for the rest of his days. This, however, he had been too proud to assert. He had treated the "trial" more or less as a joke, not dreaming of the consequences.

It had grown chilly, and his back was beginning to ache horribly. His shoulders were cramped, and pained him acutely. He moved desperately, but it seemed that the cords only closed more tightly about him. He stood on tip-toe and edged the bonds a little lower, and got a slight relief thereby. Then he found that he could slip his hands behind him and clasp his fingers together. Wriggling sideways, his



became audible, and a slight snore or two. A quarter of an hour passed, and Markham still read on. The clock at St. Dunstan's Church close by just then struck once solemnly, and the echo rolled away across the country side. The sound had scarcely died into silence when from the distance there came to the judge's ears another sound, low, deep, and ominous—a sound that sent

room!

hand touched the cords that encircled his other arm, and hope rose in his breast.

He had to rest every now and then, for the strain was none too easy of endurance. Still, he persevered, and, after what seemed hours to him, felt the tightness give way a little. A big sigh of relief escaped his lips as he at length slipped his left arm through the cords. For a minute or two he leaned there panting, before recommencing the task. The releasing of the other arm was a simple matter, and in a very short time he stood quite free, and turned and looked at the gun. His face was very white and determined, and it would have gone badly with any of his persecutors had they been within reach of him at that moment.

Very deliberately then he moved to the back of the carriage to where the tarpaulin cover lay. He stooped down and picked up one end of it with the intention of replacing it over the gun, but felt it resist his touch. He gave it a sharp tug.

#### *Room 1*

Denver leaped with the suddenness of the report, and for a moment or two suffered the agony entailed by the complete loss of all presence of mind. His legs seemed to sink from under him, and the echoes scattering all around him were singing and hammering in his ears and his brain. The dazzling flash blinded him for a moment, and he could only lean against the carriage and gasp till his senses returned.

He recovered at last, and then with shaking hands lifted the tarpaulin and spread it over the still smoking gun. He tried to walk, but found it too much for him, and sat down. The awfulness of it drove all power out of his limbs, but it only quickened his brain a hundredfold. *He had been tied to a loaded gun!* Did the others know it? He could not believe so. The charge must have been left in by oversight. Suppose, by accident or design, one of the "executioners" had, in mock seriousness, pulled the string! He shuddered at the thought. How near to death he had been! Truly his life had depended on a hair.

He felt a little better after a while, and moved away towards the school. The cool night air revived him as he walked, and he became once more his old steady self. Denver reached the school and obtained admission by the secret means which only some few of the boys were aware of, and crept upstairs to the dormitory. He hesitated outside the door, and listened. He could hear low mutterings, and among them Markham's trembling, whimpering voice. He was having his revenge certainly, and he felt at

first inclined to remain there and leave them in their terrible state of apprehension, but a fairer inclination moved him to quietly open the door and enter. No one observed or heard him. The jury were all crouched together around the "judge," and the moon was shining full upon as scared-looking a group of boys as ever it revealed to human gaze.

"You conscience-smitten gang of cads!"

The words smote the shivering band with a suddenness that was appalling. Each one jumped to his feet and stared in the direction of the speaker, and the terror depicted on their faces was intense—and comic.

Denver burst into a chuckling laugh. He could not help it. He felt no pity for them, and therefore the tableau was naught but a very funny one to him.

"You'd better go to bed, you lot," he said scornfully. "You'll be precious sleepy when the bell goes."

There was a minute's silence, and then Markham came shuffling forward.

"We're awfully sorry, Denver," he stammered; "but—but—it was all a joke, you know, and we didn't—we didn't—What went off?"

"I don't know whether you knew whether the gun was loaded or not," Denver replied. "I'll give you all the benefit of the doubt."

"We didn't—we didn't," exclaimed the band in chorus.

"Well, it went off by accident. And it was a good job for all of us I wasn't where you left me when it did. I'm going to bed now." Denver whipped off his coat. "You'd better all do the same, because it's late."

Taking no more notice of the others, Denver undressed and got into bed. He had scarcely laid down his head when he heard his name quietly spoken. He looked up.

"We're very sorry to disturb you, old man," said Markham; "but we can't sleep without you forgive us. We've been awful brutes, you know; but we didn't mean anything serious, and, and—won't you forgive us?"

Then Denver sat up in bed and held out his hand.

"All right, chummies!" he said, "come and shake, and forgive and forget. You made a double mistake—I'll explain in the morning—and I guess there'll be an awful row to-morrow over that explosion. If we keep mum, though, I reckon they'll never be able to fix it on us. Good night, all!

"Good night, Denver; you're a brick!"

And they never *did* fix it on them!



# "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—You will observe this month that we have altered the scheme of our competitions. In each competition there are three classes, and a prize will be awarded to the winner in each class. Consolation prizes will be given at the Editor's discretion, and in future, when a competitor sees on the Results Page that he has won a consolation prize, he should immediately send the Editor a post-card, saying whether he would like to have a volume of the *Strand*, *Wide World*, or *CAPTAIN*, as it is possible that a competitor may have already won a *CAPTAIN* volume. Please be very careful to address your envelopes properly, mentioning number of competition and the number of your class, and remember to put these particulars on the coupon.]

The highest age limit is twenty-five.

**CONDITIONS.**—The Coupon on Page II. of advertisements must be fastened or stuck on every competition submitted, except when post-cards have to be sent. If this rule is disregarded the competition will be disqualified. Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

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.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

When competitions are to be sent on post-cards, no coupons should be attached, as this is contrary to post-office regulations.

Address thus:—Competition No. —, Class —, "THE *CAPTAIN*," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by February 12th.

**No. 1. — "My Best Friend."** Three prizes of 7s. each will be awarded to the senders of the three best essays, not exceeding 400 words, on "My Best Friend." State what sort of a person your best friend is, and the qualities that you look for in a friend.

Class I.	...	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II.	...	Age limit: Twenty.
Class III.	...	Age limit: Sixteen.

**No. 2. — "Chess."** For competition this month our Chess Editor is giving an exercise on the mate with king and queen. Solvers must give full answers.

Place white king, white queen, and black king, each on its own square. White to move, and mate in eight.

The key-move to the last problem is R—B4, and black's two moves number over forty.

Competitors must, in future, state the number of their answers, and competitions will be decided as follows: For fully correct solutions as

many points will be awarded as there are moves in the shortest solution (this month, for example, eight). The highest scorer every month will receive the prize. On securing a prize a solver's score is cancelled, and he starts next month at zero—all solvers accumulating their points until successful.

Class I.	...	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II.	...	Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III.	...	Age limit: Fifteen.

Send answers on post-cards, stating "class" and age. A prize of 7s. will be awarded to the winner in each class. (*For illustration of problem, see page 435.*)

**No. 3. — "Tommy Atkins."** Three magnificent boxes of water colour paints, value 10s. 6d. each, will be awarded to the senders of the best sketches in any medium—that is to say, coloured or plain—of "Tommy Atkins." He can belong to any regiment you like.

Class I.	...	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II.	...	Age limit: Twenty.
Class III.	...	Age limit: Sixteen.

A prize will be awarded to the winner in each class.

**No. 4. — "War Map."** Three prizes of 7s. will be given to the senders of the three best "War Maps of the Transvaal," marking sites of battles with crossed swords.

Class I.	...	Age limit: Twenty.
Class II.	...	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	...	Age limit: Twelve.

**No. 5. — "Letter Writing."** Three prizes of 5s. will be awarded to the senders of the three best "Letters to the Old Fag" (not exceeding the usual sheet of notepaper) on "The Sort of Competition I Like Best, and Why."

Class I.	...	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II.	...	Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III.	...	Age limit: Fifteen.

**No. 6. — "Open to Everybody."** Send on a post-card a four, six, or eight-line "Valentine Verse to Tommy Atkins." No coupon required. No age limit. Prize: 1s. 1s. od.

## NOTICE.

**All competitions must reach us by February 12th. Results will be announced in the first number of Vol. III. (April).**

# SPECIAL PAGE.

(Contributed by Readers.)

THIS month A. S. GOLDSTEIN, 47, The Common, Upper Clapton, N., is the winner. His parody on "The Devout Lover" is very neat. Mr. Goldstein will not pay for his CAPTAIN for one year.

We print some other good contributions.

## "The Devout Sportsman."

(With apologies to "The Devout Lover.")

It is not mine to "drive" and "cut" and "place"  
With C. B. Fry's surpassing power and grace:  
To make no wondrous jumps to me is given  
Whereby the record of the world is riven.

Not mine, like him, so skilfully to tell  
The way to play those games I know so well.  
Not mine to emulate his ev'ry feat,  
Nor sit and sigh to be a famed athlete.

But mine it is to stand among the crowd,  
Applaud his feats with frantic cheers and loud,  
Buy all his works, regardless of expense,  
And worship him in distant reverence.

A. S. GOLDSTEIN.

## "The Lowest of the Lot."

(A Fact.)

A lady of diminutive stature—one of a family  
all considerably taller than herself—told a poor  
Irish girl to call at her house on the following day  
for some soup. The girl accordingly did so, and  
inquired for Miss ——. On the servant asking her  
which Miss —— she referred to, her astonishment  
may be imagined when the girl replied:—

"The lowest of the lot!"

G. S. WEST.

## The Tusky Boer.

The Tusky Boer went out to fight;  
He fought and fought with all his might.  
But Britain would not stand this, so  
She beat old Kruger at Glencoe.

The Tusky Boer came out again,  
And dared to shell a British train;  
And Kruger said he'd make us flee;  
So Britain beat him at Dundee.

And good old Colonel Powell, he,  
From Mafeking would never flee.  
And though the odds were two to one;  
He said: "I'll fight 'em all alone."

R. MASSEY.

## She Didn't Quite Understand.

Mrs. Grundy: "Good morning, shopkeeper.  
Got any new 'lays' to-day?"

Shopkeeper: "Got none newer than that of the  
'Last Minstrel,' ma'am."

Mrs. Grundy: "Well, suppose I take sixpenny-  
worth of those?"

JUDSON.

P.S.—I am sure you will reject this absurd joke, but I  
want you to tell me what you think of it. [Not so  
bad.—ED.]

## Quick Matches.

There have only been twenty instances in the  
last thirty years of first-class cricket matches  
having been commenced and finished in the same  
day. Twelve of these took place at Lord's;  
M.C.C. were concerned in seven of these remark-  
able encounters; and Lancashire and Somerset-  
shire in four each.

E. E. TODD.

[NOTE.—A number of correspondents have  
pointed out to me that "A Mixed Poem,"  
recently published in this page, was not original,  
but copied from another publication. The  
sender of that poem will, in future, be debarred  
from contributing to this page, and from enter-  
ing for any of our competitions.—ED. CAPTAIN]

## OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

A. G. Simmons.—Fair. The gardener's face is the  
best part of the drawing.

R. Barnard.—Poem not so dusty. I don't think  
"annex it" is a good rhyme to "expected." Your  
metre is wobbly.

Anchorite.—Another poet! Your metre, too, is  
wobbly. I agree with you, that "the gallant Wilber-  
force" is an inspiring subject.

Eveline Midgley.—"The Little Crossing Sweeper"  
made me cry.

James Weir.—The war seems to have set you all  
scribbling verse. In your case it's a bad habit, and I  
should advise you to give it up.

Briton.—The O.F. thanks you for your kind acrostic.  
He is indeed a long-suffering gent.

E. Anstey.—Idea funny; draughtsmanship deficient.

C. C. Boutwood.—Vigorous, but hardly artistic.

B. Lockhart.—Well done—"Age Twelve!"

James Ramsay.—Legs too short; arms too short;  
hands too small.

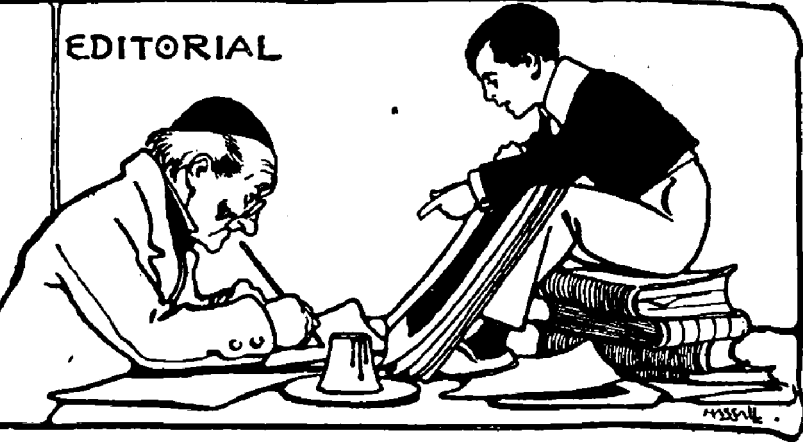
H. O. Weller.—Your essay is not funny, but I admire  
your determination. Go on trying, and never say die!

E. A. Smith.—Rather pretty; but why do you write  
on both sides of the paper?

May Martin.—Re-write "He and I," leaving out rotten  
eggs part; this is not funny. You might also leave out  
the part about his clothes. The rest is good.

# THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



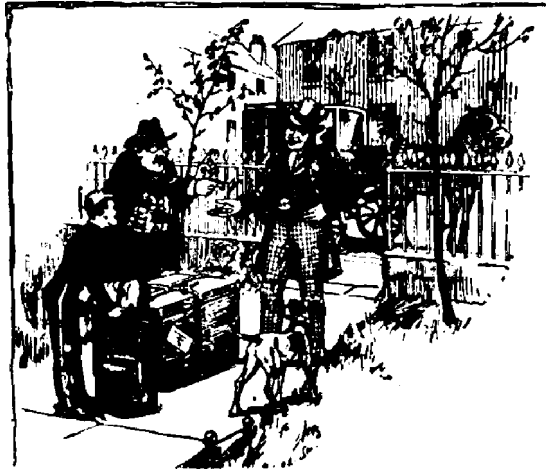
**"Dulcis"** comes forward with an elaborate suggestion as to the way we should manage our competitions. He says: "I propose that you award marks for each competition sent in—three marks for prizes, two for a consolation prize, one for honourable mention—and at the end of the volume, add up the marks and award a grand prize—say a gramophone, bicycle, or cinematograph to the winner of the greatest number of marks."

I should be glad to adopt this suggestion if I had a large staff of clerks at my disposal. As it is, my staff is already complaining of overwork. Mr. Springs, the assistant editor, has been invalided away to Bournemouth for a week, while Thomas Henry Charles William Adolphus Smith, the office younggentleman, says that his doctor has been remarking on his extreme pallor and thinness, and says that what would suit him would be a Mediterranean trip extending over three years, all expenses paid by the Editor. This being the state of things, my dear "Dulcis," I am afraid that, for the present, I can only pigeon-hole your kind proposal.

**"Susan, Eliza, and Jemima"** run a little magazine of their own, and want me to give them some ideas. Here's one. Let Susan begin a serial story, and write Chapter I., and let Eliza write Chapter II., and Jemima

Chapter III., and so on. The hero, treated thus by three lady novelists, ought to be an all-round sort of chap—eh?

**"Some Hunting Stories"** is the title I have given a review of "The History of the Belvoir Hunt," which I found in the *Daily Chronicle*. I hope the editor will forgive me for reproducing that excellent review of an excellent book for the benefit of my "boys and old boys."



CABBY: "'Arf-a-crown too much! Well, as you're a furriner, say two-and-six."

SMART FOREIGNER: "Goot! It is not possible to sheat me."

**With regard** to our Gramophone Competition, you will find that the following verse sums up very aptly the possibilities of this extraordinary invention.—

**A Riddle—Read.**

No tongue I have, no hands,  
nor yet a voice,  
Yet talk, or sing, or play, which  
is your choice.  
There is no instrument that you  
can name  
I am not mistress of; tis all the  
same

With song—I sing untiring with the purest tone.  
Soprano, alto, bass, or baritone.  
All languages are mine; with wondrous skill  
I talk, weep, laugh, and will your senses thrill  
With stirring scenes from playwrights, comic, tragic.  
All bow in turn to my resistless magic.  
Music and song my captives, sound my throne.  
I reign supreme, their Queen.

GRAMOPHONE.

**My Dear Old Fag,**—I am a girl, and I looks towards you. (*I raises my glass, and*

locus.—O.F.) Now I hope you will not be offended, but my private opinion is that you are not so old as your portrait leads one to believe. Now, are you? (Yes; older, in fact.—O.F.) I shall come and see you one day, so as to make sure, so look out for squalls! Still, if you really *are* as old as you appear you must be a perfect old darling. (Ahem!—O.F.) I was surprised to hear there was no Mrs. Old Fag, because you wear such a worried look. However, perhaps there will be one shortly, eh? I hope her portrait will appear in *THE CAPTAIN*. Now I will conclude. I remain,

Ever your most affectionate,  
"MARJORIE."

"Gulliver" on the magic lantern! You will be interested to hear that Mr. A. Johnson, the clever photographic illustrator of Mr. Mayland's "New Gulliver's Travels," has made magic lantern slides of his pictures, and will be glad to supply them to readers of *THE CAPTAIN* at 1s. each. His address is 116, Tollington Park, London, N.

### Dear Old Fag,

—You were quite right in supposing that the poem entitled "A-dreaming in the Forest," was the work of a child, for I wrote it when twelve years old, while staying for my holiday in Sussex. I was fourteen last October.—Your faithfully,  
"JUDSON."

"France," writing from a big public school, which is attended by many day-boys, asks me whether I consider it right for boys to meet girls and talk to girls to whom they have not been properly introduced. I can only say, in reply, that a boy who does this is not a gentleman, and a girl who does it is not a lady. The practice is not to be regarded with a shrug of the shoulders or an indulgent smile. You boys must behave as gentlemen *always*, and you girls must retain your self-respect.

"On behalf of all French boys in this country," concludes "France," "I beg to tender an apology for the insults recently offered to Her Majesty the Queen by some of the French newspapers." This fellow is made of the right

stuff, evidently. It would be a good thing if some of the French editors were inspired by the same honourable feeling.

**Norwegian Boy** wishes that the boys of his country would be more like English boys of the type of Wardour and Sir Billy in "Tales of Greyhouse." My correspondent has just read with delight in a Norwegian paper that boarding schools on the system of English public schools are to be introduced to Norway "by some enterprising gentleman." I am very pleased to hear this, and consider it a great compliment. (N.B.—If my correspondent wishes to tell us more of his compatriots, he should address a little essay to the Special Page.)

"Six browns buy one Browne"—that is to say, sixpence buys *Tom Browne's Comic Annual*, which is still to be seen on every bookstall throughout the kingdom. As

has already been stated, you laugh till you cry, and you cry till you laugh—over this funny booklet—and then you start crying again, and then laughing, until everybody thinks you are going into hysterics.

**Owing** to the big crowd of other things, "When You

Leave School" and "Magazines" are held over till next month.

### Many happy returns to:—

SIR HENRY IRVING, b. Feb. 6th, 1838.

ANTHONY HOPE, b. Feb. 9th, 1863.

W. CLARK RUSSELL, b. Feb. 24th, 1844.

JULES VERNE, b. Feb. 8th, 1828.

COLONEL BADEN-POWELL, b. Feb. 22nd, 1857.

### Cricketers.

A. E. TROTT (Middlesex), b. Feb. 6th, 1873.

A. N. HORNBY (Lancashire), b. Feb. 10th, 1847.

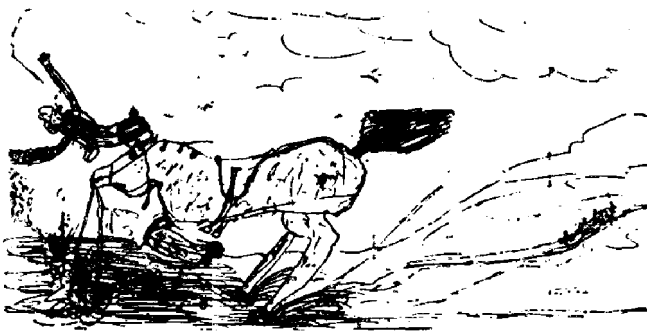
C. MCGAHEY (Essex), b. Feb. 12th, 1871.

A. P. LUCAS (Essex), b. Feb. 20th, 1857.

With the Old Fag's compliments.

### OTHER CORRESPONDENTS.

**G. S. R.**—Bang your mag. in regularly, and it shall be reviewed in its turn. We shall be absolutely "regardless of your feelings."



A "VERY EARLY" DRAWING BY CECIL ALDIN.

(See page 419.)

**Maple Leaf** sends a hearty yarn from Truro, Nova Scotia. Referring to Mr. Mackie's story, "Maple Leaf" remarks that the wild and woolly West isn't half so wild and woolly as it's supposed to be, as the Mounted Police keep such good order, "to the discomfort of American miners who come over the border flourishing their six-shooters."

**Anti-Krugerite** (oh, you bloodthirsty young ruffian!) is informed that his question *re* stamps has been handed to Mr. Gooch. "A-K." says that when **THE CAPTAIN** reaches his house, even the cat and dog are in a frenzy of excitement!

**Lalla Rookh.**—(1) I will endeavour to make it clear what each correspondent has written about *when there is enough space*. When I am roped for room I have to give those short, enigmatical replies of which you complain. (2) The Chess Editor will answer you and others next month. (3) The "Mixed Poem" matter is referred to on the Special Page.

**J. L. R.** suggests a rather complicated competition to deal with a supposed war involving the whole of Europe. He will see his suggestion has given me an idea for a competition, *i.e.*, "War Map of Europe" competition.

**Printer** thinks that "an account of how **THE CAPTAIN** is printed and published, with photographs of the printing presses, etc. (we've had pictures of the editor), would prove very interesting to all readers of the best boys' paper going." Well, the editor will see if this can be done.

**"Journalist."**—Your verses show only average talent. You have evidently got the *cacoëthes scribendi* pretty badly. A journalist should be an all-round man, well read, keenly alive to all that is going on, and in touch with the classics, as well as a foreign language or two. Correct spelling and punctuation come to be a matter of habit as you go on, but I may tell you that Macaulay always wrote with a dictionary at his elbow.

**Walter Wilkinson and Others.**—In future no volume advertisements will appear in the body of the magazine.

**W. Bridge.**—Drawings, if good enough, will be accepted for the Special Page.

**"Briton."**—If you will write to the editor, *Scotsfordian Monthly*, Scotsford House Commercial School, 24, London Road, Tunbridge Wells, he will tell you how to print a school magazine by means of Edison's Mimeograph.

**Boxer.**—You will observe that we are publishing a series of articles on "Boxing." For "hins on diet," see Mr. Fry's article, "How to Train for Sports," in No. 1, April, 1899.

**H. F. Mackie.**—(1) Feed your rabbits on dandelions, hemlock, the most tender part of winter cabbages, Thorley's Food, and bran. But you should have a talk with somebody who has kept rabbits for a considerable time. Of course, it is hard luck that you have no grass for them to run about on occasionally, but no doubt you have a pretty big yard. Keep an eye on the cat when they are perambulating. (2) The list you send is an excellent one.

**Lindsey B. Jupp.**—As far as I know, "Wanganü" is correct; at any rate, a letter addressed to that place will probably reach your man. I don't think you caught "Ye Old 'Un" napping. "Aoneist" is good.

**X. E. R.**—Am so sorry to disappoint you, old chap, but the pictures are not quite good enough.

**"Fickle."**—(1) To get a post as steward on one of the "liners," go to the East India Dock, and inquire for the Superintendent Steward's office—of the Castle Line. They employ some hundreds of hands, and by a little perseverance you might get a post. Or, visit the docks, and apply in person on board one of the ships. You could also attend the Shipping Office, West India Dock Road, E.C. (2) The salary would depend upon the post you got, and it varies very much—from £3 to £10 per month. (3) The outfit would be small, depending altogether upon the kind of ship you "sign on."

**K. E. C.**—R. N. Hancock is Football Captain of Tonbridge; A. Brown is Captain of the School.

**Pro-Boer.**—It was the artist's fault; he knows better now.

**"Another of the Crew."**—Your suggestion to hand. It would not be worth our while.

**Percy Woodcock.**—(1) Yes, I think you would be much better employed in a Clyde ship-building yard than at sea, and I advise you by all means to accept the offer if you personally think you would like the kind of work. (2) Your age would be about right. (3) Yes, it would be best to be an apprentice—term, about five years. (4) It would depend upon the department you entered. To a smart fellow it offers very good prospects. (5) If, as I said before, you think you would like the kind of work, go ahead, and good luck to you!

**George David H.—t.**—I have already lectured them for calling themselves "only girls," so I don't think your reproof is necessary. I congratulate you on your "jolly sisters."

**M. O. Bale.**—(1) The book you require is called "Reed's Engineers' Handbook for the

Board of Trade Examinations, with Questions and Answers, etc." It is published at 14s., but you can obtain it from Messrs. A. & F. Denny, Booksellers' Row, Strand, W.C., at a discount of 25 per cent. (2) The artists you mention work sometimes from models, and sometimes their drawings are done "out of their heads." "Light, Shade, and Shadow" is the title of an excellent book for Art Students, just published by George Newnes, Limited; the price is 3s. 6d.

"**The Baby.**"—Many thanks for the photograph of yourself. I admire your taste in hats. When I have enough photos for the purpose, I hope to publish another page of "Pretty Sisters."

"**Spades.**"—(1) Glad to hear you are getting your muscle up so vigorously. (2) I prefer not to make any arrangements of that sort.

**Ethel D.**—That's the sort of letter! I know people object to paying double price for a special number, and that is why I took care that my Christmas Number should be "the same little sixpence as ever." There will be a Summer Number in due course.

**Ralph Caron.**

—We have so many topics on hand which must take precedence of those you mention, that I should advise you to look them up in an encyclopædia.

"**The Abbot.**"

—We have already got a Chess Editor.

**A. Prescott.**—

Photographic competitions when weather is suitable.

**K.A.K.**—(1) See

reply to "K. E. C."

(2) Can anybody tell "K. A. K." how old

Deerfoot, the Indian, was when he made his record run of over eleven miles in the hour?

**A. P. Nimmo.**—It will be more interesting when the war is over.

**L. A. B. (JAMAICA HIGH SCHOOL).**—(1) Glad to hear you like us. (2) Our address is: 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London. A roft. enlargement (oil painting) of the cover is fixed to the exterior of the building, so anybody passing by can't very well miss us. (3) Long ere this you will have seen the announcements of foreign and colonial readers' competitions. The results are announced in this number.

**Judson.**—The ages of Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Forbes Robertson, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree are sixty-one, forty-seven, and forty-six years respectively.

"**Geo.**" (BRUXELLES).—When you come to London I should advise you to attend the Slade School, Gower Street, W.C. Write to the Secretary for a prospectus.

**O. Wilberforce.**—Order THE CAPTAIN from a newsagent, three shillings for six months.

**Chinawife.**—(1) A good letter. Hope you

passed that exam.

(2) In the comps.

each comp. must

have a coupon tied,

nailed, glued, pasted,

gummed, or other-

wise fastened on to

it. (3) Certainly you

may write again. (4)

S.T.V.E.Q.V. = *Si tu*

*vales ego quoque*

*vales*; i.e., "If you

are well, I also am

well." (Although, as

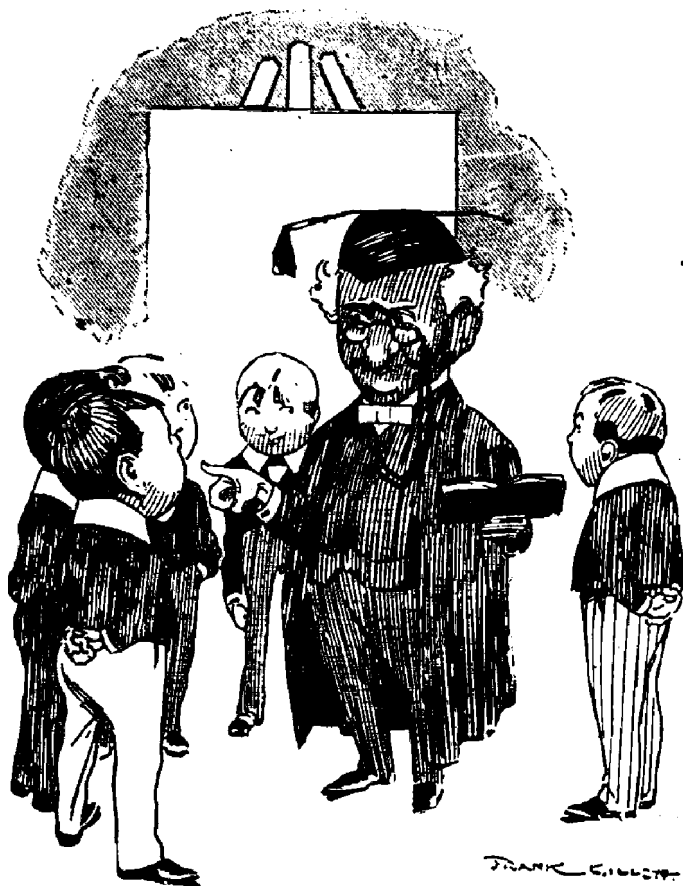
a matter of fact, I

have a bad cold—

so I suppose you

have one, too!)

THE OLD FAG.



A Slip.

PEDAGOGUE: "Perkins Minimus, state what you know of Riga."  
P. MINIMUS (absently): "There was a young lady of Riga,  
Who———"  
(500 times.)

# Results of December Competitions.

**No. I.**—As this competition did not close until January 15th, results will be announced in *THE CAPTAIN* for March.

## **No. II.—Best Poetical Extract on "Glory."**

15. divided between: EDITH R. ABELL, Grafton Manor, Bromsgrove; and B. FOSTER, Troutbeck Hydro, Ilkley.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Arthur H. Fowler, W. Erlam Smith, May G. Stewart, Samuel M. Luntz, Edith R. Harrop, Frances Mary Hunter, Norman M. Smythe, Wilfred M. Hall, Jennie Clasper, Dorothy Johnson, Alfred Goode, T. C. Judson, Ethel Coppock, J. Anderson, Margaret Nicholls, W. O. Jones, G. R. Howell-John.

## **No. III.—Best Piece of Serious Verse describing "A Charge of Cavalry."**

10s. 6d. divided between: REV. J. H. SHACKLETON BAILEY, B.A. (who has requested us to hand his share to the Transvaal Widows and Orphans Fund); and KEITH J. THOMAS, 86, Breakspears Road, Brockley, S.E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of *THE CAPTAIN*) have been awarded to: A. W. ANNAND, 26, Claremont Hill, Shrewsbury; and W. BURTON, Clarence House, Samos Road, Anerley, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Lucia Barker, W. T. Kennedy, Arnold Edwardes, Herbert Robinson, A. J. Smith, Norah Tollit, Frederick G. Bristow, Lizzie Twigg, John Younger.

## **No. IV.—Chess Problem.**

15. divided between: C. B. JOYNER, "Lake View," Pittville, Cheltenham; R. C. JENNINGS, 54, Green Bank Avenue, Plymouth; P. WILKINS, 93, Wellington Road, Stoke.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. G. S. Thomas, T. McCormack, J. L. Moir, R. H. Fletcher, C. W. E. Tiddy, C. B. Mellenfield, K. C. Jacobsen, T. A. Poulter, N. P. Wood, A. P. Bree, L. Shillingford, C. Mellows, S. W. Billings, C. H. Barfield, R. M. Sutcliffe, H. H. Taylor, A. G. McLean, H. Dickens, J. C. Plaister, F. N. Mayo, N. N. Nicholls, A. M. Foster, R. Bennett, A. J. Head, W. W. Burkett, H. F. Beattie, F. Clayton, A. W. H. Peach, F. Pinsent, N. J. Chignell, F. A. H. Powell, H. F. Rothwell, E. G. Stredwick, F. C. Wilson, A. W. Taylor, N. A. B. Hunt, A. G. Innes, R. G. D. Addey, A. K. Lecky, R. Dale, C. H. Cunningham, R. H. Brent Clark, C. G. Wodehouse, G. W. Chambers, C. K. Granger, F. B. Wallace, W. Bishop, E. Wass, H. H. Cudmore, T. Dennis, A. J. Woolgar, K. R. Paul, F. A. Dailly, A. H. Sudell, H. A. Webb, H. Caulkin, A. Rivett.

## **No. V.—Best Sketch of "A Boy Running."**

10s. 6d. divided between: V. C. GLENMORE, 31, Southey Place, Bradford, Yorks.; and TOM WRIGHT, 4, Wilton Road, Colliers Wood, Merton, Surrey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Alfred C. S. Price, Fred Holmes, Irene Martin, D. G. Ford, D. M. Reed, W. P. Clough, K. T. Hengler, F. Baron, John Kerr, A. H. Boss, Joseph B. Kelly, Eilan Frances C. Brown, George Dennison Craggs, Ethel Day, William Archibald, J. J. P. Evans, C. B. Canning, William H. Hubbard, T. J. Offer, Eleanor Theakston, A. S. Goldstein, Arthur Edward Hibbs.

## **No. VI.—Best "Story Told by a War Horse."**

WINNER OF 15s.: ALEX. J. COWPER, 1, Oakley Terrace, Dennistown, Glasgow.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE (Vol. I. of *THE CAPTAIN*) has

been awarded to: ELSIE BAZELEY, "Lowick," S. Minver's Road, Bedford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Norman Buss, H. M. Arnold, Edwin E. Todd, Lilla Shadbolt, John B. Edgar, William Nicholls.

## **No. VII.—Best List of "Contrary Proverbs."**

1cs. 6d. divided between: BEATRICE RITCHIE, The Schools, Killinchy, Co. Down, Ireland; and ALBERT E. HAMILTON, 6, Lawrence Street, Belfast, Ireland.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE (Vol. I. of *THE CAPTAIN*) has been awarded to: THOMAS WALKER, 39, Devon Street, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. E. Holmes, G. H. Amphlett, R. Webster.

## **No. VIII.—Best Map showing Course of the River Nile.**

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: CHARLES DAVID KAY, "Highfield," Pear Tree Green, Southampton.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE (Vol. I. of *THE CAPTAIN*) has been awarded to: CHARLES HERBERT CRUTTENDEN, High Street, Uckfield, Sussex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: George Edmund Ellis, Fred Lake, F. W.-Leith Ross, Henry R. F. Kingscote, H. H. Wellington, Stanley Rivron, James Williamson Thompson, Charles G. P. Laidlow, P. J. Basker, John S. Potts, Bessie Mann, Hilda Heckle, Marjorie A. Chalmers, Percy Creadock, Basil Brown, Sidney Neville Smith, Mary C. Wrey, Leslie J. S. Allen, A. E. Birmingham, Arthur H. Smith.

## **No. IX.—Best "Letter to the Old Fag" on "My Favourite Lesson." (Age limit: Eleven.)**

WINNER OF 7s. 6d.: ALGERNON KINGSCOTE, Poste Restante, Boulogne-sur-Mer, France.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE (Vol. I. of *THE CAPTAIN*) has been awarded to: JAMES DUNN, "Duckmanton," Chesterfield, Derbyshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. D. Marks, Gabriel Bevan.

## **No. X.—Same Subject. (Age limit: Nine.)**

WINNER OF 5s.: HILDA MARGARET GOULDEN, 56, Finsbury Park Road, Finsbury Park, N.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE (Vol. I. of *THE CAPTAIN*) has been awarded to: A. C. GREEN, "Aldhurst," Leigham Court Road, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Hilda Smith, Eric Macintosh.

## FOREIGN READERS' COMPETITIONS.

### **No. I.—Best Essay on "What We Eat Out Here."**

15. divided between: F. A. ROGERS, Diocesan Railway Mission, Grahamstown, Cape Colony; and ELEANOR M. DAVIDSON, 127, Edmonton Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

CONSOLATION PRIZES (Vol. I. of *THE CAPTAIN*) have been awarded to: EDITH LECKIE, "Hillcrest," London-derry, Nova Scotia; and BESSIE T. BROWNE, Moncton, New Brunswick, Canada.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. B. Lloyd (Cape Town), William E. Sampson (Victoria), Harold Owen (Zululandi), Robert Watson (Valparaiso), H. W. McCowan (British Guinea), Charlie Pitt (Cape Town).

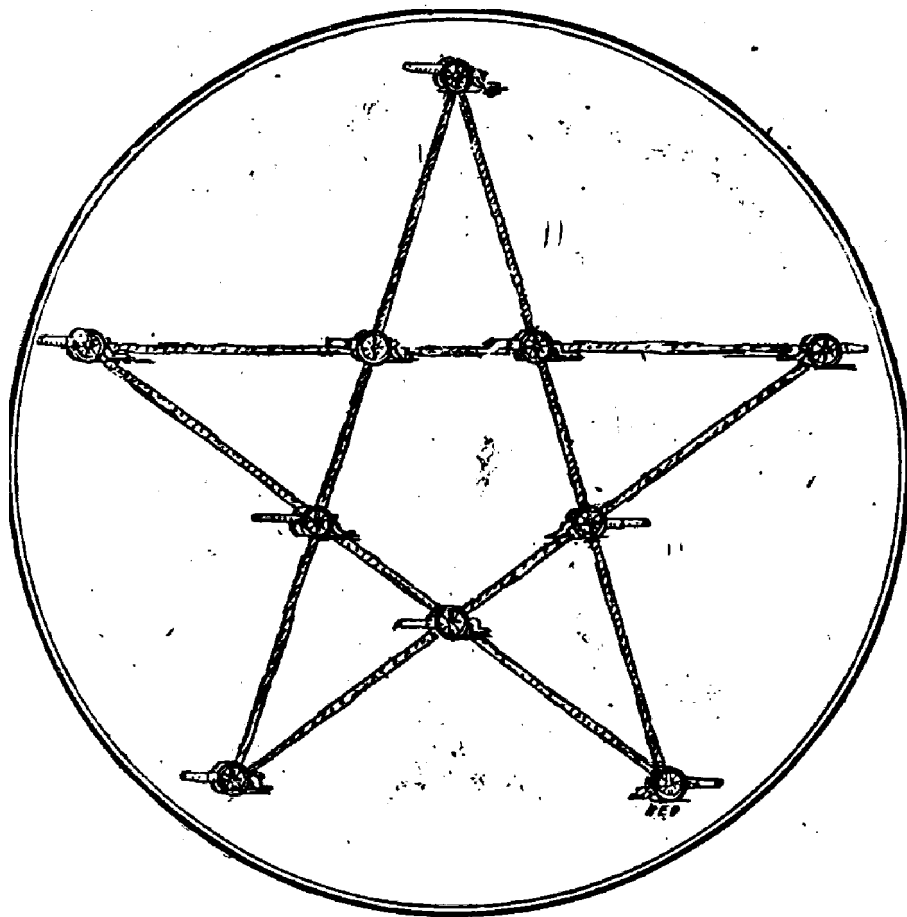
### **No. II.—Best Drawing of "The House I Live In."**

WINNER OF 15s.: R. F. HOPKINS, "Branchal," Milford Street, St. Kilda, Victoria, Australia.

# JOUBERT'S GUNS.

## A PUZZLE IN BOER FORTIFICATIONS

BY HENRY E. DUDENEY.



JOUBERT's ideas of fortification are, like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, extensive and peculiar. The manner in which his men entrenched their stronghold on Piffelskop (I regret that I cannot find this place on any map of South Africa) was as shown in the above diagram. It will be seen that they have made five straight entrenchments, and so placed their ten big guns that there are four guns in every entrenchment.

This was in strict accordance with Joubert's instructions, but when he saw how his ideas had been carried out, he complained that every gun was open to outside attack, and wished that as many as possible should be placed so that they could not be attacked by our men without their crossing an entrenchment.

The puzzle is to show the best way of altering the arrangement of ten guns and entrenchments, so that there shall still be five straight entrenchments with four guns in each and as few guns as possible exposed to outside attack.

We offer three "Swan" Fountain Pens (*vide* p. 569) for the best solutions of this problem. Competitions should be addressed to "SPHINX," THE CAPTAIN, 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London, W.C., and should be received not later than March 12th.





"SNIPING."

*Drawn by Colbron Pearce.*



H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA IN CORONATION ROBES

'gown," hard at work on a new model. And while I waited for the great man I thought I would sketch out a little history of the "show," which most of you have probably visited.

"Madame Tussaud's," then, is an exhibition which is

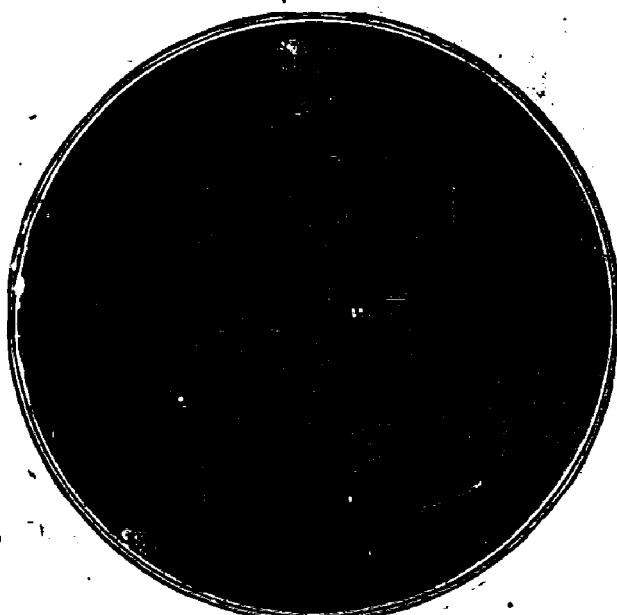
considerably more than a hundred years old, seeing that it was first established in Paris before the Revolution of 1789. To John Christopher Curtius's studio flocked the *élite* of the gay city, for at that time modelling in

wax was a craze among Parisian fashionables. It was only natural that Marie Gresholtz, the adopted daughter of M. Curtius, should pick up a considerable knowledge of the art in question, and so it came about that when her father by adoption died, and she married M. Tussaud, the young lady naturally took up the exhibiting of her wax figures as a means of earning a livelihood. She came to England, and, after pitching her tent in various places, finally settled down in the locality which has ever since been the

THAT modelling in wax is as great an art as painting in oils or water-colours, or hewing a human shape out of marble, is now an acknowledged fact. "Waxworks" they may be called, but they are marvellously clever achievements, and Mr. John Theodore Tussaud is the highest living exponent of the ceroplastic art.

Of course, he has inherited his talent, for he is the *great*-grandson of the famous "Madame," after whom the Exhibition near Baker Street is called.

Knowing that "Madame Tussaud's" always keeps pace with the times, and hearing that life-like models of our generals at the front (in addition to other celebrated personages connected with the present crisis) were on view, I partly strolled and partly "bussed" up to Baker Street, and, after threading my way among a multitude of scaffold-poles (for the exhibition is being greatly enlarged), I at length arrived at the "studio," where I found Mr. Tussaud, in sculptor's "dressing-



Wax model of

SIR GEORGE WHITE.

John T. Tussaud.

Schreiner. White. Buller. Roberts.

Kruger. Steyn. Cronje. Joubert.



Wax tableau by

TRANSVAAL WAR GROUP.

John T. Tussaud

home of the show. Francis, Madame's son, carried on the business and modelled full vigorously for many years. Then Joseph, the son of Francis, ascended the waxen throne, and was succeeded, in course of time, by John Theodore, who, as I have said, is the great-grandson of the young French girl who was

compelled by the leaders of the Great Revolution to model heads fresh from the red knife of the guillotine.

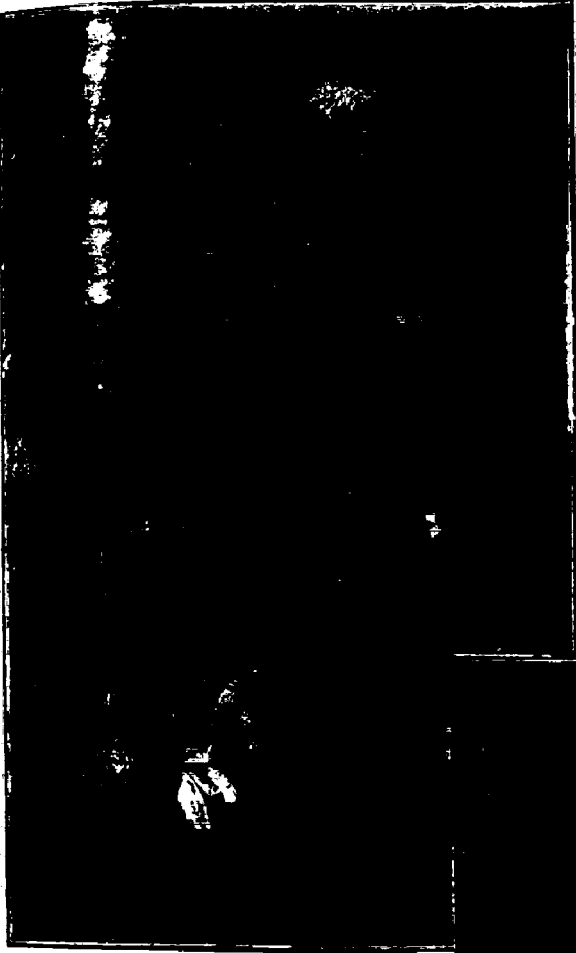
The present representative of the celebrated waxwork family is a gentleman rather over thirty years of age, tall, genial, and good-looking, and he seems to have had wax-modelling on the



Tableau by

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD'S GALLANT FIGHT ON BOARD THE "SAFIER."

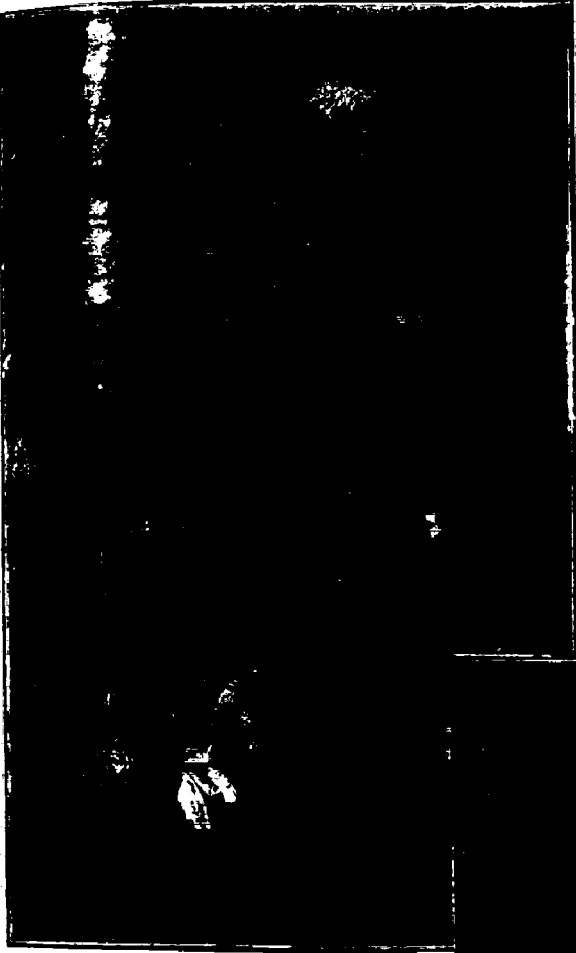
John T. Tussaud



which formed the outlook from my bedroom window. Noble and my father were good old friends, and his sons were great chums of mine.

"I used to do a good deal of outline studying, anatomy, and modelling from the antique under my father's directions during my holidays, and when I was thirteen I left school and gave up class-books for waxworks. I was barely fourteen when my father entrusted me with the modelling of my first figure, that of Milan, King of Servia.

"I can't say," continued Mr. Tussaud, "how many waxen effigies I have shaped since then, but the number must be a large one. Among those I have modelled 'from life' I may mention Barnum, John Burns, Sir Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, Shrewsbury, Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, G. A. Sala, George R. Sims, and many others. The first person that ever gave me a sitting was the



SIR REDVERS BULLER.

brain ever since he began to grow.

"Oh, yes, I went to school," he admitted, when I had managed to coax him into a talking humour, "first at St. Charles's College, under Cardinal Manning, and then at St. Benedictine's Monastery, Ramsgate. But before going to school, you know, I was born at No. 2, Inker-mann Terrace, Kensington, and I recollect that our neighbour in the last house of the terrace was Noble, the sculptor. He was very fond of building kites in the shape of an eagle, and flying them over the vast expanse of cabbage fields



Wax tableau by

John T. Tussaud.

DEATH OF GENERAL GORDON.



John T. Tussaud.

GORDON HIGHLANDERS STORMING THE HEIGHTS OF DARGAI.

Tableau by

Tichborne Claimant, on the day after he came out of prison. When he was sentenced he was almost too stout to walk, but when his time expired he was a most thin and genteel-looking individual."

Mr. Tussaud then went on to explain that, when it is not possible to obtain a sitting from some person whose effigy it is thought desirable to add to the exhibition, the first thing to do is to procure pictures and photographs of him, and get glimpses of him in the flesh as frequently as possible. Then it is desirable to find out who his tailor is, in order to get the measurements of his body and a suit of clothes that will fit the waxen representative.

"We experience no difficulty in finding subjects for modelling," Mr. Tussaud explained, "as the newspapers do all that for us by the prominence they give to notorious and celebrated personages. When our modeller is desirous of 'getting' a criminal he has to hover about police and law courts and commit every line, twist, and curve of the wrongdoer's countenance to memory and the pages of his sketch-book."

"And do you find it difficult to procure the belongings of murderers and others in order to exhibit them?" I asked.

"No, that is an easy matter," replied Mr. Tussaud. "You see, in almost every case articles belonging to criminals are offered to us by their relatives, who are naturally anxious to find money for their defence."

Mr. Tussaud then proceeded to give me some particulars about his daily work and the hundred-and-one matters which he has to see to in connection with the "works." He leaves his house at Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks,

at nine in the morning, and stays at the exhibition till seven and sometimes eight. He is very fond of dabbling in mechanical engineering, but "it seems to me that, when I'm not at the exhibition or having my meals, I'm in bed," which is only another way of saying that he is one of the world's workers, and not a drone.

Mr. Tussaud often wanders about the exhibition rooms, and amuses himself by watching the visitors and listening to their comments on the figures. "No matter how boisterous the holiday people may be when passing up the staircase," he said, "they no sooner enter the main hall than their voices become hushed and their behaviour subdued and decorous. The presence of so many startling, life-like figures has a quieting effect on them, I suppose, and as for the 'Chamber of Horrors,'"



PRESIDENT KRUGER.



MR. TUSSAUD AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO.

he concluded, smilingly, "they seem afraid even to whisper in it."

"Which is your 'favourite child,' Mr. Tussaud," I asked, "of all the figures you have modelled?"

"As well as anything I have done," he replied, "I like the model of Lord Tennyson. I naturally took great pains with it, and it pleased me very much when I heard that he inquired several times about it. He particularly wanted to know whether I had 'put many grey hairs in,' for even to the last, you know, it was a boast of his that he hadn't a grey hair in his head. - However, I had to stick to nature, and so I introduced a few— but only a few."

"During one of my strolls," he continued,



PRESIDENT STEYN.

"I witnessed a highly-amusing incident. An old country farmer was going round with his wife, and steadily working through his catalogue. Here and there, between the figures, are statues of fawns, dancing-girls, and so on, as I daresay you have noticed. Well, between figures 205 and 206 (Joan of Arc) there used to stand the plaster cast of Canova's dancing-

girl. After reading all about 205, the old chap passed on to the next figure, and, while his wife gazed with wonder on the spritely young lady plying the nimble toe, religiously explained that this was Joan of Arc, the saint-like heroine of the Hundred Years' War, etc. etc. You can imagine his intense astonishment, on looking up from his book, when he found the Maid of Orleans doing a giddy step-dance!"

"I suppose visitors are always very respectful in their attitude towards the figures?"

"Oh, very, especially when they are taking stock of the Royal Family. Why, I have frequently seen men raise their hats as they pass the Queen's effigy. And this reminds me that I have several times observed members of the Royal Family among the crowd. They prefer to pay their shilling like ordinary folk to being received and escorted round with ceremony. I used to see the late Lord Randolph Churchill in here, and other persons of equal eminence. The Duke of Wellington, as the catalogue tells you, was very fond of visiting the old show in Baker Street and having a chat with my great-grandmother."

"Have you generally much difficulty with your sitters?"

"Very little indeed. Sir Henry Irving sat excellently, and so



Tableau by

THE TIGER HUNT.

John T. Tussaud.

did John Burns. Mr. George R. Sims was restless. He used to dash in at very odd times,

and give me short, sharp sittings. I once had a book of his (the 'Dagonet Ballads') in my hand when he came into my studio, and so I asked him to sign his name in it. Without a moment's hesitation he wrote:

"Dear Tussaud,

"I'm a model man,

You're a modeller.

"Yours truly,

"G. R. SIMS.

"That was not a bad impromptu, was it?"

There are, of course, some very old figures in the exhibition, but the oldest effigy in the show is that of Voltaire, which was modelled by Madame Tussaud, and has been exhibited for over a hundred years. Among other old ones are those of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI., Washington, Franklin, and Mrs. Siddons. The Tussauds have, from time to time, paid away very big prices for their "relics." The money spent by Mr. Tussaud's father in collecting the information relative to the Kings and Queens of England, all of which he modelled himself, amounted to an extremely large sum; "but after all," as Mr. Punch observed regarding Madame Tussaud's Exhibition, "it *must* be a question of figures."

Visitors to the exhibition occasionally meet with surprises, as the following anecdote will

show. Shortly after the late Lord Mayo was assassinated in India his model was placed in the main hall. One day an elderly lady, while passing round the hall, came suddenly upon it. She immediately uttered a piercing shriek and fell to the floor as if in a swoon. People rushed to her assistance, and soon she was all right again. On inquiry she turned out to be the deceased peer's housekeeper, who had visited the place evidently little expecting to see a counterfeit likeness of her old master.

"I believe the funniest anecdote I ever heard in connection with our exhibition," said Mr. Tussaud, just before I rose to go, "was one related by my grand-uncle. He told us that he was standing by the turnstiles one day when a portly female walked towards the payable. It was in the crinoline days, and she had on a particularly big specimen of those dress-improvers. She made a very peculiar shuffling noise with her feet as she passed through the turnstile, and it was this unusual sound that made my grand-uncle watch her as she passed into the rooms. As soon as she had got well into the main hall—and evidently thought that she was quite unobserved—she cautiously lifted up her crinoline, and lo!—*out walked two little children!*"

**How to Get to Pretoria.**—The puzzle was to place the point of your pencil at Capetown in the map, and show what route you would take your regiment in order to reach Pretoria, after visiting as many of the towns as possible. It was added that "you cannot travel across country except by the imaginary railways, nor may you visit the same town twice."

Now, I will state at once that if you travel only by the railways, you must always miss at least one of the towns. You may, in fact, omit any one of eleven places. But the correct answer is that we may visit every one of the towns on our way from Capetown to Pretoria.

If the reader will look again at the words I have quoted above, he will see that, while we are forbidden to travel across country except by the railways, nothing whatever was said to prohibit our taking our regiment by sea. The smart solver, noticing the words "Indian Ocean," observing that two of the towns were on the sea coast, and remembering that in the actual conduct of the present war a large number of our regiments have, after their arrival at Capetown, been sent on by transport steamer to Durban, at once discovered the whole point of the puzzle, and embarked his troops promptly for Durban.

Having arrived at Durban from Capetown, you are free to elect by which of four towns (Johannes-

burg, Pietersburg, Middelburg, or Klerksdorp) you will enter Pretoria. If you select one of the first three, there is in every case only one route open to you. If you decide to go in by Klerksdorp, you will have the option of one of two routes. Though the majority of solvers used the Johannesburg route, all the routes were sent in except one, which nobody discovered. This is the route I will now give: Capetown to Durban by sea, De Aar, Colesberg, Kimberley, Fourteen Streams, Vryburg, Mafeking, Nylstroom, Pietersburg, Leydsdorp, Komatipoort, Barberton, Middelburg, Harrismith, Charlestown, Ladysmith, Estcourt, Pietermaritzburg, Dundee, Heidelberg, Johannesburg, Bloemfontein, Klerksdorp, and Pretoria.

The prize of One Guinea has been awarded to JOHN B. EDGAR, Ashton, Lockerbie, N.B. Out of an immense number of attempts received only twenty-four other competitors sent correct answers, and these all receive honourable mention as follows: C. B. Joyner, P. A. Aldridge, J. A. Clapshew, E. T. Davys, George Arnold, L. B. Bristow, A. M. Crum, O. T. Davis, Percy Smith, F. C. J. Romans, T. B. Eames, R. Torromé, A. S. Lewis, G. B. B. Johnson, W. M. McWatters, H. M. Gardner, E. Richardson, F. Bridge, H. H. Bashford, W. G. Hynard, Ernest King, M. W. Brayshay, W. J. D. Reed-Lewis, and Nora Annandale (Brussels).





THE DOGS' PARLIAMENT.

Drawn by Louis Wain.

## RESOLUTION.

CHEER, boys, cheer ! no more of idle sorrow—  
 Courage ! true hearts shall bear us on our way. ||  
 Hope points before, and shows the bright to-  
 morrow.  
 Let us forget the darkness of to-day.

CHARLES MACKAY.

∴ ∴ ∴

Is your side the small and weak one ?  
 Hail the fact with eager joy !  
 It will but inflame your courage,  
 If you're half an English boy.  
 Enter with a hopeful spirit ;  
 Spurn the thought of giving in ;  
 Gain or lose you still may merit  
 Fortune's smile ; then play to win.

Let not present failure daunt you,  
 Say, who would not rather be  
 Of the Spartans than the Persians,  
 There at old Thermopylæ ?  
 Many a cause has glowed the brighter  
 After loss 'mid battle's din :  
 Many and many a gallant fighter,  
 Through defeat has learned to win.

REV. R. L. BELLAMY.

∴ ∴ ∴

Be stirring as the time ; be fire with fire ;  
 Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow  
 Of bragging horror : so shall inferior eyes,  
 That borrow their behaviours from the great,  
 Grow great by your example, and put on  
 The dauntless spirit of resolution.

SHAKESPEARE.

∴ ∴ ∴

The shades of night were falling fast,  
 As through an Alpine village passed  
 A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
 A banner with the strange device,

*Excelsior !*

LONGFELLOW.

∴ ∴ ∴

Onward, Christian Soldiers,  
 Marching as to war,  
 With the Cross of Jesus,  
 Going on before !  
 Christ our Royal Master  
 Leads against the foe—  
 Forward into battle,  
 See, His banners go !

REV. S. BARING-GOULD.

The greatest gift the hero leaves his race  
 Is to have been a hero. Say we fail !  
 We feed the high tradition of the world  
 And leave our spirit in our children's breasts.

GEORGE ELIOT.

∴ ∴ ∴

If nothing more than purpose in thy power—  
 Thy purpose firm, is equal to the deed :  
 Who does the best his circumstance allows,  
 Does well, acts nobly : Angels could no more.

YOUNG.

∴ ∴ ∴

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
 And lose the name of action.

SHAKESPEARE.

∴ ∴ ∴

Still the maiden clung more firmly,  
 And with trembling lips and white,  
 Said, to hush her heart's wild beating,  
 "Curfew *shall not* ring to-night !"

THORPE.

∴ ∴ ∴

Do something—do it soon—with all thy might :  
 An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,  
 And God Himself, inactive, were no longer  
 bless'd !

CHARLES WILCOX.

∴ ∴ ∴

Alone stood brave Horatius,  
 But constant still in mind !  
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before,  
 And the broad flood behind.

MACAULAY.

∴ ∴ ∴

Lives of great men all remind us  
 We can make our lives sublime,  
 And, departing, leave behind us,  
 Footprints on the sands of time.

LONGFELLOW.

# SOME ENGLISH SCHOOLS



CLIFTON COLLEGE



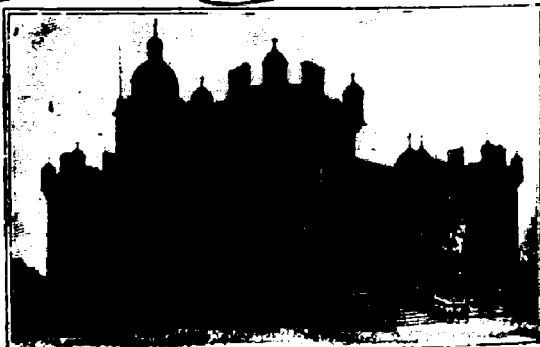
MALVERN COLLEGE



SIR WALTER ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL, BATTERSEA



LLANDOVERY COLLEGE




GEORGE HERIOTS SCHOOL

FROM  
PHOTOGRAPHS  
BY  
READERS  
OF



NONCONFORMIST GRAMMAR SCHOOL  
BISHOP'S STORTFORD

THE  
CAPTAIN



# Peter and the Dewberry Cup

BY ALFRED COCHRANE.

Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.

## CHAPTER I.

*The* GREYMINSTER School Athletic Sports were ended, or practically ended, rather, I must admit, to my relief. As I was being entertained at

Greyminster by my old Cambridge friend, Tom Fletcher, to whom the boys and their doings were matters of the most absorbing interest, I did my best to feel a sympathetic excitement about the chances of Clark Minor in the half-mile, or Jenkinson in the long jump. But the March day was sunless and cold, with a bitter east wind, which swept across the cricket-field and made the red and blue flags crackle dismally. Even the enormous ulster in which I had been careful to wrap myself could not keep me warm; and when I had satisfied the claims of politeness by watching some of the earlier events, I retreated to the pavilion, in order to shelter myself within its white-washed walls. I sat there for some time, feeling extremely bored, when Fletcher joined me, purple-faced but cheerful, carrying a paper and pencil, which gave him an official air.

"Here you are!" he cried. "Looking at the prizes, eh? Rather neat some of them—what?"

"Very nice, indeed," I replied, turning round and becoming aware that there was a table behind me covered with various articles in electro-plate and polished oak. There were biscuit boxes and salt-cellars, and little silver cups, with many other things that no boy could possibly want.

"We shall have to turn out," said Fletcher,

"because the prize-giving is just going to begin. Come along."

There was a thin rain falling as we mingled with the crowd of boys and visitors round the foot of the pavilion steps. At the top stood the head master, attended by a lady, whom I surmised to be his wife, for she smiled with that suavity which distinguishes the wives of head masters. Then the ceremony began, the name of each winner being called out from a list, and the lucky youth in question presenting himself bashfully, amid applause.

We had come to the victor in the quarter mile (under fifteen) and the head master announced that this favourite of fortune was about to become, not only the possessor of a prize which he might call his own, but also the holder of the handsome silver challenge cup, presented by William Dewberry, Esq., old Greyminsterian. We prepared to cheer lustily, when there was suddenly a stir among the company. The smiling lady was, it is true, prepared to fulfil the first portion of the head master's promise, and balanced in her gloved fingers a pair of glittering sugar-tongs; but the Dewberry Cup had mysteriously disappeared.

"What's up now?" grunted Fletcher at my side; "the cup's sure to be there. They don't know it when they see it."

But a heated dialogue carried on in an audible undertone round the prize-table proved less reassuring. It was clear the cup was not to be found.

"Who was last year's holder?" questioned the

Doctor of the boy who seemed to be the custodian of the valuables.

"Ferguson, sir, in Mr. Dixon's," was the reply; "but he left last summer, and Williams junior, who was in the same study, took charge of the cup. He says he put it on the table this morning, and in fact the stand has just been picked up underneath."

"But surely some of you should have looked after the prizes during the day, or at least noticed that the cup was missing before this?"

"Yes, sir," assented the boy; "but I fancy it must have been taken while we were at dinner, although the pavilion was locked."

The head master made a sound expressive of disgust, as he ruefully contemplated all that was left of the Dewberry Cup. This was a small round stand of ebony, encircled with silver shields bearing the names of successive owners of the trophy.

Fletcher was beside himself with indignation and astonishment. No such distressing event, he told me, had ever before disgraced the annals of Greyminster School Athletics.

"Pretty good cheek, I call it," he said. "Some of the loafers about the ground, I expect. No boy would do such a thing."

"I cannot well see how he could," I answered, "for the cup would surely be identified in a moment."

"I'm not so certain of that," said Fletcher; "it's a plain kind of cup."

"What is it like?"

"About that height," he replied, indicating a distance of some eight inches, with his hands, "with a straight stem and two decorative handles. There is nothing in the look of the thing to connect it with running, for, if I remember right, the two handles are made to represent oak leaves."

"Round the base of the stem," said another master standing by, "is a wreath of some vegetable that might suggest the Isthmian parsley, but I believe the suggestion is quite accidental."

"Was it silver?" I asked.

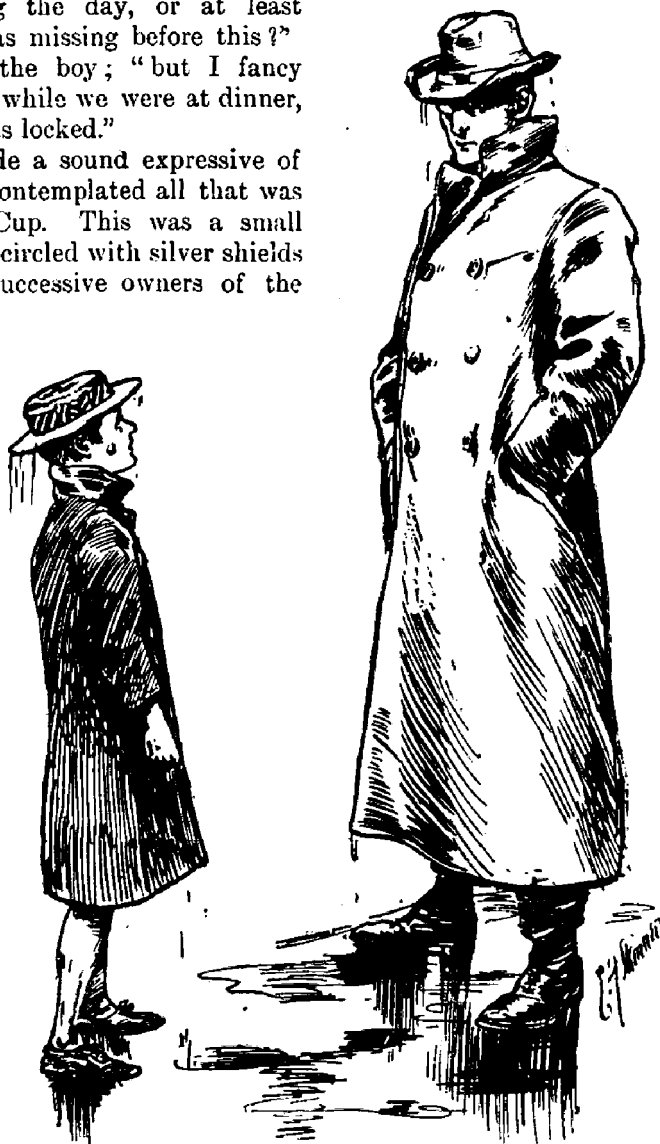
"Yes," laughed the other master. "The malefactor had more sense than to be dazzled by our electro."

While we talked, the prize-giving continued, yet shorn of much of its previous brilliancy. The head master delivered a few scathing remarks upon the iniquity of this abstruse piece of dishonesty, and darkly hinted that the matter would not be allowed to rest. After the remaining prizes had been duly discovered and distributed we joined in giving cheers for various people, and the assembly broke up. Knots of agitated whisperers collected to talk about the theft of the cup, and there was much suspicion afoot.

Some of his multifarious duties detained Fletcher in the pavilion, and I walked back to his rooms alone, musing as I went upon what I had just heard, and wondering whether the officers of justice were already upon the track of the culprit. Suddenly I became aware that I was myself being shadowed down the village street in the most persistent manner. Following me at about four yards' distance was a small boy.

Conscious of my own innocence, I stopped and faced my pursuer. He was pale-faced and

slightly freckled, with light blue eyes and straight hair the colour of tow. He wore a battered straw hat, from which the rain trickled, and a seedy-looking great-coat with very short sleeves. Beneath his coat peeped out two thin bare legs, and his feet were encased in canvas shoes which had once been white. Altogether, he looked rather wet and disreputable as he confronted me in the misty drizzle.



"HALLO!" I BEGAN, "DO YOU WANT TO SPEAK TO ME?"

"Hallo!" I began, "Do you want to speak to me?"

"Yes, please, if you don't mind," he replied, "because we are relations."

"Are we?" I asked, with a surprise which I hope was not discourteous.

"You married my sister," he continued in a grave voice. "I am Peter Worsley—Peter James Babington Worsley—perhaps you have heard of me?"

Of course I had heard of him! I remembered now that my wife had a young brother at Greyminster School. We had been married in December, before the public schools had broken up, so I had no previous opportunity of making Peter's acquaintance.

"Oh, you are Peter!" I said. "I ought to have made you out before, but you know Kitty is away in France at the present moment."

"Nursing Aunt Sarah," he added.

"Exactly. So I am at home by myself; and I quite forgot about you when Fletcher asked me down here."

We walked down the road, conversing as we went; there was a quaint sedateness about Peter's manner which amused me greatly.

"That's a queer thing," I said, "about the stolen cup."

"Very. What do you think they will do if they catch the chap who has got it?"

"Give him six months," I suggested.

"Phew!" he whistled dolefully, "six months!"

"Well, good-bye," I said,

when we reached Fletcher's door. "You must come and see me some time at home, 'The Gables,' Somerton. You know the address. Any time will suit me, so long as I am at home."

"Right you are," he assented heartily. "Good-bye."

Though I left Greyminster at an early hour upon the following morning I had in the interim time enough to get painfully tired of the very

name of the Dewberry Cup. My excellent friend Fletcher could talk of nothing else. The oakleaf handles and the wreath about the base were dinned into my patient ears with distressing frequency. Fletcher was bent upon offering a reward in the local papers. Other masters, who dropped in to smoke during the evening, had other remedies to suggest; all of them were certain that no boy had anything to do with it. The felony had been accomplished by some cracksman in the disguise of a gentleman (here I fancied that some of them glanced at me) who had come to the place under the pretext of watching the sports. This was the received hypothesis to account for the crime.

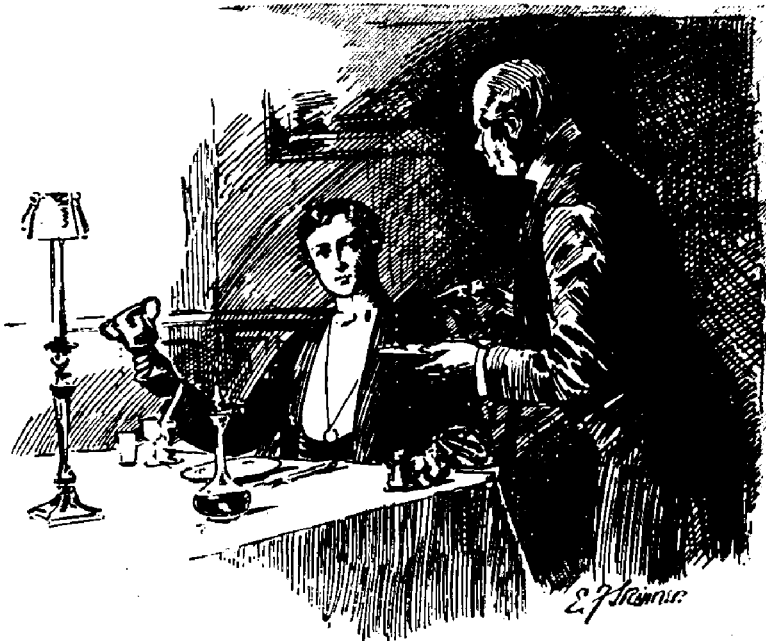
The following evening, though I was alone, Jarvis, the butler, had laid dinner with much state. It was still chilly weather, and the firelight flashed comfortably on the snowy damask and the silver candlesticks.

"By George!" I said to myself as I began my soup, "how they talked about that cup last night—the—what was its name?—Dewberry?—that was it—the Dewberry Cup. They were certain it was

taken by a stranger; but I'll lay a sovereign that the cup is somewhere in Greyminster School; probably in some boy's box at this moment."

Thus ran my meditations as I raised my head and sipped a glass of sherry. But above the rim of my wine-glass I suddenly saw a sight which riveted my attention. Placed by the artistic hand of Jarvis exactly

between the two candlesticks on the table was a small silver cup, with oak-leaf handles. Round the base was coiled a wreath. It could surely be none other than the Dewberry Cup itself! To satisfy myself that the cup was not a phantom I picked it up and examined it. If it were not the missing prize, it was astonishing that there should be two cups so alike in every detail.



"HAVE YOU ANY IDEA, JARVIS, WHERE THIS CAME FROM?"

Jarvis, entering with the fish, found me fingering the piece of silver inquisitively.

"Have you any idea, Jarvis," I inquired, "where this came from?"

"No, sir," he said decidedly, "except that it came out of the safe. The bag for it is in the sideboard drawer."

"Let me see it; perhaps there may be some label on it."

My wife had, in her earlier and more conscientious housekeeping days, made some green baize bags for our silver, and, assisted by a catalogue of hall marks, had affixed a little label to each bag, giving a description of the piece within. It was one of these receptacles that Jarvis produced and exhibited to me now. But there was nothing on the ticket that gave me any help; it merely stated: "Silver cup, Birmingham, 1878," which was of no use whatever.

Eventually, while half-inclined to dismiss the affair as an odd coincidence, I decided to allow the enigma to wait for the solution until my wife's return from abroad. There seemed for the moment to be nothing else to do.

## CHAPTER II.

AT breakfast next morning the cup still confronted me, standing in the centre of the sideboard, between a silver mug, which I had received at my christening, and a substantial bowl, which a cart-horse of my grand-uncle's had won at a local show. Upon the breakfast table lay the *Semerton Advertiser*, and, prominently placed upon the middle page of this deserving journal, was the announcement of "A Mysterious Robbery at Greyminster School." Further, in the advertisement columns was a description of the Dewberry Cup, and the offer of £5 reward to anyone giving evidence that would lead to the detection of the thief. I involuntarily glanced beyond the tea-urn towards the sideboard where the little cup stood. Then, as my eye fell upon the portly outline of the cart-horse trophy and the glitter of the christening mug, I was struck with a possible suggestion of pathos in the incident. Supposing this were the Dewberry Cup, here was I wallowing, so to speak, in silver plate, and there was the small school-boy athlete deprived by fraud of the coveted prize for which he had striven. So overcome was I that I could no longer tolerate the sight of the Dewberry Cup—or the cup that resembled it—and, with a furtiveness for which I could scarcely account, I concealed it within a baize bag and closed a sideboard drawer upon it.

Hardly was this done when Jarvis came in to mention that a gentleman had called to see me, but that he had been unable to catch his name. There was the less disadvantage in this as my visitor had silently followed the servant into the room. At a glance I recognised the scant greatcoat, and the queer pale face. It was none other than my brother-in-law, Peter, looking much as I had seen him last, except that a badly-blackened pair of boots replaced the old tennis shoes, and that his shins were encased in trousers. Also, as a tribute to the gay informality of the holidays, he had inserted in his black tie a silver horseshoe pin. The same placid assurance distinguished him as he stepped forward and shook me by the hand.

"Good morning, Peter," I cried. "Glad to see you. Come and have some breakfast. Bring another plate, Jarvis, for Mr. Worsley."

"The fact is," my brother-in-law explained, "that I thought as you had so kindly asked me to come and see you, I would just come now, as there is hardly anyone at home. I wrote home to say I was not coming yesterday, so that's all right."

"Capital!" I replied. "I am only sorry that Kitty is not here to welcome you."

He took off his coat, while his light eyes wandered about the room.

"It is much more interesting to see you here alone," he replied graciously, "because I have known Kitty ever so much longer."

After this interchange of compliments we breakfasted together, and he did hearty justice to the viands. But all the time he kept up a flow of conversation, telling me of his doings at school and asking me many searching questions, such as how I liked Kitty, and what my business was, and whether I bicycled.

It was with regret that I started for my business, but he had no doubt whatever that he could amuse himself, and I promised to come back early. On my way home an obvious idea occurred to me in connection with the silver cup. Perhaps Peter could identify it and set my suspicions at rest. At all events, I would show the cup to him and ask him his opinion.

With this resolve in my mind, I inquired of Jarvis, whom I met in the hall, if Mr. Peter was about, and Jarvis so far forgot his usual dignity as to indulge in a subdued sniff.

"He might be anywhere, sir," he said. "He's been in most places this morning, and never in any of them for long. Such an inquisitive gentleman I never saw."

I found Peter quietly seated in a large easy chair on the billiard room hearthrug, and he was reading with absorbed attention the "Badminton

Billiards." My entrance did not distract him, for he was tracing out with his finger one of the diagrams of strokes in the book.

"Do let us play!" he cried, springing up hastily. "I've read as far as page 108, and without skipping much either."

"You ought to be very good then," I said, cheerfully.

He shook his head solemnly, but presently I saw him smiling to himself as he chalked a cue with great care.

"Before we begin," I said, "just come along with me for a minute, for I've something to show you. It is in connection with that silver cup which was lost at the Greyminster Sports. I have a cup which corresponds in the most curious way with the Dewberry Cup, and I thought perhaps you might be able to identify it. It is not at all likely to be the missing cup, but still I would like you to see it."

We walked to the dining room, and I made straight for the sideboard. In the drawer where I had placed the cup at breakfast time there was the green baize bag sure enough, but there was no cup in it.

"Bother it!" I said, angrily. "Somebody has moved the cup! It was here this morning! Why can't people leave things alone!"

I rang for Jarvis, but, to my extreme surprise, he professed entire ignorance. The whole thing puzzled me, and presently I had further cause for astonishment. The green baize bag, which had held the cup, was not in reality empty. Down in the corner was something small and hard and round, which I extricated and examined. It

was, of all things in the world, a four shilling piece!

For a few moments I silently pondered the chain of events. I found myself confronted, first with a stolen cup, then with a curious cup which resembled the stolen cup, and finally with a cup which could transmute itself into a coin of the realm.

Peter roused me from my meditations with a question.

"If this was really the Dewberry Cup," he said, "aren't you relieved to find it gone and out of your possession?"

"No," I said promptly; "why should I be?"

"You would be sure to be imprisoned for stealing."

"Not at all. As the case stands now, all I can see is that there are two cups stolen — first the one at Greyminster, and next this one. But I have not stolen either."

He put his hands in his pockets and regarded my agitation with an undisturbed countenance.

"But I'll be at the bottom of this," I cried, waving the green bag about.

"I'll have the whole house searched, and see if the cup is here. I'll communicate with the police."

My brother-in-law was clearly rather impressed with my threats, for he began to look at me with open-mouthed interest. Perhaps his attitude of exaggerated attention served to remind me how trivial the episode really was, for I stopped my unworthy display of emotion and suggested a return to the billiard-room.

Later in the evening I grew even more mollified, and I told Peter that there was some queer puzzle about my missing cup which we should soon clear



"SOMEBODY HAS MOVED THE CUP! IT WAS HERE THIS MORNING."



up. Besides, really, if it were gone I should not care twopence.

"Why, you told me it was a handsome cup," he said, in an injured tone of voice.

"So-so," I answered, carelessly. "I never noticed it much; it belongs to Kitty, I believe."

"I'm sure she likes it very much indeed."

"Why are you sure?" I asked, mildly surprised. "You don't know what the cup was like."

"You have described it," he replied, "and I think it is just the bit of silver Kitty would think handsome."

I thought he insisted rather strangely on this point, but, as I felt that I ought not to depreciate my wife's belongings, I did not continue the discussion. Before we parted I gave him the four-shilling piece which I had found in the bag, and told him to spend it on himself. Very few boys refuse tips, but Peter demurred to accepting my present. He suggested that I might want the coin as evidence, but I said I would borrow it from him if I did. At last he took it reluctantly, murmuring that it was very good of me.

### CHAPTER III.

THE cup had not nearly finished its curious series of appearances and disappearances, for next morning it confronted me as usual, standing upon the centre of the sideboard. I did not swoon nor swear, for I was becoming used to its vagaries, and I called Peter's attention to it with comparative calmness.

"There's that blessed silver cup," I observed, pointing to it, "that we were discussing last night. Some housemaid must have moved it out of sight and put it back."

"It looks very nice," said Peter. "I call it a good shape. I'm glad you've got it back."

"Do you think it is the Dewberry Cup?"

"It certainly looks rather the same kind of cup," he said slowly, and then continued, with a magnanimous wave of his small hand, "but never mind. You stick to it, and don't bother to ask questions about it."

"Perhaps you are right," I said, as I opened and glanced through my letters. "It is not worth troubling about."

"I don't say that," he said. "But I daresay they can get a new one at Greyminster."

I read my letters, and found one from Fletcher inviting himself to lunch on that day. This was a capital chance, I told Peter, of setting my conscience at rest. If Fletcher could not recognise the cup, I would conclude that I had been misled

by a chance resemblance, and that the Dewberry Cup was elsewhere. Peter seemed dubious, and I think he implied that Fletcher might take away the cup with or without recognition. It transpired that Fletcher and himself were not good friends; they had a difference of opinion over certain passages in "Xenophon," and on the whole he thought it better that he should not meet Fletcher at lunch. If I would lend him my bicycle he would prefer to amuse himself at a distance from "The Gables."

I was not very much disturbed, because I thought perhaps Fletcher would soon revive ancient memories with me alone, and that the presence of a member of his form at Greyminster might check his holiday joviality. My visitor appeared at about one o'clock, glowing with his usual health and energy, and ate an enormous lunch.

As soon as I had lighted a cigarette, and Fletcher's teeth were fixed in his wooden pipe, I spoke about the Dewberry Cup, and asked if they had found it yet. He shook his head gloomily, and I almost repented having aroused so sad a train of thought. But I cheered him by telling him of my discovery of a cup very similar to the one which had been lost at Greyminster. I said nothing about the disappearance of my own cup the day before and its reappearance in the morning. There seemed to me nothing to be gained by adding these perplexing details.

Fletcher declared he would like to see my cup, which I had placed in a small cupboard above the sideboard. To gratify his wish I threw the door back with a dramatic flourish, which was a very rash thing to do.

"There!" I cried; "is that your missing Dewberry Cup?"

He smiled in an uncertain kind of way, and I guessed at once what had happened. I ought to have known the cup better than to suspect it of being there.

Of course, it had disappeared again; and in its place were four shillings, piled carefully one on the top of the other.

Fletcher agreed with me that it was curious, and repeated the epithet with an adjunct that holiday time and the absence of boys alone permitted. For myself, I swallowed rapidly two liqueur glasses of cherry brandy with a recklessness worthy of the villain of fiction. Then I mentioned that the cup had vanished before, and that it seemed impossible to keep it in one place. He listened to my remarks in silence and smoked thoughtfully.

"It's young Worsley," he said, "who plays these tricks with your silver. There's no doubt about it."

"Peter, my brother-in-law!" I exclaimed.  
 "He's not a bad little boy," pursued Fletcher,  
 "and he means well—or fairly well; but he has  
 always got  
 some queer  
 notion in his  
 head. He has  
 bagged your  
 cup, depend  
 upon it."  
 "This is

"Complicated!" I said. "I should rather think  
 it was."

"So far as I can see," he continued, "there is  
 bound to be a row about it. I wanted to try and  
 work it on the quiet, but I am afraid somebody  
 will have to be arrested."

"Come, come," I said, genially, "I am not going  
 to take proceedings against you. I know it's a  
 joke of some kind."

"It wouldn't be me," he corrected, hastily, "it  
 would, perhaps, be you."

"Me?"

"Or, more likely, young  
 Williams. He is really to blame  
 for it. But he isn't a bad chap,  
 and he was pretty hard up at  
 the time. So I don't think I  
 shall prosecute him."

"That is very generous of  
 you. How does young Williams  
 come in?"

"Like this," explained my  
 brother-in-law; "but perhaps  
 I had better begin at the begin-  
 ning."

"Perhaps it would be advis-  
 able," I agreed.

"Well, when you got married  
 just before last Christmas holi-  
 days, everyone in our house at  
 Greyminster said I ought to  
 give Kitty a present, as she was  
 my sister. So I managed to  
 raise four shillings. Nobody  
 at home would join with me,  
 as they said my share was not  
 worth putting in. Then young  
 Williams came and offered me a

silver cup. He said it had been in his family a  
 long time, and I was not to say a word about his  
 selling it, or his people would be very angry. He  
 wanted five shillings, but I could not give him  
 more than four. I thought it was a pretty stiff  
 price when I bought it, but now I am not so sure  
 that it was. It was only my first term, and I did  
 not know much about silver then. I made cer-  
 tain it was not electro, though, by finding the lion  
 on it."

"If it was silver," I said, "four shillings was  
 not very much to give."

"I am very glad of that," answered Peter, "be-  
 cause I thought, perhaps, young Williams had  
 done me. But my mother told me it looked very  
 handsome among the presents, and Catherine  
 wrote me a very jolly letter of thanks. When I  
 got home last Christmas everybody wanted to  
 know where I had got it, but I had promised  
 Williams I wouldn't say, so I kept my mouth shut.



'THERE IS BOUND TO BE A ROW ABOUT IT. I WANTED TO TRY AND WORK IT  
 ON THE QUIET, BUT I AM AFRAID SOMEBODY WILL HAVE TO BE ARRESTED.'

no solution at all," I said. "Besides, what can  
 be the significance of always finding four shillings  
 where the cup ought to be? Has it some  
 mysterious meaning, or is it some secret counter-  
 sign, or something of that sort?"

"That beats me, I admit," said Fletcher; "but  
 you have only got to ask young Worsley; he will  
 have an explanation to offer."

Though I tried to appear sceptical, I was im-  
 pressed by Fletcher's dogged assertion, and in  
 the evening I asked Peter point blank, whether  
 he knew more about my missing cup, or possibly  
 both missing cups, than he had divulged? He  
 showed no astonishment at my question.

"I know all about it," he replied cheerfully;  
 "and a good deal of it is your fault."

"My fault?" I repeated indignantly.

"Well, you see," he began, settling himself com-  
 fortably on the billiard-room lounge; "it is rather  
 a complicated business."

But when I went back to Greymminster last term I made a most dreadful discovery. Williams had bagged the cup, and it was really the Dewberry Challenge Cup for the 'under fifteen' quarter mile. Wasn't that a go?"

"It was, as you say, rather a go. What did you do?"

"The chap who had won it the year before had left, and Williams was supposed to be looking after it, instead of which, he had sold it to me. I think he must have been, as I told you, uncommon hard up, for he isn't a bad fellow."

"He doesn't seem to be a very honest fellow," I put in, reprovingly.

"He thought I could get the cup back, but I wasn't going to write to you for it. It would have seemed so shabby. So there was nothing for it but for Williams to quietly drop the ebony stand behind the table where the prizes were put on the sports day. It was very careless of the Prefects, who were supposed to look after the prizes, not to see that the Dewberry Cup was not there, but I think they took it for granted. Then they thought some visitor had stolen it; and you really had it, though you had not stolen it."

"So I had," I admitted. "I see now. But let me ask you this: I am not saying that the transaction was particularly creditable, but at least in one way or another the affair seems to have blown over—nobody would have had any idea where the cup was gone, nor would anyone have suffered except the unfortunate winner of the race for which it should have been awarded. Why did you come here and pursue the cup?"

"At first," he replied, "as you say, it *did* seem all right, but the unlucky part was that I won the race, and the cup was mine. They only gave me a rotten pair of sugar tongs, and as I don't take sugar they are no use. So it seemed rather hard luck on me not to have the Dewberry Cup. Williams thought so too."

"I refuse to admit Williams as an authority upon questions of this kind."

"Then I came here and found it in a drawer and took it back."

"That was rather a high-handed proceeding on your part."

"I left four shillings all right; so it was quite honest."

"I am not so sure about that."

"Besides," he said, "I thought it was the safest thing to take the cup away from you, because you might have been put in prison, and that would have brought disgrace on our family. Kitty would have been awfully cut up, I know."

I said nothing, but I managed to conceal my smiles by knocking out the ashes of my pipe on the bars of the grate.

"My idea was," continued Peter, "to take away the cup quietly in my portmanteau, but you spoiled that by giving me back my four shillings."

"How did that interfere with so capital a plan?"

"It made me feel rather a cad, so I thought I would do the generous thing, and present you with the cup again. Then Mr. Fletcher coming to lunch put things wrong again, for I knew he would recognise the cup immediately, and have you put into prison."

"Perhaps," I said, "I could have explained the circumstances to Mr. Fletcher's satisfaction."

"Yes, you might have done that," he replied, dubiously, "but I thought I would make matters more safe by hiding the cup again, and trying you again with the four shillings. So I took it, and it is upstairs now. Shall I bring it down for you to look at?"

"For me to keep, you mean," I corrected. "It is my property, or rather my wife's. You have no legal right to buy a man's property if he does not wish to sell it, especially at your own valuation."

He looked disturbed at this aspect of the question, which was one that had not occurred to him, and

he proceeded to point out that he had set his heart on having his name inscribed on a silver shield to be affixed to the stand. What could I possibly say in reply? How Peter explained the disappearance and reappearance of the Challenge Cup to his school-fellows I never found out. But I am sure his explanation

was very picturesque and improbable.

When my wife came home and I told her, all she said was that it was just like Peter. So I suppose it must have been; it was certainly very unlike anyone else.



# SOME HINTS ON RUGBY.

BY C. B. FRY.

## I.

READ books on the game. Several are excellent, but perhaps the "Badminton" football volume is the most up to date. Though by books alone you cannot become a player, yet from them, more readily than from any other source, you may acquire a knowledge of the game and an insight into its principles, without which you will never be a good player.

## II.

Read not only with your eyes but with your brain. Read critically, pausing to consider the reason why of everything. Learn and digest; make the contents of the book your own.

## III.

Experience is a great possession. How valued the experienced player! Yet by reading you may in a few well-spent hours obtain a reversion in full of the writer's experience gained slowly by him in many seasons of hard football.

## IV.

In Rugby teams the commonest faults are want of balance and want of versatility. By want of balance is meant that the relative strength of the forwards and of the backs is not equal; consequently the team, instead of playing a strong all-round game, play either a purely forward or a purely three-quarter game.

A forward game suits a wet, muddy ground; a three-quarter game a dry, fast ground. But to be strong, a team should be able to play both games. If, at the beginning of a season, one part is weaker than the other, the former should be educated by being given chances, not starved because of its initial incapacity.

By want of versatility is meant that both the whole team and also its various parts can often follow effectively only one set of tactics. Various circumstances demand various tactics. Hence versatility is essential. •

## V.

The forwards are the foundation of the whole team; they bear the brunt and do the hard work. But if they regard themselves as thereby condemned to be mere drudges who do the dirty work for the three-quarters they simply lack comprehension.

## VI.

The three-quarters do most of the scoring, but if they fancy the ball should be heeled out and passed to them on every possible occasion they are grievously mistaken. The credit of a try is sometimes due to the man who gets it, but generally to the work of the whole team.

## VII.

A pack of forwards should be neat and compact, like hiving bees, in the scrum, and, like hiving bees, all workers—they should be quick to form and quick to break up. Unanimity, solidarity, and cohesion, followed by quick-witted disentanglement. Weight without wits is an engine derailed.

## VIII.

The effective power of a pack is not the gross sum of the individual weights and strengths of its members, but the collective amount of weight and strength that can be applied in unison against the opposing forces. A straggling pack means scattered effort.

## IX.

The golden rules are: 'Get first shove; shove low, and shove altogether. To begin late means a doubled task. To shove high means less leverage and less power applied at a less effective point.

## X.

Hard, straight pushing is the basis of all sound scrumming. Wheeling is good—sometimes; heeling is good—sometimes; straight shoving is, however, the *sine quâ non*. Straight pushing pays early in the game, as, if successful, it establishes a moral superiority from the start. It is absolutely essential near your own line. And if you are winning forward, there is no better way of letting the ball out than walking straight over it.

## XI.

When you carry through become mobile and progressive, with instant dash, but keep control of the ball. As to dribbling, a "Rugger" ball is oval, but just give it to a good "Soccer" man.

and see what magic there can be in a pair of feet. Not but that it does not pay on wet grounds to kick and rush—with judgment.

## XII.

At all costs pick up the ball near your opponents' line—a dribble over rarely scores a try.

## XIII.

The half-backs have been called "the conduit-pipe" between the scrum and the three-quarters. They are also the eyes, ears, brain, and voice of the scrum; and the eternal saving clause of every failure.

## XIV.

It is their part to initiate and stop all initiation. *Bis dat, qui cito dat.* They must, when their opponents are letting out the ball, be on it as quickly as the law allows. They must be lynx-eyed, quick-witted, and undeniably determined.

## XV.

There is no merit in a pass as such for its own sake. A pass is a means to an end, viz., the gaining of ground. There is a time to pass, and a time not to pass. That is where judgment comes in. It is folly to pass to no one, and it is only a degree less foolish to pass to a man worse placed than yourself.

## XVI.

Halves should never be selfish. It is not selfish to stick to the ball when there is no advantage in passing.

## XVII.

The three rules of throwing-in from touch are: To throw near, near your own lines; to throw far, near your opponents' lines; never to throw without first picking and then aiming at a particular recipient.

## XVIII.

The three-quarters should be in magic touch with what is happening in the scrum. When their own pack is gaining or has got the ball, they should be tailed away at an angle of 45 degs., so that the outside flier has a good run in which to get up his speed before receiving the pass. When the enemy is in possession, or nearly so, the three-quarters should be at right angles to the touch-line, and as near as the law allows to the opposing three-quarters. Space and pace are the watch-

words of attack. Close marking is the soul of defence.

## XIX.

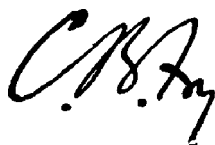
Having four three-quarters is not necessarily playing the four-three-quarter game. If you have four three-quarters, why not—at any rate, in attacking—play the four-three-quarter game? You may lose ground four times, but you will get a solid try the fifth. To play the game correctly the wing man should be nearly twice as far behind the line of the scrum as you usually see him—anywhere except in Wales. And in the four game the three-quarters must run straight ahead—not at an angle across the ground.

## XX.

The great virtue of a three-quarter is resource. There are more ways of making ground or of getting out of a difficulty than one.

## XXI.

A full-back who runs with the ball when he might kick deserves to be decapitated.



## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**F. J. Davis** asks for advice on a very vexed question. His case is this:—C is the goal-keeper, B a back, A an opposing forward. C saves, throws the ball in the air; B is facing his own goal. The ball is dropping near B, between B and C. When the ball is just at B's feet A hustles him, gets the ball and scores. Is it a goal? Or should B's side have a free kick because A charged B in the back? My opinion is that if B wilfully obstructed A by turning his back to him, thus shutting him off from the ball, the goal should count. If, however, A might have reasonably edged round and attacked B from the side, a free kick should be awarded. It is a case for the referee's discretion. The rule about charging in the back works very unfairly sometimes.

**As Before.**—Write to W. G. Grace and say I told you to. He will tell you all about the L. C. C. C. practice, etc. Address—c/o L. C. C. C., Crystal Palace, Sydenham. A half-volley is a ball that pitches near enough to you for you to hit it just as it rises from the ground again; the ball may be either pitched up to

you, or you may make it a half-volley by running out. You should meet the ball about seven inches from the bottom of your bat.

**F. G. Turvill.**—Your decision was right. A man once off-side cannot get on-side again till an opposing player has touched the ball. Some players never learn this rule or understand its meaning. I have often heard first-class professionals argue as your man did.

**Cricketer.**—You have had very hard luck. But I am rather afraid of giving you definite advice; I might do you harm. You say your heart is weak from an attack of rheumatic fever. I should say you would do well to do a very little extension motion exercise every day—but not before you ask a doctor's opinion. I do not think batting would hurt you. You ought to begin with very short practices, then gradually increase. But you must ask a doctor.

**Pougher's Admirer.**—A six-ball maiden is scored thus: **M**

**N. M. S.**—The Old Fag is sorry you are so bigoted. He thinks Association as good a game as Rugby. So do I. I have played both. Have you? You do not write a very good hand, but as you like **THE CAPTAIN** we will say no more about it. You will see I have written a Rugby article for this number of **THE CAPTAIN**.

**Magersfontein** is twenty years of age, 5ft. 10ins. tall, and weighs 11st. He wants to know what sizes of chest, biceps, and fore-arm would be symmetrical. Well, to speak at a venture, I should say—chest deflated 37ins., inflated, 40ins.; biceps, 13½ins.; fore-arm, 12½ins. But I am not a specialist on measurements, and may be wrong.

**E. H. C.** wants to know whether training for cross-country runs will spoil his sprinting as a three-quarter. No, I do not think so. Such training certainly takes the edge off a sprinter's pace, and is likely to make him slow in the case of a racing sprinter. But football field sprinting is not quite the same thing as race-sprinting. Still, it would be as well not to do very heavy cross-country work. It is very easy, by the way, to overtrain for cross-country running.

**C. Atkinson** wants to know how to harden the toes of his football boots. I trust he has no intentions on his opponents' shins. A boot-maker would no doubt put him on toe-caps of stiff leather. But I do not see any value in

hardened toes. The part of the foot to kick with is the instep.

**Daisy** is much thanked for her good wishes.

**A. W. Johnson** puts this case to me:—"The ball, having hit the batsman on the leg, rolls on and removes the bails. The bowler appeals for l.b.w. (1) Is the man to be entered on the score sheet as out l.b.w. if the umpire answers the appeal in favour of the bowler? (2) Is the batsman out bowled if the umpire says not out to l.b.w.?" Yes, to both queries. If the umpire gives the man out l.b.w. what happens afterwards is immaterial—the man is out and the ball dead. If he says not out for l.b.w. the bowler could, if he liked (but as a fact, would not take the trouble, as the case would be accepted as self-evident), appeal for clean bowled. That is the law and theory. But in actual practice the wicket would be broken before the umpire could say "Out" or "Not out" to the l.b.w. appeal, which he would probably disregard, as the man would manifestly be out bowled.

**B. T. B.**—It is impossible to answer your question. In the case of all the men you mention, the top of their bowling form does not coincide, and has not coincided with the top of their batting form. On last year's form I think perhaps Lockwood is the man. But potentially (look the word out) I think Trott is best.

**G. Sergeant.**—Many thanks for good wishes. I shall be glad to hear from you.

**M. F. Frankenstein.**—*Vide* elsewhere. Read my article in a past number on "The Contents of your Cricket-bag."

**P. Q. R.**—(1) Your age being fifteen, do not use dumb-bells heavier than 1lb. each. Mr. Sandow was writing about men, I fancy. In his book he explains exactly how to contract your muscles and do the exercises. Yes, keep the muscles braced. (2) The best time for exercises is before breakfast or two hours after breakfast; but any time is better than none, save immediately after a meal.

**W. Hunter.**—Write to them c/o. the secretaries of their county cricket clubs, whose headquarters you know.

**Good Wishes.**—Many thanks to the senders of seasonable cards and so on. I am sorry I am not able to acknowledge each individually.

C. B. F.

# TALES OF GREYHOUSE SCHOOL

BY W. W. WILKINSON  
THE STORMING OF GREYHOUSE  
"THE LONG WHITE LINE," ETC., ETC.

## No. VI.—THE END OF THE BATTLE.

**Y**OU must imagine, if you please, that five years have elapsed since Sir Billy and Parsnip, in trying to catch a thief, were themselves caught by him, and imprisoned for a weary period in an underground cell. The passage of five years have brought about many changes—Sir Billy, having jumped from the age of thirteen to eighteen, is now captain of the school; Parsnip is a shock-headed monster who has just managed to scrape into the Sixth; with these two are others whom we have hitherto known only as youngsters—so Time wings on his way leaving, *en route*, increase of stature and wisdom to schoolboys, grey hairs and cares to grown men, pensions and graves to the aged.

Wardour was duly given the Greyhouse scholarship and proceeded to Oxford, but after gaining a First in "Mods." he relinquished the Varsity and its athletic triumphs for the Army, whose sterner mixture of duty, and glory to be won, appealed to him, a soldier's son, more than hopes of "blues" and distinction on river and cinder-path could ever do. He had tasted of the latter, and had found the taste sweet enough; but the blood in his veins, descending to him through a long fighting stock, yearned for a military career and its fascinating possibilities and chances. His father's circumstances improving considerably about this time, Wardour was enabled to enter a regiment of Dragoons, and, at the time the second Boer war broke out, sailed away with eight hundred of his fellows to render assistance in the arduous task of teaching manners and fair play to Paul Kruger and Marthinus Steyn. With Wardour went five other old Greyhouse boys, one of these being no less a person than his old antagonist, Eccles.

There were six Greys, then, in this troopship alone, and the old school was well represented in others. Among the Guards, the Lancers, the K. R. R., the Manchesters, the Gordons, and, in fact, in every branch of the Service, "O. G.'s" cropped up. There were Greys in the Cape Mounted Police, and the Natal Mounted Police—now doing invaluable work as scouts, they being acquainted with the ins and outs of the countryside, and with the ways and wiles of the gentle Boer. There were Greys in command of the guns; you found 'em mending railways and patching up bridges; here, there, and everywhere in Natal were sons of that peaceful-looking mass of ivy-covered masonry which started life as a Cistercian monastery, only to develop, centuries later, into a famous public school.

With seventy or eighty old boys at the front, was it surprising that the present race of Greys took a most deep and abiding interest in the war? The conflict in Africa quite put into the shade such usually absorbing matters as the inter-house football championship, the fives championship, the big weekly debates, and the approaching Christmas exams. There was such a rush for the daily papers that, as a rule—for the mere preservation of something like order—one of the monitors took it upon himself to expound dispatches from the front for the benefit of the multitude. The most frequent reader of war news was Sir Billy—for was not his dearest friend, his king and erstwhile champion—was not Wardour at the front, fighting for the honour and glory of Old England?

Greyhouse, as I have said, followed the events of the war from the very first with feverish interest, for many had fathers and

brothers in Africa, and any day's paper might announce a "casualty" which would go home to the heart of the listening short-jacket or tail-coat. There was hardly a youngster in the First who didn't know the war's diary better even than the Gender Rhymes in his Primer. The tale of it had been told to their forms by the masters, who loved thus to break up the tedium of mathematics and classics—how the Boers, the day after the expiry of the ultimatum, invaded Natal, and simultaneously drew first blood, near Mafeking, by derailing an armoured train and capturing or killing its occupants ;

how Sir George White occupied the chief British position at Ladysmith, while nearer the border, between Dundee and Glencoe, there was a small force under General Symons, and how the Boer troops were repulsed at Dundee, gallant Symons being mortally wounded towards the conclusion of the battle ; how old White—they all called him "Old White," at least, the boys did—had got to hold Ladysmith until "Sir Redvers" could arrive with or send a relief column ; and how the Boers were peppering the English with bullets and bombarding their strongholds with shells, in hopes of forcing them to surrender before the great Buller could come to their aid.

All this the Greys knew by heart—all these events they had discussed untiringly, in dormitory, quad, and class-room. So much they knew, and now they were waiting for more. Sir Billy opened the paper every morning with his heart in his mouth—sometimes he hardly dared to turn to the page upon which he knew the fatal list was invariably published.

Greyhouse waited—and one day came news of a great battle, of a glorious victory. And this, too, Sir Billy read out for the benefit of the multitude.

## II.

It was the eve of Eland's Laagte. At day-break, so word had been passed round, the Boers were going to have it hot.

Twelve hours since, General French had



GREYHOUSE FOLLOWED THE EVENTS OF THE WAR WITH FEVERISH INTEREST. . . . THE MOST FREQUENT READER OF WAR NEWS WAS SIR BILLY.

proceeded on a reconnaissance up the New-castle road with part of his cavalry command and a battery of field artillery, what time Long Tom and Lady Anne—the latter being the sailors' nickname for our big naval gun—flung defiant shells at one another.

General French ascertained that the enemy were moving south and eastward, and then returned to camp, his day out having been enlivened with a little skirmishing, in which Kruger's men had come off second best.

So now, British and Boers were waiting for the sun.

In a little tin house a Dragoon officer, stretched flat upon the ground, was reading a book by the dim light of a lantern. There came a knock at the door. Without lifting his eyes from the book, Wardour—for



he it was—sang out, "Come in!" and a brother officer entered.

"Hullo, old chap—cramming tactics, or what?"

The visitor was Molyneux, an old Greyhouse boy.

"No—this."

Wardour held the book up. Molyneux recognised it at once.

"By Jove! You don't mean to say you've lugged that all the way here?"

The work in question was a simple little volume, penned by a wise old bishop a century or two ago, on "Duty." On leaving Greyhouse, each boy was presented with a copy of this work by the headmaster.

"It saved my left hip-bone from being smashed yesterday," said Wardour—"see?" And he showed his friend a ragged scar on the back of the volume.

"That's how a Mauser bullet treats literature. Well, what's the news?"

"It's going to be a big thing to-morrow," said Molyneux. "White says we've got to clear them out at any cost. It'll be a toughish job—smoke?"

They lit their pipes, and for some minutes there was silence.

"The old school is pretty well represented, eh?" recommenced Molyneux: "Tomlinson, Hallam, Crowe, yourself, myself, and—er—oh, of course—and Eccles."

He spoke the name with some hesitation, for it was common knowledge in the regiment that Eccles, although a grown man now, had not forgiven Wardour for thrashing him when they were boys together at Greyhouse. But there were other reasons for the widening of the breach. Wardour was the most popular subaltern in the regiment; Eccles the best-hated. You never heard a trooper utter a word—and Tommy Atkins is very outspoken concerning his superiors—against the old Greyhouse captain: Eccles, on the other hand, had earned the worst of ill-will from rank and file on account of his vindictive rule.

"And yet," said Wardour, "I believe Eccles is pretty sound at heart. It's his manner more than anything—I never knew a fellow with a more unfortunate manner."

"And his money," added Molyneux, "is a drawback. He's tremendously rich, you know, and the only son of his mother."

"Who," said Wardour, "is a widow. Hard luck on her if he goes under. Now it wouldn't matter about me—I'm one of ten."

So they chatted—but not dolefully—for they were good plucked ones, and ready for anything. By this time they were hardened to

bloodshed and warfare, to the scream of shell, the rattle of shrapnel, and the bee-hum of the bullet as it whizzed by and over on its errand of destruction. Already these Greys at the front had been in a tight place or two, but they had emerged scatheless and eager for more of that hungry, miry, red-coloured picnic which goes by the name of campaigning.

The sun was rising when the British stood to arms and moved out of Ladysmith, General French having with him, in addition to the Dragoons and Lancers, one field battery, a mountain battery, various detachments of mounted volunteers, including the Imperial Light Horse, and half the Manchesters, the last named being sent forward in khaki-coloured trucks.

The volunteers opened the ball by driving in the Boer outposts at Modder's Spruit, and then the gunners began popping shells round Eland's Laagte Station. The Boers rubbed their eyes and gaped; this was a surprise morning call. As fast as their ponies' legs would carry them they were off and away to the hills, our artillery pounding them as they fled. A Boer farmer was grabbed and questioned. He admitted that his side were several thousand strong, and had three or more field guns, General Kock being in command.

The primary panic subdued, the Boers now began to retaliate, opening a hot fire with cannon, maxims, and small arms from their position at our advancing lines. Within an hour French had to withdraw his men stage by stage until he reached ground favouring a defensive fight, when the troops were halted and extended, so as to protect front and flanks.

From nine till lunch time the troops waited for reinforcements from White, and when these came the infantry—now numbering two and a-half battalions—were sent forward in widely separated skirmishing order. The colonial cavalry with the Lancers rode eastward, the Manchesters and Gordons began to scale the ridges parallel with the railway, and the Devons marched upon the low ground bordering the east side of the line, supported by a field battery. The Dragoons, with some guns and volunteers, moved off farther left across the railway. Thus the British force advanced like one man with firm rhythm and swing, not a whit disturbed or dismayed by the rifle fire which spluttered out along the whole length of the Boer entrenchments.

Lieutenant Eccles was cantering along on his black charger when he felt a touch on his elbow. He looked round.

"Well?" he demanded, shortly, as he

observed that Wardour was keeping stride for stride with him.

They never spoke except on regimental matters which made intercourse necessary.

"I say, old chap, you won't mind shaking hands? It's a toss-up whether either of us will come out of this alive."

The pace had quickened, and Eccles was a little ahead of his old school-fellow.

Wardour used his spurs and swung over to him in his frank way.

By four o'clock the fight was raging from end to end of our lines. The roar of cannon was strangely intermingled with the thunder of the heavens, for a storm was raging furiously, the rain falling down impartially on Britisher and Boer. Mr. Atkins meant to get even with Kruger's men, and so he went up the ridges in dauntless style, the Boers skipping from cover to cover like so many big buck-rabbits.

Officers and men were falling fast on our side; yells and moans, cheers and prayers, supplied a human *obligato* to the din raised by the thunder above and in front. Up the ridges went Mr. Atkins; nothing stopped him. Up, up, and still up! The Boers pluckily struggled to maintain their ground, but our troops swept on. The bayonets gleamed brightly in the flash of lightning and rifle fire.

The cavalry had been biding their time, and at last it came. As the Manchesters and Gordons surmounted the topmost ridge and sent the Boers helter-skelter down the slope beyond, scampering for dear life, the Dragoons and Lancers rode into Kruger's men like demons, thrusting, hacking, and cutting, and giving treachery its due reward.

"*Bravo, Greyhouse!*"

Eccles, plunging along with his bull-dog jaw set in the old Rugby manner when he dashed along the touch-line, glanced round to find that Wardour was again close up with him.

They raced on together, while bullets whistled round them, for even now the Boer officers were rallying their men and firing a few last despairing volleys at the advancing cavalry.

Rather ahead of the main body, Wardour and Eccles dashed round a thicket and came upon a group of tents.

As they rode forward a gigantic Boer arose in their path, and waved a white flag.

"Hold on; he gives in," shouted Eccles.

Hardly had he spoken when a volley fired



"I SAY, OLD CHAP, YOU WON'T MIND SHAKING HANDS? IT'S A TOSS UP WHETHER EITHER OF US WILL COME OUT OF THIS ALIVE."

"Shake—old man."

A bullet grazed Eccles' sword-belt, and a man behind fell with a sob, shot through the heart, his horse tearing riderless over the veldt in the direction of the camp.

Eccles hesitated, and then he too leaned over towards the other.

"Yes, I'll shake hands."

It was a slight, a momentary action; nobody noticed it, but one of them was destined to remember it all his life.



THE RIFLE WAS AT THE BOER'S SHOULDER, AND HIS FINGER ON THE TRIGGER, WHEN WARDOUR LEAPT BODILY OUT OF THE SADDLE ON TO THE FARMER.

from a distance mortally wounded Wardour's horse.

Thus encouraged, the Boer who had flung his arms up seized his gun and took deliberate aim at Eccles.

But, in its agony, Wardour's horse had leapt forward to within striking distance of the man, causing Wardour to drop his sword in his endeavours to keep the animal on its legs.

The rifle was at the Boer's shoulder, and his finger was on the trigger when Wardour leapt bodily out of the saddle on to the farmer. Simultaneously, the rifle went off, but the bullet did not travel beyond Wardour.

As Eccles reined up, the Boer sprang up and shook Wardour off, the old Grey falling like a lump of lead. But Eccles was too quick; his

hands," he murmured. "I am glad we shook hands."

And Eccles left the field a changed man.

### III.

AND Sir Billy read an account of the battle to the assembled multitude in the library—every word until he came to the place where the fatal list was published. Each time of reading, his eye had sought this column with a certain foreboding; to-day one glance was enough. He handed the paper to Parsnip, who was lounging near, and as he left the library he heard Parsnip plunging through the "casualties." But even Parsnip stopped reading, with a painful catch in his breath, on reaching that name.



THIS WAS THE MAN WHO HAD DIED THAT ANOTHER MIGHT LIVE.

sword flashed through the air, and the Boer fell, never to rise again.

Eccles dismounted and raised Wardour from the ground.

"Hurt much, old chap?"

But a glance showed him all. The bullet which was meant for him had been intercepted by his old foe.

Wardour was dead.

As Eccles knelt by him, memories of the past surged up. This was the man for whom he had borne the most bitter hatred ever since he left Greyhouse. This was the man who had died that another might live. "But we shook

Sir Billy stole away to his study and locked himself in. The 9.15 bell for morning school rang out loudly, but Sir Billy did not heed it. The Head was taking the Sixth that morning, and he noticed that the captain of the school was absent from his place.

"Where is Travers?" he asked, rather sharply. The Sixth looked at each other, but no one said anything.

"He is not late as a rule," added the Head, who was a stickler for punctuality, and enforced his rule on the point among the great as well as the small.

At last Parsnip got up. Time had only

cemented the friendship of these two—Parsnip, the giant, having an immense admiration for his chum's brains, while Sir Billy was a constant friend, because that was his nature.

"Travers is a bit upset, sir, I think," he stammered clumsily.

"No bad news, I hope?" returned the Head.

"He and Wardour were great friends," explained Parsnip.

"Wardour—Wardour," said the Head, reflectively; "ah, yes—he was captain when I first came here. I remember him well. He interrupted a very promising career at Oxford in order to enter the Army. I was sorry he did so. I suppose he is in South Africa now?"

"He is in the list of the 'killed' in to-day's paper, sir," said Parsnip, as he sat down.

"Dear me, I am very sorry to hear it, very sorry. He was a fine fellow. What a sad business this war is!"

And then the lesson started, and the Head made no further reference to Sir Billy's absence.

Meanwhile Sir Billy was sitting at his table—staring at a battered 'Greyhouse cap, green with age, bearing upon its brow the Greyhouse badge, a golden lion. This had been Wardour's cap, and he had laughingly handed it over to his young charge at the end of his last term.

"Here, Billy," he had said in his off-hand way, "a little keepsake for you. I've no mater, or I'd give it to her."

It was a present, carelessly made in big school-boy fashion, but Sir Billy had treasured the old green cap all these years. Had not Wardour been his champion when he was a poor little kid, chucked mercilessly into the rough ocean of public school life? What would he have been without Wardour? That

occasional kindly word, that encouraging pat on the head—these had been of inestimable aid to him in fighting *his* little battle, in helping him to assert himself among his fellows, to hold his own, and to go upwards and onwards until he found himself occupying the position which Wardour had held with such honour five years ago!

Now Wardour was dead! The merry, hearty laugh would never again fill all hearers with its infectious wholesomeness; the strong, firm hand would never grip another's in that way which inspired such a sense of confidence; the honest eyes were closed for ever and ever. Wardour was dead!

Sir Billy went and fetched the paper, and hurriedly locked himself in his study again.

Once more he read the tale of the battle—the story of Wardour's heroism—how he had preserved another's life; how, at the end of the fight, he had fallen. His gallantry had been witnessed by others, and was duly recorded.

Through a thick mist Sir Billy read the story, and then he laid the paper down, and rose from his chair.

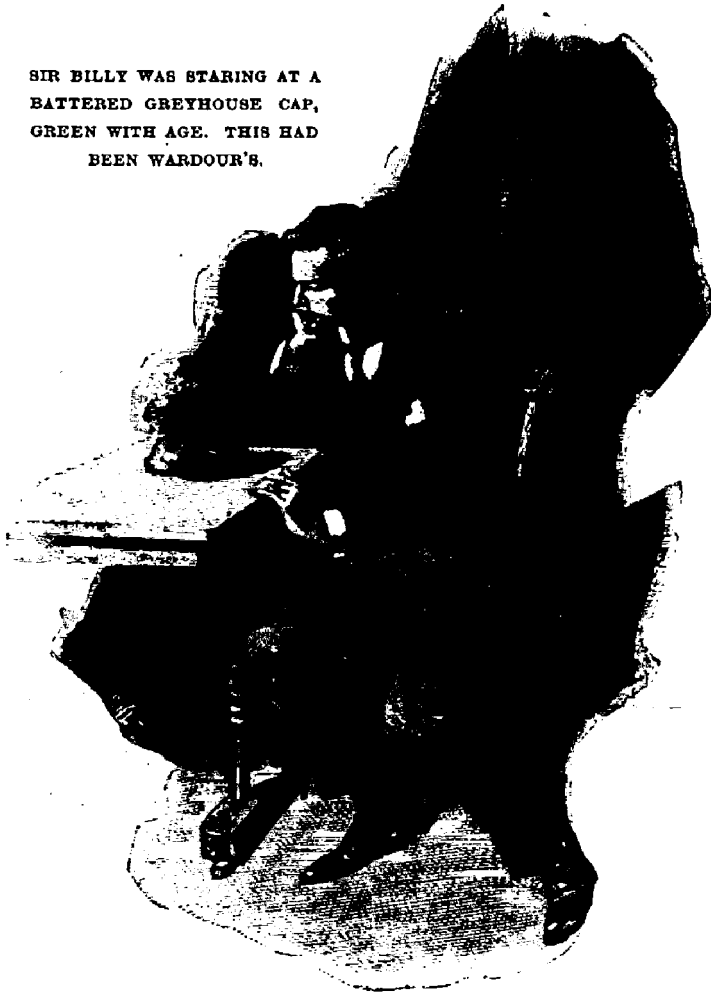
Mechanically he put the old green cap away, and turned towards the door. What would War-

dour do if he had received news of his greatest friend's death?

Sir Billy answered the self-put question without hesitation:—"He would play the man."

So Billy brushed the tears from his eyes, and squared his shoulders, and then, proceeding to his class-room, he entered with a steady step and quietly took his seat at the head of the Sixth.

SIR BILLY WAS STARING AT A BATTERED GREYHOUSE CAP, GREEN WITH AGE. THIS HAD BEEN WARDOUR'S.



*R. S. Warren Bell*

# CONJURING for LIFE



BY ALFRED T. STORY.

Illustrated by G. M. Dcdshon.



*Lapwing* had been knocking about the Pacific for the best part of a year in search of spermaceti; she had had fair luck, and Captain Anderson found his tanks so well filled that

of many parts, and turned his hand now to one thing and now to another. But he did best of all at conjuring, in which he was an adept.

Jud was born on the roadside, and he may be said to have known no other home than the van in which they travelled from place to place. From babyhood he had grown up among showmen, gipsies, and all the Ishmaelish tribe that haunt fairs and markets, and he seemed predestined to follow the life to the end—probably would have done, but for the fact that his father was taken suddenly ill at Eyam Wakes, and died in a couple of days. His mother, tired of the road, sold the horse and van, and went to live with relations in London. Almost immediately after their arrival an opportunity offered for Jud to go for a sailor, and he jumped at the chance.

When he joined the *Lapwing*, in Millwall Dock, George Carbery was a little yellow-haired, blue-eyed lad, almost as broad as he was long, as the sailors used to say, but very quick on the feet, and with the nimblest of nimble figures. His father had taught him to dance, to sing, to tumble, and to do all sorts of conjuring tricks, and the training had made him as quick as a weazel.

But these were not his only or his best qualities; for he proved himself a quiet, willing, and attentive lad, and soon became a favourite with everybody on board—and none the less so because, by his conjuring and other tricks, he often helped his shipmates to wile away a

he had decided to make for home. One thing was necessary, however, before setting out on the long voyage round the Horn, and that was to fill the water casks, which were now well-nigh empty. They accordingly made for one of the islands of the Fiji group, and having dropped anchor in a convenient roadstead, a boat's crew was sent ashore to look for water.

There were five of them altogether, including the mate and an apprentice named George Carbery, but known on board simply as "Jud."

Jud was about fifteen years of age, and this was his first voyage. Up to a little over a year ago he had never seen anything more ship-like than a canal barge, and if anyone had told him that he would one day be picking a bone with cannibals he would have treated them to a very contemptuous grin.

For at that time Jud was doing the Midlands with his father in a "caravan," Carbery senior being nothing more nor less than a showman who went from fair to fair, using his wits to the best advantage to procure a livelihood for himself, his wife, and the boy. He was a man

pleasant hour. It should be added that during the thirteen or fourteen months that had elapsed since the *Lapwing* left London, Jud had shot up several inches, and he was now slim and tall rather than fat, very strong, and as tough as whipcord.

When landed with the others on the watering expedition, young Carbery had on his shirt and trousers only, with a pair of canvas slippers, and a red cotton handkerchief tied about his head to protect it from the sun.

An oldish man, named Mackay, was left with the boat, while the others made almost a bee-line inland. They had gone on in a leisurely manner for about an hour, stopping to knock down and eat cocoanuts as they went. Finally they came to a thick grove of trees in a slight hollow. Here they thought they would surely find water, and being thirsty, they pushed forward in a body.

Having seen no signs of natives, they had concluded that the island was uninhabited; and it may be imagined how surprised they were to find themselves confronted by a group of savages. "Big

George," the mate, and a seaman named Bernstein made a move to retreat; but they were too late. The natives, who were seated in a circle, feasting, had seen them, and immediately jumped to their feet, and ran and seized hold of them by the arms, inviting them to join them in their feast. Big George made signs to the effect that they were not hungry, that they wanted water, and must get back to their ship.

The natives, however, would not hear of their going away without partaking of the feast. They seemed good-humoured enough; but the least show of resistance caused them to uncover their teeth in a most vicious manner.

It was decided, therefore, to humour them. They were seated in the midst of the others, and given some of the meat, which they had roasted in holes in the ground. It was still hot and had an appetising flavour. Bernstein and the third man, Wright, ate some and seemed to enjoy it. Carbery was not in the least hungry; but he took up a little bone and picked at it to please his hosts. But, looking over towards the mate, who was seated opposite to him, he saw that he had suddenly gone ghastly pale. From Big George's face Jud's eyes dropped to the leaf that served him as plate, and perceived what the mate's looks meant. It con-

tained portions of a human hand, and by the same token Jud knew that he had been picking a finger.

The mate gave him a sign that he was to keep this discovery to himself, and he made as though he saw nothing. Any more nibbling on his tit-bit, however, was out of the question.

One of the natives, seeing this, said in broken English, "You chap no eat. You no hab Nenglizh ship plenty man glub. Jor wag you."

Carbery understood the fellow's drift if none of the others did; but, as he afterwards confessed, he could not have "jor-wag'd" any more if it had been for very life.

It was a perfect nightmare of a meal, and not one of the seamen knew how they got through it. They watched, hoping that an opportunity might present itself for sneaking off. But their savage hosts eyed them like lynxes, and were on the alert, ready to jump to their spears, if they so much as stirred.

The boy Jud whispered to the mate under his breath: "Dad, he had a show of wild men wunst; but it warn't a patch on this!"



THE NATIVES SEIZED HOLD OF THEM BY THE ARMS, INVITING THEM TO JOIN IN THEIR FEAST.

Big George bade him be quiet. "If we keep still perhaps they'll go to sleep, an' we can get away," said he.

Jud accordingly kept very quiet. But there was no sleepiness apparent in the savages. When they had gorged to repletion, they rose and began to dance. They went at it by twos and fours, grunting and slapping themselves in a sort of rhythmic measure, then, when they were puffed, squatting down again, and allowing others to take up the jig.

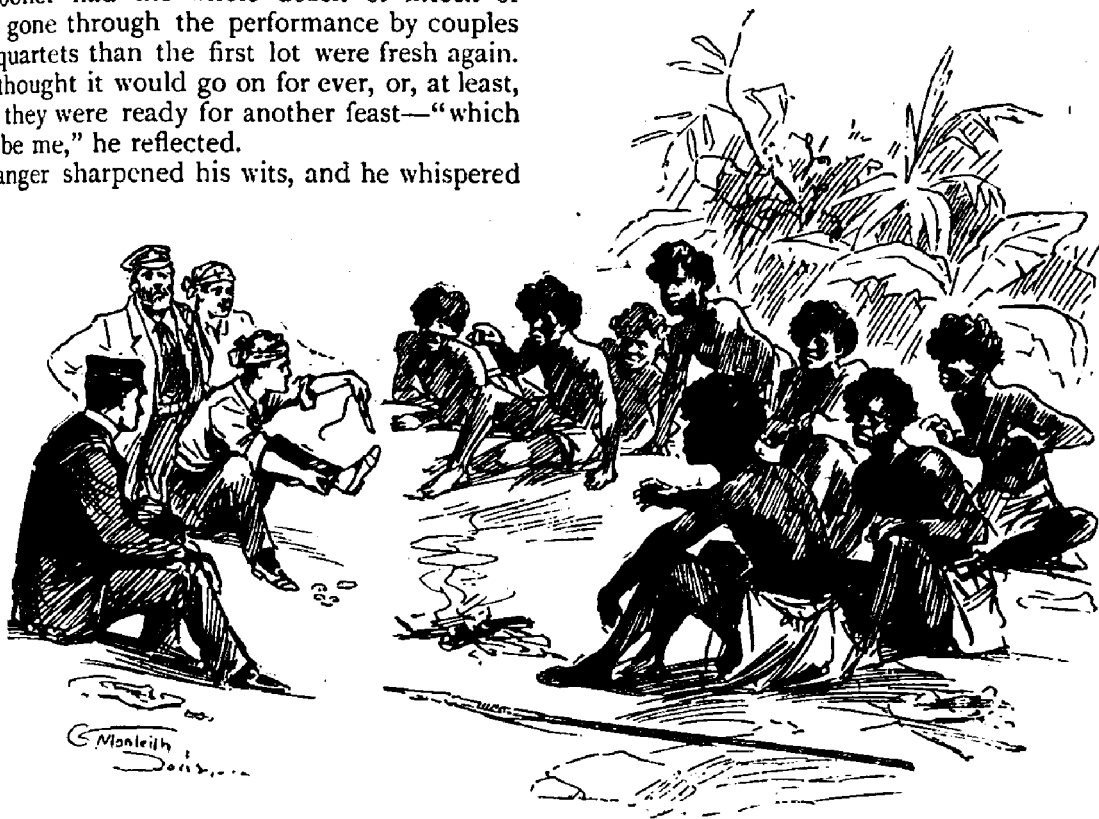
This went on for an interminable while; for no sooner had the whole dozen or fifteen of them gone through the performance by couples and quartets than the first lot were fresh again. Jud thought it would go on for ever, or, at least, until they were ready for another feast—"which may be me," he reflected.

Danger sharpened his wits, and he whispered

intent upon them, giving a grunt of satisfaction or surprise as each article disappeared. Finally, when the knife was gulped down he called the attention of several others, and began to explain to them what the youth had done.

All were now eager to watch, and Jud juggled them to their hearts' content, bringing the articles he had swallowed from the toe of one of his canvas shoes, then beginning afresh with some other sleight-of-hand necromancy.

Every one of the natives was now squatting



THE CANNIBALS WATCHED THE BOY CONJUROR, SOMETIMES WITH AMUSEMENT, AND AT OTHER TIMES ON THE VERGE OF TERROR.

to Big George: "I think I can do these chaps if you will only play up to me."

"We'll do that quick enough," said the mate.

"What are you going to do?"

"You'll see," Jud replied. At the same time he took some coppers from his pocket and began to throw them into his mouth and swallow them. A ball of twine followed the coins, and then his pocket-knife. The latter required some hard pushing down his throat, but he got it down at last.

At first the savages, intent on their dancing, did not notice these performances. But one fellow, who was lying on his stomach, supporting his chin on his hands, suddenly became

on his hams watching the boy conjuror, who went from trick to trick with the ease of an Egyptian Hall adept, gaining more and more confidence as he perceived with what intentness the cannibals followed his movements. There was a mixture of wonder and amusement on their faces. Sometimes they broke into a laugh and chatted and gesticulated to each other like children. At other times they seemed on the verge of terror.

The man who knew a bit of "Nenglizh" tried to interpret to his companions; for Jud kept up a ceaseless patter, and now and then he caught a word or two which hit his sense.

Finally, when the lad had fully got their



minds, he exclaimed: "Now I'll show you something. I'll show you how trees grow!"

He stepped to a flowering shrub near by and broke off a tiny twig, with a few buds on it. Then, having shown it round, he dug up some

Having covered it up again, he cried out, rubbing his hands and looking round with a gleeful countenance: "You shall see! You cannibal chaps shall see!"

He now eyed critically the semicircle of on-



"YOU SHALL SEE! YOU CANNIBAL CHAPS SHALL SEE!"

mould with his knife, made a little heap, and stuck the twig in it.

He then got Big George to lend him his coat—a long, loose thing, made of brown holland—and spread it carefully over the little branch, explaining by tongue and gesture that in a few minutes they would see it grow big.

Happening now to see a cocoanut shell with some water in it near at hand, he ran and fetched it, and then, lifting the corner of the coat, so that all could see what he did, he "degged" the little plant, as they say in Lancashire.

lookers. His shipmates were in front; he bade them go behind, so that the natives might see the fun; seizing, as he spoke, the hats of Wright and Bernstein, and throwing them down where they were to sit. Then he laid hold of the mate's, whispering him as he did so: "Clear, when I tip you the wink!"

This done, and the savages brought into line in a half circle, Jud knelt down and uncovered the twig.

It had grown several inches.

The natives were all eyes. Their grunts and nods expressed their surprise.

The boy put a drop more water upon the plant, covered it again, and then, bending his forehead to the ground, he began to mumble something, as though he were repeating an incantation.

Barely had he started, however, ere he was up again, gesticulating to the natives and making signs to them that they must do as he did. To the man who understood "Nenglizh" he explained as well as he could that the incantation would not work as it ought unless they did like him.

Every forehead thereupon went down to the ground, and the mumbling that every mother's son of them broke into was a joy to Jud's heart.

Presently he again uncovered the plant before their eyes, and lo! it had grown nearly a foot, and the buds that were on it had burst into flower!

The natives laughed and slapped their legs and breasts in token of surprise and delight.

"Shall I make it grow bigger?" Jud cried. "Shall I make it grow this high?" raising his hand to the height of his chin.

They indicated their desire that he should.

"All right!" he said. Then he put a drop

more water to the plant, and was about to cover it up once more, when with a sudden change of expression, he exclaimed:—"Would you rather—instead of seeing the twig grow bigger—would you not rather see me change myself into a little bow-wow?"

He signified what he meant by putting his hands to the sides of his head like ears and pretending to shrink very small, at the same time giving a little "yap-yap" like a very small dog.

Jud was an excellent mimic.

The natives were delighted, and gave little grunts and laughs expressive of their desire to see him changed into a dog.

"All right, then!" said he. "You shall

see me turn into a little bow-wow with four legs."

Then he explained to them that when he crawled under the coat they were to put their foreheads to the ground and do as before, that is, mumble an incantation. The experiment, he made them understand, depended on their continuing to do that until they heard a bark. Then they were to jump up and remove the coat, and they would find him changed into a little dog.

"This," he continued, when the interpreter had turned his explanation into Fiji—"this"—taking the red cotton handkerchief from his head—"will be the little dog's tail."

As he slipped the handkerchief from his head he managed, unobserved by the natives, whose eyes were rivetted upon what he was

doing, to give Big George the wink to "clear."

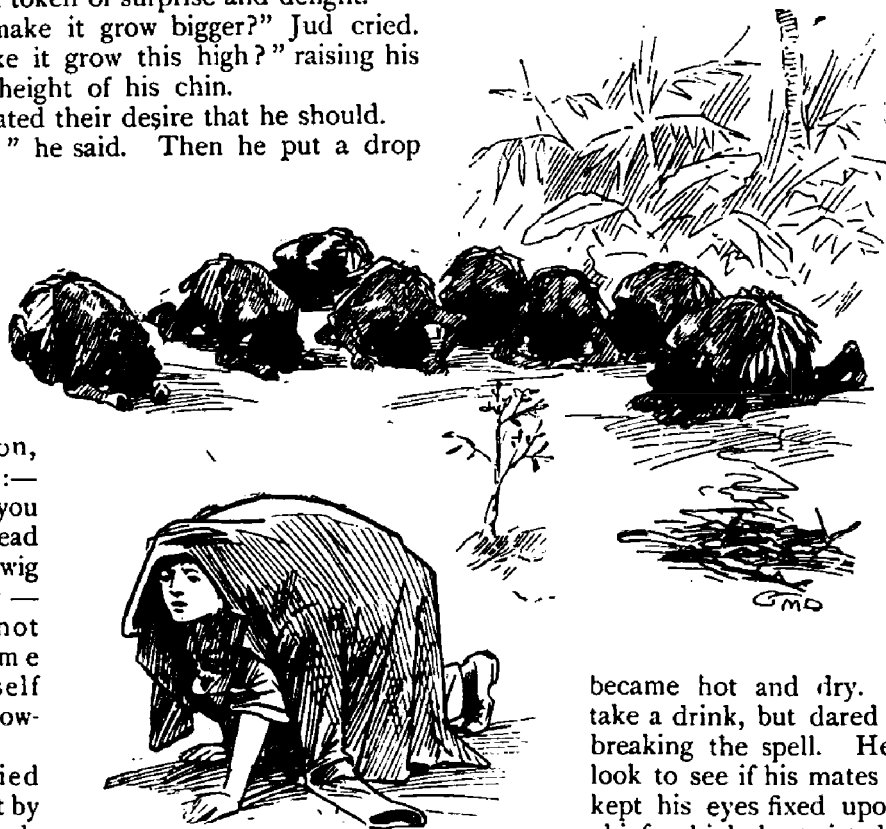
Everything now turned on Jud's being able to keep the eyes of the dozen natives fixed upon himself for the next few minutes. He felt his heart go thump, thump against his ribs, and his mouth

became hot and dry. He wanted to take a drink, but dared not for fear of breaking the spell. He feared even to look to see if his mates were going, but kept his eyes fixed upon the handkerchief, which he twisted up tightly like a rope. This he did with great deliberation, keeping up a mumbled patter the while. Then he tied a knot

on one end and slipped the other end through his belt, pushing it behind him.

"Now," said he, "we are ready."

For the first time since he had given the sign he looked up and saw that his mates had gone. While he was mumbling over his tail something like a cold shudder had gone to his heart. Now



JUD CREEPT FROM UNDER THE COAT AND MADE FOR THE NEAREST BUSHES.

he felt the blood mount to his temples, while the sweat dropped from his brow. So far his ruse had succeeded. A few minutes more, and his mates would be beyond pursuit. But what about himself?

A fit of trembling came over him, and for an instant he was conscious of a feeling of giddiness, but quick as thought he was himself again. Whereupon, dropping to the ground, he pushed his legs half-way under the mate's coat. He nodded to the natives in sign that it was time to begin.

Immediately every head was bent down to the ground, and every mouth began their idiotic mumble.

Jud crept under the coat and listened. The mumbling went on. He carefully lifted one corner of the coat and looked out. Every head was to the ground.

Now was his time—now, or never. Twilight was beginning to creep over the scene, and the dusk in those latitudes is very short. A little less light and he might not be able to find his way back to the boat.

One more look, with a beating heart, to see that they were still under his spell, and then, on all fours, like the dog he was to be reduced to, Jud crept from under the coat made for the

nearest bushes with the noiselessness of a cat; and then, no longer as a quadruped, but erect, and with the spirit and go of an antelope, he put all the lightning of his soul into his feet and sped for the boat.

Half-way there, he ran up against Big George, almost knocking him over.

"Thank God you're safe, my lad! It didn't seem right to leave you behind, and so I thought I'd wait a bit," said he.

"The others?" gasped Jud.

"They're all right by this time. You're pumped."

"Nearly. But come along; no time to lose."

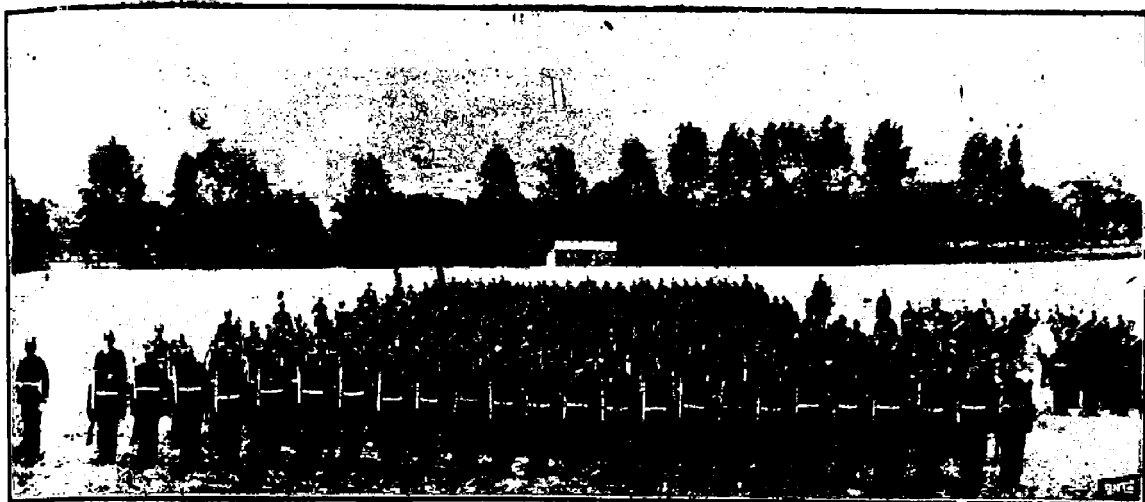
They set off at a brisk trot and soon covered the distance to the boat. But as Jud was putting his foot over the side to step in he fell backwards. Big George caught him, lifted him into the boat, and they pushed off.

The boy was in a swoon. The men pulled with a will, and they soon had him on board the ship, where he was not long in coming round. His first words were: "Did you see anything of the niggers?" And when the mate told him they had not, Jud laughed and said, "I wonder how long the Johnnies will stop with their heads to the ground waiting to hear me bark?"



### PREPARE FOR CAVALRY





By permission

A BATTALION ON PARADE.

"Navy and Army."

## WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL.

### IX.—HOW TO BECOME A SOLDIER.

ALMOST every boy who is worth his salt desires, at some time or other, to be a soldier or sailor. It is quite right that he should. To have no martial enthusiasm in one's youth argues an anæmic constitution. The full-blooded, high-spirited scapegrace, who is always ready for "a scrap," is of the stuff of which soldiers are made. It is born in him. He can no more help it than he can help the colour of his hair. As he grows older his enthusiasm may be toned down, may be overlaid by a number of other qualities, but it is always there, ready to be quickened by a touch. Appeal to his patriotism, his honour, his chivalry, his pride, and he is up and ready in a moment, willing to give his last drop of blood for the sake of the cause.

The war has afforded striking proof of this fact. Among those who hurried off to Cape-town as soon as war was declared were hundreds of young Englishmen who were not sent out by anyone, and who were not attached to any regiment. They could not keep away. Most of them were young men, bearing distinguished names, carrying themselves at once like dandies and like athletes. All went out on the chance of doing a little fighting and "seeing the fun."

Of course, the Army is a very different profession from what it was fifty years ago, when commissions were purchased and promotion was impossible without influential friends. Body and brains both count now, and the system that prevails aims at procuring only "the fittest"

for service as officers in Her Majesty's Army. No boy must think of trying for a commission unless his health is good, and his body free from any physical defect. No boy has any chance of obtaining a commission unless, in addition to this, he has more than average abilities. There is also a third consideration. Examinations cannot be gone through without the aid of coaches and crammers. That means expense. There are several public schools which take the boy of fifteen into an army class and pass him successfully through the Entrance Examination to Sandhurst. The average boy, however, will not get through without the crammer's aid, which will cost anything up to £500. Expenses at Sandhurst will amount to about £150 a year, while outfit, uniform, books, etc., will account for something like another £200. So that the newly-joined subaltern has cost his father, as a rule, about £1,000 since he left school. Of course, if the boy be the son of an officer, or if he possesses brilliant powers, it may be done for less, but this question of cost should always be taken into consideration at the outset.

Fifteen is the age when a boy should make up his mind about becoming a soldier. If he exhibits any hesitancy about the subject, or seems inclined to prefer any other career, it may be taken for granted that the Army is not his vocation, and he had much better be allowed to choose some other profession.

But, given the right boy, and the determina-

tion of his parents to make him a soldier, the course of procedure should be as follows:— First of all, have him thoroughly examined by a good doctor. The regulations state that a candidate for a commission in Her Majesty's Army must be, at the age of sixteen, at least 5ft. 4ins. in height, without shoes, 120lbs. in weight, and measure 33ins. round the chest. At eighteen (the limit of admission for Woolwich) he must be at least 5ft. 5ins. and 130 lbs. in weight.

At nineteen (the limit of age at Sandhurst) he must be 5ft. 5ins. in height and 132lbs. in weight. Eyesight must be perfect. The suspicion of a squint, or slight colour-blindness, are absolute disqualifications.

The doctor's examination proving satisfactory, the next matter to be considered is the intellectual qualification of the boy. The best thing that the parent can do is to go and see the boy's school-master. If he has been doing well at school, let him enter the special military class (if there be one at his school) and go up for his examination straight from there. But if the boy be at all backward, the only thing for him is to go to a good coach, or to one of the many excellent cramming institutions that are so successful in getting candidates through the tricky examinations. Of course, care must be taken in the selection of coach or crammer. If any readers of *THE CAPTAIN* desire advice on the subject I shall be pleased to give it to them privately by letter, and to recommend to them various coaches and establishments which I know to be thoroughly trustworthy.

Admission to the Army is obtained through the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, for commissions in the cavalry and infantry; through the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, for commissions in the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers; and ("by the

backdoor," as it is called), through the Militia, for all departments of the Service.

In order to enter Sandhurst two examinations have to be passed—the Preliminary and the Further. The Preliminary may be passed at any time over the age of fifteen. The Preliminary Examinations are held in March, June, September, and December. A fee of £1 has to be paid, and all applications must be sent to the Civil Service Commissioners



*By permission*

*"Navy and Army."*

GROUP, 2ND VOL. BATT. ROYAL FUSILIERS.

Victoria Street, S.W. The successful candidate will then go up for the Further Examination, which takes place in April and October, and for which the fee is £2 if examined in London, £3 elsewhere.

For the first examination any number of trials is allowed, but for the second three only. The same regulations are observed in entering Woolwich, but the Preliminary may be passed at fourteen.

The obligatory subjects of the Army Entrance Examination are:—

(1) Mathematics.—

(a) *Arithmetic*, including vulgar and decimal fractions, proportion, and simple interest.

(b) *Algebra*, up to binomial theorem.

(c) *Euclid*, Books I. to IV., and Book VI.

(d) *Plane Trigonometry*.

And, for candidates for Woolwich only—

(e) *Statics*—elementary.

(f) *Dynamics*—elementary.

(2) *Latin*.— Passages from given authors. Translations unseen. Knowledge of Roman History.

(3) *French or German*.—Translations and unseen.

(4) *English Composition*.— Special stress is laid upon good English. Large deductions of marks are made in all subjects for faults of writing and spelling.



A CORPORAL  
—VICTORIAN  
ENGINEERS.

(3) Geometrical Drawing.

The optional subjects, any two of which may be taken, are higher mathematics, Greek, English History, chemistry or physics, geography and freehand drawing.

The length of the course at Sandhurst is eighteen months, and, at Woolwich, two years. The fees for the sons of officers range from £20 to £80 a year, and are regulated by the position held by the father as an officer of the Regular Forces, Militia, Yeomanry, Volunteers, or the Navy. The expenses for the sons of civilians would be £150 per annum. In addition to the above fees, a sum of £35 has to be paid on entering, for uniform, books, etc.

When a commission has been obtained, the subaltern cannot be considered self-supporting unless he at once goes upon foreign service. The amount of allowance required for a young officer varies according to the regiment which he joins. It is practically impossible for a subaltern, remaining in England, to live upon his pay. An Infantry subaltern receives 5s. 3d. a day, and out of that he has, as a rule, to pay 5s. a day for mess expenses.

Parents who cannot afford to make their sons a good allowance should take the greatest care in the selection of

a regiment for their sons. They would do well to write to the colonel of the regiment chosen, who would give full particulars as to income necessary for a young officer to maintain his position. A subaltern in a Line regiment should have an allowance of at least £100 per annum, and, in Cavalry regiments, an allowance of £250 a year, and upwards, is necessary.

Nothing is more galling and humiliating for a young man than to belong to a regiment whose officers are all well-to-do, while he himself is hampered by a lack of funds; debt is almost certain to be the result.

The commencing pay in the Royal Horse Artillery is 7s. 6d. a day; in the Cavalry 6s. 8d.; the Garrison Artillery, and in the Royal Engineers, 6s. 8d.; and in the Infantry, 5s. 3d.

For a poor man the West India Regiment has several advantages in respect of pay and "leave." India offers great inducements to the man of small means, and when an officer manages to enter the Indian Staff Corps his position in life and good pay are assured.

In the Royal Engineers, too, it is possible for a man to live on his pay. There are plenty of good appointments, both at home and abroad, which are reserved for men of the R.E. But, of course, a man needs to have exceptional ability to obtain one.

And now for the "back-door" method, about which so many inquiries constantly reach me. Subalterns of Militia may obtain commissions in the Army by passing an examination, the subjects of which are the same as for entrance to Sandhurst. There is also an exam. in military subjects, including Fortification, Military Law, Military Topography and Tactics.

The examinations are held in April and November. The fee in London is £2, and at other centres £3. Militia candidates must have the approval and recommendation of the commanding officer, and must also have fulfilled the following conditions:—

(1) Served two yearly trainings with the Militia regiment to which they belong, and have passed the examination, and obtained the certificate required

of a subaltern officer before the end of the second training after appointment.

(2) Completed a service of fifteen months in the regiment to which they belong by the 15th

January and 15th July for the March and September examinations respectively.

(3) If more than twenty-two years old, must have served three annual trainings with their regiment, and have obtained the certificate named in (1) before the end of the third training.

A Militia candidate for a commission in the Royal Artillery must be a subaltern of Militia Artillery, and must have passed the School of Instruction at Woolwich, and obtained the necessary certificate.

Of course, it is possible to work up from the ranks to a commission in the Army. A youth who has had a good general education, and who has the strength of will and the moral fibre to keep straight and do his duty faithfully and fearlessly, has a good chance of promotion. In fact, the man who goes into the Army with a right good will and a determination to do his best, can be sure of success.

A. E. MANNING FOSTER.



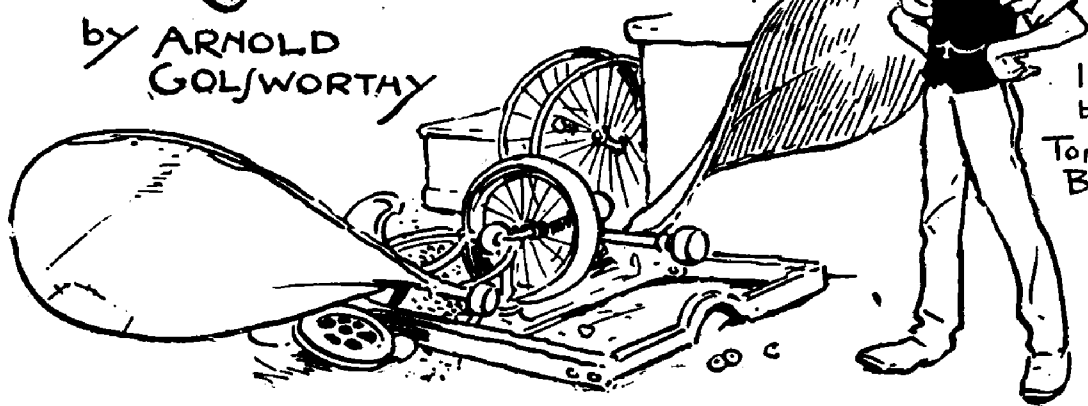
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SCENE IN CAMP.

"Navy and Army."

# JOHN HENRY'S FLYING MACHINE

by ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY



**M**ASTER JOHN HENRY MELVILLE was undoubtedly a boy with a strong bent for mechanics. Like most boys, he acquired at a very early age a particular admiration for steam engines; but as he grew older, he did not give up, as so many boys do, the steam-engine for the cricket-bat. At the age of seven he was the proud possessor of a toy engine that ran round the room by means of real steam generated by a spirit lamp glued on to the exterior. The initial cost of the engine was only a few shillings, but after a series of minor accidents and explosions, involving new furniture and windows for the house and medical attendance for John Henry, his father thought the toy was too expensive, and gave him a clockwork mouse to play with instead.

John Henry took to that clockwork mouse at once, and very soon had begun to lavish upon it all the tenderness and affection of his simple boyish heart. At first he treated it as a lonely, orphaned creature that stood in need of consolation and companionship. He built a little cage for it out of an empty soap-box; and never went to bed until he had first seen that his mouse was comfortably cradled in its cage on a couch of cotton wool and flannel fragments. After a while, however, John Henry began to regard his mouse as a natural phenomenon that it was his duty, in the interests of science, to dissect and investigate. He therefore made a large incision in the animal's chest with the point of a pair of scissors, and listened with the unspeakable joy of the enthusiast in search of new facts, when a sudden outbreak of whizzing and whirring told him that he had struck a

vital spot first time. John Henry lived on that mouse, so to speak, for the best part of a year. That is to say, its internal machinery held out long enough to satisfy his appetite for mechanics for the time being. He would arrange the springs and cog-wheels first one way and then another, till he had practically exhausted every combination they were capable of, from a clock-work cart to a spring gun that shot dried peas at the new baby, causing it to undergo a good deal of mental worry and excitement.

As John Henry grew older, his mechanical genius attracted the notice of his parents. Mr. Melville, his father, bought the boy an outfit of tools and appliances, and fitted up a little workshop alongside the pony-stable, so that John Henry could carve and hammer and rasp as much as he wanted to without giving the rest of the family a yellow and permanent headache. When he was only twelve years old he made a windmill with a circular saw attachment, and succeeded in sawing a large piece out of the gardener's hand while he was showing the old man what the machinery was good for. As, however, the gardener could chip himself about quite as successfully at a much smaller cost and with far less trouble, he did not feel like congratulating John Henry on his brilliant success.

When John Henry was fourteen, he produced a little work of art that would have been quite a triumph in its way if it had been allowed to finish its growth unmolested. Out of a heap of lumber he built a cosy little chair that could be turned into a baby's cradle by simply holding it down and pressing a spring. It was made partly of wood and partly of metal, and he had got so far

with it that the sections were all glued together and were drying with an enthusiastic industry all by themselves in the workshop.

It happened that John Henry's grandfather, who was not an enthusiast on anything in particular except afternoon naps and the dinner hour, was on a visit to the family that day; and during the boy's absence from the workshop, the old gentleman strolled in there, and saw the patent convertible chair. He did not know that the article was only, as you might say, in its boyhood, and that its muscle and sinew would not be fully developed till the glue in its joints had done drying and hardening. Even if the chair had been in a fit state of health to bear its share of life's burdens, it is very doubtful whether John Henry had constructed it stoutly enough to be available for the use of grown-up people; but the one thing certain was that in its raw and undeveloped state, it was quite unequal to bearing the weight of a sixteen-stone paternal grandparent.

The old gentleman, however, knew nothing of the chair's delicate state of health. He was not aware that in sitting upon it he would be placing an intolerable burden upon the weak and helpless. He only knew that he felt tired, and that John Henry was a good boy to have placed a chair like that in his workshop, so that his poor old grandfather could rest for a few moments while he looked about him and admired his grandson's taste and ingenuity. And with a pleasant smile, and a kindly feeling at his heart for the human race generally, the old gentleman heaved a sigh of relief and sank into the chair.

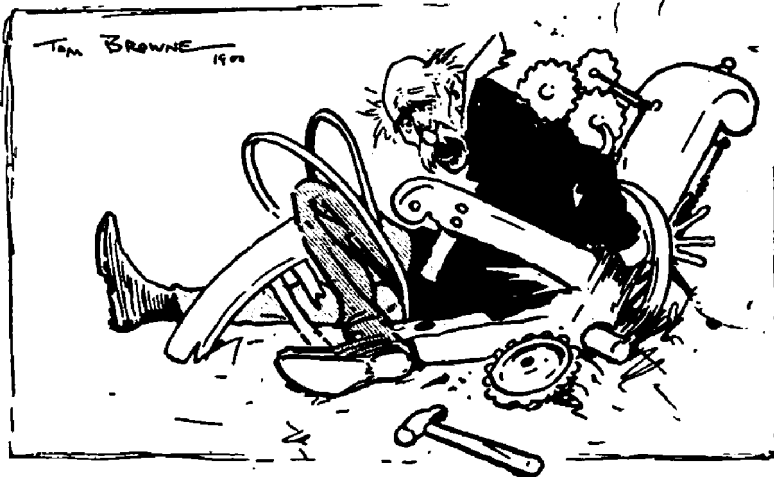
The next moment the workshop was busy echoing and re-echoing a series of pitiful wails and yowls. The first person to catch the sound of the trouble was the gardener, who at once rushed to the workshop to discover the cause of the grief and mourning. He found old Mr. Melville lying on the floor, and practically

trapped up in a collection of iron hoops and wooden bars, while an arrangement of springs and cog-wheels had fastened on to his back and seemed to be trying to absorb him into the mechanical part of the structure. The gardener had to walk round the old gentleman twice before he could make up his mind where to begin on the combination; but even then the victim had got so intricately mixed up with the machinery that it was a hopeless task for an unskilled operator to attempt to sort out the *débris* in a way that would give satisfaction to all concerned. Old Mr. Melville seemed to have positively grown into the chair, and he had to endure his trouble a little longer, while the gardener went to find Master John Henry, and to invite him to come and deal with the problem personally. Finally, old Mr. Melville

had to be partly sawn and partly filed out of his predicament, and as he stood up and picked pieces of half-glued wood and scraps of main-spring from his clothes, he coldly but firmly expressed his conviction that John Henry was born to be hanged.

But it was not until John Henry had turned sixteen

that he scored his greatest triumph as an amateur engineer. He had become fascinated by the possibilities of the flying machine, and after he had diligently read up the subject, and had ascertained how it was that all the other inventors had missed fire, he resolved to take the matter in hand himself. He was not a boastful boy, and he did not brag of what he was going to do; but he just sat down quietly to work at it, quite satisfied that in a short time he would be in a position to put a flying machine on the market, and probably to receive orders for his goods from schools and families. He could not find that the principle of clockwork had ever been applied to aerial navigation, and it was on that principle that he, so to speak, staked his little pile. After all, to a boy who could disintegrate a clockwork mouse, and convert its internals into a self-firing spring gun, nothing could be declared absolutely impossible.



PRACTICALLY WRAPPED UP IN A COLLECTION OF IRON HOOPS AND WOODEN BARS.



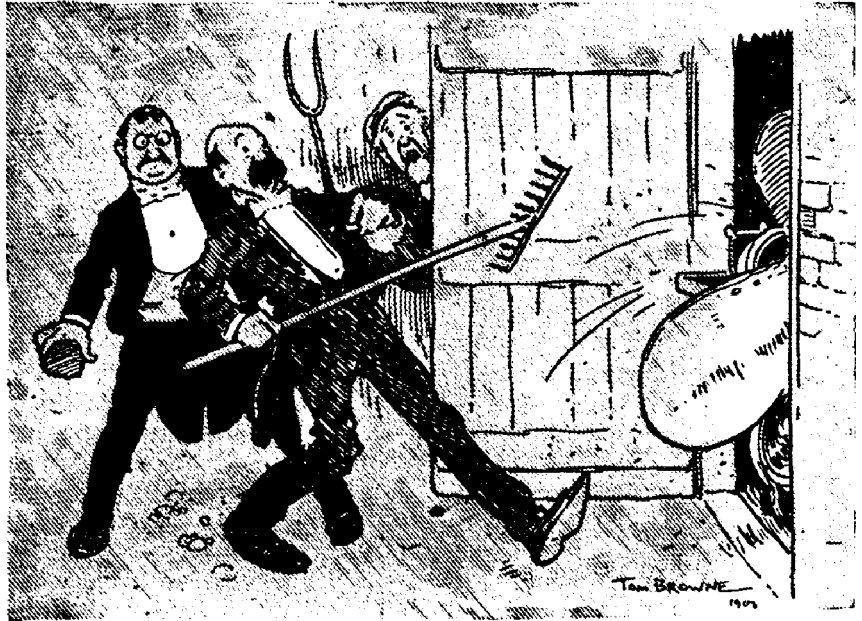
John Henry was hampered a little by the expense of his undertaking; but a boy of his ingenuity could naturally rise superior to mere money. All the shillings he had in his money-box he spent on steel springs, ratchet wheels, and other mechanical freaks, which, in spite of their hard names, were cheap enough to be within the means of a school-boy's pocket-money. The greater part of his raw material, however, he secured practically gratis. The more solid framework of his machine was supplied by means of an old "grandfather's clock," an out-of-date bicycle, and the framework of an iron bedstead that had lain forgotten for years in the lumber room.

Naturally, it took John Henry a long time to complete his work. I dare say you have never made a flying machine; but if you sit down now and begin, you will find it will be quite a considerable while before you can get it to fly nicely. In principle the machine was very simple. It consisted of two large, ribbed flappers mortised on to a flanged socket, and worked by a hair-spring from the crank-axle, which revolved around a concentric slide-valve and gripped the man-hole on the bed-plate, so that the lubricator—er, where was I? Oh, yes. As I said, that is just what was the matter. I have given these details in full, so that those of you who are not practical engineers may see at a glance the kind of wild thing that John Henry was recklessly prepared to turn loose on an unprotected market.

John Henry put the finishing touches to his masterpiece one joyous afternoon in spring. It was a fine-looking object, measuring 6ft. from one wing-tip to the other, and it could be wound-up to fly for twelve hours right off. Unfortunately, however, it is easier to wind-up a flyer for a twelve-hour stretch than to make it actually fly for twelve seconds. John Henry noticed that himself. After he had wound his machine up, and had satisfied himself that no one was looking on, he carried his machine out on to the lawn and pushed it along a little, just to give it a start. Beyond, however, a slight quiver of suppressed excitement that ran along its back-bone, the machine was entirely unre-

sponsive to John Henry's efforts. Not only did it refuse to soar heavenwards, but it would not even get up off the grass and flap itself. It was clear to John Henry that he had slipped a cog somewhere; but he was satisfied that he would be able to remedy the defect in due course. For the moment, however, he could not attend to the matter, as he had arranged to go out to tea that afternoon. He, therefore, lifted the machine up tenderly and placed it in his workshop, designing to have another go at it on the morrow.

Just as it was growing dusk, the cook rushed into the dining-room in a state of great excitement to say that there were goings on out in the garden that were positively awful. Something had got into Master John Henry's workshop and was banging the place about to such an extent that the pony in the stable adjoining had got badly frightened and had started an industrious effort to kick down one of the sides of his residence with the evident conviction that it was no place for him. Mr. Melville was entertaining a friend who was a candidate for Parliament, and naturally he did not care about being disturbed.



MR. MELVILLE CAUGHT UP A RAKE. THE CANDIDATE FOR PARLIAMENT HELPED HIMSELF TO A PIECE OF BRICK FROM THE ROCKERY.

He addressed the cook in severe terms for her ridiculous nonsense, and then, accompanied by his friend, went out into the garden to see what the trouble was.

Mr. Melville had to confess, when he listened at the door of the workshop, that he didn't half like it. Something inside there was wheezing and coughing tremendously, and seemed to be trying to beat the door down in order to get out.

He had not been informed of the existence of the flying machine, as John Henry wanted it to come as a surprise. And, to tell the truth, it came that way exactly. The candidate for Parliament had an idea that the creature inside the shop would be cowed at the sound of the voice of a man of his greatness. He therefore rapped at the door and told it to lie down. The machine, however, didn't cow any, and it didn't lie down. It just coughed like a hoarse dog on a moonlight night, and bumped itself against the door more violently than ever.

It became evident that the company would have to adopt stern measures. Consequently the gardener armed himself with a pitchfork, Mr. Melville caught up a rake, the candidate for Parliament helped himself to a piece of dislocated brick from the rockery, and the female servants locked themselves in the kitchen, trustfully hoping that by this timely precaution their lives would be spared to them. Then the gardener scientifically flung open the workshop door in such a way that he could hide behind it as it swung back, and in the dim twilight John Henry's flying machine bounded joyfully out on the lawn, and began to plough up the turf with its rapidly beating wings.

At the first surprise Mr. Melville and his guest darted in a great hurry behind the stable, where, when they met, Mr. Melville pretended he had come to find the garden shears and the candidate for Parliament affected to have gone in search of a stout stick. Meanwhile, the flying machine, humming contentedly to itself, was steadily ploughing its way down the lawn, leaving a double rut behind it where its wings had slashed into the new spring turf. As it reached the end of the lawn, one of the wings seemed to have got caught, and the machine rolled over on to the tulip bed, and whacked about with its available wing till it had jagged an expensive display of floriculture into mere stringy pulp.

It hurt Mr. Melville's feelings a good deal to see his beautiful garden being rooted up in this regardless way by a total stranger, but he did not quite see how he was going to stop it. The machine looked like a large bat of the vampire type; and when you are preparing for a tussle with a fighter of that kind, a garden rake is not a particularly offensive weapon. Presently it had flapped itself close up to the fence, and as it had the appearance of trying to run away, the gardener felt courageous and crept cautiously after it, Mr. Melville and his distinguished guest, with vague doubts as to the habits of vampires when brought to bay, following at a distance. They could hear it throbbing violently and wheezing as if affected by some painful internal complaint; and meanwhile the gardener had got close up to it and was preparing to harpoon it with his pitchfork. At that moment, however, something slipped in the mechanism, and the machine sank down in a heap. It looked to the gardener as if it were crouching for a spring, and he prudently stepped back a little to give it a clear run. But it didn't spring. It just nestled up against the fence, beating its wings furiously, the damaged wing having apparently recovered the use of itself as soon as the road had been cleared. Then a happy thought occurred to the candidate for Parliament. Observing that vampires could be easily lamed under proper treatment, he picked up a large stone and threw it with all his force at the machine, and then he stood behind Mr. Melville and said they could at

least sell their lives as dearly as possible. It did not seem at first, however, that the machine was likely to create any demand for the goods. The stone missed it by a clear yard, and the machine apparently declined to take any notice of such frivolous tactics. Then the gardener picked up a piece of rockery and heaved it. This time the missile caught



MR. MELVILLE SAID THEY COULD AT LEAST SELL THEIR LIVES AS DEARLY AS POSSIBLE.

the machine amidships, or thereabouts, and must have hit it in a tolerably vital spot. It gave a great sob and whirled round, and as it did so its pursuers backed promptly. Still flapping its huge wings the machine began to whirr ominously, as if to hint that on any further provocation it would as soon go for the whole crowd as not. After it had ripped around a little more, and had given no sign of being about to emerge from its corner, the gardener and Mr. Melville and the candidate for Parliament took a large stone each and fired together. One of the stones hit the machine squarely, the second struck the fence a severe blow, and the third could not be traced. As, however, there was a crashing sound of broken glass about that time, and it subsequently transpired that a pane of the greenhouse had been hopelessly shattered, it looked as if one of the three was a mighty poor thrower.

The stone that hit the machine seemed to

have caused it a good deal of discomfort. Its wings stopped flapping and it staggered and fell; and then it began to steadily cough up cog-wheels and scraps of mainspring for nearly a minute. Encouraged by the signs of victory, the gardener charged at it blindly, and finding that it did not get up and charge back, he allowed his excitement to run away with him. He beat the poor wounded thing to fragments, and then jumped on the pieces, while Mr. Melville and his guest, wiping the cold perspiration from their brows, congratulated each other on their providential escape from a blood-thirsty vampire.

When it finally dawned on the fighters that they had been wrestling with a weird combination of iron bedstead and bicycle wheels, they threw down their weapons with a sad, dreary smile, and drifted back thoughtfully to the dining-room. And the next day Master John Henry was sent to boarding-school.

# RAISING A WRECK

WITH  
SKETCHES  
AND  
PHOTOGRAPHS  
TAKEN ON THE  
SPOT.



ANCHOR LINED  
"UTOPIA,"  
SUNK IN THE  
BAY OF  
GIBRALTAR.

On a black and stormy night, some nine years ago, Her Majesty's armour-clad warship *Anson* came into collision with the Anchor liner *Utopia* in the Bay of Gibraltar, the latter vessel passing too close to the warship's bows, and receiving her ram almost amidships. Nearly one thousand persons, including many Italian emigrants, were on the *Utopia* at the time of the disaster, and of these some six hundred met their deaths. The remainder owed their rescue to the prompt

devotion of the crews of the ships of the Mediterranean squadron fortunately near.

The *Utopia* was struck rather aft of amidships, and consequently sank stern first, as shown in the accompanying illustration, sketched by an eyewitness. She remained in this position for a very few minutes after the collision, and then sank entirely with her six hundred.

The morning of the next day broke on a serene calm, and the masts and funnel of the *Utopia*

were all that could be seen of that vessel above the water of the Bay of Gibraltar.

Divers descended, and the greater number of the dead bodies were recovered and buried ashore. It was then discovered that the ship lay in full 56ft. of water at stern, and in 43ft. at bows, and the problem of raising her began to be considered. Many schemes and suggestions were submitted to the owners, and a famous continental salvage company offered to undertake the work. Ultimately, the matter was placed in the hands of Mr. Thomas Napier Armit, manager of the East Coast Salvage Company, of Leith, a salvage engineer with a reputation at the time second to none, and now considerably enhanced by his perfect success in this case. Mr. Armit performed the entire business in two months. Here was his plan:—

A great superstructure was erected upon the hull

of the sunken ship, in a manner clearly shown in the accompanying sketches. Practically speaking, a false bulwark was built above the bulwarks of

the ship, so high as to rise above the surface of the water. This, of course, had to be strongly and scientifically stayed, to resist the sea-currents and the wind. The broadside view gives an idea of this superstructure

seen sideways (as well as of the position of the hole made by the *Anson*), and the section clearly explains the system of internal struts and shores. The method of attaching this superstructure was new, simple, quick, and ingenious, rendering unnecessary all boring and drilling by the divers. In the case of the *Austral*—an Orient liner which sank in Sydney Harbour and was raised in this

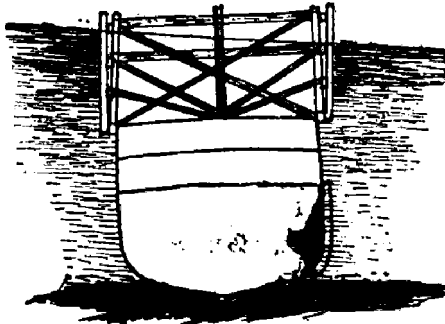
manner—boring and drilling was avoided by taking advantage of the side-light holes to fix the first of the raising framework. This, however,

was a far more laborious and clumsy expedient than that here adopted, in which the gunwale logs—as the foundation timbers of the superstructure were called—having been lowered into position, were clamped to the vessel's bulwarks with just such clamps—much larger and stouter, of course—as are used by joiners. Thus a little screwing up was all the work necessary for the divers in fixing the gunwale logs.

The superstructure itself



BROADSIDE VIEW OF THE SUPERSTRUCTURE BUILT ABOVE THE BULWARKS OF THE SHIP, SO AS TO RISE ABOVE THE SURFACE OF THE WATER.



SECTION OF SS. "UTOPIA," SHOWING HOLE MADE BY H.M.S. "ANSON."



From " "

Photograph.

VIEW ON DECK FORWARD, SHOWING HOW THE SUPERSTRUCTURE WAS BUILT.

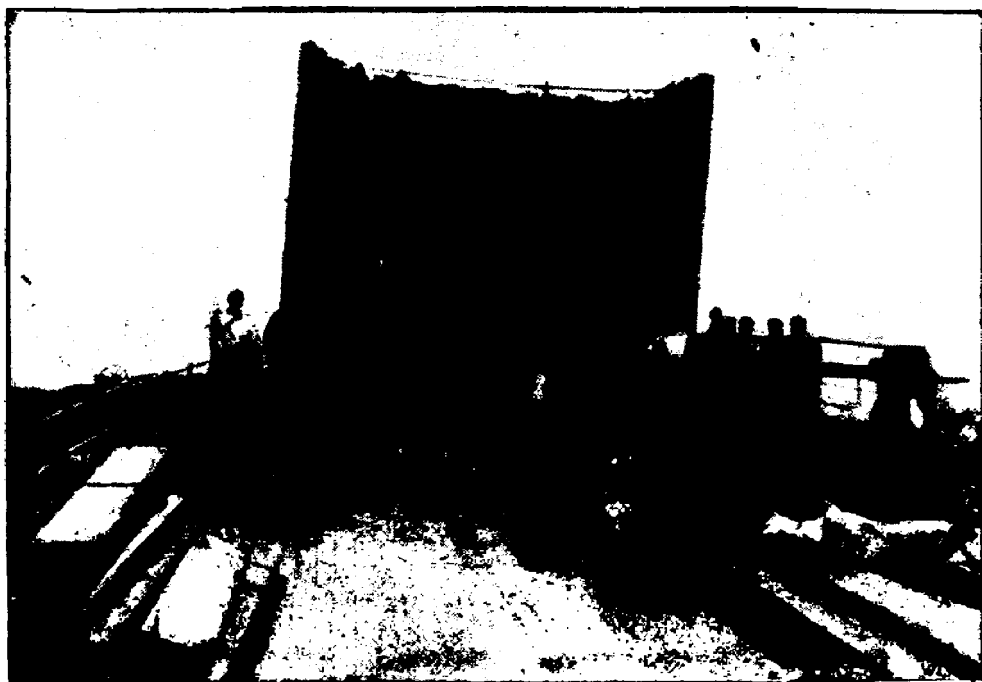
had been planned and prepared by Mr. Armit, at Glasgow, in ten days, and this without a sight of the wreck, and entirely upon telegraphic information. The strain imposed upon this superstructure during its erection by the various sea-currents and the strong south-westerly winds setting directly into the bay, may readily be imagined. It is sufficiently wonderful that such strains should be resisted by the completed fabric, but that they should do no damage to it while in an incomplete and, so to speak, tentative state, is wonderful indeed.

Next, the great breach made by the ram of the *Anson* had to be dealt with. This was an appalling hole, 26ft. long by 15ft. wide, torn

planks 6ins. thick. These were now covered with canvas to prevent leakage, and the actual raising was ready to begin.

Now, consider the position of affairs. Here was the vessel, sunk, in the lowest part, in nearly 57ft. of water, and with a slight list (of twenty degrees) to one side. The breach in her hull had been stopped, and a great temporary bulwark, 24ft. high at stern, and 13ft. high at the bow, had been erected upon her, thus making the hull so much higher, and bringing the level of the scaffolding and false deck above the water. Upon this superstructure pumps were erected, capable of pumping seventy tons a minute.

All being ready, the water was pumped out of



From a

THE STERN BUILDING.

Photograph.

through iron plates, frames, parts of the engines, and a transverse iron bulkhead—and all without the slightest damage to the ram which caused it! Truly a great illustration of the power of the ram, that old weapon of our fathers, the Vikings, now made modern.

The lower edge of this great breach was in 52ft. of water, and the divers set to work to cover up the hole with oak planks secured with screw bolts. This they did so efficiently that the patch was not only perfectly water-tight for the remainder of the time spent in the operations, but was left without docking or any further attention during the voyage to the Clyde ship-building yard!

The sides of the great superstructure, it must be understood, were covered with vertical oak

the area enclosed by the ship and its superstructure, and cast over into the sea. This was begun at seven in the morning and the pumps had been going fully an hour before any movement was observable. The morning was a fine one, and the bay was crowded by all sorts of craft filled with sightseers, crowds of whom also occupied every available view-point on shore. When, soon after eight o'clock, it was seen that the vessel had righted from her list, and that her masts were upright once more, much enthusiasm was manifested. Then, after some 3,500 tons displacement had been effected by the pumps, the ship, with its great superstructure, slowly began to rise.

The stern lifted first, and by ten o'clock was 9ft. above the water. Then the bows began to

rise, being slowly dragged from the soft bottom in which they were imbedded. Now, as the water left the interior, and, with the rise of the vessel, the decks became visible from the scaffolding, the ship was slowly towed in toward the shore.

At eleven o'clock a strong wind sprang up, and pumping had to be suspended for awhile. It was resumed, however, and by the end of the day the *Utopia* had been raised from a depth of 57ft. of water to one of 38ft. only.

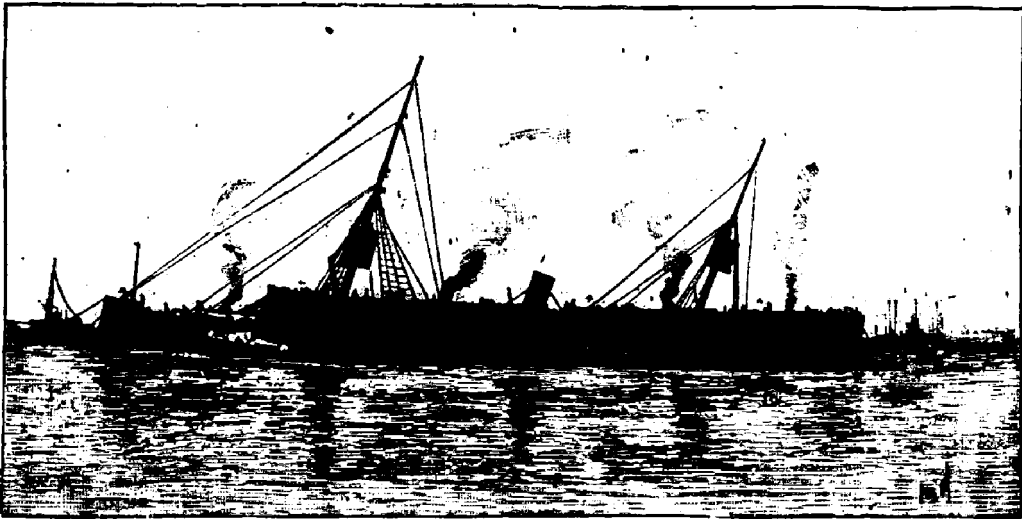
After this the superstructure (which was 310ft. long) was taken down, and the pumps were transferred to the deck. A photograph, which we reproduce, well depicts a scene on the deck at this stage of the operations, a winch and cable-chain clogged with weed and rust, and the temporary structure in course of taking down.

With the pumps on the deck, then, the *Utopia* was entirely pumped out, and was towed into shallow water and beached on a suitable shoal for clearing out. The decks, and such of the inside of the vessel as was visible from them, presented an extraordinary and weird spectacle. It was at first impossible to descend into the lower parts, where lay many dead bodies, on account of the

deadly gas generated by these and the decomposed cargo. To get rid of this, water was again admitted, and the interior thoroughly flushed out. Then the dead bodies and the putrid cargo were removed—a dangerous as well as an unutterably repulsive task.

The last piece of the superstructure taken down was that about the stern; the highest and strongest built of the whole erection. A photograph representing this portion just before removal gives a good idea of the general construction of this great *caisson*—for that is what it practically was. The upright timbers were half-checked oak planks, and were 7ins. thick—as against the 6ins. employed on the rest of the construction. They were joined by horizontal angle-iron framings shaped to the vessel's stern. The foot of the planking was stepped into a gutter-way of double angle-irons, shaped to the taffrail. From the height of this planking the eye may judge the depth below the surface to which the deck sank.

So was raised the *Utopia*—a wreck recovered probably in the shortest time and with the least expense on record for a vessel of her size.



TOWING THE WRECK INTO DRY DOCK.

# THE NEW GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.—VI.

By W. W. MAYLAND.

Illustrated from Photographs by Alfred Johnson.



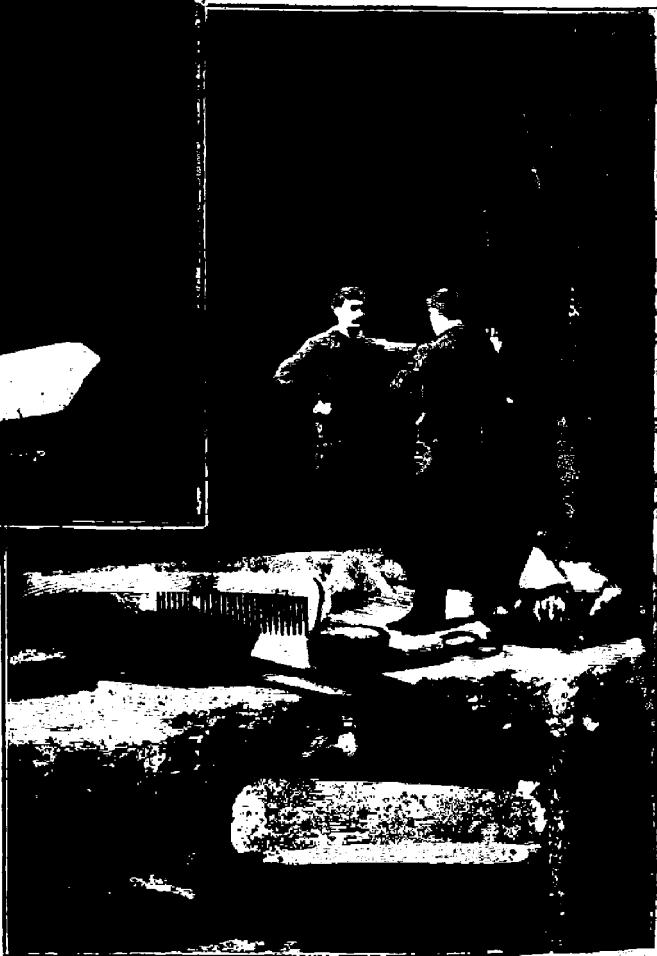
THE DOCTOR EXAMINING MY TONGUE WITH A POWERFUL MICROSCOPE.

THAT ducking I got when I fell out of the toy yacht into the bath made me feel very queer, and they called a doctor in to see me. In the course of his visit he insulted me greatly by examining my tongue with a powerful microscope. When I asked him what ailed me, he replied: "Severe diminutiveness, with catarrh of increasion." On my requesting him to explain more lucidly, he replied: "*Growing pains!*" I think he was right there—I seemed to be always either growing up or

growing down. I found life very wobbly, I assure you.

When he was gone I climbed on to the dressing-table, and surveyed myself in the looking-glass. "A very nice-looking young fellow," said I. "Little, but good—that's evident." Just then I tripped over a pair of nail-scissors, and fell whack into a razor-case that held me comfortably. The only thing which disputed this home with me was the razor, and as it was sharper than I was, I had to go.

They had made up a sort of bed for me in the spare room, and when



SURVEYED MYSELF IN THE LOOKING-GLASS



MYSELF (SMALL SIZE) JEEERED AT MYSELF (LARGE SIZE).

I retired for the night, in a tiny suit of pyjamas my little sister had made for me, I fell a-dreaming.

I dreamt that myself (large size) was chasing myself (small size) through the fields, and I further dreamt that myself (large size) fell with a crash just as I had made a grab at myself (small size), with the result that myself (small size) jeered at myself (large size).

Further, I dreamt that myself (large size)

I REMEMBER ASKING MYSELF  
WHETHER I FOUND IT  
"COLD UP THERE."

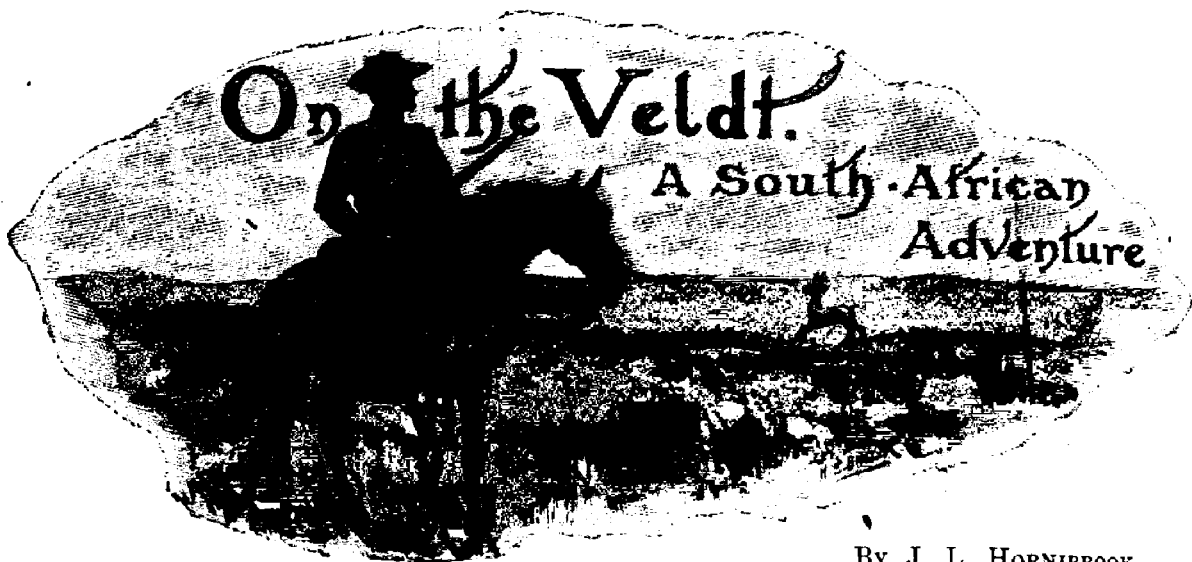
I HAD COME BACK TO MY NORMAL SIZE.

had a friendly chat with myself (small size) on the utter ridiculousness of spending an existence which was half huge and half acorn-like. I remember asking myself whether I found it "cold up there," and I remember replying that it was very cold, and I also remember my small

self chi-iking my big self in an impudent manner. After this exchange of pleasantries I distinctly remember waking up and trying to discover whether it really *was* a dream or not. Anyhow, I found that I had come back to my normal size.

THE END.





BY J. L. HORNIBROOK.

Illustrated by H. E. Butler.

**I** WAS alone on the veldt.

Around me, as far as the eye could reach, it stretched away in great, hummocky swells, oppressive in its vast solitude and death-like silence. Occasionally, off in the purple distance towards the skyline, a springbok raised its graceful head, stared back in my direction for a moment, then gathered up its slim forelegs, and bounded away out of sight.

Beyond that, there was no sign of life upon this immense, rolling expanse.

To me, fresh from the busy scenes and bustling life in London town, it brought a queer, other-world sort of feeling to find myself in this trackless waste, where everything was so strange to my eyes.

I had come out from the Old Country to join an uncle of mine, who had a farm somewhere to the north of the Vaal River. Owing to failing health, he wished to have some member of his own family near him, and had pitched upon me. And so, one fine morning, I had exchanged the conventional frock-coat and top hat of the city for a Cape outfit—which, if the truth must be told, was very much more to my taste—took leave of my kindred and friends, and started for South Africa.

It was getting on towards evening when I struck the Vaal River, and inquired my way of a surly Free State Boer, whom I found out-spanned beside the stream. The drift, he told me, was impassable, owing to the heavy rains which had fallen recently. It appeared that he himself was waiting for the waters to run off a bit, and offered

to afford me the shelter of his wagon for the night.

All the time we were talking he kept eyeing me in a cool and calculating manner, as if he were reckoning up what I ought to be worth in the aggregate—horse, saddle, rifle, clothing, and whatever valuables I might happen to have about me.

I did not altogether like his look, and determined to run the risk of attempting to cross the swollen drift, rather than trust to the tender mercies of this ill-favoured dopper.

When I got fairly into the current, I found that he was right regarding the depth of the water. It quickly rose to my legs, then to my saddle-flaps, and soon surged over my horse's back. Finally, I felt the animal lose its footing, and commence to swim for it. I headed him upstream, lifting myself out of the saddle so as to ease the weight upon his back.

I had got about two-thirds of the way across, and was still battling with the swirl of the current, when I suddenly felt as if my neck had been seared with a red-hot iron, and a bullet sang past me. I whisked round in the saddle, and there, stretched full-length upon the bank, with the smoke still oozing from the barrel of his rifle, was the Free State Boer.

I spurred on my struggling horse—for I saw that the rascally Dutchman was about to shove another cartridge into his breech, with the object of doing a little "sniping"—and was soon out of the flood. I only waited to shake my fist at my friend on the opposite bank before galloping off and leaving him to his own reflections.



THERE, THE SMOKE STILL OOOZING FROM THE BARREL OF HIS RIFLE,  
WAS THE FREE STATE BOER.

An hour's brisk riding brought me within sight of Bronkers Springs, as my uncle's farm was called. The first view I had of it was from the top of a kopje, which I had climbed in order to spy out the country before me, and take my bearings. I cannot say that I was much impressed by the appearance of the place.

It lay exposed on the open plain a couple of miles away, which at this point was as flat as a pancake. The house itself was nothing to boast of. A few sheds with corrugated iron roofs lay scattered around it; and that was all.

But it was not so much the barren look of the place, or the entire absence of anything in the shape of a tree, that gave me such a chill, lonely sort of feeling. It was the utter lack of life, the air of desolation which seemed to brood over that isolated homestead. No cheering curl of smoke came from the solitary chimney; nothing moved; not a single living creature, much less a human being, could I see anywhere.

It was with an uneasy doubt, a kind of vague foreboding, that I rode towards that silent dwelling. As I approached it, I became aware that it was not altogether so deserted as I had imagined. There was a man standing at the door,

with his shoulder to one of the side-posts, sucking a black, stubby clay pipe.

But I had not lighted upon the owner of Bronkers Springs. This was a very different type of man indeed. My uncle, according to the latest photograph I had seen of him, was somewhat shrunken in face and figure, with a longish beard, and the look of one who had gone through a lot of suffering.

The man before me was as robust and burly as a trooper of the Life Guards; and, strange to say, had something of the same cut about him too. His face was clean-shaven, with the exception of a short, soldier-like moustache; his strong, regular features were deeply tanned, and he looked as if such a thing as a pain or an ache had never fastened upon him in his life. Altogether, a self-centred, resolute, and somewhat aggressive-looking individual, in dealing with whom a stranger might do well to think twice before he ventured to bandy words.

"Hey!" he said, as I rode up, running his eye over me in a careless but rather critical manner, "you've had a bit of a soaking, comrade."

"The drift was swollen when I rode through it," I answered.

He looked at me more observantly, as if his interest was suddenly awakened.

"And who might you be seeking here?" he asked, as if he were lord and master of Bronkers Springs himself.

"My uncle—Mr. Robert Delmage," I said.

"Your uncle?" he exclaimed, with a strange inflection on the words.

"Yes," I replied. "Is he at home?"

"Oh, no!"

"Where is he, then?"

"Out on the veldt there," he said, with a jerk of his head in the direction.

"When will he be back?"

"He won't be back at all."

"Won't be back!" I cried. "Why not?"

"Because," he returned, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and stowing it away in his pocket, "we buried him a fortnight ago."

I was struck dumb by this announcement, and the singular way in which it was put. Not that it was said in a heartless or unfeeling tone, merely with a soldierly brusqueness, just in keeping with the appearance of the man. But it was none the

less a blow to me ; a shock that quite staggered me for a moment.

"Is he dead, then ?" I asked, scarcely conscious of what I said.

"Ay, dead," returned my companion, in the same matter-of-fact tone.

A chill went to my heart. Poor uncle Bob ! I had looked forward to seeing him so much ; I had counted upon being a help and a comfort to him in his declining years. And now—now—to find that he was gone ; to think of him lying out there on the lonely veldt !

The stranger must have noticed what a cruel blow it was to me, for he came across to the spot where I stood, downcast and sorrowful, by the side of my weary horse.

"Come, come," he said, in his bluff, hearty way, "'it was to be, and it is'—as our friends the Dutch say. No use being cut up about it, we must take things as we find them in this world."

It was said with some show of rough kindness, but it grated upon me nevertheless. Indeed, the man seemed somehow to rub me up the wrong way.

"You had best come away home with me, and I'll put you up for the night," he went on. "You can't stay here, you know ; there isn't a thing in the place. My name's Grendon—Max Grendon, late sergeant of the B. B. P."—from which I gathered that he had served in the Bechuanaland Border Police.

I agreed to accompany him ; indeed, there was nothing else for it. One glance around that woful place, which the gloom of evening made appear all the more deserted and lonesome, was enough to fill me with a horror of spending the night there alone.

Grendon locked the door of the house, dropped the key into his pocket, and fetched his big black horse from one of the sheds. Just as he was mounting he noticed the smear of blood upon my neck, where the Boer bullet had ripped the skin, and questioned me about it.

I told him how I had come by the scratch, and my adventure at the drift seemed to occasion him some merriment. He gave out a boisterous laugh as he swung himself into the saddle.

"That would be old Piet Becker, of Bultfontein, most likely," he said. "I know him, the rascal ! Thinks he has a perfect right to pot every *rooinek* that happens to come along—same as he would a springbok. No doubt he considered that the Lord had delivered you into his hands as a lawful spoil."

As we rode away across the veldt, I questioned him about my uncle.

"His affairs were in a bad way—a very bad way" he said. "Couldn't be much worse, in fact.

You see, when he fell into ill-health, everything went to the mischief on the farm. I did all I could for the poor fellow—helped him at a pinch, lent him money to tide over his difficulties—but he never got out of the mire. I don't believe he had a shilling to his name when he died."

This gloomy account was not calculated to raise my spirits, which were depressed enough already, Heaven knows !

"The moment he breathed his last," my companion went on, "the rascally Kaffirs scooped with everything they could lay their hands upon. The house was fairly stripped when I happened to come over one morning, and found my poor friend lying dead. Since then I have kept an eye on the place."

"And the farm ?" I asked.

"The farm," he said, raising his saddle-flap to hitch up the girth, "is mine. It's just this way, youngster. I lent your uncle a good deal of money from time to time, which he was never able to repay. It kept mounting up until it reached a tidy amount—about as much as the whole property was worth. Before he died, as he could see no way of clearing off the debt, he made the place over to me, lock, stock, and barrel. I've got the transfer at home."

It only needed this to bring me down to the dead level of misery. Here was I, cast adrift upon the world when I looked for a comfortable home, with very little money, without a friend to stand by me, and a stranger in a strange land.

"Come, come ; don't be cast down, my lad," said Grendon. "You can stay with me as long as you like ; and if you take kindly to the life out here, I may be able to do something for you. We go in for raising ostriches at my place, and have some rattling fine birds."

It was after dark when we reached his farm, for it lay five miles to the north of Bronkers Springs. The house, from what I could see of it, was a more comfortable and home-like place. The lights that glowed in the windows, the barking of dogs, and the general stir that took place as we rode up, cheered my heart a bit.

I was far too spent and done up to go into business matters with Grendon that night, though he said there was much to talk over and arrange. Next morning, as soon as we had finished breakfast, I proposed to ride over to Bronkers Springs in order to have a look round the place. My companion wouldn't hear of it, however.

When I showed a disposition to press the point, he let me see for the first time that he had a remarkably quick and rough temper, and was a man who could brook no opposition. Indeed, I couldn't well make him out that morning. Though he still appeared desirous that I should avail myself of his



IT WAS AFTER DARK WHEN WE REACHED HIS FARM.

hospitality, he evidently did not want to lose sight of me, and, on one pretence or another, kept me at his side almost the entire day. I found this restraint a trifle irksome, though I thought it better to put up with it, for he was the sort of man one doesn't like to rouse.

In the afternoon, while we were riding round the place, he suddenly proposed that we should visit the ostrich enclosures, which lay about a mile or two away from the house. I fell in with the proposal readily enough, little dreaming of what it would lead to.

When we reached the place I found a few huts scattered about there, but the Kaffirs who usually occupied them appeared to be absent. The ostrich runs consisted of great patches of the veldt enclosed with barbed wire fences, where the birds were pent up in batches according to age.

We wandered through one enclosure after another. I duly admired the sedate mothers, the fluffy chicks, eternally nibbling at the short grass, and the fine troop of young, but full-grown birds. It would have been more interesting, I thought, if I had had anyone to explain the different stages of their development, and to enlighten me regarding the plucking. But I could scarcely get a word out of Grendon; he was strangely silent, and appeared much disposed to sulk.

As we were coming away we passed a stone kraal, the walls of which were about ten feet

high, and then my companion seemed to wake up a bit.

"By the way," he said, moving towards the door which led to this enclosure, "there's something in here that you might like to see."

"What is it?" I asked.

"A magnificent cock ostrich—the monarch of the stud. Stands a good eight feet from the ground, and carries himself like a king. He is fond of making little excursions on his own account, so we have to shut him up in this kraal."

He opened the door as he spoke, and made way for me to enter. I stepped inside and looked around me.

The bird, truly a magnificent specimen, was stationed at the further end; his long, slender neck and small head poised in the air.

"That's what I call a beauty, now," said Grendon from behind me. "Take a stroll round him, and you'll see his points better. I'll be after you in a moment."

I strolled across the enclosure, towards the kingly and solitary occupant. As I did so, the ostrich turned his head sharply from side to side, and scanned me warily with one eye after another. Then, before I was quite aware of what he was up to, he began to waltz towards me in a most extraordinary and comical manner. It was really ludicrous to see this huge and gorgeous creature making such a guy of himself.

Somehow, I didn't altogether like the look of it, though, for he came on as if he had some wicked design of his own in view. I determined to beat a hasty retreat, and promptly swung round upon my heel.

Good Heavens! what was the meaning of this? Grendon had disappeared—whipped out of the enclosure while my back was turned—and had shut me in!

A patter and whizz behind me brought my head round again with a jerk. For one half-second I stood there, paralysed—transfixed. The ostrich, with outstretched neck, beak agape, and ruffled feathers, was charging down upon me with the speed of an express!

There was no time to avoid that mad rush. All I could do was to fling myself flat on the ground at the very last moment. The brute shot right over me; but, as he did so, a vicious backward kick whistled past my head. If it had caught me—well, my skull would probably have been smashed like an egg-shell!

In a second I was upon my feet, and made a dash for the entrance, yelling at the top of my voice. With the fury of despair, I hurled myself against the door, only to be shot straight back from it. It was bolted on the outside.

The bird was making for me again. I had barely time to spring on one side before the huge leg was lifted in the air, and came down with an appalling whizz within a foot or so of my head.

Good Heavens! what was I to do? To be shut up there with this infuriated, vicious creature, could only end in one way. Sooner or later, I would drop exhausted to the ground. Then, when the brute had me at his mercy, he would kick and trample me to death.

A bright thought struck me. I had my cartridge belt on, though I was without a weapon of any kind. As I kept dodging my enemy, I pulled out cartridge after cartridge until I had a good handful. Then, when I could snatch a moment, I slipped them into a bunch of mealie stalks, which I found near the entrance, hastily struck a match, and set fire to the bundle at both ends.

Keeping a wary eye upon the ostrich, I gingerly placed this improvised mine right in his way. The creature, after those first mad rushes, had

adopted quieter tactics, as if he knew he had me at his mercy, and could take his time about finishing me.

He stopped when he saw the blaze. I don't think he was afraid of it.

He seemed to be considering within himself whether he should show his contempt for it by stamping it out on the spot. While he was debating the point, I slipped away to a safe distance. And then the fireworks began.

*Bang! bang! bang!* went one cartridge after another, two or three sometimes exploding at the same moment. When it

was all over, what was left of that feathered brute wasn't of much account, you may be sure.

As for me, I heaved a heartfelt sigh of relief, and set about searching for a good-sized stone. Finding one close at hand, I promptly battered down the door, and found myself clear of that death-trap.

My horse was still hitched to the post where I had left him, but Grendon's had disappeared. Hot with resentment, I swung myself into the saddle at once, and galloped back towards the house. The one thought uppermost in my mind was the ex-trooper's abominable treachery, and I



THE BRUTE SHOT  
RIGHT OVER ME.

boiled with rage when I reflected how deftly he had lured me into that trap. Why he should have done so, why he wanted to get rid of me, was more than I could imagine.

On reaching the house a Kaffir boy informed me that his master had ridden off towards Bronkers Springs. I merely waited to get hold of my revolver before I started away after him. It was not, perhaps, exactly a wise thing to do, for I felt assured that the sight of me would not be very welcome to the burly trooper. But, thoroughly roused as I was, I wanted to come face to face with the man, and demand an explanation of his treachery.

The sun was dipping towards the horizon when I reached the farm. As I rode into the yard my heart was thumping with suppressed excitement, for I knew that my meeting with Grendon was likely to be a stormy one.

One glance round the place showed me that it was as deserted as ever. Grendon was nowhere to be seen. I dismounted, and walked across towards the house. The door was still locked. Turning away, I strayed out upon the open veldt, leading my horse by the reins.

Some few hundred yards away, where I had observed a dip in the ground the evening before, I noticed a little bank of loose earth. It must have been thrown up quite recently, for it was certainly not there when I arrived last night.

Someone had evidently been digging near the spot.

This fact puzzled and perplexed me considerably. I determined to find out what it meant, and walked across towards the hollow. Stealing up on tip-toe, I peeped cautiously over the bank.

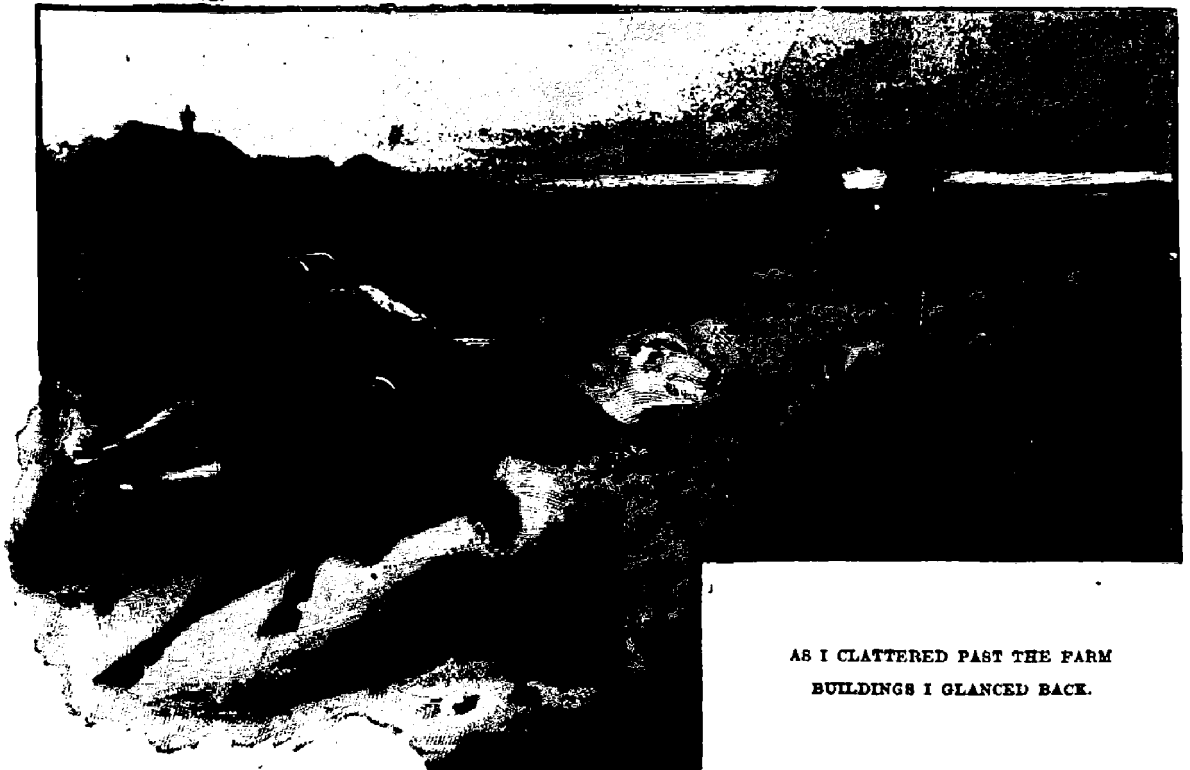
Down there was a little gully, at the bottom of which a shallow stream trickled along. The ground had been dug up in all directions; a few pickaxes and shovels were lying about, and standing ankle-deep in the water, engaged in a very curious manner, were two men—Grendon and the Free State Boer!

Each held a sort of wooden pan in his hands, half filled with muddy water. By a peculiar twisting motion the water was jerked out in little splashes, leaving a thick, slimy sediment. Then the pan was dipped in the stream, and the same process gone through again.

I stood there and watched them with my heart in my mouth. Both were so desperately intent upon their work that there was little fear of their noticing me. A vague suspicion, a faint glimmering of the truth, began to dawn upon me.

Grendon was the first to get his pan pretty clear, then he suddenly pounced upon something at the bottom, and held it up for his companion's inspection, who viewed it with a grunt of satisfaction. It was a tiny nodule of gold!

In an instant I saw it all. There was gold upon



AS I CLATTERED PAST THE FARM  
BUILDINGS I GLANCED BACK.

the land, and—and—yes! it was mine! That story about the transfer of the farm was all humbug; my uncle had left the property to me! I was the rightful owner of this wealth!

It was wonderful how the whole thing straightened itself out in my mind at once. Grendon must have made the discovery after my uncle's death, and straightway determined to get rid of me when I put in an appearance. He had evidently entered into a compact with the rascally old Boer, whom he posted at the drift for the express purpose of picking me off as I crossed. When I got through all right he lured me into that trap at the ostrich farm, and left me to my fate.

Though my blood boiled as I thought of it, I had no intention of bearding these two men alone, especially while the lust for gold was strong upon them. No; that would simply be playing into their hands. I slunk quietly away, therefore, and crept back towards my horse, determined to ride post haste to the nearest settlement and summon assistance.

Just as I jumped into the saddle in a fever to be off, and thinking how neatly I would trick them, I suddenly heard a regular bellow of rage behind me. My head went round over my shoulder in an instant, and there, on the lip of the gully, stood Grendon, threatening me with his clenched fist. The next second he vanished, plunging down into the hollow again.

I knew what he was up to. I had seen his big black horse tethered there, side by side with the hardy veldt pony of the Boer. They had no intention of letting me get away if they could help it—not they!

It was a ride for it, then?—a ride of life and death. I set my teeth hard, took a firm grip of the reins, and then, with a dig of the spurs, away I shot.

As I clattered past the farm buildings I glanced back. Grendon was thundering along after me, bending forward in his saddle, and straining every nerve to catch me up. After him came the Boer.

It was a desperate chase; a wild, mad rush

across the open veldt, that made the air whistle around me as if a stiff breeze was blowing. For a mile or two I held my lead well, and then a swift glance behind showed me that the trooper was steadily gaining.

Never in my life will I forget the sight of that struggling, straining figure, or the look in the man's face as he hammered his horse's flanks with his spurred heels. His only weapon was a stout piece of wood—the handle of a pickaxe, it looked like—which he must have snatched up at the last moment.

Clutching the revolver in my right hand, I tore madly on. And then—oh, horror!—straight in front there suddenly leaped into view a high wire fence, the boundary of the farm!

My horse could not clear it, I felt sure of that. If I put him at it and he baulked it, I was done for.

In an instant I had swerved off to the right, dragged the brute's head round, and doubled



HE SHOVELED THE WEAPON INTO HIS BEARDED, GRIMY FACE.

back. Grendon wheeled to cut me off, but I just managed to shoot past him in the nick of time.

Straight before me was the Boer. When he saw me coming, he dropped the reins on his pony's neck, raised his rifle, and let drive. The bullet found its billet, but not in me. Glancing back I saw Grendon throw up his arms, rock in the saddle, and fall headlong to the ground.

Though I had hesitated to use my revolver with Grendon, I had no compunction as far as the Dutchman was concerned. Twice he had attempted my life. As I thought of this I shoved the weapon into his bearded, grimy face, and shot him dead.

Then I took possession of what was rightfully mine—the farm and the gold upon it.

# "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE.**—We have decided to abolish the coupon system, so that readers may enter for as many competitions as they like. In future, at the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. —, Class —, Name —,  
Address —, Age —.

**CONDITIONS.**—The highest age limit is twenty-five.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. —, Class —, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by March 12th.

No. 1.—"**Patriotism.**" Three prizes of 7s. each will be awarded to the senders of the three best *prose* extracts from any author on this subject.

Class I.	...	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II.	...	Age limit: Twenty.
Class III.	...	Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 2.—"**Chess.**" See "Chess Corner."

Class I.	...	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II.	...	Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III.	...	Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 3.—"**Landscape.**" Three sets of drawing materials (including drawing-board, sketch-book, T square, pencils, indiarubber,

compasses, etc., etc.) will be awarded to the senders of the best landscapes in colour, pencil Indian ink, etc.

Class I.	...	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II.	...	Age limit: Twenty.
Class III.	...	Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—"**Girls Only.**" Three prizes:—  
(1) A handsome case of scent, manufactured by Messrs. Rimmel & Co., of London. (2) A rhinoceros-hide blotter, silver-mounted, and with initials of prize winner affixed in silver. (3) An autograph or stamp album, for either of the following (not both)—(a) A short story (not exceeding 2,000 words); or (b) an essay on "A Girl's Ideal Holiday" (not exceeding 1,000 words).

Class I.	...	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II.	...	Age limit: Twenty.
Class III.	...	Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—"**Boys Only.**" The prizes will be three cricket bats of the best make, which Mr. C. B. Fry has kindly promised to select, bearing in mind the age, height, size of chest, etc., of winners, who will be asked to supply these particulars. Subject for competition: Coast-line of Great Britain, coloured or plain, marking ports, with statements as to what each port is commercially noted for. Marks will be awarded for neatness.

Class I.	...	Age limit: Twenty.
Class II.	...	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	...	Age limit: Twelve.

No. 6.—"**All Readers.**" Three "Swan Fountain Pens" for the three best solutions of Mr. Dudeney's War Puzzle, back of frontispiece.

Class I.	...	Age limit: None.
Class II.	...	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	...	Age limit: Twelve.

**SPECIAL RULE.**—Each "Comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.





# SPECIAL PAGES.

Contributed by Readers.

A BIG pile of contributions confronts me this month, and so my "Special Pagers" must not be disappointed if I am not able to criticise—much less *print*—everything submitted. The winner of One Year's Subscription this month is CHARLES ORGAN, Mandora Barracks, Aldershot, who sends the following account of—

## A Spanish Bull-fight.

Last year, when I was at Gibraltar, I took the opportunity to visit Algeceiras, a small town on the opposite side of Gibraltar Bay. It happened to be their annual fair day; consequently, the town was crowded with many Englishmen and Spaniards. Great bills were posted up at the street corners announcing a bull-fight, so I made my way to the arena, which is on the outskirts of the town.

As the bull-fight is the Spaniard's national sport, a very great crowd had assembled at the arena; it seemed a very quiet crowd—there was no pushing or jostling, but one ran a great risk of having one's pockets picked. As it was four o'clock when I got into the arena, the performance was about to commence.

The president, having taken his seat, gives the signal, and forthwith enters the procession, which is very pretty. First come two men dressed in black velvet on horseback, then the two *espadas* in brightly coloured costumes; after these come about a dozen *picadors*, with their spikes and long leggings plated with steel, riding horses, one eye of which is blind-folded; next come the *banderillos* numbering eight, clothed in very pretty costumes; and finally, some attendants leading the horses which are to drag off the carcasses. The procession salutes the

president, and then each man takes up his respective position, except the *espadas*, who retire from the ring. The president now throws down the key of the bull's prison to one of the horse-men in black velvet, who, again saluting the president, opens the door. As soon as the bull is released he dashes out madly into the arena; at first he seems bewildered, but soon he makes for one of the *picadors*, who is ready for the attack with his long lance, with which he tries to turn the bull aside; sometimes he succeeds, inflicting a terrible wound, from which the blood streams down the poor beast's side; sometimes he fails to turn the bull aside, and the bull digs his horns into the horse and throws both rider and steed.

The other men in the ring, by waving red cloths, entice the bull away, while the horse is put on its legs again, and the fallen *picador* is helped up, as it is impossible for him to rise without assistance, owing to the weight of his plated leggings. Each bull is permitted to kill six horses, and now, each *picador* having had his turn, the carcasses of the horses are dragged

out of the arena.

The *banderillos* then enter the arena, carrying a couple of *banderillas*, which are short sticks of about two feet in length with an arrow-pointed head. The *banderillo* stands still, the bull makes a rush at him, but, quickly moving to one side, he

sticks the *banderilla* in the poor bull's shoulder. Another *banderillo* will jump over the bull almost as the animal is upon him, and another will wait sitting on a chair for the bull's charge. Some of these darts are explosive, and burst in the animal's shoulder, inflicting a nasty wound and causing great pain, but this



There was an explorer named Knollys,  
Who went to discover the pollys.  
He started on Sunday,  
But came back on Monday,  
Said he, "I'd not got enough collys."

'Knollys' is pronounced 'Knowles.']



Drawn by Reub Cohen.

is the part of the performance which is applauded most by the people. After the *banderillos* have had their turn, the *espada* comes into the arena; to him is given the task of putting an end to the animal's sufferings. He carries a long thin sword in his right hand and a red cloth in his left.

The bull now is very exhausted, and all his movements are slow, but with the red cloth the *espada* entices him to the exact spot he wishes. Now comes the final scene; everyone is perfectly silent, and all eyes are fixed on the *espada*, who, standing in front of the bull, has his arm raised; then, with a quick thrust, he plunges the sword deeply into the bull's neck. The poor beast drops instantly to the ground.

If, however, the *espada* fails to kill the bull at once, he is hissed by the audience, but the successful one is thrown all sorts of things, including hats, parasols, bottles of wine, and money. The hats and parasols he returns to their respective owners, but he keeps the wine and money.

There are generally seven bulls killed during the afternoon, and many horses, which are generally broken-down cab horses.

This is the Spaniard's national sport—a more bloodthirsty and cruel performance could not be imagined.

CHARLES ORGAN.



IN YE OLDEN TIME.

Drawn by F. C. Meredith.



FARMER (to new hand): "Hey, Tim! you counted them sheep wrong. Wasn't there a board school where you come from?"

TIM (after a thoughtful pause): "As far as I reckett, sir, there was a brick one; but no, there wasn't none made o' boards."

(Sketch by "Hay Jay.")

### Since His Time.

Captain: "Well, what do *you* want?"

Middy: "I'm the new midshipman, sir."

Captain: "The old story—fool of the family sent to sea, eh?"

Middy: "Oh, no, sir! That's all changed since your time, sir!"

JOHN CAIRNS, JUNR.

### How to Make a Hektograph.

To secretaries of athletic clubs a copying apparatus will be welcome. I therefore give here directions for making a "hektograph":—

Soak 4ozs. of common gelatine, or good glue, in cold water, till it becomes quite soft, then strain off as much water as possible. After this, heat the jar containing the glue in a saucepanful of water, until it becomes quite liquid. Add 16ozs. of common glycerine, and stir thoroughly; then pour into a tray to set. A tin biscuit-lid, made watertight, will make a very good tray. About a  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick is thick enough for the gelatine. It should then be put in a cool place to set, and in about three hours' time the press will be ready for use.

The ink can be made by mixing 3ozs. aniline dye, 1oz. glycerine, and 8 drachms of water.

If the surface of the press becomes injured, it can be remelted, and then poured back into the pan and allowed to cool.

T. H. DURRANS.

### Curiosities in Figures.

Figures are very odd things, and some odd things can be done with them. For instance, if you put down a sum of money, the pounds being more than the pence, and the whole amount under £20, and underneath it the same sum reversed, subtract the one from the other, and then reverse the last amount and add to it the previous one, the answer will always be £12 18s. 11d.

Example :—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
	10	18	6		15	17	11
Less	6	18	10	Less	11	18	3
	<hr/>				<hr/>		
	3	19	8		3	19	8
Add	8	19	3	Add	8	19	3
	<hr/>				<hr/>		
	12	18	11		12	18	11

Above £20 and under £30, the same process will give an equally certain result—£24 17s. 11d. Between £30 and £40, the process works out to £36 16s. 11d., and between £40 and £50, the result will almost infallibly be £48 15s. 11d.

ALEX. LINGFORD.

### A Fact.

Old Countryman (to friend at cricket match, "Under Fifteen v. Village Boys") : "Wot ! Call 'im a boy ! 'E's eighteen if 'e's a hinch !"

G. S. P.

### OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

Wm. E. Atwell. — (1) I hope to use your mazes in course of time. (2) Certainly, a Special Page winner may go on competing. If he is again successful I shall send him some other book.

Arnold Whitley. — Your drawing of the Old Fag going to the front is a happy idea, but unfortunately not quite good enough to reproduce.

K. S. C. — You are clearly influenced in your methods by the poets you mention. Try a simpler theme, adopting Longfellow as a model. The poems you send show poetic instinct, but no very definite idea, to be blunt, as to "what you are getting at."

A. E. Jones. — Your puzzle is ingenious, but I can't print puzzles which will necessitate "cutting" the pages in order to solve them. Puzzle demons, please note.

Judson. — You are an energetic boy, but your contributions are not quite good enough to use.

Jack Point. — Certainly you may put "S.P." after your name if a contribution of yours has appeared in these pages.

Harold P. Keeley. — Your "small tale" is far too big. To have any chance of being used contributions must be quite short. (P.S.—You seem to have had a lively time.)

J. A. Hughes. — You must send a better riddle than that if you wish to bloom forth in these pages as a riddler.

C. J. D. sends a poem called "The King of Games." The last verse strikes a lugubrious note in the second line :—

Batsmen rise above their elders,  
Some retire and others die,  
Yet the ball goes on for ever,  
And we see the wickets fly.

John Cox. — You're a real Briton !

G. H. — The young elephant is not badly done, but it is not good enough to publish.

James Ramsay. — Sentiments excellent ; metre a bit uneven.

H. G. Gurland. — Dr. Grace wouldn't feel flattered if he saw your portrait of him.

John Cairns, junr. — Joke good ; drawing deficient. Contributions to these pages cannot be returned by post.

Mollie. — A jolly letter and a jolly essay, but not quite the sort of thing. I had no idea you school-girls went in for such boisterous things as pillow fights !

A. L. Davies, John Adams, Victor C. Glenmore, A. Lingford, H. B. Thomas, Edcombe Baber, Harry Wood, A. Maunder, and "Zulu" also sent contributions.



Photograph by

AN ARMOURD TRAIN, NOW ENGAGED IN FIGHTING THE BOERS.

[Sent by A. Booth, Marlborough.]

B. W. Daney.

# THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF TERENCE MAXWELL



BY SOPHIE L. MACINTOSH.

Sketches by Ivester Lloyd.



TERENCE MAXWELL had the misfortune to be the only son of a widow. His father died when he was a baby, and his mother and Aunt Nellie brought him up in the country as well as they knew how; on rather original lines it is true, for Terry was the only boy

they had ever known.

"Believe me, ma'am," said his old nurse, herself the mother of an unruly crew, "you an' Miss Nellie is destroying that child between you. What do you two slips of girls know about boys? 'Tis romping all over the country he ought to be, tarin' the clothes off his back instead of sittin' down readin' Latin, and playing the piano all day like a lady. An' look at the shoulders of him. Wouldn't they disgrace any fine young man? Sure don't I know?" when Mrs. Maxwell tried to stem the flow of nurse's eloquence. "You're the grand scholar intirely, and teach him fine, but boys wants more than that, and they gets beyond a woman's hand when they comes to eleven or twelve, and Master Terry is fourteen. Take my advice, ma'am, and send the child to a big school, where he'll be well knocked about by others of his own kind, and learn to take his own part."

The widow groaned, but sought the earliest opportunity of talking things over with her sister.

"I am afraid she is right," said Aunt Nellie, with a sigh. "Terry is getting too old for us; 'twould be a dreadful pity if we spoiled him."

However, they agreed to defer to the judgment of Captain Standish, an old college friend of the boy's father, and from whom a visit was expected daily. They considered that he, with his wide experience of men and manners, ought to be an authority on the guidance of youth.

The visitor was met at the train by a tall, pale-faced boy in a velvet knickerbocker suit. His whole person was scrupulously neat, and he wore tan gloves stitched with black. He blushed as he came shyly up to the carriage door, and stammered out a greeting.

"Terry Maxwell? Why, of course—you have a look of your poor father. You were in petticoats when we met last—and might be still," added he, mentally, "for all the difference it makes," glancing at the long hair, sweeping a deep falling collar, the round shoulders and thin legs, that ought to have been covered with trousers long ago. "That little woman has a good deal to answer for," thought he. But his manner was frank and cordial as he touched point after point in his conversation likely to interest his young companion, while they walked the short distance to Rosebank.

"Have you much fun down here? I suppose you know a lot of fellows of your own age?"

"No, mamma does not care for me to mix with the boys here," was the prim reply.

"Then, what about football, handball, cricket, anything?"

"Mamma says they are too rough; I might get hurt. I play draughts with her or Aunt Nellie in the evenings."

"Pooh! a girl's game!" contemptuously.

Terry was silent.

"Your father was a famous cricketer, my boy. You must go to school and learn how to do the things he knew so well."

"We have pictures of him in flannels with a bat, but I never saw cricket," said Terry, rather sadly. "I suppose people do not play in the country?"

"What else can you do besides play draughts? How do you spend the winter evenings?"

"I have my work, of course. Mamma teaches me, and I can knit stockings," proudly.

The man beside him roared, and then pulled himself up when he saw Terry's face. "By Jove! he seems quite proud of his accomplishment," thought he, "but after all, it is not the poor little beggar's fault! Great Scott! What a loss his handsome, manly father was to this boy! He must go to school without delay, and learnt to do something better with his fists than knit stockings."

As soon as Terry was out of earshot, the soldier delivered his mind to the ladies. In forcible language he drew dark and fearful pictures of a boy brought up without public school discipline. "A chap must be licked into shape," said he.

"You don't mean bodily chastisement?" faltered the widow.

"Certainly! Why not?" replied he, callously.

"But my child never gave me an anxious moment!" indignantly.

"Better that he had," grunted Captain Standish. "I would rather see my son the ring-leader in every kind of mischief than have him grow up a molly-coddle. You owe it to poor Ted's son to make a man of him."

The seed thus roughly sown bore rapid fruit.

In less than a month, with many misgivings and more flannel shirts than he could wear out in a lifetime, Mrs. Maxwell dispatched her ewe lamb to a bracing school in the north called Clonrath. Here he went through the new boy's usual baptism of fire. They "hopped" him at night, an ingenious form of torture in which the victim is tossed out of bed when asleep, and wakes suddenly from dreaming of earthquakes. They played every known trick on him day by day, until at last the prefects interfered. But,

in spite of his soft up-bringing, the boy had some of his father's grit in him, for to his mother he never complained. Nevertheless, he felt that all at once he was plunged alone into an unknown world, where the language and customs were strange to him. Once or twice it was borne in on the minds of his tormentors that the day was fast approaching when Maxwell would not be so easy a prey, for a flashing eye and a reddening cheek are storm signals to the wary.

Meanwhile, the women at home felt lost without their boy. Letters were eagerly looked for, and at the end of a week Terry wrote:—

MY DEAR MAMMA,—This is the very first letter I ever penned in all my life. I have already been two hours trying to make it worthy of you, and have destroyed many sheets of paper. This, I fear, will not be much better.

I do not care for the society of boys. They are very rough and rude in their manners, besides being sometimes ungrammatical in speech.

They bang doors and whistle on the stairs when they can do so unobserved. As you never permitted this, it strikes me all the more forcibly.

I am sorry to tell you that none of the fellows in my dormitory brush their hair properly.

Nobody here but me wears gloves. They are very keen on football, and quite excited when they talk about the cup which they play for every year. Sometimes they lose it, and then the whole school mourns until they get it back again. The thing is worshipped like a heathen idol. I shall never like football. I went to see a match yesterday, and I got quite sick. One fellow was hurt, and his nose bled; he was a horrid sight. It is well that you and Aunt Nellie were not there; it would have frightened you. He has a black eye too, and is not one bit ashamed. When the Head saw it to-day, he only laughed and said, "First blood for the cup; one black eye is better than two, old man." I was surprised, I thought that a person of his class would be disgusted. I like Mr. Hazel, the master who teaches my class, he is a great favourite with all the boys; but that is because he is an international half-back (an obscure football term), not on account of his scholarship, though he took an excellent degree in Cambridge. He is a tall, thin, brown man, with bright blue eyes and a pleasant laugh. He plays hockey, too. The school is quite proud of him.

The Head praised my prose to-day and asked me where I learnt Latin. I told him that you taught me all I knew; he really was astonished. I am sure you would never wish me to play football. I have not spent any of my half-sovereign yet. Love to Aunt Nellie and nurse.—Your affectionate son,

TERENCE MAXWELL.

Mr. Hazel dropped into a class-room one day, and promptly evicted Maxwell.

"Don't you know that you are not allowed to work in the afternoon?" said he.

Terry blushed all over his good-looking boyish face.

"Please, sir, I thought it was optional."

"Get your cap and go out to the field."

"Please, sir, I do not know how to play any games."

"Well, you can learn, I suppose?"

"I'll go for a walk instead, sir. May I get my cap and gloves?"

"Gloves be hanged!" Strange language for a classic, thought Terry.

"Don't argue," added the master, sternly.

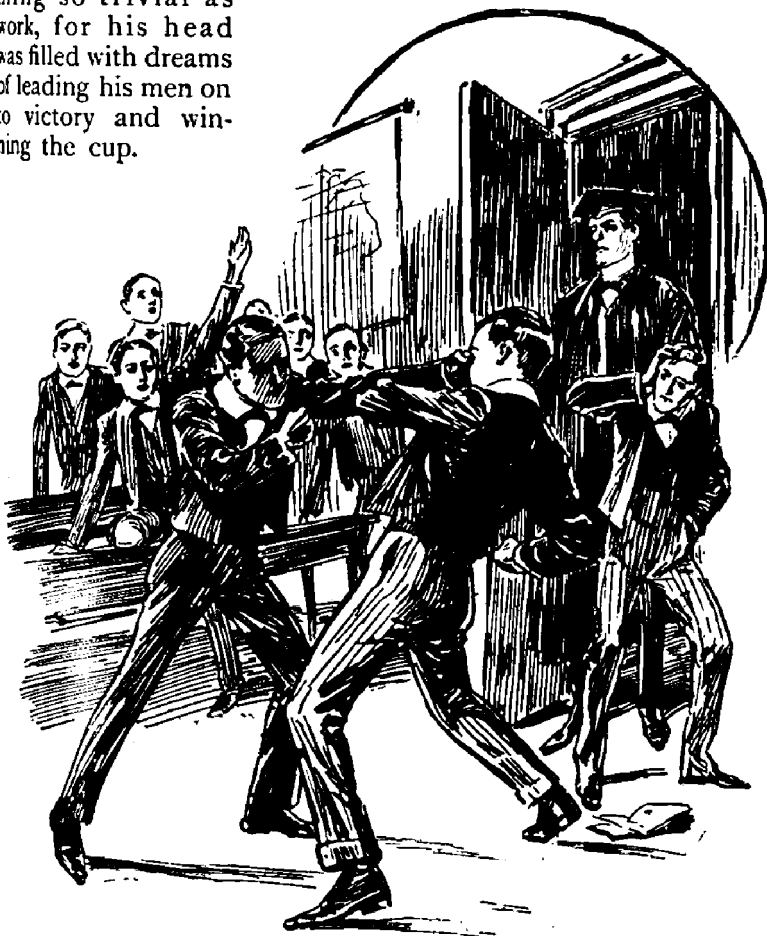
Then, going to the window, Mr. Hazel threw it open. "Kennedy, Kennedy, come here, I say."

A stoutly built boy, with a blunt, honest face and freckles came running up in response to his call.

"Take Maxwell out, and show him how to kick a ball," said he; "or, better still, put on the gloves with him—he likes gloves," added the young man, with a laugh.

"Decent little chap, and works like a nigger," reflected Hazel, as he watched the boys cross the field. "Pity that his mother has had the spoiling of him for so long, but there's good stuff in him; he'll do better than Kennedy."

And indeed the two boys were of a very different stamp. Kennedy brought himself up quite on a level with his father, whom he criticised freely; he offered him excellent advice on every subject, from the proper way to invest his money down to the latest thing in neck-ties, and how to part his hair. Kennedy held the proud position of captain of the cup team, and just at present never thought of anything so trivial as work, for his head was filled with dreams of leading his men on to victory and winning the cup.



"GO IT, MAXWELL! LAMB INTO HIM!" WERE THE WORDS MR. HAZEL HEARD AS HE OPENED THE DOOR.

Terry returned from that first lesson with a colour in his face, and the light of battle in his bright eyes. And thenceforward, every day that the captain had a moment to spare from training his little crowd on the football field, he put on the gloves and good-naturedly hammered his school-fellow until they both had had enough of it.

But no one succeeded in teaching Maxwell football. It was really rather a pity that he could not be got to take an interest in the game, for in spite of circumstances he was well shaped and tall, with sturdy legs and good strong arms. Meanwhile, he worked hard at his books, and before Christmas was head of the class, and held up as a shining light by all the masters.

The practical jokers had dropped off, all but one, a youth called Fangs by his comrades, on account of his long, yellow teeth. Fangs was very unattractive, and regarded by his fellows with a mixture of dislike and respect. Dislike, because he was a bully and a sneak; respect, because he had not yet been licked. This was mainly owing to the fact that hitherto he had had the discretion not to insult his match. To Fangs, Terry Maxwell seemed fair game; no one ever saw that youth use his fists.

But the downfall of the bully was near. After the vacation something occurred that changed the entire plan of Terry's school life. An unfortunate little chap whose parents were in India came to the school. He was always whimpering, his face was permanently dirty, and his whole person was permanently untidy. For some occult reason he attached himself to Maxwell. It seemed to young Ryan that there was no one so wise, strong, so altogether interesting as this big boy. He wriggled up to him in study, and tried to sit beside him in church. His liking was not returned; Ryan's personality was an offence to Terry's innate sense of cleanliness. The little wretch was always snivelling, but the strong must not refuse protection to the weak, and fair play is a jewel.

One evening in study, during the temporary absence of the master on duty, Ryan sidled up to his hero. Suddenly a book,

thrown by Fangs, and intended for Ryan, came whizzing across the room, and struck Terry in the face.

Someone laughed nervously. Now, that kind of laughter from his comrades was the one thing that Terry felt he could not tolerate. He was rapidly developing. Crimson with rage, he cleared the desk, and before anyone knew what was happening, he had knocked the bully down. In a moment the whole room was in a tumult.

"Serve you jolly well right. Go it, Maxwell! Lamb into him!" were the words Mr. Hazel heard a minute later as he opened the door on a mob of boys yelling like savages, and too excited to notice him, kicking, struggling, fighting with each other in a frenzied attempt to get near the combatants.

Hazel's "Silence!" fell like a thunderclap in their midst. Miles of "impot." for everybody was the result. Terry had half killed Fangs, and with one bound jumped into popularity. The whole school rejoiced, and that night the conqueror, looking rather dilapidated, with a cut lip and a very game eye, was chaired round the dormitories to a *sotto voce* rendering of "For he's a jolly good fellow." The sudden admiration of his comrades had a curious and unlooked-for effect on Terry. Next day he was seen surreptitiously taking a kick at goal with partial success, and enthusiasm for football grew apace. The novice turned out regularly to the football practices; he began to look with a loving and proprietary eye on the cup, high up in its cabinet in the big schoolroom. Experienced veterans of his own age watched his play and predicted a great future for him. He ran, he dodged, he tackled, he caught the ball with the fearlessness and dexterity of an old hand; his progress was so rapid that when the great day arrived for the election of the cup team, Terry Maxwell went on as half without a single dissentient vote. So much for heredity.

Clonrath and the school they had to meet were about equally matched. Experts said that Clonrath had the greater skill, but then Farnham had more weight. The game was to be played on a ground strange to both.

It was a bright frosty morning towards the end of January. Outside Clonrath gate the two-horse brake waiting to convey the fifteen to the field of battle was drawn up, and beside it the entire school, to give them a good send-off.

The Head stood on the steps, giving Kennedy a last word of caution and advice. A captain's position is a responsible one, and Kennedy looked grave as he climbed soberly into his seat.

"Now, boys, three cheers for the team. Hip, hip, hurrah! Three cheers for the captain. Hip, hip, hurrah!"

"Three cheers for Maxwell," piped a shrill voice, and young Ryan, grown bold since the day of Fangs' defeat, pushed his way cheekily to the front. "Hip, hip, hurrah!" The horse pawed wildly and sprang forward, followed by a crowd of yelling kids, who intended to be on the ground as fast as their short legs would carry them.

No function for the year aroused so much interest and excitement in the town as the "Schools' Cup" matches. A vast crowd filled the stand and gathered all round the ropes. Many of them were the fathers and mothers of the players, and elder brothers, who in their time had played for the cup, and loved "the old pot" with an undying affection.

A burst of applause greeted the teams, as, clean built and smart looking, they ran on the ground, Kennedy carrying the ball. Clonrath won the toss, and the captain, who, in addition to his other virtues, possessed that excellent quality in a commander of always knowing his own mind, elected to take the kick-off.

Maxwell was cold and white with excitement. It was his first big match, and when the teams lined out he felt that he had the most conspicuous and dangerous post on the field, and was the last man fit to fill it.

The halves of the opposing teams were short, sturdily-built fellows, and it flashed through Maxwell's brain that he was absurdly slight and lanky when compared with them and Kennedy, who was his partner.

However, he had very little time to think of his feelings.

His *début* was anything but a success. The ball was hardly in play five minutes when he missed a splendid pass given to him by Kennedy from a pick-up outside the maul.

"Keep your head! What the dickens are you doing?" shouted his captain, as Maxwell fumbled the ball through sheer nervousness. Too late! It was swept away by the enemy, dribbled down the field, and a try got before Clonrath could draw a breath. Here the captain's language is unfit for publication, and during the interval allowed for the kicking of a goal the unlucky half heard himself heartily abused by all the backers of his school.

Even Mr. Hazel hit him when he was down. "Badly played, indeed!" he called out.

"Now, Maxwell, make up for that rotten miss!" shouted a small boy from the railings, and the crowd laughed. It was a horrid sell, but as play began again Terry set his teeth, determined to wipe out the disgrace or die in the attempt. Farnham had failed to convert the try, but were three points ahead of Clonrath.

And now began the hottest part of the match.

The triumphant Farnham were playing a fast and vigorous game. Time and again Clonrath brought the ball down the field and mauled nearly on the enemy's goal-line, only to be driven back at the moment of victory by the splendid defence of their opponents.

Kennedy was desperate. He felt that his team were beginning to lose heart when they found it impossible to score. Meanwhile Terry was playing like a demon, and doing yeoman service. He stuck to the ball as if he were tied to it, and several times won the sudden approval of the crowd when, by a clever pass or tackle, he saved his school from further disaster.

The excitement was intense when the whistle blew for half-time, and no fresh score had been got.

During the interval the crowd surged on to the ground watching the teams suck lemons as they lay on the grass. Men who had never played a game in their lives, criticised the defence and attack, and told the players exactly what to do in order to win the match.

At the kick-off, excitement had risen to fever point amongst the spectators. The shouting of high school-boy voices became continuous.

"Play up, Farnham!" "Go on, Clonrath!" was heard from every part of the ground as the crowd watched breathlessly the two twisting, struggling, panting lines of boys.

For about a quarter of an hour it looked as if there would be no more scoring that day. Then suddenly Clonrath began to press. They got the ball into the enemy's country and kept it there. Farnham showed signs of fatigue, for heavy teams do not last out as well as their lighter rivals.

About ten minutes before the end they lined up within Farnham's twenty-five, the ball was thrown out crooked, owing to the wind, a maul formed, broke up fast, and then a loose rush—Maxwell ran through the crowd, dribbled the leather over the line, and fell on it.

A wild roar of joy broke from his friends, and the full-back turned cartwheels on the grass. A hush of suspense followed, while the interest in the match itself was momentarily swallowed up in anxiety to see if Clonrath would get a goal.



THE TWO CRASHED TOGETHER AND FELL  
WITH A SICKENING THUD OVER THE  
LINE.

No; the ball rose with a whirr from a splendid kick by the long-legged centre three-quarter, but the contrary wind knocked it sideways against the post. No goal.

They were a try each now, and five minutes more to play.

"Go on, Clonrath; show what you're made of!" "Buck up, Farnham; 'tis nobody's game yet!"

Again the lines were formed, and the opposing forwards, locked together, hurled their weight against each other, while their heels fought like wild cats for possession of the ball.

"Shove, Farnham!" "Play up, Clonrath!"

Clonrath got it, and the rocking, whirling mass of humanity swung round and divided. Farnham forwards looked dead beat; they were breathing heavily, and another maul would see the end of them.

Then there was a loose rush led by Kennedy. Picking up the ball without slackening speed, he passed to Maxwell, who was running nearly neck and neck with him, but just far enough



behind to save the accusation of "pass forward." Terry snapped the leather cleverly, and, holding it in front of him with both hands, he made a feint to pass, and was away down the field in a flash. The teams swept after him like a swarm of bees, but nearest was his own captain. The latter was soon out-distanced by a big forward from the enemy's lines, who overtook Terry and tackled him. They went down together, but Terry's light weight stood him in good stead; he wriggled away from the detaining grasp on his leg, leapt nimbly over his foe, and, without ever losing hold of the ball, raced on.

There was one more dangerous obstacle. The full-back, quick and lithe as a cat, bore down on him. Terry was nearly played out, but he made a final spurt—his breath was coming in great sobs, and the goal-posts in front of him were a blurred mass. Two paces from the white line the full-back ran into him. Terry put down his head to receive the coming onslaught, and the two crashed together and fell with a sickening thud over the line. But Terry was underneath with the ball tightly held.

Then a mighty roar, like the sea, rent the air, and cheers rang out from every part of the field—for Clonrath had reached their desired haven, and won the Cup Match.

But at first the hero of the hour heard none of the rejoicing. When he came to himself, water was being dashed over his face, and there was a crowd around him.

"Who won?" asked he, anxiously.

"We did," answered half a dozen voices. "Listen to that!"

"Three cheers for Maxwell. Hip, hip, hurrah!"

Terry felt somewhat embarrassed as he put on his coat and left the field, pursued by a riotous crowd thumping him on the back and shaking hands excitedly. Good old Terry!

Mrs. Maxwell received a letter a day or two later, by which she was deeply impressed. When she had read it, she laid it down, and gasped out one word—"Disgraceful!"

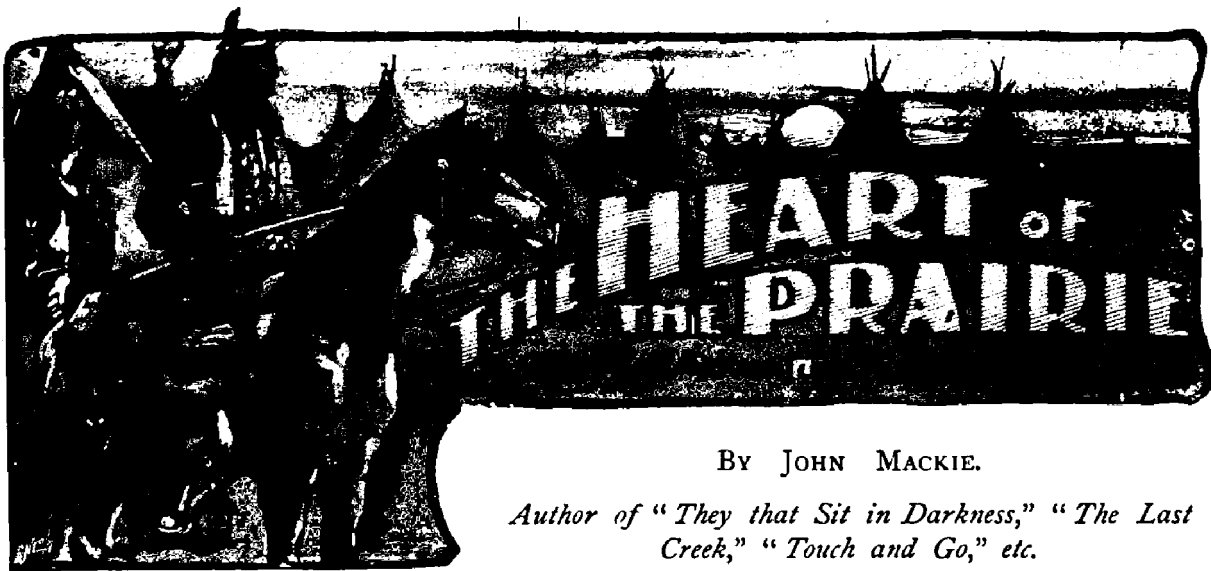
MY DEAR MATER,—I hope you will be able to read this. I am writing with my *right hand*, as the other got a wipe yesterday at football. But what does it matter? What does anything matter? for we won the Cup Match, and knocked spots out of Barnham. They must be jolly sick to-day, poor beggars! for we beat them by a little fluke just at the end. I enclose a paper with an account of the picnic. Clonrath made them sit up, by Jove! Not just at first, though. Your little son began by making a beastly ass of himself, and nearly gave the whole show away, and was hooted by the crowd. I missed a clean pass in the rottenest manner through sheer funk. You don't tumble to "pass?"

Never mind, you shall know all about it the next time I am at home. If you and Aunt Nellie had seen the fellows play yesterday, you would have been flabbergasted. All the chaps had their mothers and pet girls out, wearing the colours of the old shop. You must come up and yell at the next—it will make your hair curl. How the kids belovew! There's not a fellow in the school that can speak above his breath to-day, and the masters are just as bad. Rugby is a glorious game—there's nothing like it, and a chap can work so much better after being knocked about a bit. Excuse blots. My blooming left hand is a putrid fraud. *Floreat Clonrath!*—Your affectionate son,

TERRY.



"Floreat Clonrath!"



BY JOHN MACKIE.

*Author of "They that Sit in Darkness," "The Last Creek," "Touch and Go," etc.*

Illustrated by Stewart Browne.

SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—XX.)

WALTER DERRINGHAM, an orphan, runs away from home, leaving behind him his one friend in the world, Muriel Wray. On arriving in London, Walter chases and captures a pickpocket who has stolen a gold watch from a gentleman in evening dress. The gentleman proves to be a Canadian cattle-farmer, Mr. Dunbar, who offers Walter a crib on his ranche in the wild North-west prairie country. Walter accepts the offer, and accompanies Mr. Dunbar to Canada. Nearing the ranche whilst passing through a valley, the party is attacked by hostile Indians. Dunbar and Derringham, after a savage encounter with the red men, obtain the assistance of a neighbouring rancher and his cow-boys, and also that of the mounted police. After various tactics have been employed by both sides, one Indian is captured, but the notorious outlaw, "Make-Thunder," escapes. Derringham accompanies Dunbar to the latter's ranche, and settles down to his work. One Sunday Derringham goes off with Broncho Pete—a cow-boy—to explore a mysterious locality in that neighbourhood known as the Land of the Lost Spirits—this being the place, according to the superstitions of the red men, to which "bad" Indians are consigned when they die. Exploring forwards, Broncho Pete and Derringham come suddenly upon an illicit whiskey distillery, owned by an outlaw named Campbell, a member of whose band is the bad Indian, Make-Thunder. Pete and Derringham narrowly escape being shot on sight. The smugglers imprison them and set a guard over them. Laying their heads together, the prisoners determine to escape. In the silence of the night they loosen the stones of the window and prepare to decamp. All goes well with them until they accidentally set fire to the huts. A chase ensues, but just as the smugglers are close on the fugitives, Mr. Derringham and the mounted police arrive. A combat takes place, and the smugglers are routed.

CHAPTER XXI.

AFTER THE STORM.

THE smugglers had at first made a bold resistance, a regular hand-to-hand fight taking place. At last, however, they were overpowered, but not before several casualties had taken place. Two policemen and one cow-boy had been badly wounded, while a couple of the

desperadoes had been shot dead, and the others more or less injured.

The two dead desperadoes, by descriptions in the possession of the police, were identified as notorious outlaws from the States. Over the heads of each had hung warrants for apprehension on charges of murder. I was glad to hear that our late gaoler, Jim, and Pierre had only been slightly wounded. As nothing of a criminal nature was known against these two, save their smuggling transactions and their resisting the police under arms, it was more than likely that they would get off with a limited term of imprisonment in Stony Mountain Penitentiary, Manitoba.

And all this time Muriel Wray's letter was in my possession, and unopened. I was simply dying to know what it contained; but still, such had been the stirring sequence of events, that it was impossible to snatch five minutes for its perusal. Besides, I wanted to be quite alone when reading it—in some place where I would be free from all distractions. As soon as we had finished our much-needed meal, I made my way quickly towards my old prison house, the cave.

Seating myself on an old tarpaulin, I took out the letter and read.

It began by saying how glad she was to receive the letter I had written her on my arrival at the ranche, and how fortunate Mr. Dunbar and myself must have been to escape the ambush of the Indians as we did. Of course, she had told my uncle everything about my running away, not forgetting her own share in the matter. At first he was undoubtedly distressed, although he did not say much before

the other members of his family. He had gone back to his books, but could evidently get no comfort even from them. He had come to her and said that, if I would not come back, I might at least be all the better for some money; and he had handed her a substantial sum, saying that there was no need of anyone knowing anything about it. But the girl had declined the money, saying that she did not think I stood in any immediate need of it. There could be no doubt, she wrote, that my Uncle Gilbert was very fond of me, although it was not in his nature to show it. There were other members of the family, she hinted—and I believe she was having a sly dig at me—who were not far behind him in that respect.

And then came the most extraordinary news of all—a piece of news that fairly took away my breath, and seemed to change my entire worldly outlook. Why she kept it back to the very last, as if it were merely of minor importance, it would be difficult to say—unless the mysterious and seemingly contradictory workings of a woman's mind can account for it.

Did I remember the apparently worthless shares that my father had left me in a gold mine at Charles Tower, in Queensland? They had been doing nothing but spending money on that mine for years, sinking a shaft to try and strike some reef. Well, they had struck it at last, and a great reef it was—three feet thick, and full of gold. The shares that before were hardly worth holding had gone up to fabulous prices in the market, and my uncle calculated that I was now worth £20,000, at the very least. He was writing to me himself, and my aunt had graciously said that now I could come home if I liked, and they would try and make things comfortable for me.

I laid the letter down, and it was some time before I could quite realise its import. A few days ago a penniless boy—to-day, one with independent means! Had I not much for which to be thankful? But without experience of life and knowledge of the world there were the dangers of money—as my girl friend had pointed out. If I could not realise to the full the truth of this myself, I knew that what she said must be right—she had always been right, and her motives were

disinterested. Truly, her friendship was something more precious than gold!

## CHAPTER XXII.

### SIoux INDIANS ON THE WAR-PATH.

It was with a light heart I left the island next day, in the last boat, with the Inspector, Waller, and Colin Dunbar. It was difficult to think that only a few weeks before Pete and I had approached it, as curious as two children, with our stolen boat. So much had happened since then that I seemed at least a couple of years older.

The boats were hauled up high and dry by the troopers and covered with a huge tarpaulin. It was more than likely they would again be wanted in the spring. Then began our rough march over the rock and pine-covered plateau to the subterranean ravine that led down from



MY UNCLE CALCULATED THAT I WAS NOW WORTH £20,000.

the Land of the Lost Spirits into the free and boundless prairie country. At last we stood on the long high ridge, like the ruins of a mighty wall, that stretched right on to where we would strike our point of egress. It was close upon sunset when we stood on the termination of the ridge directly above the ravine, and saw stretching out before us, like a huge coloured map, the open dun-coloured prairie. There was nothing there to shut out God's sunlight or break the course of the wandering winds as they strayed over countless leagues of rustling grasses and nodding prairie flowers—nothing, save the narrow fringe of cotton-wood trees and wolf-willow that marked the presence of some erratic creek, the haunt of the musk-rat and the beaver. How my heart went out to that great, grassy wilderness where the horizon line blended with the blue, and there were no cruel cliffs hemming one in, significant of captivity!

We dropped through the large hole at the bottom of the ravine, and wended our way by candle-light down through the long galleries and tortuous passages, until at last we stood at the foot of the crag on the bare hill-side. In another quarter of an hour we stood on the site of our old camp on the creek bottom. Here we found a couple of drays and the cook's wagon awaiting us. As, however, the police horses occupied the little valley, Colin Dunbar and Waller resolved to move a couple of miles or so further down the creek and camp on the open prairie, where the two mobs of horses could be kept well apart, and there would be sufficient grass for each. To my great delight I found my old stock-horse Barney in the mob. My saddle and bridle were also intact in the wagon. The rancher told me he had felt so sure all along that I would turn up again, that he had my belongings kept, so that I could find them the same on my return. The only injudicious thing that perhaps he had done was to write to my uncle in the old country, acquainting him of my disappearance. He had, however, considered it his duty to do so. When we got to the ranche that could be remedied by sending a letter on to Maple Creek by special messenger.

We moved in a body down the creek after saying good-bye to our good friends the police, and pitched our camp for the night. We were up the next morning at daybreak; the wounded cow-boys were put in the wagons and we began our homeward journey. What a glorious thing it was to be again in the saddle; to feel a good horse pulsating with life underneath one, and to experience that sense of exhilaration and buoyancy which only the boundless expanse and ozone-charged air of the prairie seem to give!

The rancher and I rode on ahead. There was no trail, only the springy prairie grass under our horses' feet, with here and there a bunch of sage-bush. At last the prairie began to get more broken and to roll away in a series of heights and hollows, or, as the cow-boys would have expressed it, in "buttes" and "coullees." The sky was clear as any vaunted Italian one, and the day being cool we made good progress. Indeed, so fresh were our horses that before long the fact dawned upon us that we must have left the wagons and the cow-boys far behind. The rancher had fortunately told them to camp punctually at noon under any circumstances, and lest, as we had anticipated, we found ourselves to be far in advance of the main body, we had taken the precaution of putting some cold meat and bread in our wallets.

It must have been about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and we had been jogging along side by side for some time in silence, when suddenly I caught sight of something on the opposite side of a little valley, that made me draw up quickly and utter an exclamation.

"What's the matter, Derringham?" asked the rancher, who apparently had been deep in some day-dream.

"Look over there," I exclaimed, "on the other side of the coullee—Indians!"

The rancher also pulled up, and shading his eyes with one hand looked long and anxiously.

On the brow of the valley were two picturesque figures on horse-back: Indians in the full glory of war-paint and feathers. The air was so clear that we could see them quite distinctly. Great plumes of eagles' feathers stood up crest-like over their long braided locks; white ermine tails dangled from the breasts and sleeves of their crimson flannel shirts, heavily ornamented with blue, yellow, and red beadwork. Their loose leggings were fringed and beautified in a like fashion. Both Indians, who sat as still as statues, had long rifles slung across their shoulders.

"Sioux Indians on the war-path!" exclaimed the rancher. "What on earth are they doing over on this side the lines? Up to some mischief, I'll be bound. Let's ride towards them, but keep a wary eye in your head, and your revolver ready."

The rancher waved his hand as if in greeting to the Indians, and headed his horse down the valley. But they evidently had no intention of being interviewed, for turning round they galloped off eastward. When we reached the brow of the hill they were almost out of sight. The rancher seemed not a little perplexed and troubled.

"I can't quite make it out," he observed.

"I never saw Sioux Indians come over here yet but what there was trouble. Either it was to stir up the Cree and Assiniboine Indians to disaffection, or it was to massacre the whites, or get some scalps from the Blood, Piegan, or Sarcee Indians. I can't think that those chaps we saw are alone. It's more than likely they are merely scouts sent out from some main body. We'd better go cautiously."

How true his words were we were not long in finding out. We kept our spirited horses well in hand, and moved along more slowly, keeping a good look-out the while. We had just reached the top of a little ridge, when, all at once, a sight that filled us with wonder and apprehension met our eyes. It was a great body of mounted Sioux Indians on the war-path. They were coming towards us in one long, straggling line—one, two, and three deep. The braves came first, resplendent in all their gorgeous and barbaric panoply of war. About half a mile behind came their camp followers, driving their *traveaux*, which consisted of a couple of poles slung across the back of a pony, the ends trailing on the ground, with cross-pieces on which rested their camping paraphernalia. A large number of half-wild dogs slunk after the cavalcade.

It was a picturesque sight—the savage redman of the prairie amid his natural surroundings. When we caught sight of them the foremost of the Indians was not more than a quarter of a mile distant. So struck and surprised were Colin Dunbar and myself by such a large body of warriors, that for a good couple of minutes we stood stock still in speechless wonder and admiration. For the moment we hardly paid any attention to the fact that at sight of us a number of braves broke away from the main body, urging their horses in our direction. The first thing that brought us to our senses, and a knowledge of our impending danger, was the *ping* of a rifle and a bullet that whistled over our heads. In another moment the scene was almost indescribable.



"RIGHT WHEEL ABOUT, AND BACK THE WAY WE CAME."

Brandishing their rifles over their heads, and whooping and yelling for all the world like a pack of hounds in full cry, a score or more of Indians came on at full gallop; their small wiry ponies covering the ground in a truly marvellous fashion. *Ping, ping, ping!* And as they sat in the saddle they levelled their rifles at us and fired. Fortunately their bullets went wide.

"By Jove, Derringham!" exclaimed the rancher, "I reckon we'd better get back to dinner at the camp. These chaps don't seem hospitably inclined. Right wheel about, and back the way we came. Our good bronchos can lay their cayuses long odds, anyhow."

We turned our horses, and, giving them their heads, started off at a rattling pace.

"There's no particular need to hurry, Derringham," observed the rancher. "All we've got to do is just to keep a certain distance in front, and we can easily do that; there's no

necessity to play our horses out. We'll be at the camp in less than an hour from now. The only thing which troubles me is that there are too many Indians about for our lot; there must be at least a couple of hundred fighting men amongst them."

This was exactly what was troubling me, for our camp did not number more than twenty men all told, and if the Sioux were bent on mischief it was extremely unlikely that the cow-boys could withstand such overwhelming odds.

Shoulder to shoulder galloped our horses, with long easy strides. They seemed as fresh as when they had set out in the morning. Down valleys and up hill-sides they tore as if possessed, and gloried in the doing of it. How their feet clattered over the stony water-courses, and how they leapt clear of the treacherous wash-outs, as if in sheer wantonness! And ever we could hear the hound-like yelp and whoop of the red men as they followed behind us, urging their ponies on to the pursuit with heels and quirt.\* Every now and again some enterprising spirit amongst them would send a bullet whizzing over our heads, an earnest of what we might expect on getting within range.

"Stay with it, Derringham," cried Colin Dunbar to me cheerfully, "we've got them well in hand. It doesn't hurt us and it amuses them, so what's the odds? We'll be at the camp in no time, and that will give these jokers a bit of a surprise. They're not going to lift our scalps just yet awhile."

I think Colin Dunbar, when in what some men would call a fix, was one of the coolest hands I ever met. Turning in my saddle at the brow of a hill I looked back, expecting to see that some of our pursuers had dropped out of the running. But to my no little surprise and consternation I found that, so far from such being the case, their numbers had been considerably augmented. There were at least fifty Indians in pursuit, and they were now closer upon us than I had imagined. Away in the distance, across the valley some few miles off, I could see the main body cantering up.

"I think we'd better put on a spurt, sir," I ventured. "If you look back I think you'll see they mean business."

He looked, and gave expression to his feelings in a low whistle.

"This is slightly more than I bargained for, Derringham," he remarked. "By Jove! I don't know that if, when the main body comes up, they won't be too many for our boys. This is getting serious. Let's get a rustle on."

It was, as he had said, more than he had bargained for. He had, with his men, gone through fighting enough within the last few days to satisfy the most sanguinary-minded of men. Two cow-boys at that very moment lay badly wounded in his wagons, and now a bloody battle with one of the most warlike tribes of Indians on the North American continent was imminent. It never rained but it poured! At any other time, with sides less out of proportion, he would rather have enjoyed the excitement than otherwise. As for myself, I confess I did not care about that bloodthirsty pack at my heels. Still, I had faith in my horse, Barney, under me, knowing full well that as yet I had not pushed him, and he was comparatively fresh. He was always considered one of the "stayers" on the ranche.

And now we urged our steeds with voice and boot, and away they flew over the brown prairie. It was neck against leather truly, for should a horse stumble, or a cinch-strap give, it would be all up with us, and our scalps would dangle at the girdle of a Sioux warrior.

"Stay with it, Barney, and make sure of your footing, old boy!"

*Ping! ping! ping!* And the astonished Sioux, when they found that we had been merely playing with them in the matter of racing, and that they were being left behind, set up a series of wild howls, and blazed away at us with their rusty rifles.

"If only the mounted police hadn't left us," exclaimed Colin Dunbar, as we ran neck for neck, "we'd give them such a dressing-down as they never got in their lives. That's what they want badly, and unless they get it now they'll do it again."

And then when we rounded a little ridge, and when we least expected it, we rode right on to our camp, where the cow-boys were having dinner.

"We're all right now," I cried, reining in my horse.

"I'm not so sure of that," remarked Colin Dunbar, grimly; "they're five to one!"

"I wonder if the mounted police are still at their old camp?" I said.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### A RIDE FOR LIFE.

As Colin Dunbar and I galloped into the camp the cow-boys, seeing at once that some-

\* Short whip.

thing was wrong, sprang to their feet and grasped their rifles. Their horses were quietly grazing on a good patch of grass on the other side of the creek; being hidden by a thick belt of cotton-wood trees, they fortunately escaped the keen eyes of the Indians.

"Now, then, boys," cried Colin Dunbar, as he drew up, "here's the Sioux down upon us. Draw up these drays and that wagon, so as to form three sides of a square. Take out the tail-boards and anything at all that will serve to make an inch of cover, and let those fellows see that one white man is worth a dozen Indians any day."

In a moment all was hurry and bustle. The two wounded men were lifted out of the drays and placed in the middle of the square. Four men ran some couple of hundred yards to the belt of cotton-wood trees, and returned with a couple of large logs, which they laid on the ground. The tail-boards were fixed in position by means of an axe and some tent-pegs, and every preparation for a laager was speedily made. Colin Dunbar had jumped off his horse and was himself assisting.

An idea had suggested itself to me, and its origin was in the question I had asked the rancher as to whether he thought the police had yet moved their camp or not. Colin Dunbar had said he feared the Indians might prove too many for the cow-boys, which, of course, meant that he considered a wholesale massacre not improbable. If the police had not shifted camp they were not more than ten miles away at that moment. There were between twenty and

thirty of them, and if they could only come to the rescue, they would give the Sioux such a lesson as they never had before. For even the sight of a red-coated mounted policeman is more than enough for most Indians. Being all men of superior physique, splendid riders, good shots, and mostly dare-devils, the red-man

has found to his cost more than once that he was not to be played with. What was to prevent me going back to our old camp in search of them, and bringing them to the assistance of the cow-boys? The latter could at least hold out for some hours, and in less than two I would be back again.

It would be a risky thing to do, truly, for if the police had shifted camp and I could not pick up their trail quickly, the chances were that the Indians, some of whom were pretty sure to follow me up, would eventually run me down. But it was better to risk my life in a cause that commended itself to all that was best in me, than to remain inactive and perhaps witness the total extinction of our party. I knew that if she, my girl friend, whose good opinion I had of late at least striven to deserve, were asked to decide upon my course of action, she would unhesitatingly have told me to think of others first, even if it carried with it my death sentence.

My mind was made up

— I would delay no longer. Going over to where Pete was, I briefly communicated to him my intentions, and turned my horse's head so as to be off before they could stop me. As I rode away I could hear Pete stammer out:—

"I say! Look here, Wally, old stocking—"  
The rancher cried:—



A RACE FOR LIFE.

"Derringham, where in all the earth are you going to?"

"To the police camp for help," I shouted back. "Barney's fresh, and I'll be there in no time. Stand them off till I come back."

Just at that moment I heard a wild series of whoops, and looking over my shoulder saw a large body of Indians come sweeping round a wave-like piece of rising ground at full gallop. They did not make straight for the laager of the cow-boys, but, as is the custom in Indian warfare, they spread out in single file in order to close in upon their intended victims by describing a series of ever-narrowing circles round the camp. Their horsemanship was admirable. Some of them seemed to lie flat on their bare-backed steeds, while others, twining their long legs round the necks of their ponies, leant back on the near side, and fired shot after shot at the enemy, so that from the camp the riders could hardly be detected. And all this while they were riding at full gallop! Then I heard the ring of Colin Dunbar's Winchester, and I had the satisfaction of seeing a horse, with its Indian rider, fall headlong on the prairie. It was quite evident that, for some considerable time at least, the cow-boys could very well take care of themselves. But I had heard of the courage and dogged pertinacity of the Sioux warriors, and I knew that not until the greater number of them had bitten the dust were they likely to cease the attack.

"Now then, Barney!" I cried. "Give them a lead!" And in another moment I was off in real earnest.

*Tally-ho!* It was a glorious race, and my blood warmed to the work. I could hear the yells of the Indians as they saw me set out on my lonely ride, and I knew that two or three of the braves had left the main body so as to follow me up. "Let them all come!" The more of them the better; it would relieve the attack upon the camp, and it would be a most impressive piece of melodrama to ride into the mounted police camp with a score or so of Sioux Indians at my heels. The police would be surprised, but the Sioux would be still more so. They would wish they had stayed quietly at home in their wigwams to abuse the squaws.

"Stay with it, Barney! Show these wild bronchos of the plains what a difference a drop of good blood makes in the spirit and in the staying power!"

Barney shook his head, tossed his mane, and settled down to his work as if he thoroughly understood what was required of him. *Tally-ho!* A spin with a good pack of hounds across country is all very well, but a ride for life on a half-bred broncho across the trackless

prairie with a pack of yelling Sioux Indians at one's heels is excitement enough to satisfy the most jaded palate. *Tally-ho! Yoicks!* It is an odd experience to find one's self in the place of the fox, straining every nerve and muscle so as to get clear away, and wondering if there will be a chance of trying conclusions with the first hunter who is in at the death.

On, and still on, over the rustling prairie grass and glaucous-hued sage-bush; over the bare, white alkali flats, and over the flint-strewn water-courses. What a devil's tattoo the hoofs beat on the dry bed of the creek; and what an unearthly yelling goes up from the human pack of hounds as poor Barney stumbles over a partially concealed badger-hole, and comes down on his knees, sending me spinning over his head! Surely my scalp is already as good as hanging at the belt of the Sioux brave who is in the lead!

I pick myself up, quicker than ever I picked myself up in my life, rush to my horse, and catch it by the bridle rein. But the Sioux warrior is right on top of me. I can see the flecks of foam upon his reeking steed, and the pulsating of its red nostrils. There is a blood-thirsty glitter in the Sioux's brown, almond-shaped eyes, and his rifle is brought to his shoulder. Have I to suffer death at the hands of a redskin after all? Not if I can help it!

Before he can pull the trigger my large-sized Colt's is drawn from its pouch, and levelled full at his head. Next moment he throws up his arms, and comes down all of a heap over his horse's neck.

*Bang, bang!* And two bullets whiz past, perilously close to my head. Throwing myself on Barney's back, I dig my heels into his sides, and off he goes again like the wind. There is a mad clatter of hoofs behind me, as with voice and lash the Indians make a great effort to run me down. If they catch me now, it is not the friendly bullet that will do the final work, but the stake and the lingering tortures of fire and knife.

"Stay with it, Barney. Give them a heat for it, my boy!"

And shaking his head and mane again my plucky steed strikes out as if with new life. But there is an Indian close at my heels who will not be shaken off. He is some young brave, who, having only just passed through the ordeal of the sun-dance, is anxious to distinguish himself by lifting his first scalp. It is a meritorious ambition no doubt, but that scalp shall not be mine! Unless I stop him he may stop me, by sending a bullet through my back at any moment. It is no time for sentiment.

I draw my revolver again, turn in my saddle,



and not a moment too soon, for he is close upon me. But the gaudily-bedecked youth seems such a youth—no older, I fancy, than myself—that even in the heat of pursuit it is not in my heart to risk killing him. Lowering the muzzle of my revolver, I pull the trigger, and his horse lurches forward wildly with a bullet through its brain, and the young brave measures his length upon the prairie. He will have to defer taking scalps until a more convenient season. But I feel glad that I did not kill him.

And now I pass the camp of the previous night, two miles more and I shall know my fate. What if the police have left? But I had heard the police officer say that he thought a day's rest after the rough journey over the plateau would do the wounded men good; I can only hope that he continued to think so.

One mile more, and I enter the little valley. If the police are not in it, then I am caught like a rat in a trap, and my scalp may dangle after all at the girdle of the Sioux. I hear the jubilant voices of the hounds behind me as they laugh to themselves over the simple manner in which I have run myself to earth. My heart sinks within me as I look up and down the little valley. There is sign of neither man nor horse in that lonely spot! The mounted police must have shifted camp after all! Oh, the bitterness of that moment!

But I push on, round the belt of cotton-wood trees, and there, in a group with horses saddled and carbines slung across horn of saddle, and all ready to draw out of camp, are my good friends the North-West Mounted Police. With a wild shout of joy I gallop up to them. In another minute three redskins come tearing round the bend.

"The Sioux Indians!" I cried. "They have attacked the camp, and if you don't hurry up it will be too late!"

"Prepare to mount!" cried the officer.

In another moment every man was in the saddle with his rifle in his hand. And then, with an ironic cheer, the police advanced to welcome the sorely astonished Indians.

I do not think that ever in my life I saw a foe so taken aback. They had ridden right into the lion's mouth with a vengeance. The police spread out on either side of them, and literally, before one could say "Jack Robinson," they were surrounded. But Sioux Indians are not so easily taken prisoners. They pulled up their reeking ponies and gazed about them in astonishment, then, realising what had happened, caught up their rifles. But the moment they did so three Winchesters rang out, and the Indians were flung over their horses' heads.

It was a great pity to have to shoot their

horses, but, perhaps, it was better than shooting the Indians. Two of them, when they had risen to their feet, allowed their rifles to lie on the ground, and threw up their hands in token of submission. But the third Indian, who had stuck to his rifle, was in the act of putting it to his shoulder to aim at a trooper, when *ping!* and he dropped it again with a bullet through his arm. In almost less time than it takes to write it, the two Indians were handcuffed together and left in charge of the teamsters.

"Better take that spare horse, Derringham," cried the officer, "and go with us. It is just possible we might strike the wrong branch of the creek or something of that sort. I daresay you're tired, but you've got to make an effort."

I was indeed tired, but I flung my saddle on the horse the teamster had picketed hard by, and handed him my plucky little Barney. The officer waited until I had mounted, and then we cantered after the troopers.

Then it was back again the way I had come only a few minutes before. Truly, it was a strange turn in Fortune's wheel; but of late so many startling events had followed so closely on one another that I had almost ceased to wonder at anything, and took whatever came as a matter of course.

The officer and I took the lead, and away we went at a swinging gallop. Our horses were fresh, and as the mounts of the North-West Mounted Police are the best to be had in Canada, we covered the ground in splendid fashion. But would we be in time to succour the cow-boys from their perilous position? Twenty cow-boys were all very well, but when it came to a hundred and fifty Sioux Indians and more, the odds were against the cow-boys. Still, knowing that I had gone for help, it was not unlikely that Colin Dunbar and Waller would simply act on the defensive, and not allow their men to expose themselves more than they could help. Having plenty of ammunition and being good marksmen, it was more than likely that they had succeeded in sending many good Indians to the happy hunting grounds beyond the blood-red sunsets.

We passed the spot where I had shot the pony under the young brave, but that gentleman himself was not to be seen. He was doubtless travelling down the creek to join his comrades, in cover of the undergrowth, inventing some plausible lie to account for the disappearance of his steed. Then we passed the riderless horse of the Sioux Indian I shot. It was grazing peacefully within a few hundred yards of the spot where lay the body of its master. The sight saddened me, and I confess the congratulations of the police inspector jarred on my ears.



AND WITH A RINGING CHEER THE POLICE DASHED FORWARD. (See page 588.)

painfully. But it had been the Sioux's own doing; I had only acted in self-defence, and the lives of others depended on my safety.

At this place, I pointed out to the officer that it would be as well to cross the creek, and ride down it on the other side in cover of the timber, as otherwise the Indians would see us coming and make off. It was necessary to teach them a drastic lesson if we wanted to live in that part of the country with any degree of safety. We crossed over and rode on in silence. Soon we could hear the sharp ring of rifles and the whoops of the Indians. It was with a sense of relief that we became aware of the fact that the fight still continued. Had there been silence we might have feared the worst. We passed the little herd of horses belonging to the cow-boys, and were glad to think they had not been driven off by the Sioux. When nearly opposite the spot where the unequal fight was going on, we re-crossed the creek, and, forcing our way through the timber, halted a moment to take our bearings and prepare for the surprise of the enemy.

It was a striking and significant sight that met our gaze. Riding in a great circle round the entrenched position of the cow-boys was a large body of Indians. As we afterwards learned, they had tried more than once to rush in upon the position of our friends, but each time had been met by a fire so deadly and so withering that they had been forced to retire and take up a position some few hundred yards distant in cover of some rising ground, where they could rest and prepare for another attack. With the exception of one or two slight casualties, the cow-boys had held their own; but their ammunition was becoming exhausted. Unless help came within the next half-hour or so, their last cartridge would be expended, and their lives forfeited to the pertinacity of the Sioux warrior. It was quite evident that, maddened by the loss of several of their comrades, the Indians meant to force their position by sheer strength of numbers. And now they had begun the attack again, and were closing in with an ever-lessening circle upon the wagons. It was high time for the police to act.

"Now then, men, to the rescue of our friends," cried the officer; "and let those redskins see that they cannot play at this sort of game with Britishers with impunity. First give them a volley at two hundred yards standing. Pick your men if you can, and take care of the wagons. At the word of command you will mount, and give it them hot. Now then—*Dismount. Fire!*"

And five-and-twenty rifles belched forth a hot volley.

"Now then, prepare to mount. *Mount!*"  
And with a ringing cheer the police dashed forward.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

WHEN the police fired a volley standing at the circling Sioux, several of them reeled in the saddle and fell headlong from their horses. Still, it was such an unaccountable surprise that for the moment the main body of horsemen continued their wild career. They could hardly realise what had happened. When, however, the police charged upon the Indians in *echelon*, meeting the whirling horde as it came round man by man, they realised. They were taken at a disadvantage, for to meet a foe face to face was hardly in their programme. They could not stop their onward course to take careful aim, and so those who pluckily raised their rifles to fire upon the police made but poor shooting. One police horse was all they managed to shoot. On the other hand, the troopers, when they came abreast of their enemies, suddenly pulled up, and each picked off his man as coolly as if practising at the butts. At the same moment the cow-boys—who had up till now been lying fiat on the ground behind their cover, firing a volley into the Indians whenever they attempted to carry the position by storm—rose in a body, and poured their last round into the wavering Indians.

That settled the matter; one or two of them, with the well-known intrepidity of the Sioux, made a bold dash at the new-comers, and strove by voice and action to rally their comrades. But it was a foolhardy and futile endeavour. They had not advanced many yards before they fell headlong to earth, and their riderless steeds went careering over the prairie. They drew together in a little body, and prepared to resist the police—for even now they outnumbered their adversaries by three to one. But before they could reload and do any harm, their antagonists, with a wild cheer, charged in amongst them, and scattered them right and left. It was the old story of the disciplined few against the undisciplined many.

One trooper in the meantime had run up the horses of the cow-boys; a supply of ammunition was speedily served out to them, and mounting their horses bare-backed, the cow-boys joined their allies the police. The Sioux warriors were so much amazed at this sudden rallying of their intended victims, that the inevitable demoralisation set in, and soon they were in full flight.

But their ponies were now tired, while the mounts of their pursuers were comparatively fresh. Never were braves on the warpath so thoroughly discomfited and routed as these were.

Away they went, helter-skelter, with the police and the cow-boys at their heels. Away—over the rolling prairie; down into deep creek bottoms—where the forces of nature must have been going on for countless ages to make such scars on the surface of an old ocean-bed—and again up steep hill-sides, where startled coveys of prairie chickens, that had been strutting about in the sunshine, flew away with a whirr at their approach. Away, amongst wave-like heights and hollows, where timid bands of antelope stood at gaze for a minute or two, with that remarkable spirit of curiosity which those shy creatures evince, before bounding off again with the fleetness that no horse can equal.

Such of the Indians as resisted arrest were promptly disabled or killed. In most cases they had their horses shot under them, and a few men coming up behind made them give up their arms, which were at once smashed to pieces over rocks and stones, to save further trouble. The owners were herded together as prisoners. It was a sad down-come for the high-spirited cavalcade that Colin Dunbar and I had seen that morning riding over the prairie in the bright sunshine, in the full glory of war-paint and feathers.

The pursuit continued till well on in the afternoon; only one or two thoroughly exhausted and badly-scared Indians succeeded in escaping. They rode back foodless by weary stages to their own country, in the neighbourhood of Pine Ridge, to warn their fellows against again venturing into the country of the red-coats. The other Indian prisoners were next day taken under escort of mounted policemen into the fort, from which place a wire was sent to the American authorities, by way of the Rocky Mountain Telegraph Company's line, to Fort Assiniboine. From there a troop of cavalry was sent to take the Indians back to their own country, for John Bull and Uncle Sam, on either side of the lines, have always worked most cordially and harmoniously together in order to preserve peace and order in the vast territory under their respective charges.

It was long after sun-down when the last policeman returned to camp, with a tired horse, the significant trophy of a beautifully wrought and beaded head-dress, and a pouch for holding "kinakinink"—a species of dried willow bark which the Indians use as tobacco. The reunion between the police and the cow-boys was

most cordial and one for congratulations. Owing to the prompt and effective measures which Colin Dunbar and his men had taken to protect themselves from the fire of the Indians, they had in no way suffered, unless one or two slight casualties from spent bullets and ricochets could be taken into account. But the police had not arrived a minute too soon, and when I thought of the part I had played in helping to prevent what would have doubtless been a terrible catastrophe to my friends, I experienced a sense of satisfaction such as I had rarely before known.

If I had wandered away in a spirit of idle curiosity into the Land of the Lost Spirits and occasioned them much inconvenience in searching for me, I had at least helped to break up a gang of desperadoes whose illegal doings had for long been a curse to the country. Moreover, and I say it in all humility and with the full consciousness of my youth and inexperience, I had been largely instrumental in bringing about a sharp reprisal on a dangerous body of Indians, whose bloody raids had long been a menace to a comparatively unprotected country. Now, it was pretty safe to say, such raids would not be likely to occur again.

Colin Dunbar and Waller were jubilant; such a lesson as had been taught the Indians, who had for years been killing their men and running off their horses and cattle, had long been desired, without any hope of realisation; but now the much-needed lesson was an accomplished fact, and a lengthy period of peace and security were assured. The rancher had taken me on one side when I returned to the camp, for I was too played-out to go in pursuit of the Indians, and putting one hand on my shoulder, said:—

"Derringham, it's no use saying much, but I think you've more than earned the right to purchase that interest in the station you spoke about. You'll have it as soon as we get back to the ranche, and at a price that no one will be able to call in question. Should the money never be forthcoming it won't matter in the very least, for I've no one else to give anything to, and I've much more than I'll ever require."

I thanked him and felt there was at least someone who considered that, so far, my short career had not been without some measure of success. I determined that the satisfaction born of the knowledge of something accomplished would not be allowed to die for want of a little effort in the future.

That night it was very cold and the stars gleamed brightly in the blue. We had moved our camp close to the creek amongst the cotton-wood trees for shelter, and till night the police

and cow-boys sat round the great camp-fires talking and recalling incidents of the attack and pursuit. I was so dead tired, however, that I had soon to seek my blankets, and fell sound asleep almost as soon as my head touched the bundle of dried grass, tied up in my towel, which served me for a pillow. I did not dream of being pursued by yelling Indians, but of a beautiful old house in a quiet English county, where life went smoothly on from day to day, sweetly and peacefully as a summer's dream, but where the people did not realise it because they had never known anything else. I had not realised it once upon a time, but I did now. Truly, as Colin Dunbar had said, the enjoyment of things is largely a comparative quality.

That night a picket-guard of five men kept

watch over the prisoners. Next morning several of the cow-boys accompanied the police to assist them in conveying the prisoners into the fort. Colin Dunbar, Waller, and I pushed on to the ranche, which we made on the following day. There was nothing to fear now, for the only lot of dangerous Indians who were likely to do any harm had been broken up. How comfortable and home-like did the roomy dwelling house at the ranche seem after the rough state of affairs I had of late experienced! There were my slender belongings just as they had been left, only it seemed years since I had seen them instead of only a few weeks.

There was a letter awaiting me from my uncle, Gilbert Derringham. It was quite a long one for him to write, and couched in kindly language. He regretted that I had thought it necessary to leave "The Cedars" as I did, but that was now a thing of the past, and need not be referred to again. He told me of my good

fortune in regard to the Queensland mine, and said, as those whose opinion was most valued by me said, that, although I was now practically independent, if my heart was in my work it would be a fatal mistake to give it up to lead an aimless existence. My friend, Muriel Wray, had hinted that I might like to purchase, if

it were possible, an interest in the ranche of my friend, Mr. Dunbar. He thought it a good idea. A couple of years' work would give me a better title to the dignity of manhood. At the end of that time it would be advisable for me to pay a visit to the Old Country. In the meantime, as my trustee, he would see to my affairs. My aunt and cousins desired to be remembered to me.

Upon the whole it was a satisfactory letter, although I smiled on read-

ing the message from my aunt and cousins. Well, the world taught me that it was better at times to forget certain things.

That night Colin Dunbar and I had a long talk as to our future plans. Much as I loved the Old Country I recognised the truth of what my friend said—that at least a couple of years spent in the life I had taken such a fancy to would do me all the good in the world. At the end of that time I could take a trip home, and then circumstances would decide as to my future course of action. Colin Dunbar told me of his project to increase his stock and make the ranche one of the largest affairs of the kind in the province. It would be a good investment for any little money I might put into it. In two years, he reckoned, the value of property and stock would experience a great increase. Next day, he said, he was writing to my uncle concerning me, and promised to mention the matter. I ventured to express the hope that in



I LOOKED OUT OF THE WINDOW TO WHERE, FAR OFF, I COULD SEE THE VALLEY RUN DOWN INTO THE PRAIRIE.

the event of Cook, the foreman on the ranche, leaving, he—the rancher—might consider my friend, Broncho Pete, worthy of the position. Whereupon he said that Cook was leaving, and he considered that Pete was indeed the best man for the position. When I afterwards told that rough diamond of my impending connection with the ranche, and, by way of a joke, expressed the hope that I would prove a good "boss" to him, there was a twinkle in his business eye.

"You'll *have* to be, Wally, old stocking," he remarked, "and you bet I'll see to it."

And he was as good as his word, but then Pete was different from anyone else.

Next morning I wrote to my uncle, and then, with a sense of pleasure that, I confess, letter writing seldom gave me, began a long letter to my girl friend, Muriel Wray. There was, indeed, much to tell her, but I purposely passed over what was likely to make her apprehensive as to my future safety. The rancher had advanced me a draft for her loan of twenty pounds, which I now enclosed. She must take my thanks for that on trust; it was so difficult to express one's sense of gratitude in words. I had read her letter more than once, and felt that what she advised me was the right thing to do; I had, indeed, already taken steps to do it. I told her a good deal about my friend, Colin Dunbar, and of his kindness to me. I also told her of Broncho Pete, and of his heroism while in the hands of the smugglers. I was surely privileged to enjoy the company of such men—men whose conceptions of life had been

ennobled by its dangers and difficulties. I told her of the rancher's plans, and what we intended doing. I liked the life, but questioned the wisdom of remaining away too long from civilisation. Two years would soon pass, and I would come back to the Old Country again. She had been such a good friend to me all along that I hoped our friendship would continue in the future. If she would write every month I would write to her. It made such a difference in one's life to feel that there was someone who really had an interest in it. It was not because I had no one else to write to, but because I thought we had a good deal in common and were meant to be friends.

A few months before I would not have admitted as much, but a good deal had happened since then, and I now saw things differently.

I finished my letter, and lifting my eyes from the paper, looked out of the window to where, far off, I could see the valley run down into the prairie and wander away towards the dim horizon line. And as I looked a shadowy face rose up before me. Gradually it grew upon the sight and took form and colour. It was a beautiful face that looked out from amid the wealth of falling hair, which, flooded by a shaft of sunlight, gleamed like burnished gold. The soft brown eyes looked into mine, and the pure soul of the girl shone through them. They lit up as with a promise of glad expectancy, and there was a smile upon the lips. Then the face wavered and vanished into air. But I knew that in the spirit my friend had been with me.



*John Mackie.*

[Mr. John Mackie, Author of "The Heart of the Prairie," sailed for South Africa in January with the Imperial Yeomanry. As a fine writer, a brave man, and a thorough good fellow, we wish him the best of luck and a safe return.—Ed. "Captain."]

## "CAPTAIN" CHESS CORNER.

The prize of 10s. 6d. is awarded to R. H. BRENT CLARK, Holborn House, Pembroke Dock.

The second prize (Vol. I. THE CAPTAIN) to W. W. BURKETT, 11, Comerford Road, Brockley, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: D. C. Woodhouse, J. F. Hay, C. B. Joyner, "J. K. M.," L. Thomas, J. A. Rose, A. A. Elkin, B. Heastie, J. H. Bletsoe, A. G. McLean, A. E. A. Searle, F. Baird, J. F. Snow, N. A. Brown, R. D. Crum, H. Burton, F. H. E. Leonard, A. J. Head.

More than fifty competitors gave R—Q8 as the key-move, but R—KKt8 prevents mate then. A few did not state their ages.

*Please note.—All answers to be sent on post-cards in future.*

### COMPETITION FOR MARCH.

THE solution of the problem in the February number is as follows:—(1) Q—Q6, followed by (5) K—B5. Black King may be at Ksq, Ktsq, Rsq, B2, Kt2, or R2. From any of these positions mate in three is possible.

Competitors must play through the sub-joined game.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P—K4	P—K4	12. P—Q5	Kt—K4
2. Kt—QB3	Kt—QB3	13. Q—Q4	K—Ktsq
3. P—B4	P×P	14. Kt—Kt6	P×Kt
4. P—Q4	Q—R5(ch)	15. Q×P	B—K2
5. K—K2	P—Q3	16. P—R4	Kt—KB3
6. Kt—B3	B—KKt5	17. P—R5	KKt—Q2
7. B×P	B×Kt(ch)	18. Q—Kt3	R—QBsq
8. P×B	Q×B	19. P—R6	P—QKt3
9. Kt—Q5	Q—R5	20. P—R7(ch)	K—Rsq
10. Kt×P(ch)	K—Qsq	21. K—Qsq	Q—B7
11. Kt×R	K—Bsq	22. B—QR6	Kt×P
		23. Q—B3	Resigns.

Now answer the following questions on postcards:—

A.—If 23 R×Q, how can White mate in three?

B.—If 23 R—B2, why must White not reply by 24 Q×R?

C.—If 23 R—B2, how can White mate in two or in three?

D.—If 23 R—Qsq, how can White mate in two?

E.—If 23 K×P, how can White mate in four?

For fully correct answers to these questions seventeen marks will be awarded. Remember that the highest scorer in each class gets the prize and his score is then cancelled, and he starts next month at zero. Every competitor adds to his score each month until he is the highest scorer, when he gets the prize. I shall keep a careful record of the scores, but space will not allow of my printing them each month. On receipt of an addressed reply-postcard, however, I shall be pleased to send any competitor his score. I hope competitors will quite understand that the gaining of a prize is merely a question of time and perseverance. Don't write the questions; merely prefix the letter —A, B, C, etc.—to the answer.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**R. Fletcher.**—Add to your two solutions a third, viz.:—If 14P—Kt3 then 15B×P mate. Don't like the tone of your letter! THE "CAPTAIN" comps. are nothing if they are not absolutely fair.

**O. M. Wilberforce, and Others.**—Solution not full enough.

**R. T. Drutt.**—Problem not up to the mark. Thanks, all the same.

**A. A. Elkins.**—Thanks for your kind wishes.

**B. M. Morley.**—Tarts will have to wait! B×Q is not mate.

**J. A. Rose.**—b2. R×Q mate is wrong.

**Draught Player.**—Black cannot win.

**Lalla Rookh.**—Yes: give White's first move, and then all possible replies of Black.

**"A Chess Captainite."**—Thanks for your letter. "A mate in three" must not take more than three.

**H. Burton.**—Shall not always give "problems."

**A. Bonce.**—Don't send coupons on post-cards.

**P. Samuel.**—No!

**P. Y. P. N.**—You will notice new age-classes and conditions.

THE CHESS EDITOR.





Rugby, or Harrow—or something of the kind."

"Quite sure, pa," whimpered Lancelot, hoping against hope that this might prove an insuperable

obstacle to the success of their quest.

"It is a most annoying circumstance," observed his father. "Fortunately the headmaster's name is an uncommon one. If there were anyone to ask," he continued, halting to look up and down the empty length of street, "I feel sure that he would be able at once to inform me of Dr. Wragge's address, especially as, from the prospectus which he sent us, his school must be a particularly well-known one, attended as it is by the sons of gentry, and even scions of our aristocracy."

At that moment a boy, carrying a basket on his arm, made his appearance at the gate of one of the houses opposite. Leaving his son for a moment alone, Mr. Tweedie hurried across the road to intercept this heaven-sent guide, and interrogated him forthwith as to the exact locality where Dr. Wragge had fixed his abode.

The boy only waited to hear the name.

"Dr. Wragge, sir? Yessir. Know 'im well, sir. Number 57, just past the second lamp-post. You can't mistake the 'ouse, sir. There is 'is name on the gate."

Mr. Tweedie received this information with exuberant thankfulness, and returned quickly to the side of his son, who had taken advantage of his parent's absence to burst into a flood of tears.

"Come, come, Lancelot," said Mr. Tweedie, patting the boy upon the shoulder, "there is no occasion for you to take the matter so much to heart. Remember, it is to your best interests that you should go to school, where you will mix with other boys of your own age, and learn your powers. Miss Griffyn herself has said that you have now reached an age when a

*The* COUNTERPART of Lower Rosemount Road is to be found in any of the outer suburbs that ring round the metropolis at a respectful distance. On each side a

row of adolescent trees, carefully trimmed into the semblance of those whose symmetrical proportions adorned the toy-boxes of our infancy, intervened between the roadway and the side-walk, the brown line of their trunks broken at long intervals by a chocolate-tinted lamp-post. The houses—each bearing some inappropriate, but high-sounding title—for the most part lay back to back, in pairs, behind straggling shrubs and iron railings painted bronze or olive green; but here and there one stood in its own grounds, as though too proud to rest in contact even with the ultra-respectability and conscious virtue of its neighbours.

A pompous, middle-aged gentleman, accompanied, with evident reluctance, by an ill-developed, unhealthy-looking boy in knickerbockers, turned the corner, and began moving hesitatingly along the empty road, pausing from time to time to examine the inscription on a gateway, or the name upon a brass plate. From their conversation, they clearly stood to one another in the relation of father and son.

"Lancelot," the elder of the two was saying, "are you sure that you cannot recollect the number of the house? Its name was certainly



governess' supervision ought to cease. I am sure that you will return from your first term's experience holding widely different sentiments from those which you are now displaying so openly. Come, dry your eyes, my boy, and look forward cheerfully to the pleasures of congenial companionship before you. One's school-days are the happiest in one's life."

The lie ran glibly off his tongue, and taking his son, whose weeping had by this time subsided into an occasional snuffle, by the arm, he walked quickly in the direction indicated to him by the boy.

"This must be the house," he said at last, as a burst of voices reached his ear coming from the rear of a house, wholly detached, and rather larger than the rest. "The doctor evidently has boarders who stay with him through the holidays."

A glance at the ample brass plate and its brief inscription, "Dr. Wragge," decided him, and, opening the gate, he led his son along the gravelled carriage-sweep and up the steps, where he halted, and delivered a sounding rap upon the door with the massive brass knocker.

The door opened, as it were automatically, and a man in quasi-livery appeared.

"I have an appointment with Dr. Wragge," said Mr. Tweedie, handing in his card.

"Step in, sir," said the man. "This way, sir. You have an appointment, I think you said? Dr. Wragge will be disengaged in a minute."

Mr. Tweedie and his son were ushered into a moderate-sized room, plainly furnished as a study. A writing-table occupied the bay window. Before it stood a revolving chair. The recesses on each side of the fireplace, which was surmounted by a pier glass in a gilded frame, contained book-cases, whose shelves were crowded with learned-looking volumes of every size and coloured binding. Two plaster busts gazed superciliously from the top of these at three framed and glazed diplomas, as imposing and as utterly illegible as those documents usually are, which hung upon the opposite wall above another long, low book-case. A saddle-bag easy chair was drawn up to the fireplace, although at this season of the year the grate was empty. Two or three dining-room chairs, and an occasional-table against the wall behind the door completed the tale of furniture.

"This is evidently the head master's study, Lancelot," remarked Mr. Tweedie, as the man withdrew and left them alone. "I hope," he added, with an elephantine attempt at humour, "that your future acquaintance with its interior may never be more physically painful to you than the present, eh?"

He chuckled at his little joke; but Lancelot, although he but half understood the allusion, was inclined to resent a jest at such a time, and displayed, by more frequent snuffings, an alarming tendency to relapse into tears.

This tendency was nipped in the bud by the entrance of Dr. Wragge, a cheery, white-whiskered individual, wearing the semi-clerical attire sometimes affected by professional men, and a benevolent pair of gold-rimmed spectacles.

He stepped briskly into the room, and cordially shook hands with Mr. Tweedie.

"Good afternoon," he said, "good afternoon. Pray be seated. And your son, too," he added, as the youth in question still remained standing awkwardly by his father's side. "It is your son, I presume?"

"Your presumption is perfectly correct, Dr. Wragge," replied Mr. Tweedie, clearing his throat, and taking a seat on one of the dining-room chairs. The doctor had meanwhile turned the writing-chair round on its pivot, and now leant back in it facing his visitors. "It is of him that I wished to speak to you."

"Ah!" said the doctor, in a non-committal tone of voice.

"I wish to place him under your charge," continued Mr. Tweedie. "It has become increasingly clear that he can no longer remain at home."

"Dear me!" interjected the doctor, regarding the unhappy Lancelot, who had perched himself on the extreme edge of a chair, and sat dangling his legs, with sympathetic interest. "Don't you think that he is rather young?"

"Not at all, not at all!" exclaimed Mr. Tweedie. "He is nine years old. I was barely seven when I left home under similar circumstances."

"Ah!" said the doctor, with an air of enlightenment, "he takes after his father."

Mr. Tweedie's glance rested on his son—a glance full of paternal pride.

"I trust," he said, with modest evasion, "that Lancelot will do his father credit. You will find him not altogether devoid of intelligence. Rather slow, perhaps, but sure. And I would prefer that he was not pressed overmuch in his studies. A willing horse, you know, doctor."

The comparison was scarcely borne out by Lancelot's appearance and attitude. A less worthy animal rather suggested itself. The doctor smiled.

"He shall receive every attention," he hastened to assure Mr. Tweedie, "though he will be by far the youngest of our boarders. Of course, his education will not be neglected, but in these cases that is not everything."



"LOOK AT HIM, DR. WRAGGE. CAN YOU SUSPECT FOR ONE MOMENT THAT HE WOULD BE GUILTY OF VIOLENCE?"

"No. Games, I suppose, play a considerable part——"

"Certainly. Experience has shown that fresh air and ample exercise is of the greatest value. I have not the slightest doubt but that after he has been left in our hands an improvement will be almost immediately perceptible."

"I am delighted to hear you say so. Of course, you hardly see him at his best at the present moment. He is naturally a trifle low-spirited."

"Melancholia?" suggested the doctor.

"No," said Mr. Tweedie, "I should hardly put it as strongly as that. Usually, he is of a most cheerful disposition."

"I understand perfectly," said the doctor. "Come here, my little man," he added coaxingly, turning towards the boy.

"Shan't," replied Lancelot sulkily.

"Come, Lancelot," urged his father, "come and make the acquaintance of Dr. Wragge."

"I-I don't w-w-want to," snivelled the boy.

"But I insist," said Mr. Tweedie, with all the firmness of a *Maitre Labori*. "You should be ashamed of behaving so rudely to the man who is to be a second father to you."

"I don't think we need press him," interposed the doctor. "His present condition is sufficient excuse."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Tweedie, seizing eagerly

upon the explanation offered by the doctor. "It will be the first occasion on which he has left home. With your experience of such cases you will easily understand what that means to the boy."

The doctor bowed.

"By the way," continued Mr. Tweedie, "there are a few questions which I should like to ask. In the matter of diet, for instance—my own recollections are not of the brightest."

"You need have no fear on that score, Mr. Tweedie. An insufficient or monotonous dietary would tend to retard progress, and nowadays we cannot afford to do anything that might produce that effect."

"There are no restrictions, I take it?"

"Certainly not. Quantity and quality alike leave nothing to be desired."

Mr. Tweedie gravely nodded his satisfaction.

"Then, as to discipline—corporal punishment?"

The doctor waved the notion aside with his hand.

"Unheard of, my dear sir; unheard of nowadays. The outcome of barbarism and ignorance. Of course, a certain amount of discipline has to be maintained, but my staff is experienced, and in every way reliable. We trust rather to moral suasion. We endeavour to build up the moral sense, which may at first

be weak or defective, rather than resort to measures of repression through fear of physical pain."

Mr. Tweedie scarcely relished this insinuation of a weak or defective moral sense in his son, his Lancelot. The suggestion was, he thought, one hardly befitting in a head master.

"I agree that corporal punishment should be used as sparingly as possible," he remarked severely, "if not wholly abandoned; but I do not think that you will find any necessity for rigid discipline in my son's case. Lancelot is exceptionally—shall I say, ductile?"

"Not subject to fits of violence, eh?" was the doctor's gloss upon this last word.

Mr. Tweedie felt annoyed. Here was another veiled allusion almost insulting to his son.

"Violence?" he exclaimed. "No, indeed. Look at him, Dr. Wragge. Can you suspect for one moment that he would be guilty of violence?"

Lancelot, who was in the act of conveying a surreptitious sweetmeat to his mouth, and had remained with his mouth idiotically open, and his hand half raised, certainly appeared the last person to be suspected of such a crime.

"Sometimes the mildest exterior may hide —" the doctor began lamely.

"Then you may take my word for it, Dr. Wragge, that it does not in this case," Mr. Tweedie interrupted with some heat.

"I fear you have misunderstood my meaning," said the doctor, smiling blandly. "It is always well to make inquiries such as this, more as a matter of form than anything else; but I never for one moment wished to imply——"

"I am glad to hear it. You will find Lancelot exceedingly amenable to discipline."

The doctor hurriedly changed the subject.

"When would you wish him to come beneath my care?" he asked, anxious to terminate the interview.

"When does your Christmas term begin?" inquired Mr. Tweedie in turn.

"There is no need to keep to regular terms. We are open to receive your boy at any time that may suit your convenience."

"Surely that is a strange method of conducting such an establishment as yours?" commented Mr. Tweedie. "However, it is no business of mine. Suppose we say the 14th of September—a Thursday? It would be a pity to dock Lancelot of any of his summer holidays."

If the doctor was dimly conscious of cross-purposes in this reply he did not show it. Possibly he did not catch the whole tenor of Mr. Tweedie's remarks.

"I will make a note of the date," he said, taking from his pocket a small morocco-bound

diary, and writing therein. "We shall be ready on the 14th to welcome your son to our establishment. Thank you."

He rose from his seat as he spoke, as if to dismiss the conference.

"One moment, doctor," interposed Mr. Tweedie. "I hope we shall not be taking up too much of your valuable time—('Not at all,' interjected the doctor pleasantly, though his looks belied his words) if we ask you to show us over the building, and, perhaps, permit us to see some of those who are to be Lancelot's companions. We heard their merry voices as we entered the gate."

"Certainly," said the doctor, somewhat mystified. "I can quite understand the feelings that prompt the request, although I must say that it is an unusual one."

He led the way out of the room, and proceeded to throw open one of the doors that gave upon the hall.

"This is the drawing-room," he said. "Its use is permitted to all after dinner."

"A fine, well-proportioned room," remarked Mr. Tweedie, stepping inside, and looking round him as he spoke. "But is not the furniture rather too good for general use?"

"Too good? I think not," said the doctor with decision, feeling rather ruffled at this outspoken and unexpected criticism.

"Of course, things have changed since my young days. We were never allowed to——"

"This is the dining-hall," announced the doctor, cutting short Mr. Tweedie's reminiscences.

"I am pleased to see that you have the room properly carpeted," was Mr. Tweedie's comment after surveying the apartment, "and the tables covered with reasonable table-cloths. In my day we had to be content with bare boards and American cloth. Things have indeed changed since then."

"I should hope that they had, sir," remarked the doctor, thoroughly nettled. "The play room."

A third door was flung open, and Mr. Tweedie stepped forward, but recoiled in horror from the scene that met his gaze. The walls were covered with match-boarding from floor to ceiling, and the windows were carefully barred. In one corner a wild-eyed, elderly gentleman was engaged in playing at horses, straddling across the back of an upturned chair, which he jerked backwards and forwards with manifest enjoyment. A morose youth, of any age between fifteen and thirty-five, was seated in the middle of the floor, sucking his finger, and making the most horrible grimaces at the newcomers. Another man, with a head out of



"THESE," EXPLAINED THE DOCTOR, "ARE SOME OF MY BOARDERS."

proportion to his body, and a paper cocked-hat, several sizes too small, perched on the top of that, was drilling, greatly against their will, two other wretches whom he had ranged in a row before him. A hard-faced man of powerful physique was sitting near the windows reading a newspaper, and clearly in charge of the rest.

"Good gracious!" gasped Mr. Tweedie. "What does this mean? Who are these people?"

"These," explained the doctor, "are some of my boarders. Those whose mental trouble is less pronounced are amusing themselves in the garden. Your son would not, of course, be expected to associate with the more afflicted of my patients. You would, perhaps, like to visit the others?"

One word burned itself on Mr. Tweedie's brain.

"Patients!" he cried, after a moment of

speechless indignation. "Did you say patients? Is this place a lunatic asylum?"

"Well, hardly that," replied the doctor. "This is a Private Home for Idiots and Imbeciles."

"And who are you, sir? I desired to see Dr. Wragge."

"That is my name—Dr. Wragge, M.D., F.R.C.S., Specialist in Affections of the Brain."

"But Dr. Wragge is the head master of an academy for the sons of gentlemen."

The doctor was convulsed with laughter.

"I fear," he said, gently, "that there has been a slight mistake somewhere. Dr. Wragge, of Eton House School, lives in Upper Rosemount Road. This is Lower."

"Come, Lancelot," said Mr. Tweedie, angrily. His sense of humour was not strongly developed, and he hated "being," as he put it, "made a fool of." "We have wasted too much time already. Good-day, Dr. Wragge."

The trio proceeded to the front door, and Mr. Tweedie was already half-way down the steps when a sudden thought seemed to strike him. He turned round ferociously.

"Do you mean to tell me, sir," he exclaimed, addressing the doctor, "that you imagined for

one moment that my Lancelot was either an idiot or an imbecile?"

"Really," returned the doctor with icy politeness, "our interview scarcely served to remove any prepossession I might have had on the subject."

Mr. Tweedie was almost beside himself with rage.

"And you call yourself a specialist in affections of the brain?" he cried, with scathing sarcasm, shaking his fist at the still smiling doctor. "You are no better than a quack, sir! I repeat, sir, a quack!"

"Besides," continued Dr. Wragge, before closing the door, and thereby bringing the interview to an abrupt conclusion, "the mistake is surely no greater than to imagine that I was the head master of a school."

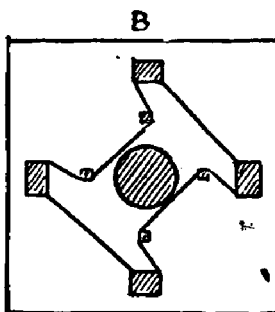
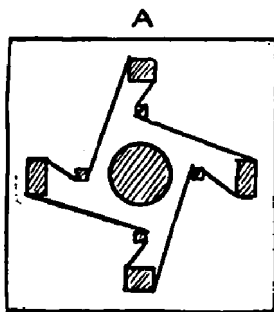
But in that the doctor was wrong. After all, the two occupations (*experto crede*) do not differ so very widely.

# SOLUTIONS TO "SPHINX'S" PUZZLES.

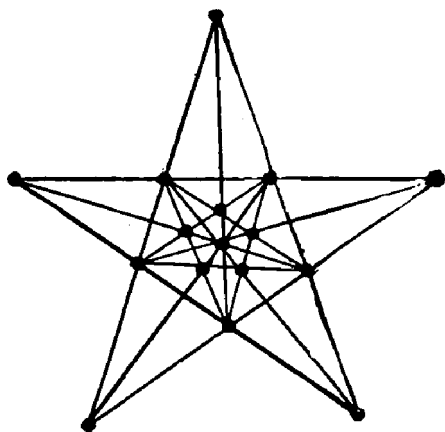
[Below will be found Mr. Henry E. Dudeney's solutions of puzzles contained in "A Chat with the Puzzle King."]

**A Chat with the Puzzle King.**—As there were so many puzzles in this article, I shall have to give the answers as briefly as possible.

**The Wall Puzzle.**—We all know that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. In finding the shortest wall we must, therefore, avoid all curves. Which of the two following methods is the shorter, will depend on the exact relative sizes and positions of the houses and on the consequent measurements in the diagram given us. In the case of the accompanying diagrams, B gives a considerably shorter wall than A, and readers will notice that in employing either method we may make use of some of the walls of the houses themselves.



THE WALL PUZZLE.



SIXTEEN COUNTERS.

## Digital Problem.

—The correct solution is as follows:  
123—45—67  
+89=100.

## Sixteen Counters.

—The counters may be arranged, as in the follow-

ing diagram, so as to give as many as fifteen lines, with four counters in every line.

## Word Square.—

P	A	L	A	T	E	D
A	N	E	M	O	N	E
L	E	V	A	N	T	S
A	M	A	S	S	E	S
T	O	N	S	U	R	E
E	N	T	E	R	E	R
D	E	S	S	E	R	T

The verb "palate": to perceive by the taste, to relish, has the authority of Shakespeare. "No

palating the taste of her dishonour." — *Troilus and Cressida*, act iv., sc. 1; also, *Antony and Cleopatra*, act v., sc. 2, seventh line. To "levant" is, of course, to abscond dishonourably.

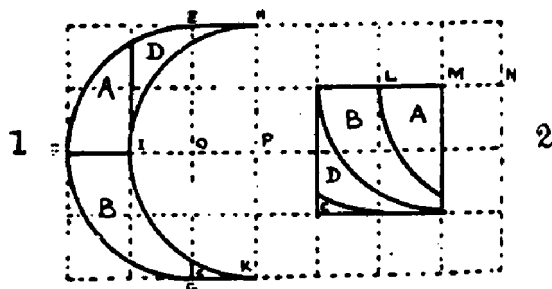
**Farthings Puzzle.**—The only answer is £12 12s. 8d., which amount reduces to 12,128 farthings.

**Eight Fat Boys.**—There are eight different ways in which the boys may be arranged in the rooms so that their numbers will add up 12 in the eight different directions. But

only four of these arrangements can possibly be reached without two of the boys ever being in the same room together, and of these four only two can be reached in the fewest possible moves—the number of which is nineteen. These moves will bring about position A: 5, 3, 2, 5, 7, 6, 4, 1, 5, 7, 6, 4, 1, 6, 4, 8, 3, 2, 7; and these moves will lead up to position B: 4, 1, 2, 4, 1, 6, 7, 1, 5, 8, 1, 5, 6, 7, 5, 6, 4, 2, 7. Of course, as there is never more than one room into which a boy may enter, I merely give the numbers of the boys in the

order in which they move

**Moon Puzzle.**—The diagram is divided into



MOON PUZZLE.

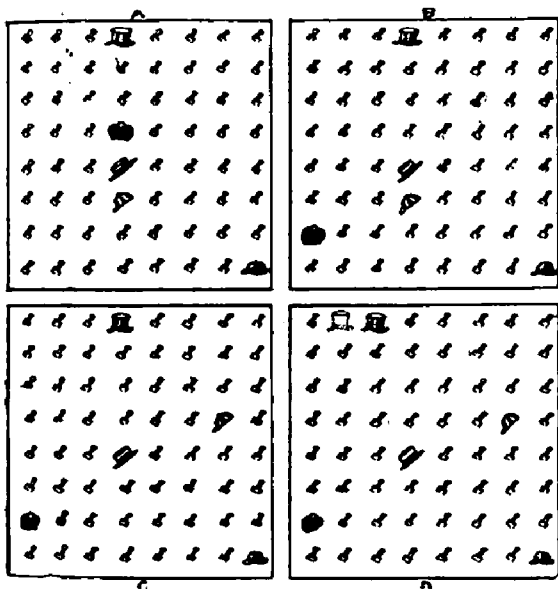
twenty-eight little squares of equal dimensions. Place the point of your compasses at O and describe a semicircle through EFG. Then remove the point of your compasses to P, and describe another semicircle through HIK. These semicircles are precisely alike, and we join EH and GK by straight lines. This is the actual form of the crescent given in the original illustration and I will here point out that if it had been

a perfect lune the solution could only be approximate; but, with those two little straight lines (so easily overlooked by the eye), the solution is absolutely exact.

With the aid of the dotted lines the direction of the three cuts is made perfectly obvious, and in No. 2 we see just how the four pieces fit together to form the required square. It will be noticed that the two pieces A and D are turned over. The reader will find, if he places the point of his compasses (open to the same distance as before) at the points L, M and N in turn, the directions of the three curved lines in the square are found without any difficulty.

**Hat-peg Puzzle.**—Here is the solution in diagram form:—

I have introduced five different hats and caps,

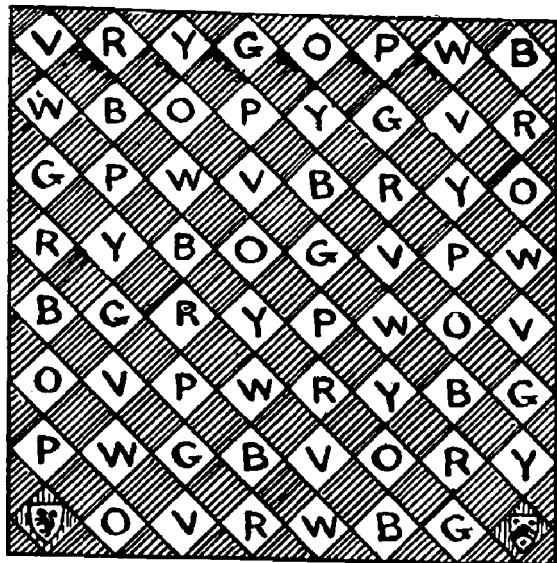


HAT-PEG PUZZLE.

so that the moves may be more easily followed. In A we see that one of the hats has been removed to the bottom right-hand corner. This is the only possible first move, if every peg is to be in line with at least one hat. In B the hat second from the top has been removed. The remaining two diagrams show the other two moves; the straw hat not being removed at all. On the fourth move we have a choice of two pegs, as shown in C, where (since the silk hat may not be in two places at the same time) I have depicted its astral body in a position that might have been taken up with equal effect.

**A Problem in Mosaics.**—The greatest number of tiles that can be placed, under the conditions, is 62, which will fill up every vacant space. Here is the arrangement:—

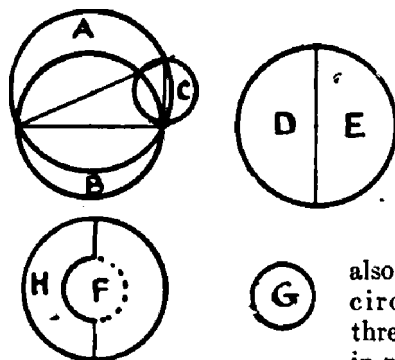
Surprising as it may seem, it is a fact that, with the trifling exception that the purple and yellow tiles standing immediately above the coats of



A PROBLEM IN MOSAICS.

arms may exchange places, there is only this one possible solution.

**The Bun Puzzle.**—Every boy who is acquainted with the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid knows that the sum of the squares of the



THE BUN PUZZLE.

base and perpendicular of any right-angled triangle equals the square of the hypotenuse. But the law applies to other symmetrical figures also; for example, to circles. Now, the three buns that I gave in my sketch were so selected that their diameters will form a right-angled triangle as shown by A, B, C. It follows that the combined areas of buns B and C are equal to bun A—in other words, that the two smaller buns contain together just as much edible substance as the largest bun. Therefore, the half bun D is an exact fourth share, and so is E. Now place bun G on bun F, and cut away half of the edging, as indicated. What remains of F is another fourth share, and G and H together make the fourth boy's share. The division is thus made equitably in as few as five pieces.

Only a few of the easier puzzles were solved, but a book each will be sent to PERCY A. ALDRIDGE, 26, Beechfield Terrace, Lancaster, and W. HOUGH, 17, Northern Grove, West Didsbury, Manchester, for the best attempts.

*Henry L. Dudeney.*

[Lack of space compels me to hold over solution of "Four Princes" Puzzle.—H. E. D.]



*"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit"*

**The Bancroftian** (November) is a stranger to me in my critical capacity, and I therefore extend to it a special welcome. I would suggest to the editor that he lengthened his school notes, but that is the only weak spot that I can find. A considerable amount of space is devoted to letters from correspondents; this is just as well. Comments on school matters, provided that they keep within due bounds, often make spicy reading.

**The Bathonian** (November) is good, but, if I may say so, just a wee bit dull. Run in some light verse on a topical school subject, Mr. Editor, and see my critique on the *Bancroftian*.

**The Bramptonian** (December) is fond of printing a lot of stuff that has nothing to do with the school. "Chinese Secret Societies in Siam," for instance, is not calculated to interest the average Third or Fourth Form boy, and "Pagina Deversa" might very well have stood down in favour of a humorous article on the tuck-shop. I shall look for an improvement in this respect next month.

**The Carthusian** (December), under new management apparently, still bucks up "quite some." "Hunkey Ben's" poem, entitled "The Old Order Changeth," might well be laid to heart by the Kiplingesque youngsters. Here is an extract:—

My little boy, you must not wear  
A collar-bearing hasher;  
When first I came to Charterhouse  
No action could be rasher.

When first I came, it used to be  
Unusual, I say,  
To see a boy, if not a "blood,"  
Decked out in such array.

Assuredly the march of Time  
Ought rather to enhance  
Respect for school observances  
Undimmed by Time's advance

So let me ask you youngsters of  
The rising generation,  
To treat old customs with respect  
(And also veneration).

**S. Dunstan's College Chronicle** (Sep-

tember) is an adequate record of school events. It is well got up and carefully edited.

**The Eastbournian** (November) is as bulky as ever, but the style and tone of the journal are good, and I cannot conceive of a better record than is here afforded. I notice that the Cadet Corps was reviewed in the summer by the Prince of Wales—an honour that falls to the lot of few school corps, and will be long remembered by all patriotic Eastbournians. The Oxford and Cambridge Letters show that many of the old boys have been distinguishing themselves at the Universities.

**Glasgow Academy Chronicle** (November) is a staid and sober sheet. I should like to see a little of that proverbial Scottish humcur instilled into its pages.

**The Haileyburian** (November) prints interesting letters from old boys in India and British Central Africa. C. N. H.'s poem on "Autumn" is a little belated, but none the worse for that. Turning out verses is good practise for writing prose, and it should be an additional spur when there is a chance of getting some of one's work into the school magazine.

**The Hurst Johnian** (December) is brightly written, but I would advise the editor to break his editorial up into notes. It makes it look lighter reading, and it will probably become lighter. The "Prologue to 'Twelfth Night'" is well done, and a patriotic letter is sent by an old boy in Richmond, Natal. Hope Mr. H. C. Ward will come through the trouble with a whole skin, and I have no doubt he will do his duty.

**The King Edward's School Chronicle** (October) covers all the necessary features, but could do with a little seasoning in the way of humour. The editorial mind does not seem to stamp itself on every part of the magazine in the way that I like to see. Pull it together a little, sir, and cheer up!

**The Ledberghian** (November) publishes a

poem, entitled "A Bush Letter," which is not exactly school matter, but may be excused on account of its cleverness. It is signed "Barbarus," but I presume it comes from an old boy out in the wilds, and what could be nicer than that? "A Yorkshire Sketch" is not so entertaining. The letters to the editor are good, especially the one about King Charles.

**The Leys Fortnightly** (December 8th) is, of course, full of football, and I note that several really good books have been added to the library. The "Recollections of a House Match" are amusing.

**The Mason University College Magazine** (November) still keeps up its wonderful supply of advertisements. I must give this editor up, I think. He doesn't seem to see my point when I say that a private publication is spoilt by this kind of thing. Let it pass. The "Corridor Notes" are interesting; they might be made longer with advantage.

**St. Michael's Chronicle** (October) has travelled from Michaelhouse, Pietermaritzburg, and leads off with jubiliations on account of the war. I hoped to find some exclusive information about Kruger and his little lot, but was disappointed. I expect the cadets of Michaelhouse are eager to be in the thick of the fray. Good luck to them all!

**The Owens College Union Magazine** (November) sports a fine cover, which is reproduced on this page. Barring the advertisements, the journal is a good one, and reflects credit on its editor.

**The Porteuillis** (November) is carefully edited, and forms an adequate chronicle. I hope I shall see it often. The old boys seem to be doing very well in all parts of the world.

I notice that A. H. Bullock has been wounded in the Transvaal War. I trust he will come out safely.

**The Portmuthian** (November) records at length the doings of the Cadet Corps, than which nothing could be more appropriate at the present time. The "Old Boys' Chronicle" is the sort of column that makes a school magazine worth printing.

**The Reptonian** (October) is mainly composed of cricket scores. It never does to be too sure, but I should say that the editor was just a little bit lazy. His editorial is far too short, and I don't find his hand in other parts of the journal as frequently as is necessary. Of course, he may be a very busy man, but aren't we told that the busiest people have the most time to spare for work?

**The Salopian** (November) I always like, but I do not agree with the writer of the "Open Letter

from my Uncle to my Nephew," that Mr. Kipling has caught the living speech of the school-boy in "Stalky & Co." In my days, if any fellows had gone about in the way that those three beauties of Mr. Kipling's did, they would have got what we used to call a "booting." The accounts of the football matches in this number of the *Salopian* form an excellent feature.

**Sexey's School Magazine** (Michaelmas) displays the magisterial hand rather too plainly. That being the case, I should not presume to criticise.

**The Touchstone** (July) is the magazine of the Campbell College, Belfast. It serves its purpose admirably.

**Ulula** (October) is the Manchester Grammar School Magazine. I find it dull. Why "cull" things from the *Manchester Guardian*?

**The Vigornian** (November) is the Worcester Cathedral King's School Chronicle. It is well got up, but I think "Four Men in a Boat" rather out of place. They might upset people.

**Willeslie House School Magazine** (July) I must take the responsibility for, I suppose, for it is a maiden number, and follows my tips with most touching faith. May I be pardoned for saying that I find the result excellent? Go on as you have begun, W. H. S. M., and you will do.

**St. Winifred's Magazine** (August) contains an excellent account of the annual sports by "One of the Crowd," and some decidedly clever ornithological notes, which, needless to say, are "spoofer." Congratulations to H. V. Braham on his schol. to Uppingham.

**The Wulfrunian** (April) has been a long time getting to me from Wolverhampton; perhaps that is because it is so heavy. The advertisements don't lighten the weight, either. However, the Cambridge and Oxford letters speak well for the old boys, and there are no less than thirty-four pages of reading matter. I hope I shall receive the *Wulfrunian* regularly in future.

**The Xaverian Oracle** (Autumn) comes, as I think I have said before, from St. Francis Xavier's College, Bruges, Belgium, and is printed in French and English. I am glad to see that the members of the college do not neglect their cricket and football, and rejoice that they have had the benefit of Mr. Fry's excellent articles. The editor makes a point of his "Competitions"; some of them are very ingenious.





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## HOW TO BOX.—III.

### CONCLUDING HINTS.

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ON GUARD.

FEINTING, if well done, is one of the surest ways of reaching your mark.

Feinting is deception, and deception is the best policy in boxing, and should be practised as much as possible. Often have I seen boxers give themselves entirely away by striking an attitude of defence, as much as to say: "If you attack me I will do so and so," and you can tell what that so and so is by looking at their position. If they intend giving a No. 4 they will turn a little more to the right, draw the right arm a little farther back, and then wait, quite oblivious of the fact that their adversary is watching them, and, if at all clever, will send his blow in another direction. Again, if they want to try a No. 3 they will start working their way outside your left leg before ever you think of attacking. These displays are both stupid and unsightly; avoid them, and always remain in the first position until such time as the enemy attacks, then, with the quickness of thought, deliver your counter, whichever it may be, in the manner described under that particular number. But to return to feinting.

There are several ways of feinting. One is to lunge out with the left, pointing at the "mark," at the same time dropping the eyes to more fully deceive your man; instead, however, of actually delivering the blow, draw the arm back again, and immediately send it at the head; in like manner, a feint may be made at the head and the blow delivered at the body. Now, with this mode of feinting, a quick opponent may be able to stop you, and I think the better way is, instead of drawing the arm back again, after making the feint at the body, to continue the lunge, turning the hand upwards and striking

at the head. Another way of feinting (and this must be done smartly, or it will not have the desired effect) is to see that your opponent's eyes are intently fixed on yours, suddenly cast your eyes to the right, simultaneously strike out with your left, turning the eyes back; he instinctively follows your eyes, and is off his guard.

Again, draw the right hand backwards, as though you meant to hit with it, at the same time deliver the left.

Once more, feint with the left: this time draw the arm back, slip the head to the left front, and deliver either 4 or 5, whichever appears the most open to you.

Yet another way of feinting is to stamp the left foot, as though you were lunging out, but instead, pause and then lunge.

Lastly, strike out with the left; do not fully extend the arm at first, but strike out a second time, and with the second stroke lunge out fully, hand and foot.

All these feints have the tendency of drawing your opponent off his guard and leaving him open to attack; further, they have the effect of showing you what his intentions are, thus giving you an opportunity of fortifying yourself.

Feinting requires a great deal of practice, and I should advise you to get a dummy—say a ball, sack of sawdust, or even a pillow—and practise the various movements; all the hits, excepting 2 and 6, can be given preceded by a feint.

### BOXING.

In boxing be not too anxious to lead off, but cautiously spar round your adversary, gradually

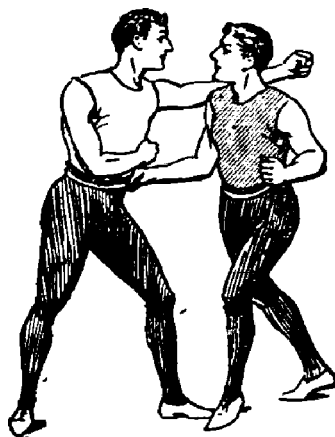


FIG. 5.—FEINTING.

creeping to within hitting distance, then make your attack.

I am bound to once more impress upon you the necessity of considering the height of your opponent; should he be shorter in height and reach than yourself, take care not to let him get sufficiently close to attack you; but, directly he comes within your reach, lead out and be first; then get back again. The shorter man must not retire, but throw the weight of his body forward and act in one of the following ways:—

Counter No. 1A or No. 2. Counter No. 6. Counter No. 3. Counter No. 5.

In the case of the shorter man attacking, the taller should counter No. 1A or No. 4.

The shorter man's determination from the beginning should be at all costs to get and keep close up to his opponent, so as to equalise his chance as much as possible against his adversary's long reach.

If you can detect your adversary feinting for a hit, lead off immediately to the best advantage before he has time to deliver his intended blow.

You will frequently find, especially with beginners, that when you lead at them, instead of countering simultaneously, they will give you time to get back before they reply. In this lies a great weakness, as I will endeavour to show; so much so, that I advise you by all means to encourage the action. Say, for instance, you lead No. 1 and get back; they do not come out. Well and good, try again. Lead No. 1 again and back—or say, even as you are getting back, they counter No. 1—immediately lunge out and deliver No. 3, or, indeed, any of the counter hits, so long as your opponent's counter is not given simultaneously with your lead, in which case parry No. 1—that is, if you have gone too far with your first attack.

#### LOOSE PLAY.

It is utterly impossible to lay down a law for a man's actions when facing an opponent, so much depends upon his style, attitude, and peculiarities. The clumsiest of boxers will at times reach you with something quite unknown in the boxing world.

I will not, therefore, pretend to lay down a law, but just give one or two general hints which I think you will find useful.

Firstly, let me say, *practise as much as possible*—not merely with the idea of becoming clever, but because it is one of the healthiest exercises you can possibly indulge in.

Should you become an expert in the art of boxing, do not abuse your abilities by becoming a bully, but use them always in the defence of yourself and others against those whom you will generally find are cowards at heart.

Remember that a rich man can always afford to be generous, and let your motto be "Defence, not Defiance!"

We will now proceed. On guard: fix your eye upon your adversary and test the power of his eye; look him through and through, and you will soon find out his strength; let your gaze be so fixed that you can see every movement of his body.

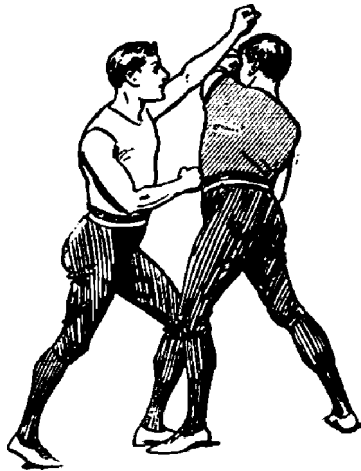


FIG. 6.

Judge well your distance, so as to know exactly when to attack and when to retire. *Keep manœuvring*, not necessarily moving; be ever on the alert. Test your opponent with a feint, by which means you may get a useful hint as to his intentions towards you. Steal all the hits you can for nothing; this is the art of boxing; anybody can take a hit for a hit. Once in close quarters, use well the forearm, get away as soon as you can with advantage, but stick like glue if you find infighting suits you best. If you find yourself short of wind, spar round for time; keep your man off with parries, and now and again breaking in with a lead, to prevent your

adversary (if possible) from forcing the fighting.

If when you attack your man retires, follow him up, and continue to do so (keeping the left foot in front), remembering that he cannot possibly fight and retire at the same time.

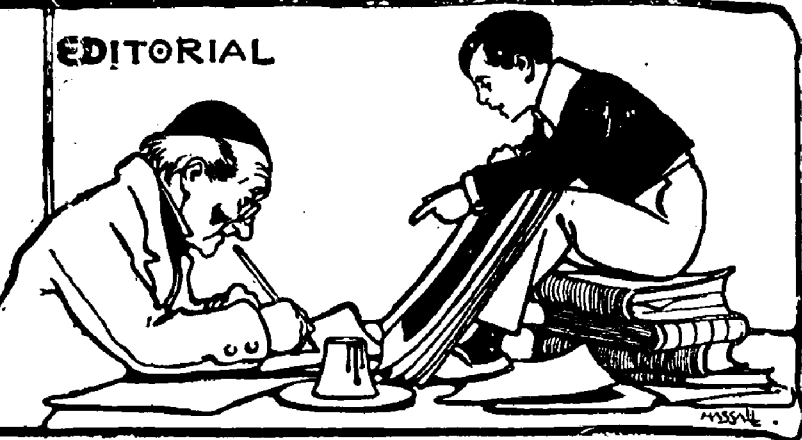
Above all things, keep cool; do not get excited; let not victory elate you, nor defeat depress you. If you get a good punch do not lose your temper, but endeavour to return it with interest. A man who loses his temper, loses his head, wherein all power lies; for, strange as it may seem to the unlearned, boxing, like most other things, is done with the brains—not brute force and ignorance.

I do not advocate ducking, and will not, therefore, give advice about upper-cutting.

With these few remarks I must close. More might be added, but I think too much elaboration confuses the mind, and as a better man than myself has said: "Brevity is the soul of wit!"

# THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



## Abolition of Competition Coupon.

—I have to make an announcement which should bring joy to the heart of many a lusty competitor. No coupon, in future, need be sent with "comps." You can go in for as many "comps." as you like, so long as you come within the specified age limits. So now let each of you good Members of my Crew spread this news far and wide, and let each of you bear in mind that fine old adage :—

If at first you don't succeed,  
Try, try, try again!

**Our voyage** for the last six months is now up, our cargo in discharged, and I have by me the new freight with which we shall sail in April. May the weather be fine, may the wind be in our favour, may the same old crew stick by us, and may the many thousands of passengers who sail with us retain all confidence in our navigation! A word, now, as to the above-mentioned new freight.

**"The Three Scouts,"** by Mr. Fred Whishaw, whose name and work you all know, is a military serial. It will deal with the present crisis in South Africa. That Mr. Whishaw is the very best man whose pen I could have "commandeered" for THE CAPTAIN you will acknowledge so soon as you have read the opening chapters of his delightful story.

**I had thoughts** of publishing a naval story by Dr. Gordon Stables in Volume III., but the state of affairs in Natal makes it evident that nothing could be more popular just now than a stirring war tale. Dr. Stables agrees with me on this point, and so I shall keep his story until October. By the way, Dr. Stables is shortly off to the Cape in search of materials for a new book. I wish him *bon voyage!*

**"Acton's Feud"** is the title of the new public school serial which will begin next month. The author is Mr. Fred Swainson, with whose short stories you are already acquainted. Mr. Swainson, being a master at a big public school, is well acquainted with his subject, and I can assure you that "Acton's Feud" is one of the finest tales of this kind I have ever read—written with a swing and a grip which are fascinating in the extreme. I began reading the tale in manuscript one evening, and sat right on into the small hours of the following morning in order to finish it. That my readers will revel in "Acton's Feud" I have no possible doubt whatever.

**As to** other features, I have made a point of getting short stories of *as varied a type* as possible. The regular articles will be continued, and in addition Mr. Dudeney will contribute puzzles for your delectation. Further "Greyhouse Tales" will appear at intervals, and Mr. Fry, Mr. Gooch, and Mr. Manning Foster—our "specialists"—will continue to give you of their best. The "Special Pages," having proved so very popular, will be increased in number when space permits, and I also hope to print winning essays on such subjects as "My Favourite Character in Fiction," and "My Profession." I have in hand articles on "Fishing," "How to Make," etc., etc. I am also thinking out some new and original competitions that will appeal equally to readers of all ages.

**I promised** a poem by the late Judge Hughes, author of "Tom Browne's School-days," in this number, but as "April" will be published about the time the Varsity Boat Race comes off, I will give you "A Lay of

Beat-racing" next month. It is a curiosity, this poem, as it was written nearly sixty years ago, and has never yet been published.

**G. H. Whitehouse** wants to know whether this year is the last of the nineteenth century or the first of the twentieth. "G. H. W." thinks it is the last of the nineteenth, while the German Emperor declares it is the first of the twentieth. I am asked to decide. I will. G. H. Whitehouse is right, and His Imperial Majesty, the German Emperor, has made a miscalculation.

**Dear Old Fag**,—Herewith a few words about yourself. Well, frankness is your strong point, I should imagine—at least, it is, I should judge, from the way in which you reply to literary and artistic aspirants, who submit their flutterings and scrawlings to your discretion. Poor things! However, I like you for being old; I like you for editing *THE CAP.*; I like you for a lot of things; but I don't like you for not being married. You see, if you had a nice, cosy old wife—something like yourself—we should be able to send our love to her (and get it back). Still, *you'll do.*—Yours, "BERNARD."

**The Chess Editor** is compiling a list of School Chess Clubs, and will be pleased to hear from the various Presidents or Captains of such with a view to organising inter-school competitions by post. The prize awarded to the winning school team will consist of a handsome set of chessmen, with board. Intimations from schools willing to enter must be received not later than March 12th. Full particulars of the competition will be published in the April number.

**Dear Old Fag**,—Though I'm only a boy, I wish I were a girl. Don't you agree with me, now, that girls have a much jollier time after all. You may say, but girls can't play footer or cricket, etc.; but they do, and have clubs—cycling and swimming, too. Then they don't have the office drudgery, and aren't expected to earn their living, but they just wait till someone comes and asks them to marry, and they live happy ever after, living on their husbands' money. Of course, I'm talking of girls with whom you correspond, and who write to you about "being only a girl." I think they're jolly lucky; what do you think?—Yours, "WUGGS."

**Captain of Tonbridge School**.—A number of correspondents have drawn my at-

tention to a mistake caused by printing the wrong name under a photograph. R. F. Worthington is the captain of Tonbridge School, A. Brown is captain of the school XV., and R. N. Hancock is a prominent member of that XV.

**Colonial Schools** (a page of) I shall be most happy to publish, when there are enough photographs. Furthermore, I have no objection whatever to publishing pages of "Scotch Schools," "Welsh Schools," and "Irish Schools." As for "English Schools," well—I have put in pictures of a good few, and shall be glad to publish more when they are sent to me.

**The Christmas Cards** I received from readers decorated my office for some time after Christmas. I have to thank the following for their very pretty and seasonable remembrances: W. F. Little, Jennie Clasper, Leslie Howe, "An Encroaching Girl," H. J. Weighell, "Lenore," C. J. Thompson, Ida Wild, "The Triple Alliance," "Another of the Crew," Daisy, "Paul Kruger," "The Scribbler," "Wellwisher," Dorothy Rowe, "A Reader," and others who did not put their names on the cards they sent.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**H. W. Hurst**.—I have read your long and critical letter with appreciation from beginning to end, and have much pleasure in answering your questions, as follows:—(1) The motto over the School Mag. Reviews, literally translated, means: "*In days to come it will be pleasant to recollect these things*"; or (a free translation) "*This for remembrance.*" The line is from Vergil. (2) Your handwriting is clear, but you get too much on to a page. (3) Certainly, a man of twenty can learn to play the violin or piano—if he really gives his mind to the job. (4) Of course you can learn swimming now—take as much exercise as possible, and join the volunteers. Plenty of drill will cure your round shoulders. (5) Consult a doctor if it is really bad. Probably only the result of growing fast, and will go away as you get older.

**A Rugbeian**, referring to our article on "Curious School Customs" in the January number, informs me that "hall-singing" at Rugby School only comes off in two houses, and in no case has the boy who fails to sing a song to drink an obnoxious mixture—he merely has to stand up on the bed while the rest of the house, led by the captain of the

house fifteen, sing "Rule Britannia" at him. My correspondent adds that the singing of "Vive-la!" in Big School has long been abolished.

**Harrovian** (referring to the same article) says that the custom of "House Singing" (not "House Chor") at Harrow is presided over by the school organist, and is not attended by red dressing-gowns or glasses of salt and water.

**A Sportsgirl**.—You evidently live up to your *nom de plume*, and I must say I should like to go a-hunting with you! As to your proposal, you may think what you like of me, but I do not consider that this is the sort of magazine that articles on "Racing" or "Jockeys" should appear in. My "crew" will be able to read of these things in plenty of other papers when they are grown-up men—and women.

**A. E. Archer**.—Your tortoise will go to sleep "on its own" during the cold weather. Let it remain indoors; when it wakes up give it fresh greens.

**A "Captain" Reader** wants to know how those pictures for "The New Gulliver's Travels" are obtained. Briefly, the thing is done by taking two separate negatives (sometimes more) and combining these to form one picture in the process of printing. Thus, in the particular picture of Gulliver on the bicycle lamp, one photograph or negative is taken of the lamp, etc., and a second one of the figure (care being taken to have them the right scale), and then the figure is "printed in" to the first negative. If "A Captain Reader" is an amateur photographer, this hint will be sufficient for him, and he'll find the production of such pictures a very amusing pastime during the coming summer. But I must warn him that two things are essential: (1) A very good-natured friend who will submit to be posed, and (2) an exceeding amount of patience on his own part and a very firm determination not to lose his temper when his prints go wrong, as I am sorry to say they often do.

**Judson**.—You seem to have kept your pen pretty busy during the holidays. I wonder what your form-master thinks of your hand writing. With regard to your various questions: (1) Sir Henry Irving is a knight, not a baronet. (2) I believe my birthday is in June. (3) The colours of THE CAPTAIN are red, white, and black.

**H. H. W. (SANDOWN)**.—(1) Clean the swords in your collection with rangoon oil. Rub it over with a bit of flannel. I do not know the name of the particular varnish you mention, but I do not think it is of any importance. Swords are like skates—any oil will

do, but rangoon is the best. (2) As you live at Sandown, it won't take you long to get across to Portsmouth, and when you are there you can spend an afternoon "slumming" round the old curiosity shops, where you can pick up heaps of old cavalry swords.

**Mabel**.—Your Charles II. crown piece may be worth anything from 25s. to £2, according to its condition, but if it is worn much it is only worth its silver. If in a good state of preservation, the William and Mary farthing is worth 5s.; otherwise, it is practically valueless.

**Pug** says he can't wear woollen under-clothing because it tickles him so awfully. I should advise him to try flannel.

**A Criticiser**.—Thank you for your kind letter. I am glad to see that you are proud of your sisters. As you say, there are some boys who refer slightly to girls; but I do not think these boys are made of the right stuff. As regards your last question—let your office companions read THE CAPTAIN if they want to. I have no doubt that they will take it in for themselves, sometime or other. Of course, I should prefer them to do this.

**Rottingdean** sends me a prettily-illustrated post-card, having upon it a view of Mr. Kipling's residence: "The Elms," Rottingdean, near Brighton. Will "Tabbycat" please note?

**Sun** says that at his school they are always discussing my identity. Some say I am Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, others that I am Mr. C. B. Fry, while others even declare that I am Mr. Tom Browne. I assure "Sun" that I am not one of the above. The question is—Who am I?

**Ever My Well-wisher** says that he is thinking of taking in my magazine this year. If I were he, I would not spend any more time thinking about it—I would take it in right away.

**D. W. Cunningham (MALTA)**.—Don't write any more stories until you are twenty-one, and then only "as a hobby."

**E. H. C.**—(1) You will find an article on Rugby football in this number. (2) We only supply cases for binding THE CAPTAIN for half-a-year. If you want to bind up a year's CAPTAINS, you had better go to a local book-binder and get a special cover made for you. (3) Greyhouse, I understand, always played "Rugger," and plays it now. (4) Your query re cross-country running I have handed to Mr. Fry.

**Fitzwilliams**.—Send your chess comp. answer on a post-card. It strikes me your questions are unnecessary. Why don't you read the conditions, you bad boy?

**Nemo.**—I think you ought to be heartily ashamed of yourself. From the first you should have informed your mother of this friendship, and introduced your friend to her. Do so at once, and in future learn to control your tongue and behave like a gentleman.

**J. Dilworth.**—Thanks for your letter. The autograph of the Earl of Shrewsbury is worth about a penny. The fourteenth earl did nothing that became history. Were it the autograph of the Shrewsbury of Queen Elizabeth's time, it would be of some value.

**Vera M. S.**—A very good magazine for girls is the *Girl's Realm*, sixpence monthly, published by Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. A portion of the *Ladies' Field* (George Newnes, Ltd., sixpence weekly), is set aside for girls of your age, under the title of "The Girls' Field." The editress, I believe, offers prizes for competition.

**The Outcast.**—Winchester plays "Rugger."

**Wrexham Tower.**—The sender of this photo was H. Sinclair Browne, and not Gordon McVoy.

**Thrush.**—As you are so keenly interested in birds' eggs, you had better get the excellent books written on the subject by Messrs. Kearton, published by Cassell & Co.

**Nigger Jokes.**—Write to Samuel French, Limited, 89, Strand, London, for "Nigger Jokes and Stump Speeches," by John Wallace, jun., price One Shilling. Mr. Wallace has written pretty nearly all kinds of pieces for amateur performances, and will be glad to supply any reader with a list of them. His address is — 3, Dial Street, Edgehill, Liverpool.

**Charles Cotterill and others.**—In future, when I have a colonial or foreign competition, I will give you more time.

**A Musselburgh Boy.**—I think you are needlessly angry about "Smite-Them-Hip-and-Thigh's" letter. She was only having a dig at you. You will observe that I have altered your *nom de plume*.

**C. Atkinson.**—(1) If I were you I should leave the freckles alone: a boy ought not to bother about such things. (2) Your query *re* "Football Boots" I have handed to Mr. Fry. (3) Read our series of articles on "What to do When you Leave School," by Mr. Manning Foster. There ought to be something there which will suit you.

**Lancer.**—The front rank of a cavalry regiment are armed with lances, and the rear rank with sabres. The captains ride in front of their squadrons, and the lieutenants behind, or, sometimes, on the flanks of the squadrons.

**N. M. S.**—I have handed your amusing letter to Mr. Fry.

**W. L.** (15, ST. JOHN'S HILL, SHREWSBURY) is going to start a magazine, and would be obliged if anybody who has launched and run a school periodical would give him some information *re* cost, etc. (I should advise "W. L." to procure an estimate from a local printer.)

**Cam.**—If you consult the comp. conditions, you will find out all you want to know.

**Xofer Young.**—Mathematical problems would only appeal to a limited number of readers.

**E. L.**—Read August "Editorial" for hints to black-and-white artists. Send your drawings to the illustrated penny papers (as a beginning), with stamps for return of sketches, and don't be discouraged by "editorial regrets." Go on and conquer.

**J. H. K.**—I shall be glad to review private and club magazines as well as school magazines.

**James Adam, Austin E. Lockyer, Victor Tremaine (CANADA), G. Browne, "Aberdonian," "Buffer," "Absent-minded Beggar," William Lelliott, and "Britannia,"** are thanked for their letters, corrections, and suggestions.

**I am obliged** to hold over a large number of replies.

THE OLD FAG.



## Results of January Competitions.

### No. I.—"Best Twelve Tales."

WINNER OF GRAMOPHONE: CHARLES LEIGH, 32, Beechfield Road, Catford, S.E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: A. H. COOK, 112, Scarborough Street, West Hartlepool.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frederick A. Allen, E. Patience Willis, F. H. Bracker, Arthur G. Cudlipp.

The following is a list, in order, of the

### BEST TWELVE TALES

that have appeared in THE CAPTAIN, April to December, 1899; decided by votes of competitors.

1. "The Storming of Greyhouse" ... R. S. Warren Bell.
2. "The Long White Line" ... R. S. Warren Bell.
3. "A Match for a Million" ... Harold Macfarlane.
4. "Plate Number 225" ... Rev. A. N. Malan.
5. "Trevelyan's Daring" ... V. L. Going.
6. "Across the Viaduct" ... W. Lloyd Summers.
7. "The Sauciest Boy in the Service" ... Dr. Gordon Stables.
8. "A Small Malignant" ... Arthur King.
9. "The Bar-out at the Lycée St. Jacques" ... Guy Cadogan Rothery.
10. "The Saint of Harvey's" ... Keble Howard.
11. "How Sparkes Mustered his Team" ... H. Hervey.
12. "A Coward's Pluck" ... G. Manville Fenn.

[N.B.—The winner chose ten out of the twelve stories, and put them in their right order. Five others got nine right, a Consolation Prize being awarded to the sender of the neatest list out of these.]

### No. II.—Best Poetical Extract on "Resolution."

WINNER OF £1 IS. : A. G. ROPER, 10, Wellesley Grove, Croydon.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: ALEC. M. STEVENSON, 8, Belmont Crescent, Hillhead, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. M. Towndrow, Norman Maxwell, Alice E. Brough, J. N. Cundy, A. J. Johnston, H. W. Hirst, Edwin Backhouse, D. M. Strath, Arthur Fowler, M. Morris, Wilfred Grundy, F. G. Witts, W. G. Roper, Helen Tancock, Dorothy Webb, Herbert Fleming.

[N.B.—A large number of competitors sent extracts from Shakespeare and Tennyson.]

### No. III.—Best "Association Football Team composed of Amateurs and Professionals mixed."

£1 IS. divided between: HERBERT H. WATTS, 175, Maysoule Road, Plough Road, Battersea, S.W.; A. McCOMB, St. Deny's, Beccles, Suffolk; H. P. WILLIS, 2, White Ladies Gate, Clifton, Bristol.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: R. BRUCE CAWS, 25, Monkton Street, Ryde, I.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: George Nott, A. A. Austin, A. J. Brice, S. J. Eacott, E. J. Quirk, A. Ward, W. J. Coates.

### No. IV.—Best Map of South America.

WINNER OF 10S. 6d.: DAVID PRYDE, 74, Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: SYBIL HAINES, 4, Well Road, Guernsey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Eveline M. Pearson, D. Newill, Madeline Mather, Howard Caulkin, Dorothy Watkins, Francis E. F. Crisp, Achilles Van Swae, A. E. Andrews, Evelyn M. Waller, L. A. Field, G. L. Austin, H. Brinsmead, Ethel L. Coulson, Cyril St. John, H. S. Bould Adani, P. Nimmo, G. Stone, A. S. Atkinson, W. P. W. Turner, Gwendoline Perry, H. R. F. Kingscote, H. R. Hodge, G. D. Craggs, A. L. Snow, P. M. Fremlin, W. R. Goldsmith, T. Lax, A. G. Schofield, Dora Theakston, W. I. Duncan, E. I. Pye, A. J. Windle, W. Archibald, G. A. Grayston, L. J. Baker, Francis Heyes, W. G. Taylor, Eleanor E. Rogers, A. Whitley, Ida Wild, Hilda M. Court, Philip H. Hemsley, L. MacDonald Gill, W. Haymes, Evelyn C. S. Macandrew, C. H. Baker, J. F. Herries, T. F. Ingram, Ethel Young, Janie Stockwell, H. F. Bartlett, J. Slater, Margaret Taplin, A. J. Haggis, G. F. Hall, T. A. Chaplin, W. F. Little, Alison Macnab, Bessie H. Mann.

[NOTE.—A very large number of beautiful maps were received. The quality of the maps submitted is superior to that exhibited in any previous competition of this kind.]

### No. V.—Correct Answers to Geographical Conundrums.

WINNER OF 10S. 6d.: H. R. MORRIS, "Belle Vue Lodge," Headington Hill, Oxford.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: CHRISTINE MARY ANDERSON, Oaken, near Wolverhampton, Staffs.; and C. D. JONES, "Homeside," Holmesdale Road, Sevenoaks, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ethel S. Burnett, E. E. Todd, J. Edwards.

### No. VI.—Handwriting Competition.

CLASS I. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF 5S.: P. A. BURKETT, 26, Tufnell Park Road, Holloway, N.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: VERA BRUNT, Saxilby, Lincoln; and V. SANDFORD LONGMAN, 35, Carleton Road, Tufnell Park, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Annie Colly, Hedley McConnell, Dorothy E. Searle, Aliston R. S. Alexander.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twelve.)

5S. divided between: NINA KIRBY, 20, Mattock Lane, Ealing, W.; and A. F. ATWELL, Bradford-on-Avon, Wiltshire.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: EDITH ALICE ANTHONY, 14, Victoria Road, Leamington, Spa.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Charlie Matthews, Ian S. Clarke.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Ten.)

WINNER OF 5S.: STANLEY DAVIES, 30, Bartley Terrace, Landore, Swansea.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: FRANK CRAVEN CARTER, "Cravenhurst," Prior Park Road, Bath.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Charles L. Balkwill, Mary Bedding.

The result of "Sphinx's" War Puzzle Competition will be found on page 521.



PHIL MAY: HIS STORY.

# THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE  
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."

Vol. II.—No. 7.      OCTOBER, 1899.

6<sup>d</sup>

## HOW PHIL MAY WON SUCCESS.

Illustrated by PHIL MAY

## THE HEART OF THE PRAIRIE.

New Serial by JOHN MACKIE.

## TALES OF GREYHOUSE.

No. 1.—"Sir Billy."

By R. S. WARREN BELL.

## HINTS TO SCHOOL FOOTBALL CAPTAINS.

By C. B. FRY.

## AN ETON BOY'S DAY.

## THE NEW GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

By W. W. MAYLAND.

## THE BAR OUT AT THE LYCÉE ST. JACQUES.

A French School Story.

## Six other Stories, by

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KEBLE HOWARD.      ARTHUR KING.  
L. P. MOORE.      SIDNEY ARNOLD PHIPPS.

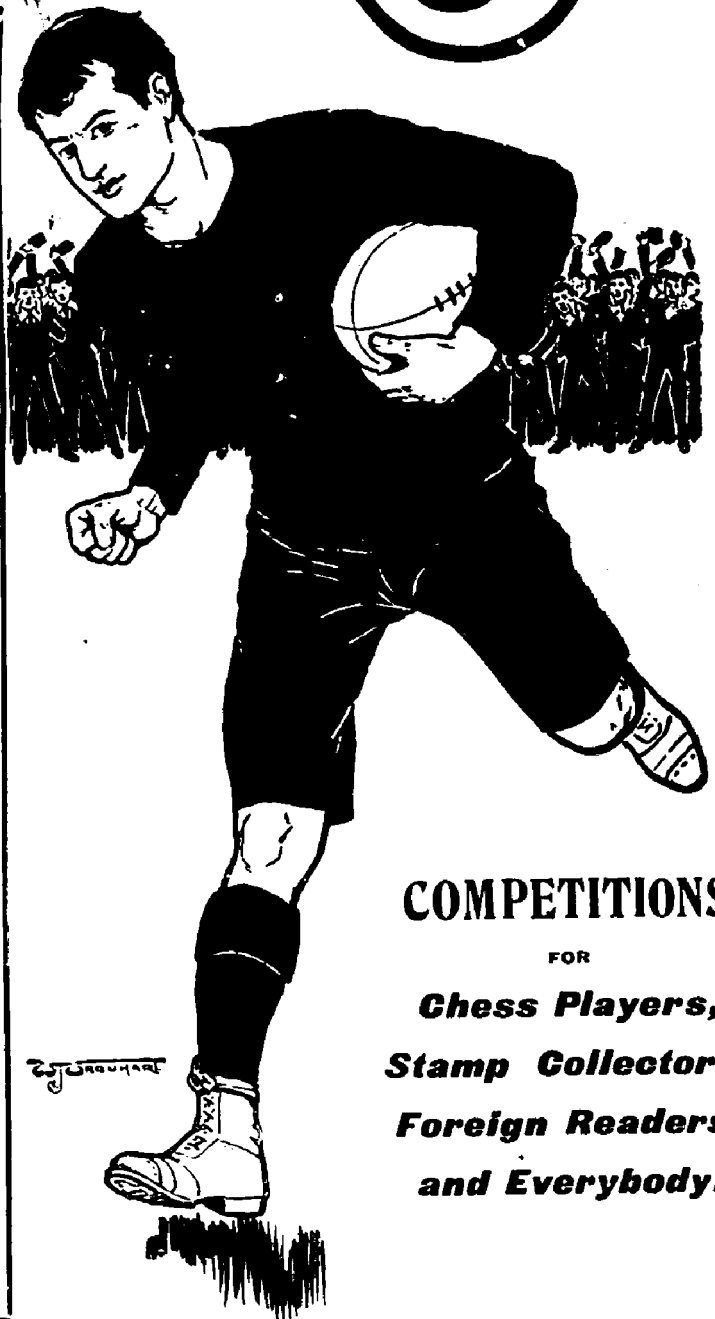
## WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL.

VI.—The Law as a Profession.

Prize Competitions for Foreign Readers, Chess  
Players, and Stamp Collectors, and Eight  
other Competitions.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

On Athletics      ...      By C. B. FRY.  
On Stamp-Collecting      ...      By H. M. GOOCH.  
On Employment      By MANNING FOSTER.  
On General Matters      ...      By THE OLD FAG.



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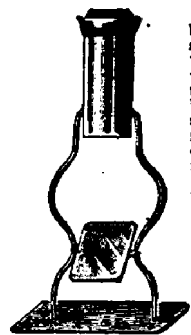
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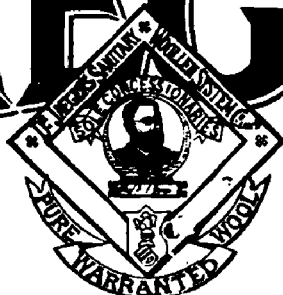
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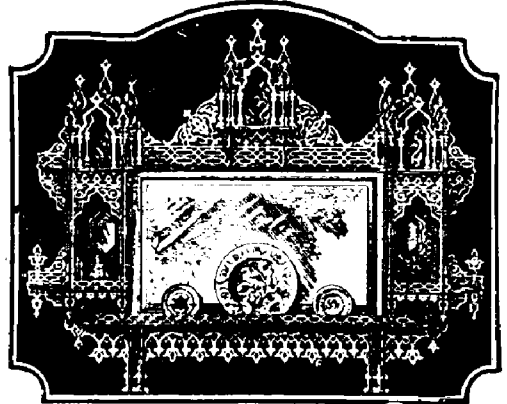
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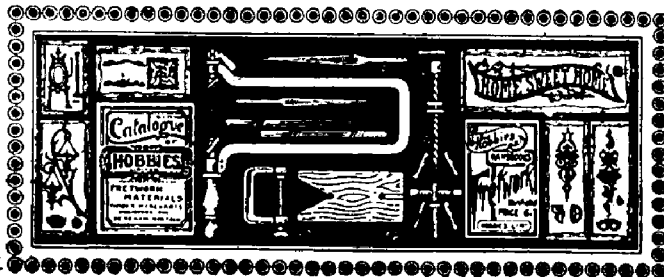
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## Contents for October, 1899.

MR. PHIL MAY	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Frontispiece
HOW PHIL MAY WON SUCCESS	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	THE EDITOR	PAGE 3
Illustrated by PHIL MAY.										
AN ETON BOY'S DAY	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	C. LEIGH PEMBERTON	11
Illustrated with Photographs by ALFRED JOHNSON.										
TALES OF GREYHOUSE.	(No. 1, "SIR BILLY")	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	R. S. WARREN BELL	18
Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.										
"WHAT I WANTED TO BE"	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	MR. G. W. STEEVENS	29
SOME PRETTY SISTERS...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	30
"LOYALTY"	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	FROM THE POETS	31
A SMALL MALIGNANT	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...ARTHUR KING	32
Illustrated by E. F. SHERIE.										
SOME HINTS TO SCHOOL FOOTBALL CAPTAINS	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	C. B. FRY	38
With Answers to Correspondents.										
A NICE BOY	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	R. NEISH	41
Illustrated by H. S. GREIG.										
IN THE HEART OF THE PRAIRIE.	(CHAPTERS I.—V.)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	JOHN MACKIE	44
Illustrated by STEWART BROWNE.										
WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL.	(VI.—THE LAW AS A PROFESSION.)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	J. HARPER SCAIFE, LL.D.	57
THE NEW GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.	(I.)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	W. W. MAYLAND	60
With Illustrations.										

[Continued on next page.]

CONTENTS—*continued.*

THE BAR OUT AT THE LYCÉE ST. JACQUES...	GUY CADOGAN ROTHERY	PAGE. 62
Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.		
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (III.—STAMP PORTRAITURE) ...	H. M. GOOCH	71
With Illustrations.		
UP THE STEEPLE... ..	CHARLES EDWARDES	75
Illustrated by T. W. HOLMES.		
NOTABLE LOCOMOTIVES: PAST AND PRESENT ... ..	J. A. KAY	81
With Illustrations from Photographs.		
WHEN TEDDY SULKED... ..	KEBLE HOWARD	87
Illustrated by T. W. HENRY.		
ASHLEY MINOR OF THE SCHOOL HOUSE ...	SIDNEY ARNOLD PHIPPS	90
Illustrated by W. J. URQUHART.		
SCHOOL CRICKET RESULTS ... ..		94
HOW A LETTER IS SENT THROUGH THE POST ... ..		96
SCHOOL MAGAZINES REVIEWED ... ..		97
"THE OLD FAG"—EDITORIAL ... ..		99
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER ... ..		103
RESULTS OF AUGUST COMPETITIONS ... ..		104

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68th ... ..	D. R. Wright ... ..	7,910
79th ... ..	F. T. L. Gaskell ... ..	7,733
96th ... ..	†H. M. Stocker ... ..	7,345
102nd ... ..	†J. T. C. Broadbent ... ..	7,161
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## November, 1898.

42nd ... ..	C. S. Hunter ... ..	8,777
53rd ... ..	F. W. Hill ... ..	8,411
54th ... ..	J. H. Slade Powell ... ..	8,390
63rd ... ..	J. W. Renny-Tailyour ... ..	8,048
65th ... ..	A. C. Gunter ... ..	7,978
72nd ... ..	T. R. Fraser-Bate ... ..	7,709
74th ... ..	G. E. Smart ... ..	7,626
85th ... ..	G. K. Gregson ... ..	7,266
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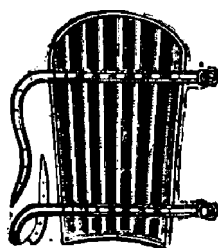
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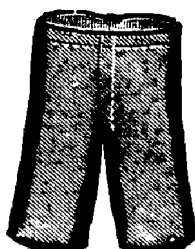
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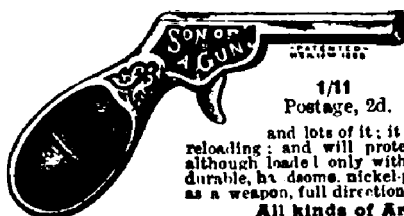
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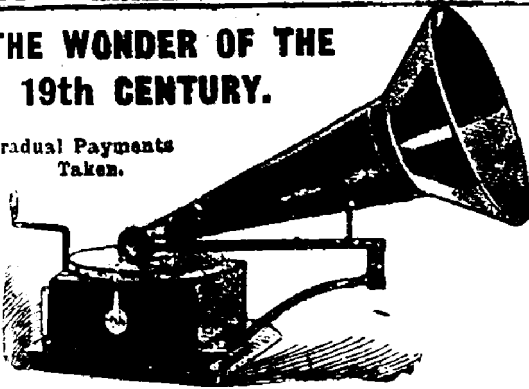
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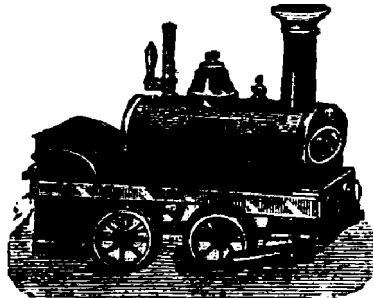
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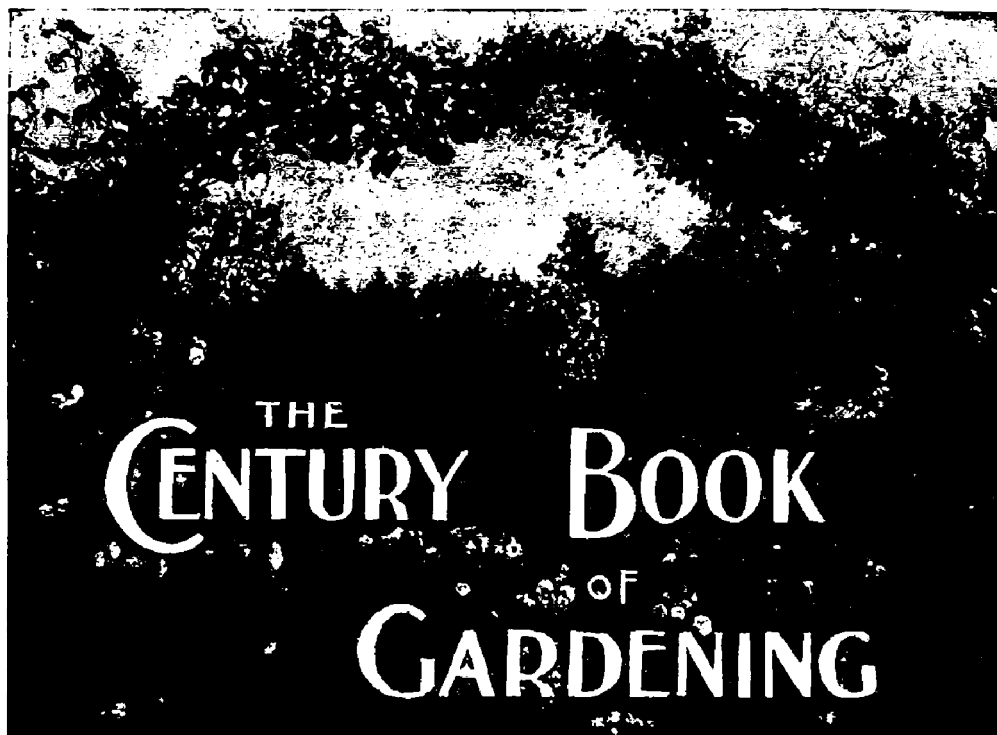


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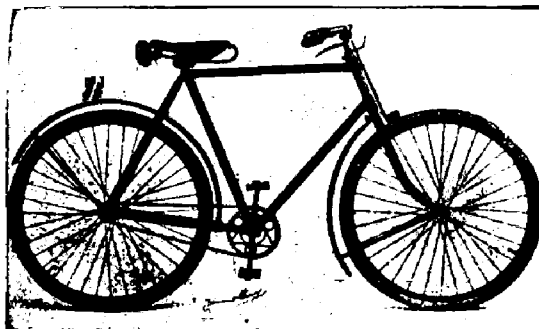
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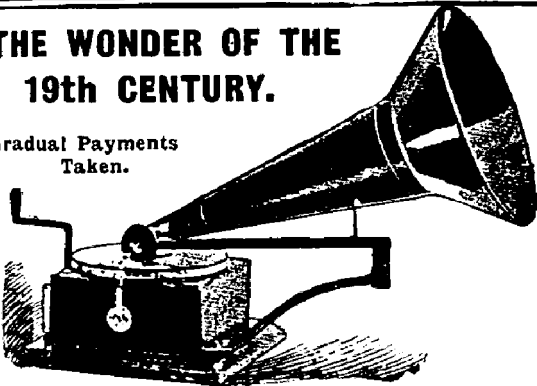
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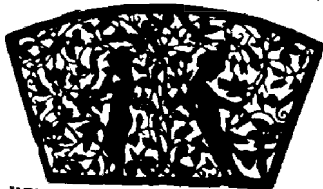
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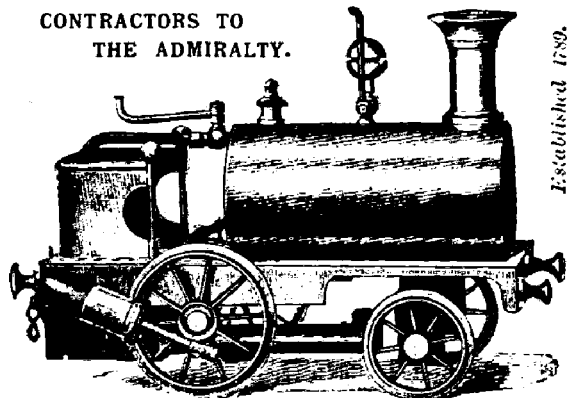
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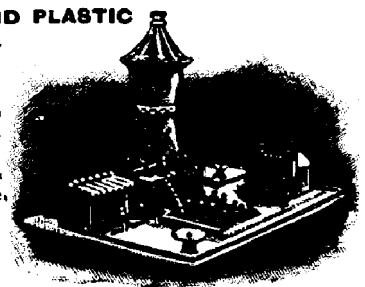
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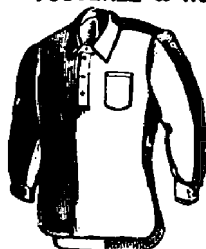
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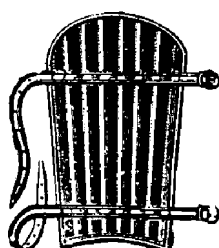


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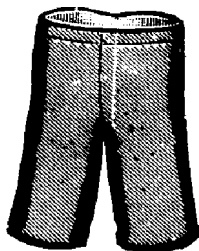


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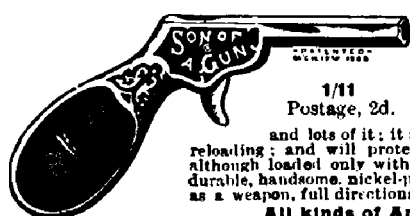
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## Contents for November, 1899.

M. JULES VERNE ... ..	<i>Frontispiece</i>	
		PAGE.
JULES VERNE AT HOME ... .. ADOLPHE BRISSON		107
With Illustrations from Photographs.		
"WHAT I WANTED TO BE" ... .. MR. THOMAS CATLING		113
<b>TALES OF GREYHOUSE.</b> (No. 2, "HOW THE BREACH WAS HEALED.")		
	R. S. WARREN BELL	114
Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.		
SOME PUBLIC SCHOOLS ... ..		122
WELLINGTON COLLEGE, RUGBY, SHREWSBURY, MILL HILL, CHRIST COLLEGE, BRECON, INDEPENDENT COLLEGE, TAUNTON.		
"DUTY" ... .. FROM THE POETS		123
THE NEW GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. (II) ... .. W. W. MAYLAND		124
With Illustrations from Photographs by ALFRED JOHNSON.		
ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL, AND HOW TO PLAY IT (I.) ... .. C. B. FRY		126
TREVELYAN'S DARING ... .. V. L. GOING		129
Illustrated by GEORGE HAWLEY.		
PUBLIC SCHOOL CADET CORPS ... .. ARTHUR J. IRELAND		136
With Illustrations from Photographs.		
HOW SMITH SHOT A BEAR ... .. FRED WHISHAW		142
Illustrated by HERBERT E. BUTLER.		
WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL. (VII.—MEDICINE.) A. E. MANNING FOSTER		151
<b>IN THE HEART OF THE PRAIRIE.</b> (CHS. VI.—IX.) ... JOHN MACKIE		154
Illustrated by STEWART BROWNE.		
THE GAME OF RUGGA FOOTBALL ... .. HAMILTON WILLIAMS		168

[Continued on next page.]

CONTENTS—*continued.*

		PAGE.
THE LITTLE DON ... ..	HERBERT DUDLEY LAMPEN	170
Illustrated by T. W. HOLMES.		
HOW BLAKE WENT BACK TO SCHOOL ... ..	ERNEST JENKINS	174
Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.		
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (TRANSVAAL STAMPS WORTH OBTAINING.)	H. M. GOOCH	179
With Illustrations.		
A MATCH AND A MARRIAGE ... ..	G. RAVEN DALE	183
Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.		
THE STAR OF MUHAMMAD ... ..	REV. E. E. BRADFORD	187
Illustrated by H. S. GREIG.		
"A BOLD BUCCANEER" ... ..	L. P. MOORE	191
Illustrated by GEORGE HAWLEY.		
NATURAL HISTORY NOTES ... ..	A. E. JOHNSON	194
A HARD CASE ... ..	WILLIAM MACMILLAN	196
Illustrated by J. LITTLER.		
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER ... ..		201
SCHOOL MAGAZINES REVIEWED ... ..		202
"THE OLD FAG"—EDITORIAL ... ..		204
RESULTS OF SEPTEMBER COMPETITIONS ... ..		208

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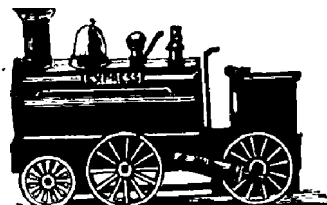
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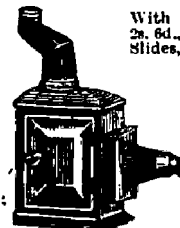
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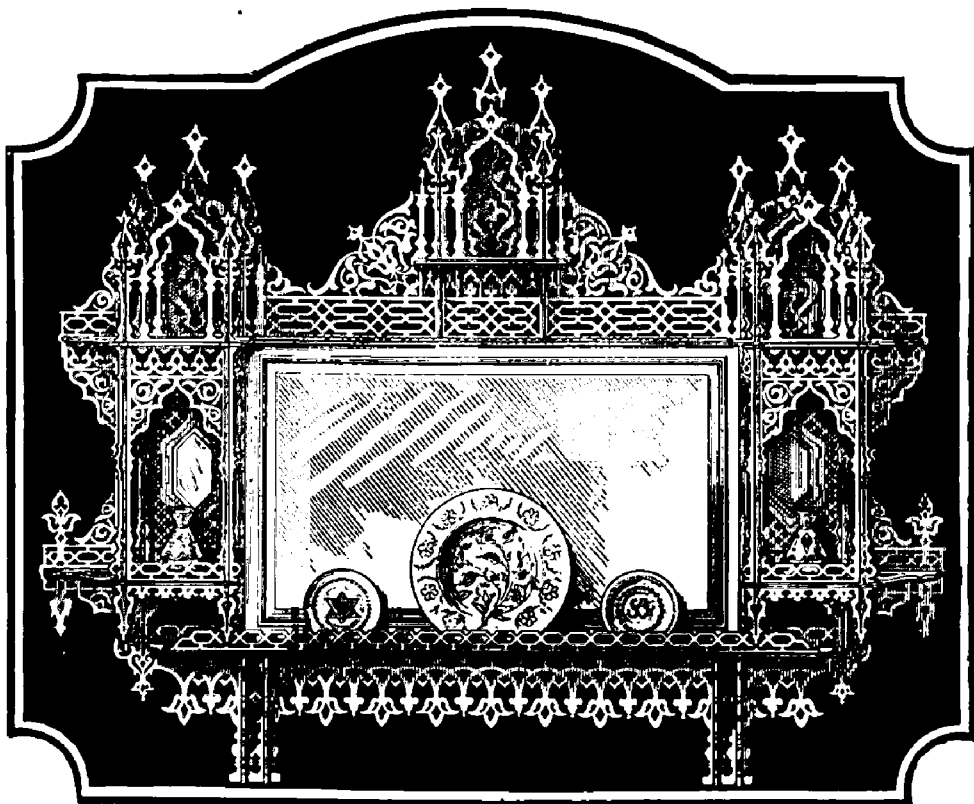
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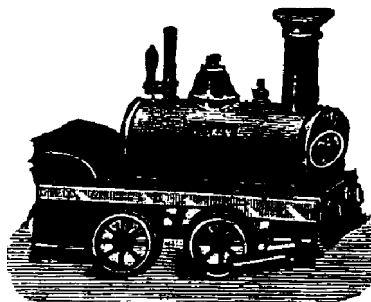
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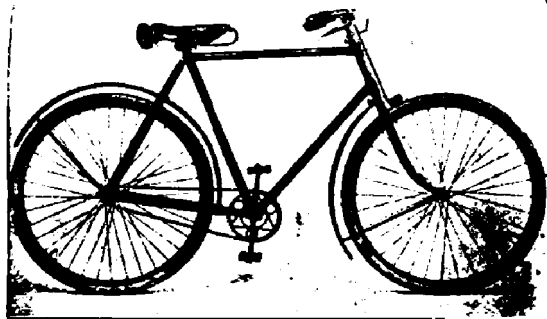
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FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS"

Vol. II. - No. 9.

DECEMBER, 1899.

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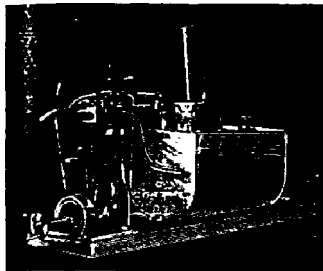
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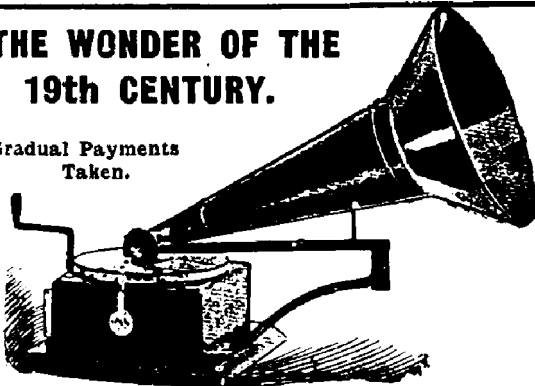


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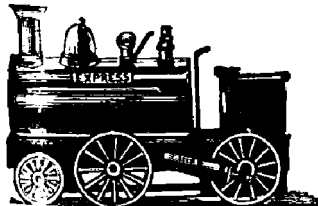
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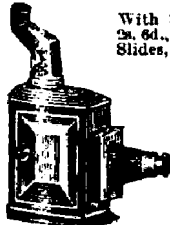
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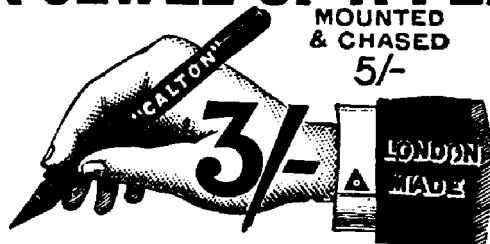
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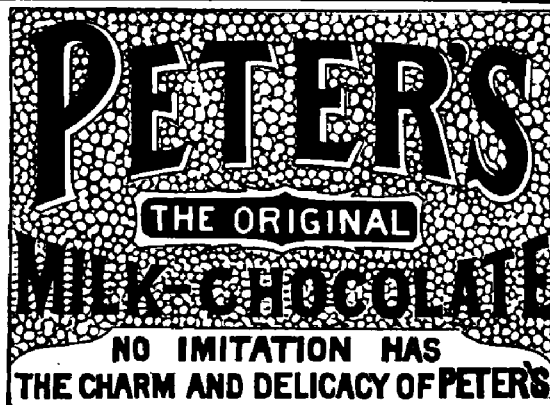
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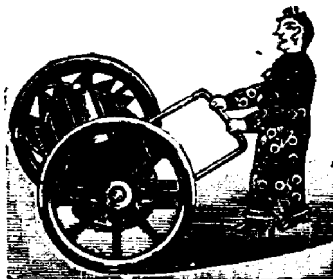
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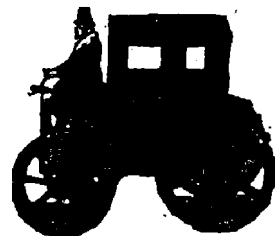


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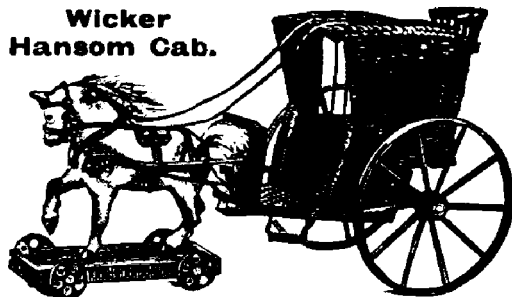


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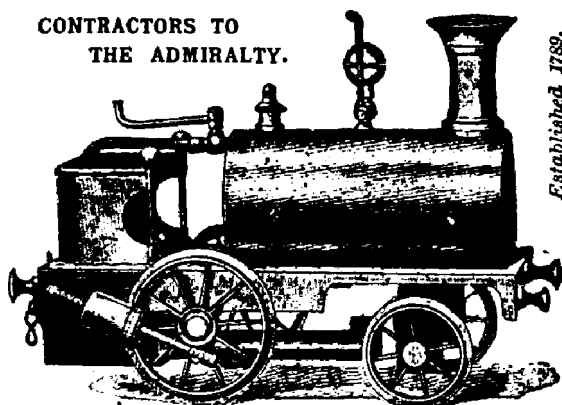
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## Contents for December, 1899.

MR. MANVILLE FENN	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	<i>Frontispiece</i>
From a Photograph by H. S. MENDELSSOHN.										
CHRISTMAS WITH MANVILLE FENN	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	KEBLE HOWARD	PAGE 211
Illustrated by SOPER, WHITWELL, HODGSON, and from Photographs.										
SCHOOL FOOTBALL CAPTAINS	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	216
WESTMINSTER, GROCERS' COMPANY, TONBRIDGE, DUBLIN, DENSTONE COLLEGE, MERCHANT TAYLORS', PORTSMOUTH.										
THE POETS ON "CHRISTMAS"	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	217
THE HEART OF THE PRAIRIE.	(CHAPS. X.—XIV.)	..	JOHN MACKIE	218						
Illustrated by STEWART BROWNE.										
CHRISTMAS AT THE ASYLUM	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	HAMILTON WILLIAMS	232
Illustrated by TOM BROWNE, R.B.A.										
PANTOMIMES...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	C. HUBERT WOLFF	235
A MATCH FOR A MILLION	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	HAROLD MACFARLANE	236
Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.										
MORE SCHOOL CRICKET RESULTS...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	245
ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL, AND HOW TO PLAY IT (II.)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	C. B. FRY	246
A SUGGESTION	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	C. B. FRY	249
A BOER'S ACCOUNT OF MAJUBA	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	FISHER VANE	250
Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.										
BLACK ART	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	YE MICROBE	254
THE NEW GULLIVER'S TRAVELS (III.)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	W. W. MAYLAND	255
Illustrated with Photographs by ALFRED JOHNSON.										
CURING A SNORER	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	H. ST. JOHN SEAMER	258
Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.										
CHRISTMAS ON THE RAILWAY	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	J. A. KAY	261
Illustrated by T. W. HOLMES and from Photographs.										

[Continued on next page.]



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Contents for December, 1899.

MR. MANVILLE FENN ... ..	Frontispiece
From a Photograph by H. S. MENDELSSOHN.	
CHRISTMAS WITH MANVILLE FENN ... ..	KEBLE HOWARD 211
Illustrated by SOPER, WHITWELL, HODGSON, and from Photographs.	
SCHOOL FOOTBALL CAPTAINS ... ..	216
WESTMINSTER, GROCERS' COMPANY, TONBRIDGE, DUBLIN, DENSTONE COLLEGE, MERCHANT TAYLORS', PORTSMOUTH.	
THE POETS ON "CHRISTMAS" ... ..	217
THE HEART OF THE PRAIRIE. (CHAPS. X.—XIV.) ..	JOHN MACKIE 218
Illustrated by STEWART BROWNE.	
CHRISTMAS AT THE ASYLUM ... ..	HAMILTON WILLIAMS 232
Illustrated by TOM BROWNE, R.B.A.	
PANTOMIMES... ..	C. HUBERT WOLFF 235
A MATCH FOR A MILLION ... ..	HAROLD MACFARLANE 236
Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.	
MORE SCHOOL CRICKET RESULTS... ..	245
ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL, AND HOW TO PLAY IT (II.) ...	C. B. FRY 246
A SUGGESTION ... ..	C. B. FRY 249
A BOER'S ACCOUNT OF MAJUBA ... ..	FISHER VANE 250
Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.	
BLACK ART ... ..	YE MICROBE 254
THE NEW GULLIVER'S TRAVELS (III.) ... ..	W. W. MAYLAND 255
Illustrated with Photographs by ALFRED JOHNSON.	
CURING A SNORER ... ..	H. ST. JOHN SEAMER 258
Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	
CHRISTMAS ON THE RAILWAY ... ..	J. A. KAY 261
Illustrated by T. W. HOLMES and from Photographs.	

[Continued on next page.]

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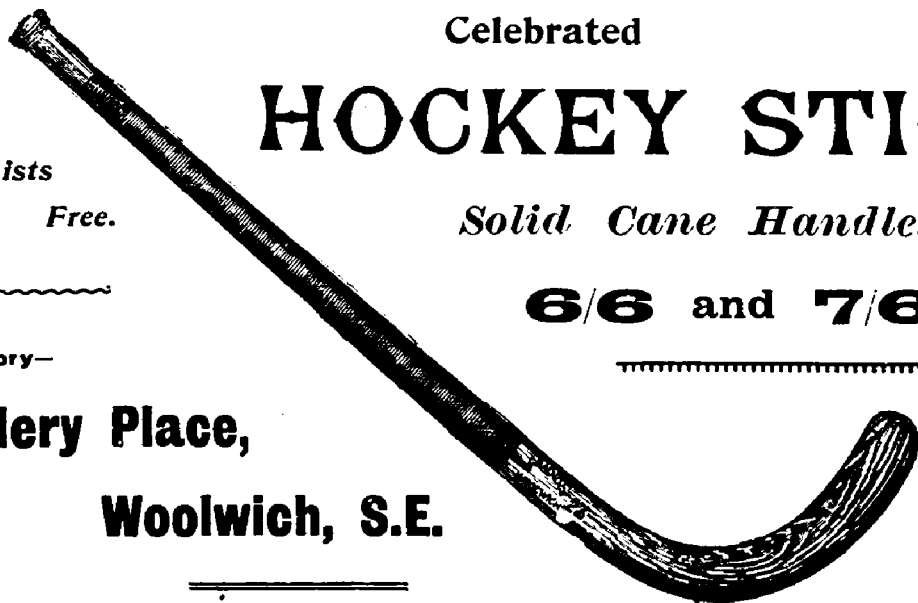
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From a Photograph by H. S. MENDELSSOHN.										
CHRISTMAS WITH MANVILLE FENN	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	KEBLE HOWARD	PAGE 211
Illustrated by SOPER, WHITWELL, HODGSON, and from Photographs.										
SCHOOL FOOTBALL CAPTAINS	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	216
WESTMINSTER, GROCERS' COMPANY, TONBRIDGE, DUBLIN, DENSTONE COLLEGE, MERCHANT TAYLORS', PORTSMOUTH.										
THE POETS ON "CHRISTMAS"	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	217
THE HEART OF THE PRAIRIE.	(CHAPS. X.—XIV.)	..	JOHN MACKIE	218						
Illustrated by STEWART BROWNE.										
CHRISTMAS AT THE ASYLUM	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	HAMILTON WILLIAMS	232
Illustrated by TOM BROWNE, R.B.A.										
PANTOMIMES...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	C. HUBERT WOLFF	235
A MATCH FOR A MILLION	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	HAROLD MACFARLANE	236
Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.										
MORE SCHOOL CRICKET RESULTS...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	245
ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL, AND HOW TO PLAY IT (II.)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	C. B. FRY	246
A SUGGESTION	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	C. B. FRY	249
A BOER'S ACCOUNT OF MAJUBA	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	FISHER VANE	250
Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.										
BLACK ART	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	YE MICROBE	254
THE NEW GULLIVER'S TRAVELS (III.)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	W. W. MAYLAND	255
Illustrated with Photographs by ALFRED JOHNSON.										
CURING A SNORER	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	H. ST. JOHN SEAMER	258
Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.										
CHRISTMAS ON THE RAILWAY	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	J. A. KAY	261
Illustrated by T. W. HOLMES and from Photographs.										

[Continued on next page.]

CONTENTS—continued.

<b>TALES OF GREYHOUSE SCHOOL.</b> (No. 3, "THE END OF A RUN")	PAGE
Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL. R. S. WARREN BELL	266
A LITTLE SERMON ON CHRISTMAS ... .. THE CHAPLAIN	277
A HUNTER HUNTED ... .. FRED WHISHAW	278
Illustrated by H. E. BUTLER.	
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (NEW ISSUE COLLECTING) ... H. M. GOOCH	285
SPECIAL PAGE (CONTRIBUTED BY READERS) ... ..	288
JACK TAR'S CHRISTMAS CARGO ... ..	289
AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA. (A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.)	
Illustrated by GEORGE HAWLEY. ALEC. G. PEARSON	290
GOING TO CATCH A TRAIN ... .. LOUIS WAIN	295
THE STRANGE MISADVENTURE OF MENDELSSOHN MILLS	
Illustrated by G. MALCOLM PATTERSON. HAROLD AVERY	296
WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK ... .. HORACE IRVING	302
Illustrated by W. J. URQUHART.	
"THE OLD FAG"—EDITORIAL ... ..	307
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS ... ..	309
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER ... ..	311
RESULTS OF OCTOBER COMPETITIONS ... ..	312

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any MSS., photographs, or drawings submitted to him, but when stamps are enclosed he will endeavour to return those contributions of which he cannot make use.

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29th	...	G. I. Ramsay	8,909	42nd	...	C. S. Hunter	8,777
41st	...	G. M. K. Leggett	8,503	53rd	...	F. W. Hill	8,411
48th	...	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	66th	...	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	7,628
102nd	...	†J. T. C. Broadbent	7,161	85th	...	G. K. Gregson	7,268
Militia Artillery	...	H. R. Adams	5,696	Militia Artillery	...	†R. Arnott	6,580
						F. E. Koebel	—

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Sandhurst	...	Thirty-seven.
Militia Literary	...	Seventeen.
Militia Competitive	...	Forty-eight.
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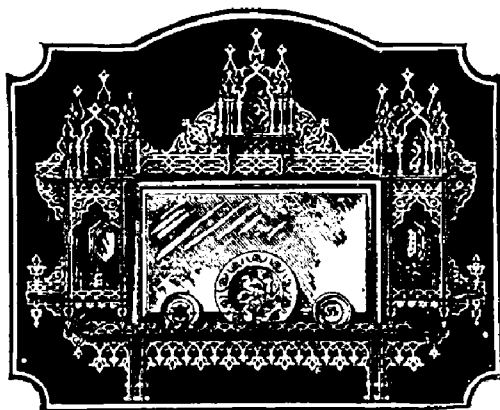
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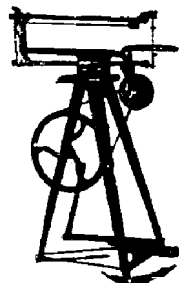
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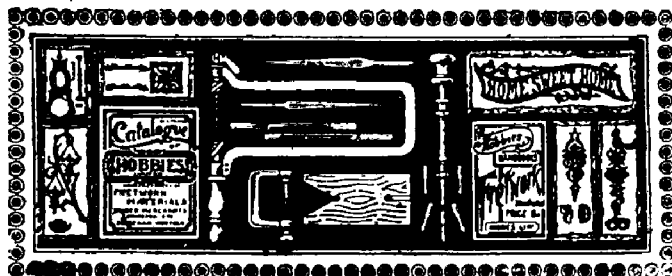
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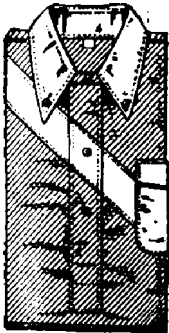
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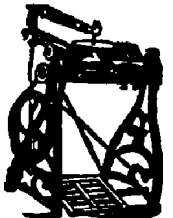
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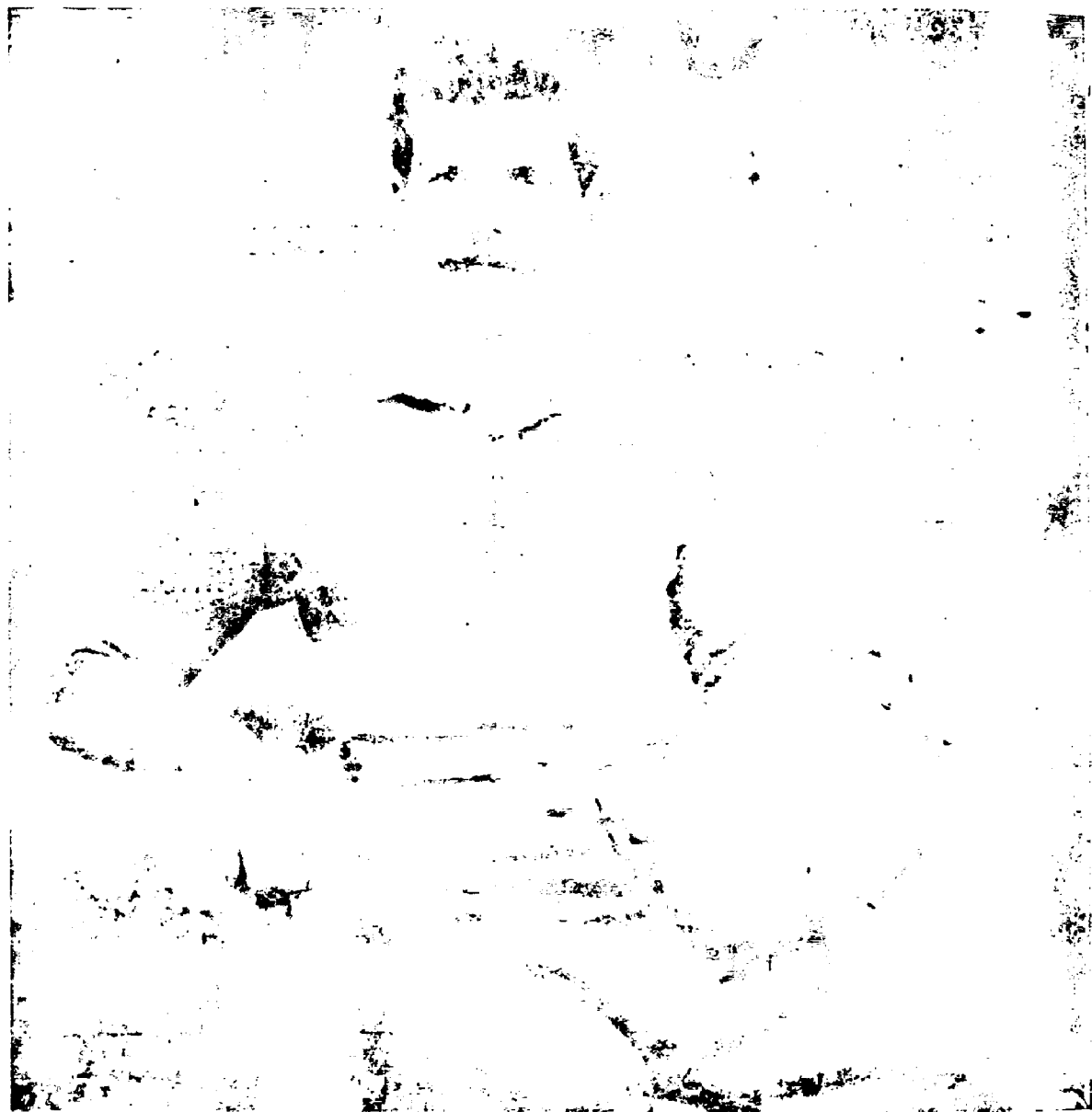
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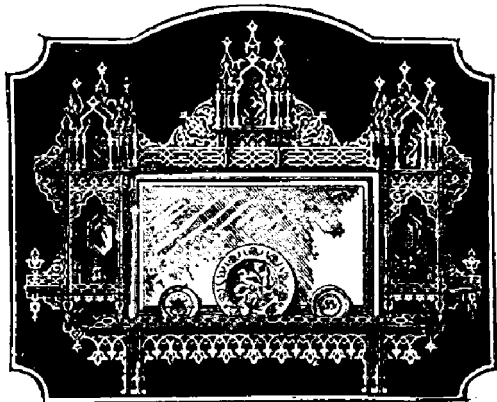
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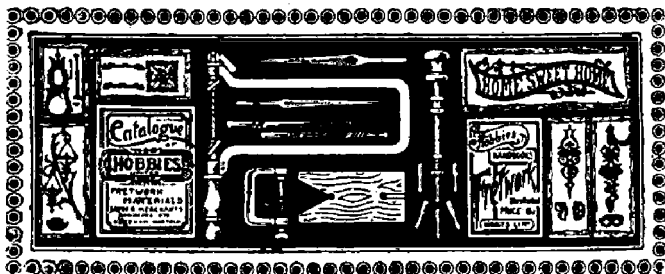


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CURIOUS PUBLIC SCHOOL CUSTOMS ... .. C. L. McCLUER STEVENS 328

With Illustrations by J. JOHNSON and from Photographs.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL, AND HOW TO PLAY IT (III.) ... C. B. FRY 334

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS ... .. C. B. F. 336

SACKY THOMSON ... .. JESSIE POPE 337

Illustrated by F. PATTERSON.

**THE HEART OF THE PRAIRIE.** (CHAPS. XV.—XVII.) JOHN MACKIE 340

Illustrated by STEWART BROWNE.

SPECIAL PAGE (CONTRIBUTED BY READERS) ... .. 353

THE NEW GULLIVER'S TRAVELS (IV.) ... .. W. W. MAYLAND 354

Illustrated with Photographs.

THE END OF HIS JOURNEY ... .. ATHOL FORBES 356

Illustrated by E. Ibbetson.

HOW TO BOX (I.) ... .. JEM MACE, JUNIOR 362

Illustrated with Diagrams.

THE STORY OF THE CYCLE ... .. WALTER DEXTER 365

With Illustrations from Old Prints.

MACDONALD, V.C. ... .. DAN WINSLOW 369

Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.

[Continued on next page.]

	PAGE
LL	373
FOSTER	380
...	383
PENCER J. GIBB	384
... J. A. KAY	389
... H. HERVEY	392
EFFECT ON POSTAGE STAMPS) H. M. GOOCH	397
RAPHER ... A. E. M. F.	401
... FRED SWAINSON	402
WHITWELL	
ON ... THE CHESS EDITOR	407
MAGAZINES REVIEWED	408
AIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY	410
HE OLD FAG"—EDITORIAL	411
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	413
RESULTS OF NOVEMBER COMPETITIONS	416

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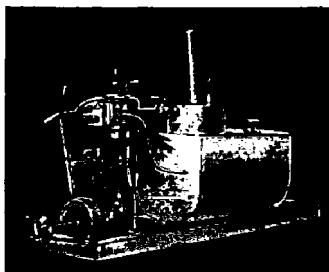
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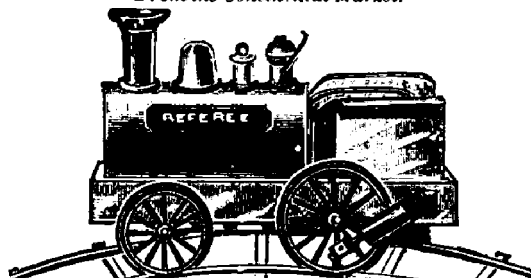
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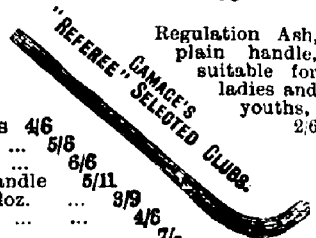
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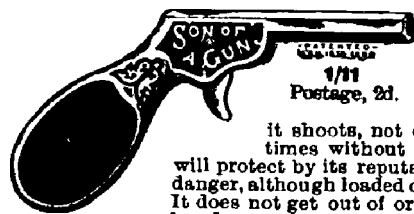
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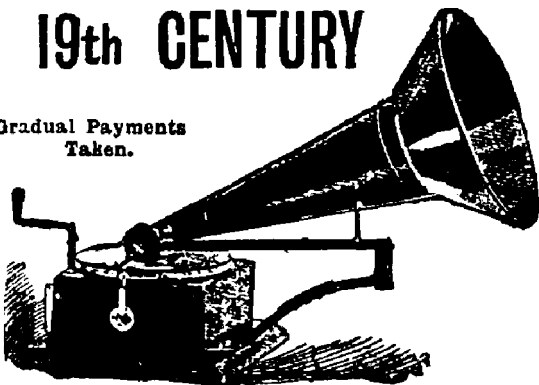
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# THE ART OF TAKING AIM.

(See Page 449.)

# CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE  
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS".

Vol. II.—No. 11.

FEBRUARY, 1900.

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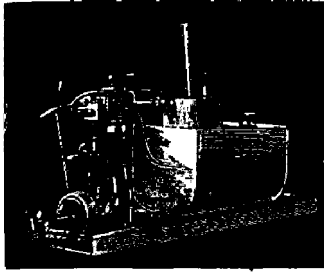
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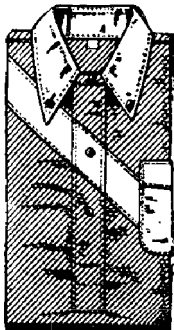
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# SHOULD STOUT PERSONS STARVE THEMSELVES ?

We are afraid that semi-starvation as a cure for corpulency prevails very much to a dangerous degree. Mr. Archer, the late well-known prominent jockey, was in the habit of going without food for a long stretch in order that he could ride a certain horse at its weight, and there is not much doubt that the debility resulting from this habit of abstemiousness was certainly not conducive to combating the dire attack of fever which was, perhaps, indirectly responsible for the untimely end, in the zenith of his fame, of this unfortunate but accomplished horseman. Even Mary Jane, in the kitchen, will eat sparingly of the food allowed her, while she will seek to reduce her fat by copious draughts from the vinegar cruet, and succeed only in injuring the coats of her stomach—the forerunner of dyspeptic trouble which will be difficult to overcome.

The Continental medicos seem to advocate this great reduction of ordinary foods, but one of these savants suggests that the stout person should eat considerably of fatty meats, in order that the appetite be appeased, and consequently, less food required, so that practically this is indirectly advocating semi-starvation. On the other hand, Mr. Russell, the British specialist, takes a different course. He says, "Eat as much as you like," and as it is an acknowledged fact that under his treatment persons lose from 2lb. to 12lb. per week, it beyond doubt stands out pre-eminent against those so-called starvation cures "made in Germany." Some claim that Mr. Russell has to insist upon his patients drinking hot water every morning, but, on the contrary, he avers that it is dangerous to do so, and has, of course, never advised it. No; the success of Mr. Russell's treatment is incomparably beyond other specialists, for he resorts to no stringent dietary, and simply prescribes a harmless vegetable tonic combination which is the outcome of years of study and botanical research. We advise all those interested in this question to get this book, the price of which is only 4d. It is entitled "Corpulency and the Cure," 256 pages, and is published by him at Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. It can be had direct.—*Ilfracombe Gazette and Observer.*

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Age .....

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Athletics, if any.....

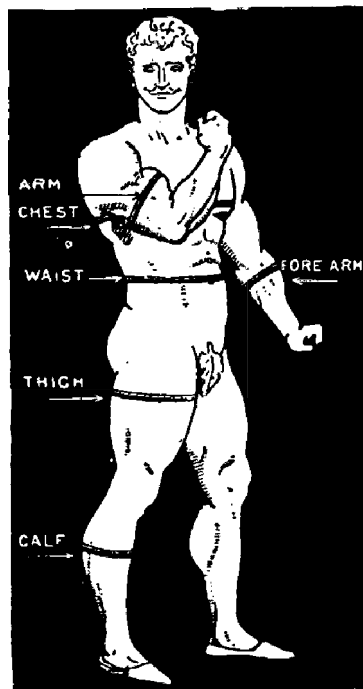
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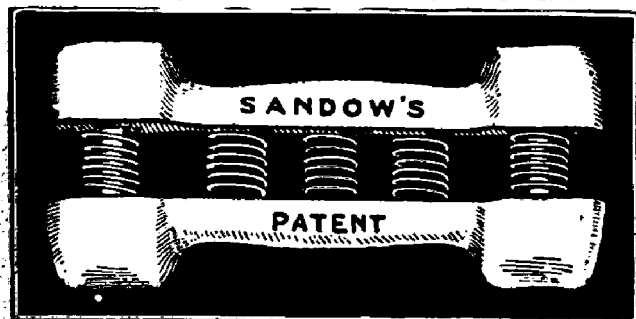
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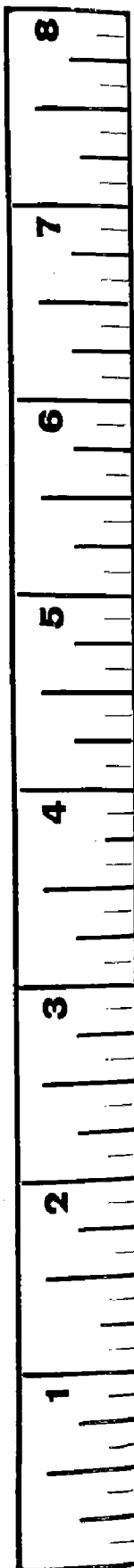
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# THE CAPTAIN.

## Contents for February, 1900.

"THEN I HAVE A PIPE," SAID MR. ALDIN	...	...	...	...	Frontispiece.
AN HOUR WITH CECIL ALDIN	...	...	...	...	THE OLD FAG
Illustrated with Pictures by Mr. Aldin, and from Photographs.					PAGE 419
THE PERIL OF TWO	...	...	...	...	GEORGE G. FARQUHAR
Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.					426
"GLORY"	...	...	...	...	FROM THE POETS
					430
SOME ENGLISH GRAMMAR SCHOOLS	...	...	...	...	431
PERSE GRAMMAR SCHOOL; BEDFORD; DARLINGTON; WHITGIFT GRAMMAR SCHOOL; MONMOUTH; BLACKBURN.					
THE NEW GULLIVER'S TRAVELS (V.)	...	...	...	...	W. W. MAYLAND
Illustrated with Photographs.					432
<b>TALES OF GREYHOUSE SCHOOL.</b> (No. 5, "JUST IN TIME!")					
Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.					R. S. WARREN BELL
					436
"MY LETTER BAG"	...	...	...	...	C. B. FRY
					446
THE ART OF TAKING AIM	...	...	...	...	449
Illustrated by FRANK FELLER.					
THE ANONYMOUS EDITOR	...	...	...	...	REV. JOHN HUDSON, M.A.
Illustrated by T. W. HOLMES.					454
SOME HUNTING STORIES	...	...	...	...	460
Illustrated by HARRINGTON BIRD.					
HIS FIRST CASE	...	...	...	...	JOHN PATRICK
Illustrated by IVESTER LLOYD.					463
A RAMBLE ROUND ST. PETERSBURG	...	...	...	...	H. A. SAMS
With Illustrations from Photographs.					467
<b>THE HEART OF THE PRAIRIE.</b> (CHAPS. XVIII.—XX.) JOHN MACKIE					
Illustrated by STEWART BROWNE.					470

[Continued on next page.]

CONTENTS—*continued.*

	PAGE
THE LONDON PIGEON AT HOME ... .. HARRY HOW	482
With Illustrations from Photographs.	
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (GERMAN COLONIAL ISSUES). ... .. H. M. GOOCH	488
With Illustrations.	
HOW SPARKES CONDUCTED A TIGER "SHOOT" ... .. H. HERVEY	491
Illustrated by G. M. DODSHON.	
A BOY KING ... .. GEORGE KNIGHT	496
Illustrated with Photographs.	
HOW TO BOX (IL.) ... .. JEM MACE, JUNIOR	499
Illustrated with Diagrams.	
THE "EXECUTION" OF WILLIE DENVER ... .. H. HILD	501
Illustrated by W. J. URQUHART.	
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY ... ..	506
SPECIAL PAGE (CONTRIBUTED BY READERS) ... ..	507
"THE OLD FAG"—EDITORIAL ... ..	508
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS ... ..	509
RESULTS OF DECEMBER COMPETITIONS ... ..	512

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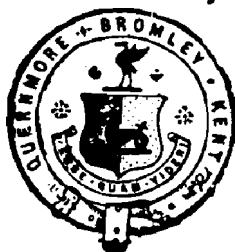
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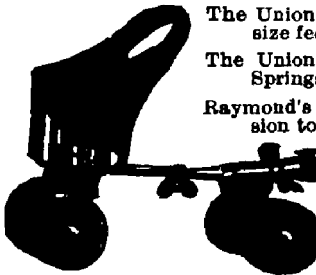
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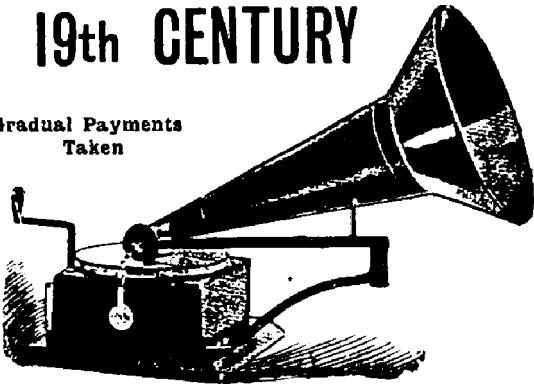
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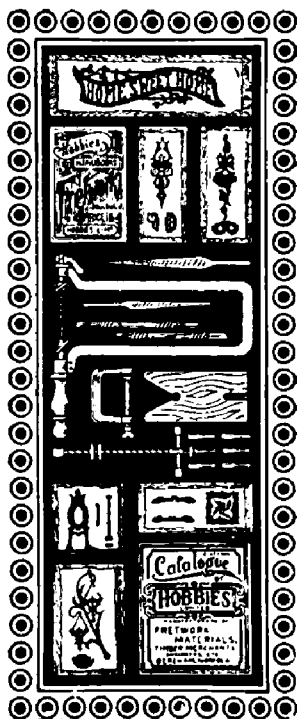
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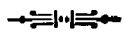
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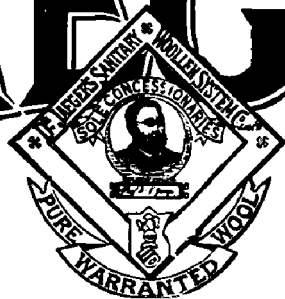
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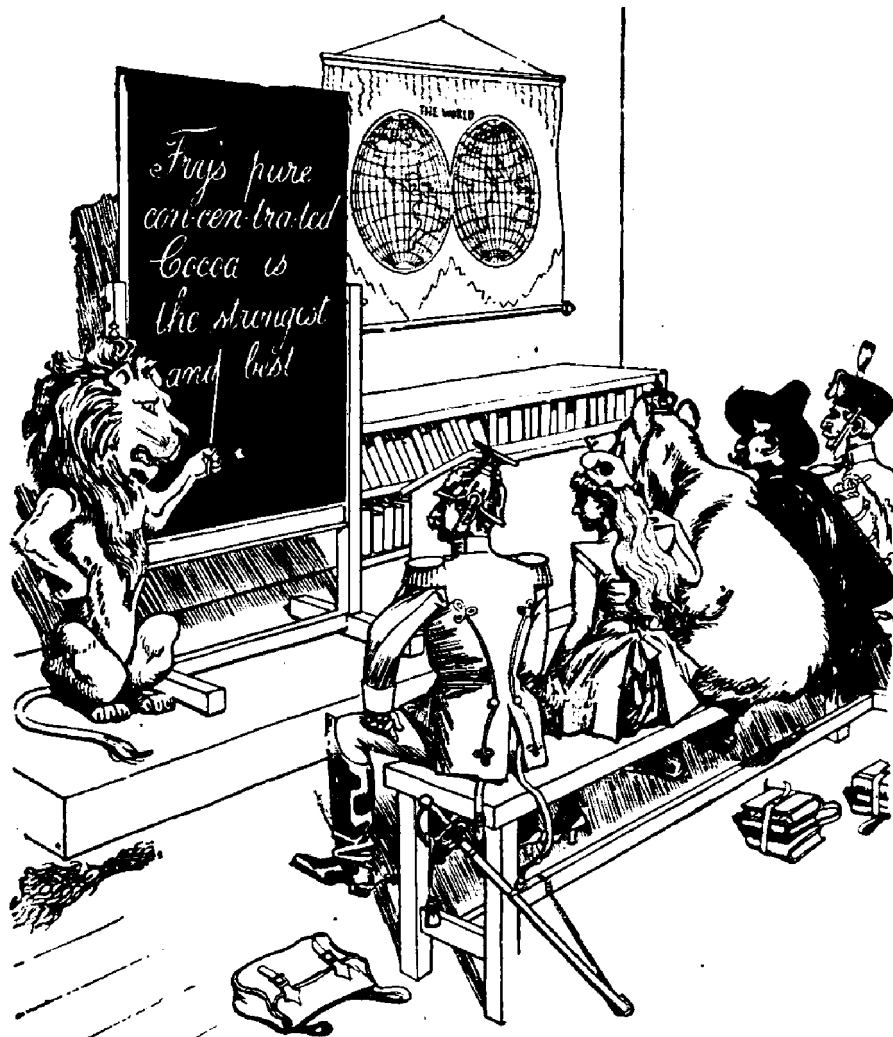
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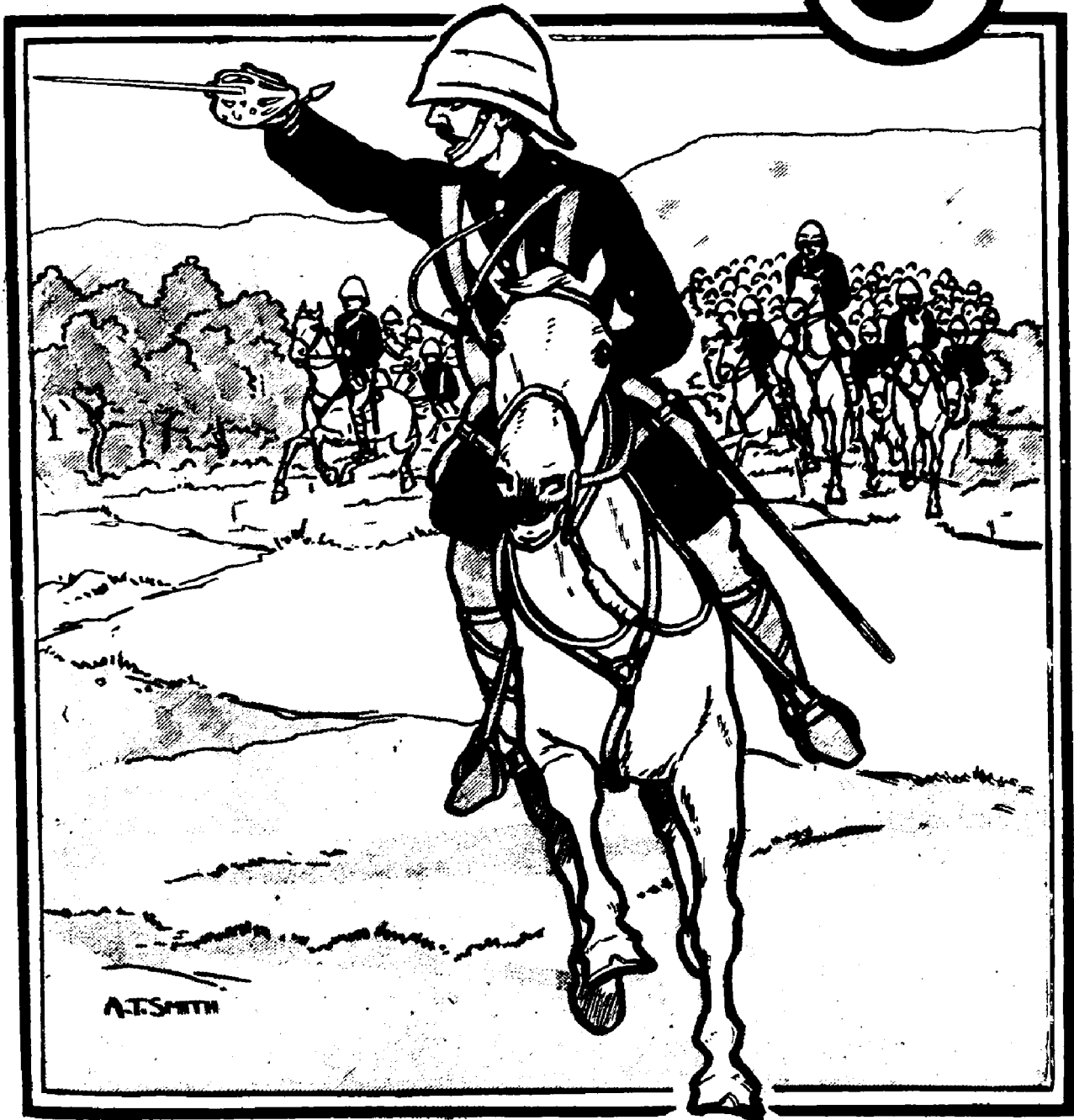
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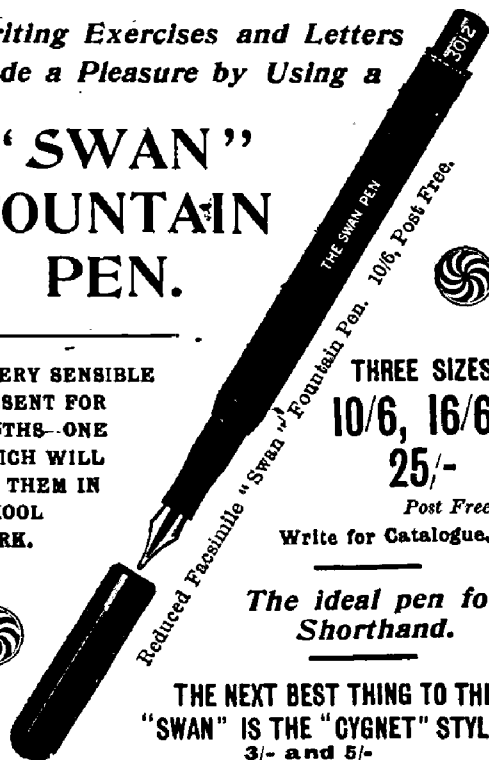
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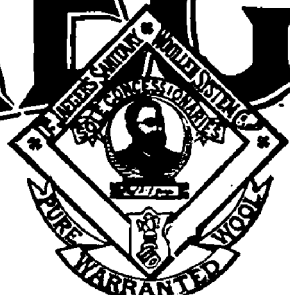
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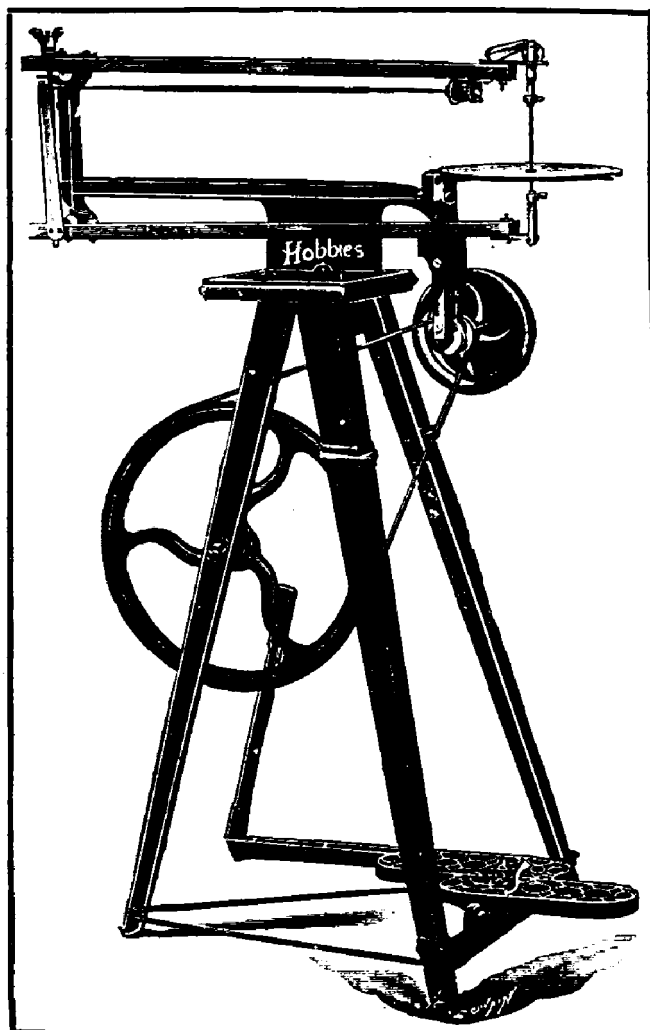
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# THE CAPTAIN.

## Contents for March, 1900.

"SNIPING" ... ..	Frontispiece.
PUZZLE: JOUBERT'S GUNS ... ..	PAGE. 513
MR. TUSSAUD AND HIS WAX MODELS ... ..	THE EDITOR 515
With Illustrations from Photographs.	
"HOW TO GET TO PRETORIA" (SOLUTION) ... ..	521
THE DOGS' PARLIAMENT ... ..	LOUIS WAIN 522
"RESOLUTION" ... ..	FROM THE POETS 523
SOME ENGLISH SCHOOLS ... ..	524
CLIFTON COLLEGE; MALVERN COLLEGE; SIR WALTER ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL, BATTERSEA; LLANDOVERY COLLEGE; GEORGE HERIOT'S SCHOOL; NONCONFORMIST GRAMMAR SCHOOL, BISHOP'S STORTFORD.	
PETER AND THE DEWBERRY CUP ... ..	ALFRED COCHRANE 525
Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.	
SOME HINTS ON RUGBY ... ..	C. B. FRY 533
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS ... ..	C. B. F. 534
<b>TALES OF GREYHOUSE SCHOOL.</b> (No. 6, "THE END OF THE BATTLE.")	
Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	R. S. WARREN BELL 536
CONJURING FOR LIFE ... ..	A. T. STORY 543
Illustrated by G. M. DODSHON.	
WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL. (IX.—HOW TO BECOME A SOLDIER.)	
With Illustrations from Photographs	A. E. MANNING FOSTER 549
JOHN HENRY'S FLYING MACHINE ... ..	ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY 552
Illustrated by TOM BROWNE, R.B.A.	
RAISING A WRECK ... ..	556
Illustrations by GÜLICH and from Photographs.	
THE NEW GULLIVER'S TRAVELS (VI.) ... ..	W. W. MAYLAND 560
Illustrated with Photographs.	

[Continued on next page.]

CONTENTS—*continued.*

	PAGE.
ON THE VELDT ... .. Illustrated by H. E. BUTLER.	562
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH ... ..	569
SPECIAL PAGES ... .. CONTRIBUTED BY READERS	570
THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF TERENCE MAXWELL Illustrated by IVESTER LLOYD.	SOPHIE L. MACINTOSH 573
THE HEART OF THE PRAIRIE. (CONCLUSION.) ... Illustrated by STEWART BROWNE.	JOHN MACKIE 579
"CAPTAIN" CHESS CORNER ... ..	592
AN INTERVIEW WITH THE DOCTOR ... .. Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	H. ST. JOHN SEAMER 593
SOLUTIONS TO "SPHINX'S" PUZZLES ... .. With Diagrams.	598
SCHOOL MAGAZINES REVIEWED ... ..	600
HOW TO BOX (III.) ... .. Illustrated with Diagrams.	JEM MACE, JUNIOR 602
"THE OLD FAG"—EDITORIAL ... ..	604
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS ... ..	605
RESULTS OF JANUARY COMPETITIONS ... ..	608

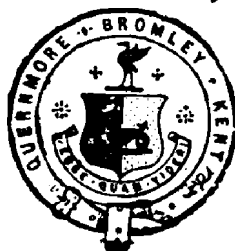
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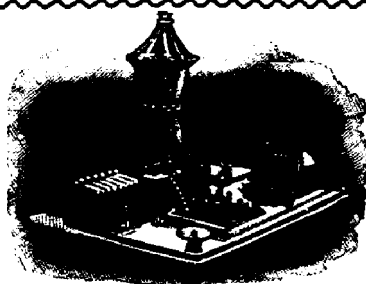
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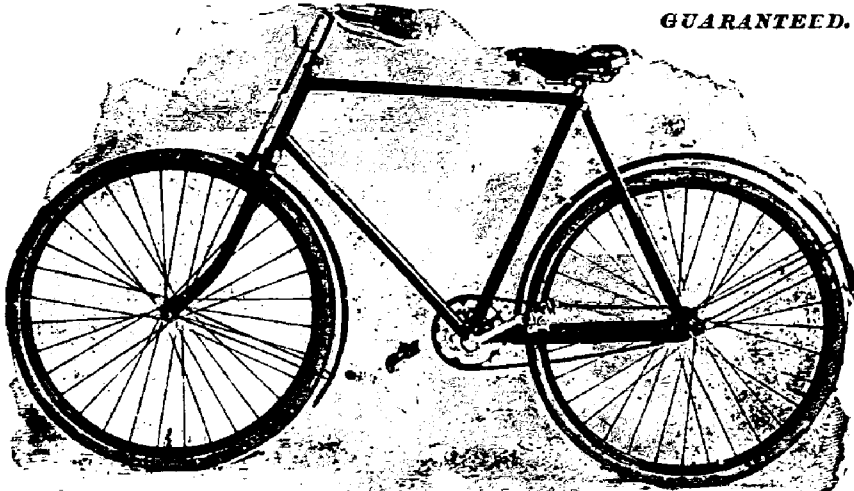


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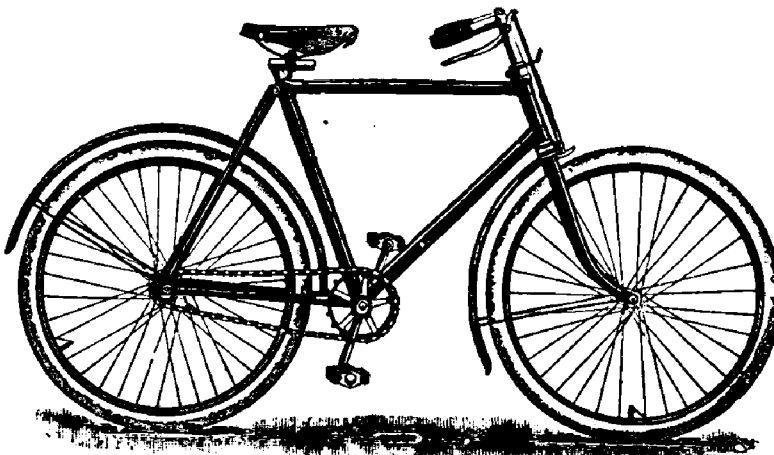


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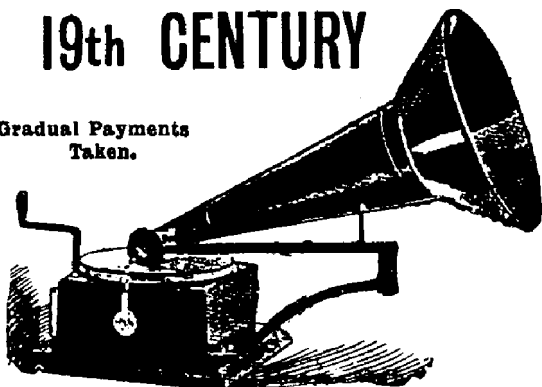
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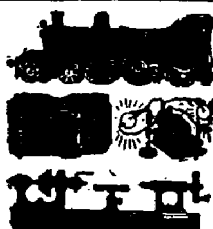
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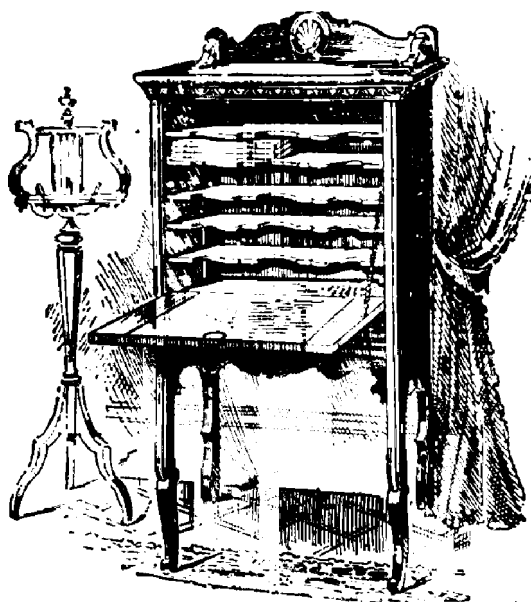
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